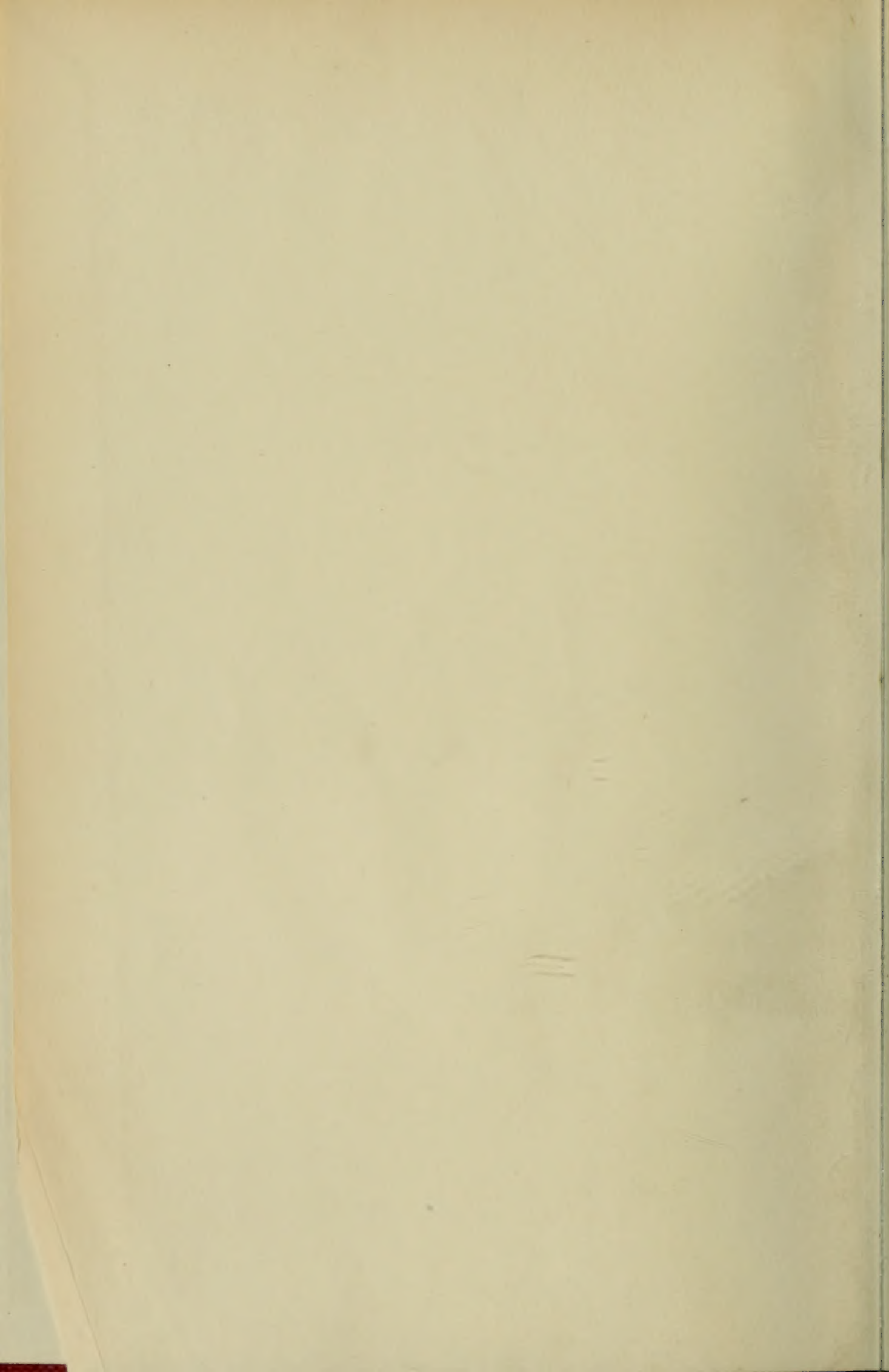





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Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

Scooping water.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

JANUARY, 1910

NO. 1

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT, W. N. McMILLAN, AND OTHER
MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

IV.—JUJA FARM; HIPPO AND LEOPARD.



AT Juja Farm we were welcomed with the most generous hospitality by my fellow-countryman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McMillan. Selous had been staying with them, and one afternoon I had already ridden over from Sir Alfred's ranch to take tea with them at their other house, on the beautiful Mua hills.

Juja Farm lies on the edge of the Athi Plains, and the house stands near the junction of the Nairobi and Rewero Rivers. The house, like almost all East African houses, was of one story, a broad, vine-shaded veranda running around it. There were numerous out-buildings of every kind; there were flocks and herds, cornfields, a vegetable garden, and, immediately in front of the house, a very pretty flower garden, carefully tended by unsmiling Kikuyu savages. All day long these odd creatures worked at the grass and among the flower beds; according to the custom of their tribe their ears were slit so as to enable them to stretch the lobes to an almost unbelievable extent, and in these apertures they wore fantastically carved native ornaments. One of them had been attracted by the shining sur-

face of an empty tobacco can, and he wore this in one ear to match the curiously carved wooden drum he carried in the other. Another, whose arms and legs were massive with copper and iron bracelets, had been given a blanket because he had no other garment; he got along quite well with the blanket excepting when he had to use the lawn mower, and then he would usually wrap the blanket around his neck and handle the lawn mower with the evident feeling that he had done all that the most exacting conventionalism could require.

The house boys and gun-bearers, and most of the boys who took care of the horses, were Somalis, whereas the cattle keepers who tended the herds of cattle were Masai, and the men and women who worked in the fields were Kikuyus. The three races had nothing to do with one another, and the few Indians had nothing to do with any of them. The Kikuyus lived in their beehive huts scattered in small groups; the Somalis all dwelt in their own little village on one side of the farm; and half a mile off the Masai dwelt in their village. Both the Somalis and Masai were fine, daring fellows; the Somalis were Mohammedans and horsemen; the Masai were cattle herders, who did their work as they did their fighting, on foot, and were wild heathen of the most martial

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type. They looked carefully after the cattle, and were delighted to join in the chase of dangerous game, but regular work they thoroughly despised. Sometimes when we had gathered a mass of Kikuyus or of our own porters together to do some job, two or three Masai would stroll up to look on

Mr. Bulpett, were not merely mighty hunters who had bagged every important variety of large and dangerous game, but were also explorers of note, whose travels had materially helped in widening the area of our knowledge of what was once the dark continent.

Many birds sang in the garden, bulbuls,



Masai warriors near McMillan's ranch on the Mua hills.

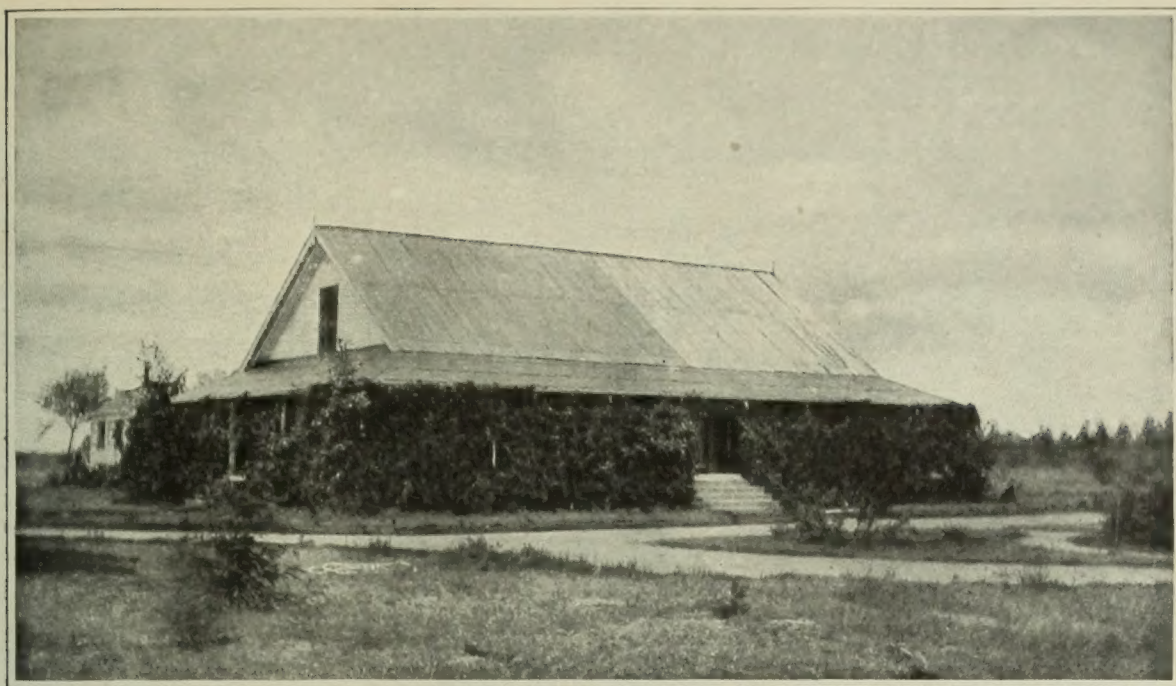
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

with curiosity, sword in belt and great spear in hand; their features were well cut, their hair curiously plaited, and they had the erect carriage and fearless bearing that naturally go with a soldierly race.

Within the house, with its bedrooms and dining-room, its library and drawing-room, and the cool-shaded veranda, everything was so comfortable that it was hard to realize that we were far in the interior of Africa and almost under the equator. Our hostess was herself a good rider and good shot, and had killed her lion; and both our host and a friend who was staying with him,

thrushes, and warblers; and from the narrow fringe of dense woodland along the edges of the rivers other birds called loudly, some with harsh, some with musical voices. Here for the first time we saw the honey-guide, the bird that is said to insist upon leading any man it sees to honey, so that he may rob the hive and give it a share—though we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness anything noteworthy in its actions.

Game came right around the house. Hartebeests, wildebeests, and zebras grazed in sight on the open plain. The hippo-



The house at Juja Farm.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

potami that lived close by in the river came out at night into the garden. A couple of years before a rhino had come down into the same garden in broad daylight, and quite wantonly attacked one of the Kikuyu laborers, tossing him and breaking his thigh. It had then passed by the house out to the plain, where it saw an ox cart, which it immediately attacked and broke, cannoning off after its charge and passing up through the span of oxen, breaking all the yokes but fortunately not killing an animal. Then it met one of the men of the house on horseback, immediately assailed him, and was killed for its pains.

My host was about to go on safari for a couple of months with Selous, and to manage their safari they had one of the most noted professional hunters of East Africa, Mr. H. Judd; and Judd was kind enough to take me out hunting almost every day that we were at Juja. We would breakfast at dawn and leave the farm about the time that it grew light enough to see: ordinarily our course was eastward, toward the Athi, a few miles distant. These morning rides were very beautiful. In our front was the mountain mass of Donyo Sabuk, and the sun rose behind it, flooding the heavens with gold and crimson. The morning air blew fresh in our faces, and the unshod feet of our horses made no sound as they trod

the dew-drenched grass. On every side game stood to watch us, herds of hartebeests and zebras, and now and then a herd of wildebeests or a few straggling old wildebeest bulls. Sometimes the zebras and kongoni were very shy, and took fright when we were yet a long way off; at other times they would stand motionless and permit us to come within fair gunshot, and after we had passed we could still see them regarding us without their having moved. The wildebeests were warier; usually when we were still a quarter of a mile or so distant, the herd, which had been standing with heads up, their short, shaggy necks and heavy withers giving the animals an unmistakable look, would take fright, and, with heavy curvets, and occasional running in semicircles, would make off, heads held down and long tails lashing the air.

In the open woods which marked the border between the barren plains and the forested valley of the Athi, Kermit and I shot water-buck and impalla. The water-buck is a stately antelope with long, coarse gray hair and fine carriage of the head and neck; the male alone carries horns. We found them usually in parties of ten or a dozen, both of bulls and cows; but sometimes a party of cows would go alone, or three or four bulls might be found together. In spite of its name, we did not find it much given

to going in the water, although it would cross the river fearlessly whenever it desired; it was, however, always found not very far from water. It liked the woods and did not go many miles from the streams, yet we frequently saw it on the open plains a mile or two from trees, feeding in the vicinity of the zebra and the hartebeest. This was, however, usually quite early in the morning or quite late in the afternoon. In the heat of the day it clearly preferred to be in the forest, along the stream's edge, or in the bush-clad ravines.

The impalla are found in exactly the same kind of country as the water-buck, and often associate with them. To my mind they are among the most beautiful of all antelope. They are about the size of a white-tailed deer, their beautiful annulated horns making a single spiral, and their coat is like satin with its contrasting shades of red and white. They have the most graceful movements of any animal I know, and it is extraordinary to see a herd start off when frightened, making bounds clear over large-sized bushes. Usually a single old buck will be found with a large company of does and fawns; the other bucks go singly or in small parties. It was in the middle of May, and we saw fawns of all ages. When in the open, where, like the water-buck, it often went in the morning and evening, the impalla was very shy, but I did not find it particularly so among the woods. In connection with shooting two of the impalla, there are little incidents which are perhaps worthy of mention.

In one case I had just killed a water-buck cow, hitting it at a considerable distance and by a lucky fluke, after a good deal of bad shooting. We started the porters in with the water-buck, and then rode west through an open country, dotted here and there with trees and with occasional

ant-hills. In a few minutes we saw an impalla buck, and I crept up behind an ant-hill and obtained a shot at about two hundred and fifty yards. The buck dropped, and as I was putting in another cartridge I

said to Judd that I didn't like to see an animal drop like that, so instantaneously, as there was always the possibility that it might only be creased, and that if an animal so hurt got up, it always went off exactly as if unhurt. When we raised our eyes again to look for the impalla it had vanished. I was sure that we would never see it again, and Judd felt much the same way, but we walked in the direction toward which its head had been pointed, and Judd ascended an ant-hill to scan the surrounding country with his glasses. He did so, and after a minute remarked that he could not see the wounded impalla; when a sudden movement caused him to look down, and there

it was, lying at his very feet, on the side of the ant-hill, unable to rise. I had been using a sharp-pointed bullet in the Springfield, and this makes a big hole. The bullet had gone too far back, penetrating the hips. I should not have wondered at all if the animal had failed to get up, but I did not understand why, if recovered enough from the shock to be able to get up at all, it had not continued to travel, instead of falling after going one hundred yards. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a deer or prong-buck, hit in the same fashion, would have gone off and would have given a long chase before being overtaken. Judging from what others have said, I have no doubt that African game is very tough and succumbs less easily to wounds than is the case with animals of the northern temperate zone; but in my own limited experience, I three times saw African antelopes succumb to wounds quicker than the average northern animal would



Head of a water-buck bull shot by
Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



The python.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

have succumbed to the wound. One was this impalla. Another was the cow eland I first shot; her hind leg was broken high up, and the wound, though crippling, was not such as would have prevented a moose or wapiti from hobbling away on three legs; yet in spite of hard struggles the eland was wholly unable to regain her feet. The impalla thus shot, by the way, although in fine condition and the coat of glossy beauty, was infested by ticks; around the horns the horrid little insects were clustered in thick masses for a space of a diameter of some inches. It was to me marvellous that they had not set up inflammation or caused great sores, for they were so thick that at a distance of a few feet they gave the appearance of there being some big gland or bare place at the root of each horn.

The other impalla buck also showed an unexpected softness, succumbing to a wound which I do not believe would have given me either a white-tailed or a black-tailed deer. I had been vainly endeavoring to get a water-buck bull, and as the day was growing hot I was riding homeward, scanning the edge of the plain where it merged into the trees that extended out from the steep bank that hemmed in one side of the river bottom. From time to time we would see an impalla or a water-buck making its

way from the plain back to the river bottom, to spend the day in the shade. One of these I stalked, and after a good deal of long-range shooting broke a hind leg high up. It got out of sight and we rode along the edge of the steep descent which led down into the river bottom proper. In the bottom there were large, open, grassy places, while the trees made a thick fringe along the river course. We had given up the impalla and turned out toward the plain, when one of my gun-bearers whistled to us and said he had seen the wounded animal cross the bottom and go into the fringe of trees bounding a deep pool in which we knew there were both hippos and crocodiles. We were off our horses at once, and, leaving them at the top, scrambled down the descent and crossed the bottom to the spot indicated. The impalla had lain down as soon as it reached cover, and as we entered the fringe of wood I caught a glimpse of it getting up and making off. Yet fifty yards farther it stopped again, standing right on the brink of the pool, so close that when I shot it, it fell over into the water.

When, after arranging for this impalla to be carried back to the farm, we returned to where our horses had been left, the boys told us with much excitement that there was a large snake near by; and sure enough



Judd permanganating the beater who was mauled by the leopard.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

a few yards off, coiled up in the long grass under a small tree, was a python. I could not see it distinctly, and using a solid bullet I just missed the backbone, the bullet going through the body about its middle. Immediately the snake lashed at me with open jaws, and then, uncoiling, came gliding rapidly in our direction. I do not think it was charging; I think it was merely trying to escape. But Judd, who was utterly unmoved by lion, leopard, or rhino, evidently held this snake in respect, and yelled to me to get out of the way. Accordingly, I jumped back a few feet, and the snake came over the ground where I had stood; its evil genius then made it halt for a moment and raise its head to a height of perhaps three feet, and I killed it by a shot through the neck. The porters were much wrought up about the snake, and did not at all like my touching it and taking it up, first by the tail and then by the head. It was only twelve feet long, weighing about forty pounds. We tied it to a long stick and sent it in by two porters.

Another day we beat for lions, but without success. We rode to a spot a few miles off, where we were joined by three Boer

farmers. They were big, upstanding men, looking just as Boer farmers ought to look who had been through a war and had ever since led the adventurous life of frontier farmers in wild regions. They were accompanied by a pack of big, rough-looking dogs, but were on foot, walking with long and easy strides. The dogs looked a rough-and-ready lot, but on this particular morning showed themselves of little use; at any rate they put up nothing.

But Kermit had a bit of deserved good luck. While the main body of us went down the river-bed, he and McMillan, with a few natives, beat up a side ravine, down the middle of which ran the usual dry water-course fringed with patches of brush. In one of these they put up a leopard, and saw it slinking forward ahead of them through the bushes. Then they lost sight of it, and came to the conclusion that it was in a large thicket. So Kermit went on one side of it and McMillan on the other, and the beaters approached to try and get the leopard out. Of course none of the beaters had guns; their function was merely to make a disturbance and rouse the game, and they were cautioned on no account to get into danger.



Kermit Roosevelt and the leopard.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

But the leopard did not wait to be driven. Without any warning, out he came and charged straight at Kermit, who stopped him when he was but six yards off with a bullet in the forepart of the body; the leopard turned, and as he galloped back Kermit hit him again, crippling him in the hips. The wounds were fatal, and they would have knocked the fight out of any animal less plucky and savage than the leopard; but not even in Africa is there a beast of more unflinching courage than this spotted cat. The beaters were much excited by the sight of the charge and the way in which it was stopped, and they pressed jubilantly forward, too heedlessly; one of them, who was on McMillan's side of the thicket, went too near it, and out came the wounded leopard at him. It was badly crippled or it would have got the beater at once; as it was, it was slowly overtaking him as he ran through the tall grass, when McMillan, standing on an ant heap, shot it again. Yet, in spite of having this third bullet in it, it ran down the beater and seized him, worrying him with teeth and claws; but it was weak because of its wounds, and the powerful savage wrenched himself free, while

McMillan fired into the beast again; and back it went through the long grass into the thicket. There was a pause, and the wounded beater was removed to a place of safety, while a messenger was sent on to us to bring up the Boer dogs. But while they were waiting, the leopard, on its own initiative, brought matters to a crisis, for out it came again straight at Kermit, and this time it dropped dead to Kermit's bullet. No animal could have shown a more fearless and resolute temper. It was an old female, but small, its weight being a little short of seventy pounds. The smallest female cougar I ever killed was heavier than this, and one very big male cougar which I killed in Colorado was three times the weight. Yet I have never heard of any cougar which displayed anything like the spirit and ferocity of this little leopard, or which in any way approached it as a dangerous foe. It was sent back to camp in company with the wounded beater, after the wounds of the latter had been dressed; they were not serious, and he was speedily as well as ever.

The rivers that bounded Juja Farm, not only the Athi, but the Nairobi and Rewero,

contained hippopotami and crocodiles in the deep pools. I was particularly anxious to get one of the former, and early one morning Judd and I rode off across the plains; through the herds of grazing game seen dimly in the dawn, to the Athi. We reached the river, and, leaving our horses, went down into the wooded bottom, soon after sunrise. Judd had with him a Masai, a keen-eyed hunter, and I my two gun-bearers. We advanced with the utmost caution toward the brink of a great pool; on our way we saw a bushbuck, but of course did not dare to shoot at it, for hippopotami are wary, except in very unfrequented regions, and any noise will disturb them. As we crept noiselessly up to the steep bank which edged the pool, the sight was typically African. On the still water floated a crocodile, nothing but his eyes and nostrils visible. The bank was covered with a dense growth of trees, festooned with vines; among the branches sat herons; a little cormorant dived into the water; and a very small and brilliantly colored kingfisher, with a red beak and large turquoise crest, perched unheeding within a few feet of us. Here and there a dense growth of the tall and singularly graceful papyrus rose out of the water, the feathery heads which crowned the long draped green stems waving gently to and fro.

We scanned the waters carefully, and could see no sign of hippos, and, still proceeding with the utmost caution, we moved a hundred yards farther down to another lookout. Here the Masai detected a hippo head a long way off on the other side of the pool; and we again drew back and started cautiously forward to reach the point opposite which he had seen the head.

But we were not destined to get that hippo. Just as we had about reached the point at which we had intended to turn in toward the pool, there was a succession of snorts in our front and the sound of

the trampling of heavy feet and of a big body being shoved through a dense mass of tropical bush. My companions called to me in loud whispers that it was a rhinoceros coming at us, and to "Shoot, shoot." In another moment the rhinoceros appeared, standing twitching its tail and tossing and twisting its head from side to side. It did

not seem to have very good horns, and I would much rather not have killed it; but there hardly seemed any alternative, for it certainly showed every symptom of being bent on mischief. My first shot, at under forty yards, produced no effect whatever, except to hasten its approach. I was using the Winchester, with full-jacketed bullets; my second bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, bringing it to a halt. I fired into the shoulder again, and as it turned toward the bush I fired into its flank both the bullets still remaining in my magazine.

For a moment or two after it disappeared we heard the branches crash, and then there was silence. In such cover a wounded rhino requires cautious

handling, and as quietly as possible we walked through the open forest along the edge of the dense thicket into which the animal had returned. The thicket was a tangle of thorn bushes, reeds, and small, low-branching trees; it was impossible to see ten feet through it, and a man could only penetrate it with the utmost slowness and difficulty, whereas the movements of the rhino were very little impeded. At the far end of the thicket we examined the grass to see if the rhino had passed out, and sure enough there was the spoor, with so much blood along both sides that it was evident the animal was badly hit. It led across this space and into another thicket of the same character as the first; and again we stole cautiously along the edge some ten yards out. I had taken the heavy Holland double-barrel, and with the safety



Native boy carrying in a leopard shot by Kermit Roosevelt near Juja ranch.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



The second rhino.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

catch pressed forward under my thumb, I trod gingerly through the grass, peering into the thicket and expectant of developments. In a minute there was a furious snorting and crashing directly opposite us in the thicket, and I brought up my rifle; but the rhino did not quite place us, and broke out of the cover in front, some thirty yards away; and I put both barrels into and behind the shoulder. The terrific striking force of the heavy gun told at once, and the rhino wheeled, and struggled back into the thicket, and we heard it fall. With the utmost caution, bending and creeping under the branches, we made our way in, and saw the beast lying with its head toward us. We thought it was dead, but would take no chances; and I put in another, but as it proved needless, heavy bullet.

It was an old female, considerably smaller than the bull I had already shot, with the front horn measuring fourteen inches as against his nineteen inches; as always with rhinos, it was covered with ticks, which clustered thickly in the folds and creases of the skin, around and in the ears, and in all the tender places. McMillan sent out an ox

wagon and brought it in to the house, where we weighed it. It was a little over two thousand two hundred pounds. It had evidently been in the neighborhood in which we found it for a considerable time, for a few hundred yards away we found its stamping ground, a circular spot where the earth had been all trampled up and kicked about, according to the custom of rhinoceroses; they return day after day to such places to deposit their dung, which is then kicked about with the hind feet. As with all our other specimens, the skin was taken off and sent back to the National Museum. The stomach was filled with leaves and twigs, this kind of rhinoceros browsing on the tips of the branches by means of its hooked, prehensile upper lip.

Now I did not want to kill this rhinoceros, and I am not certain that it really intended to charge us. It may very well be that if we had stood firm it would, after much threatening and snorting, have turned and made off; veteran hunters like Selous could, I doubt not, have afforded to wait and see what happened. But I let it get within forty yards, and it still showed every symp-

tom of meaning mischief, and at a shorter range I could not have been sure of stopping it in time. Often under such circumstances the rhino does not mean to charge at all, and is acting in a spirit of truculent and dull curiosity; but often, when its motions and actions are indistinguishable from those of an animal which does not mean mischief, it turns out that a given rhino does

will take too many chances when face to face with a creature whose actions are threatening and whose intentions it is absolutely impossible to divine. In fact, I do not see how the rhinoceros can be permanently preserved, save in very out-of-the-way places or in regular game reserves. There is enough interest and excitement in the pursuit to attract every eager young



Towing the Hippo shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

mean mischief. A year before I arrived in East Africa a surveyor was charged by a rhinoceros entirely without provocation; he was caught and killed. Chanler's companion on his long expedition, the Austrian Von Höhnel, was very severely wounded by a rhino and nearly died; the animal charged through the line of march of the safari, and then deliberately turned, hunted down Von Höhnel, and tossed him. Again and again there have been such experiences, and again and again hunters who did not wish to kill rhinos have been forced to do so in order to prevent mischief. Under such circumstances it is not to be expected that men

hunter, and, indeed, very many eager old hunters; and the beast's stupidity, curiosity, and truculence make up a combination of qualities which inevitably tend to insure its destruction.

As we brought home the whole body of this rhinoceros, and as I had put into it eight bullets, five from the Winchester and three from the Holland, I was able to make a tolerably fair comparison between the two. With the full-jacketed bullets of the Winchester I had mortally wounded the animal; it would have died in a short time, and it was groggy when it came out of the brush in its final charge; but they inflicted no



Landing the hippo.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.



Rolling out the hippo.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

such smashing blow as the heavy bullets of the Holland. Moreover, when they struck the heavy bones they tended to break into fragments, while the big Holland bullets ploughed through. The Winchester and the Springfield were the weapons one of which I always carried in my own hand, and for any ordinary game I much preferred them to any other rifles. The Winchester did admirably with lions, giraffes, elands, and smaller game, and, as will be seen, with hippos. For heavy game like rhinoceroses and buffaloes, I found that for me personally the heavy Holland was unquestionably the proper weapon. But in writing this I wish most distinctly to assert my full knowledge of the fact that the choice of a rifle is almost as much a matter of personal idiosyncrasy as the choice of a friend. The above must be taken as merely the expression of my personal preferences. It will doubtless arouse as much objection among the ultra champions of one type of gun as among the ultra-champions of another. The truth is that any good modern rifle is good enough. The determining factor is the man behind the gun.

In the afternoon of the day on which we killed the rhino Judd took me out again to try for hippos, this time in the Rewero, which ran close by the house. We rode upstream a couple of miles; I missed a wart-hog on the way. Then we sent back our horses and walked down the river bank as quietly as possible, Judd scanning the pools, and the eddies in the running stream, from every point of vantage. Once we aroused a crocodile, which plunged into the water. The stream was full of fish, some of considerable size; and in the meadow land on our side we saw a gang of big, black wild-geese feeding. But we got within half a mile of McMillan's house without seeing a hippo, and the light was rapidly fading. Judd announced that we would go home, but took one last look around the next bend, and instantly sank to his knees, beckoning to me. I crept forward on all-fours, and he pointed out to me an object in the stream, fifty yards off, under the overhanging branch of a tree, which jutted out from the steep bank opposite. In that light I should not myself have recognized it as a hippo head; but it was one, looking toward us, with the ears up and the nostrils, eyes, and forehead above water. I aimed

for the centre; the sound told that the bullet had struck somewhere on the head, and the animal disappeared without a splash. Judd was sure I had killed, but I was by no means so confident myself, and there was no way of telling until next morning, for the hippo always sinks when shot and does not rise to the surface for several hours. Accordingly, back we walked to the house.

At sunrise next morning Cuninghame, Judd, and I, with a crowd of porters, were down at the spot. There was a very leaky boat in which Cuninghame, Judd, and I embarked, intending to drift and paddle downstream while the porters walked along the bank. We did not have far to go, for as we rounded the first point we heard the porters break into guttural exclamations of delight, and there ahead of us, by a little island of papyrus, was the dead hippo. With the help of the boat it was towed to a convenient landing-place, and then the porters dragged it ashore. It was a cow, of good size for one dwelling in a small river, where they never approach the dimensions of those making their homes in a great lake like the Victoria Nyanza. This one weighed nearly two thousand eight hundred pounds, and I could well believe that a big lake bull would weigh between three and four tons.

In wild regions hippos rest on sandy bars, and even come ashore to feed, by day; but wherever there are inhabitants they land to feed only at night. Those in the Rewero continually entered McMillan's garden. Where they are numerous they sometimes attack small boats and kill the people in them; and where they are so plentiful they do great damage to the plantations of the natives, so much so that they then have to be taken off the list of preserved game and their destruction encouraged. Their enormous jaws sweep in quantities of plants, or lush grass, or corn or vegetables, at a mouthful, while their appetite is as gigantic as their body. In spite of their short legs, they go at a good gait on shore, but the water is their real home, and they always seek it when alarmed. They dive and float wonderfully, rising to the surface or sinking to the bottom at will, and they gallop at speed along the bottoms of lakes or rivers, with their bodies wholly submerged; but as is natural enough, in view of their big bodies and short legs, they are not fast swimmers for any length of time. They make curious and unmistak-



The dead hippo.

From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

able trails along the banks of any stream in which they dwell; their short legs are wide apart, and so when they tread out a path they leave a ridge of high soil down the centre. Where they have lived a long time, the rutted paths are worn deep into the soil, but always carry this distinguishing middle ridge.

The full-jacketed Winchester bullet had gone straight into the brain; the jacket had lodged in the cranium, but the lead went on, entering the neck and breaking the atlas vertebra.

At Juja Farm many animals were kept in cages. They included a fairly friendly leopard, and five lions, two of which were anything but friendly. There were three cheetahs, nearly full-grown; these were continually taken out on leashes. Mrs. McMillan strolling about with them and leading them to the summer-house. They were good-tempered, but they did not lead well. Cheetahs are interesting beasts; they are aberrant cats, standing very high on their legs, and with non-retractile claws like a dog. They are nearly the size of a leopard, but are not ordinarily anything like as ferocious, and prey on the smaller antelope, occasionally taking something as big as a half-grown kongoni. For a short run, up to say a quarter of a mile, they are the swiftest animals on earth, and with a good start easily overtake the fastest antelope; but their bolt is soon shot, and on the open plain they can readily be galloped down with a horse. When they sit on their haunches their attitude is that neither of a dog nor of a cat so much as of a big monkey. On the whole, they are much more easily domesticated than most other cats, but, as with all highly developed wild creatures, they show great individual variability of character and disposition. They have a very curious note,

a bird-like chirp, in uttering which they twist the upper lip as if whistling. When I first heard it I was sure that it was uttered by some bird, and looked about quite a time before finding that it was the call of a cheetah.

Then there was a tame wart-hog, very friendly, indeed, which usually wandered loose, and was as comical as pigs generally are, with its sudden starts and grunts. Finally,

there was a young Tommy buck and a Grant's gazelle doe, both of which were on good terms with every one and needed astonishingly little looking after to prevent their straying. When I was returning to the house on the morning I killed the rhinoceros, I met the string of porters and the ox wagon just after they had left the gate on their way to the carcass. The Grant doe had been attracted by the departure, and was following immediately behind the last porter; a wild-looking Masai warrior, to whom, as I learned, the especial care of the gazelle had been intrusted for that day, was running as hard as he could after



The tame Grant's gazelle at Juja.
From a post graph J. Aiden Loring.

her from the gate; when he overtook her he ran in between her and the rearmost porter, and headed her for the farm gate, uttering what sounded like wild war-cries and brandishing his spear. They formed a really absurd couple, the little doe slowly and decorously walking back to the farm, quite unmoved by the clamor and threats, while her guardian, the very image of what a savage warrior should look like when on the war-path, walked close behind, waving his spear and uttering deep-toned shouts, with what seemed a ludicrous disproportion of effort to the result needed.

Antelopes speedily become very tame and recognize clearly their friends. Leslie Tarlton's brother was keeping a couple of young kongoni and a partly grown Grant on his farm just outside Nairobi. (The game comes



Mr. Roosevelt and Bwana Engozi (Judd).
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.



Mrs. McMillan and cheetah.
From a photograph by W. N. McMillan.

right to the outskirts of Nairobi; one morning Kermit walked out from the McMillans' town-house, where we were staying, in company with Percival, the game ranger, and got photographs of zebras, kongoni, and Kavirondo cranes; and a leopard sometimes came up through the garden on to the veranda of the house itself.) Tarlton's young antelopes went freely into the country round about, but never fled with the wild herds; and they were not only great friends with Tarlton's dogs, but recognized them as protectors. Hyenas and other beasts frequently came round the farm after nightfall, and at their approach the antelopes fled at speed to where the dogs were, and then could not be persuaded to leave them.

We spent a delightful week at Juja Farm, and then moved to Kamiti Ranch, the neighboring farm, owned by Mr. Hugh H.

Heatley who had asked me to visit him for a buffalo hunt. While in the highlands of British East Africa it is utterly impossible for a stranger to realize that he is under the equator; the climate is delightful and healthy. It is a white man's country, a country which should be filled with white settlers; and no place could be more attractive for visitors. There is no more danger to health incident to an ordinary trip to East Africa than there is to an ordinary trip to the Riviera. Of course, if one goes on a hunting trip there is always a certain amount of risk, including the risk of fever, just as there would be if a man camped out in some of the Italian marshes. But the ordinary visitor need have no more fear of his health than if he were travelling in Italy, and it is hard to imagine a trip better worth making than the trip from Mombassa to Nairobi and on to the Victoria Nyanza.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

"Rest Harrow grows in any soil. . . . The seeds may be sown as soon as ripe in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . . It is a British plant."—*Weathers*.

BOOK I

OF THE NATURE OF A PROLOGUE, DEALING WITH A BRUISED PHILOSOPHER
IN RETIREMENT.

I



AN observant traveller, homing to England by the Ostend-Dover packet in the April of some five years ago, relished the vagaries of a curious couple who arrived by a later train, and proved to be both of his acquaintance. He had happened to be early aboard, and saw them come on. They were a lady of some personal attraction, comfortably furred, who, descending from a first-class carriage, was met by a man from a third-class, bare-headed, free in the neck, loosely clad in gray flannel trousers, which flapped about his thin legs in the sea-breeze, a white sweater with a rolling collar, and a pair of sandals upon brown and sinewy feet, uncovered by socks: these two. The man's garniture was extraordinary, but himself, no less so. He had a lean and deeply bronzed face, hatchet-shaped like a Hindoo's. You looked instinctively for rings in his ears. His hair, densely black, was longish and perfectly straight. His eyes were far-sighted and unblinking. He smiled always, but furtively, as if the world at large amused him, but must never know it. He seemed to observe everything, except the fact that everybody observed himself.

To have once seen such a man must have provided for his recollection; and yet our traveller, who was young and debonair, though not so young as he seemed, first recognized the lady. "Mrs. Germain, by George!" he said to himself. "Now, where's she been all this time?" The frown which began to settle about his observing

eyes, speedily dissolved in wonder as they encountered the strange creature in the lady's company. He stared, he gaped, then slapped his thigh. "Jack Senhouse! That's the man. God of battles, what a start! Now, what on earth is Jack Senhouse doing playing courier to Mrs. Germain?"

That was precisely the employment. His man had handed the lady out of her compartment; entered it when she left it, and was possessing himself of her littered vestiges, while these speculations were afloat. Dressing-case, tea-basket, umbrellas, rugs, and what not, he filled his arms with them, handed them over to expectant porters, then smilingly showed their proprietress the carriage riddled. He led the way to the steamer, deposited his burdens and saw to the bestowal of others, fetched a chair, wrapped her in rugs, found her book, indicated her whereabouts to a mariner in case of need. All this leisurely done, in the way of a man who has privilege and duty for his warrants. Inquiring then, with an engaging lift of the eyebrows, whether she was perfectly comfortable, and receiving with a pleasant nod her answering nod of thanks, he left her and returned to the train. Tracked through the crowd, and easily by his height, bare head, and leisurely motions, he was next seen shouldering a canvas bag on his way back to the boat. Jack's belongings, his bag of tricks! Jack all over, the same inexhaustible Jack! It was delightful to our traveller to find Jack Senhouse thus verifying himself at every turn. He was for the steerage, it appears—and of course he was!—where depressed foreigners share with bicycles, motor-cars, and newly

boiled pigs the amenities of economical travel. In this malodorous and slippery well, his interested friend saw him sit down upon his bundle, roll a cigarette, and fall into easy conversation with an Italian voyager who, having shaved, was now putting on a clean collar and a tartan necktie.

The traveller, Mr. William Chevenix, who had watched him so long, a faultlessly dressed and cheerful Englishman of some five-and-thirty summers, with round eyes in a round and rosy face, now assuring himself that he would be damned if he didn't have it out with the chap, descended the companion, picked his way through the steerage, and approached the seated philosopher. He saw that he was known, and immediately. Nothing escaped Senhouse.

"How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" He held out his hand. Senhouse rose and grasped it. The Italian took off his hat and strolled away.

"I'm very well, thanks," he said. "Have you noticed those shores beyond the canal? Samphire there, just as we have it at home. Leagues of samphire."

The younger man looked in the direction indicated, cheerfully and blankly. "'The samphire by the ocean's brim,'" he said, lightly. "I attach no importance to it whatever, but it's very like you to lift one into your conversation at a moment's notice. I'm all for the formalities, myself, so I observe that I haven't seen you for years. Years! Not since—why, it must be eighteen."

"It's precisely eight," said Senhouse, "and I've been abroad for four of them."

His friend inspected him with candid interest. "At your old games, I take it. You've filled England with hardy perennials, and now you're starting on Europe. Great field for you. You'll want a pretty big trowel, though. A wheelbarrow might be handy, I should have said."

Senhouse fired. "I've been planting the Black Forest, you see. Great games. They gave me a free hand, and ten thousand marks a year to spend. I've done some rather showy things. Now I want to go to Thibet."

The other's attention had wandered. "I saw you come on board," he said. "I watched you play the Squire of Dames to a rather pretty woman whom I happen to have known. She was a Mrs. Germain in those days."

"She still calls herself so," Senhouse said. He was staring straight before him out to sea. The steamer was under way.

"Married a queer old file in Berkshire, who died worth a plum. Goodish time ago. They called him Fowls, or Fowls of the Air. So she's still a widow, eh?"

Senhouse nodded. "She's his widow." Then he said: "You know her? You might go and amuse her. I can't, because of these bonds." He exhibited his sockless feet with a cheerful grin.

"Oh, I shall, you know," he was assured. "You're not dressy enough for Mrs. Germain—I agree. She'd never stand it."

"She doesn't," said Senhouse. "She dislikes a fuss, and thinks me rather remarkable."

"Well," said the other, "I think she's right. You always were a conspicuous beggar. Now look at me. Think I'll do?"

Senhouse peered at him. "I think you are exactly what she wants just now," he said. "Go in, and approve yourself, Chevenix!"

Mr. Chevenix, the spick and span, had something on his mind which he did not know how to put. He continued to reflect upon Mrs. Germain, but only by way of marking time. "She used to be very good fun in my young days. And she made things spin in Berkshire, they tell me. I know she did in London—while it lasted. What's she doing? There was a chap called Duplessis, I remember."

"There still is," Senhouse said, but in such a manner as to chalk No Thoroughfare across the field. Chevenix perceived this rather late in the day, and ended his ruminations in a whistle. "She kept him dangling—" he had begun. Instead of pursuing, he said abruptly, "I say, you remember Sancier Percival, of course?"

A change came over Senhouse's aspect, which a close observer might have noticed. He was very quiet, hardly moved; but he seemed to be listening with all his senses, listening with every pore of his skin. "Yes," he said, slowly. "Yes, I do. I'm not likely to forget her. She was my dearest friend, and is so still, I hope."

The solemnity of his intended message clouded Mr. Chevenix's candid brow. "She's still at Wanless, you know."

Senhouse set a watch upon himself. "No doubt she is," he said. "She's well?"

The other probed him. "She's never

made it up with her people. I think she feels it nowadays."

Senhouse asked sharply, "Where's Ingram?"

"Ingram," said Chevenix, "is just off for a trip. He's to be abroad for a year. India."

Senhouse shivered. "Alone?"

"Well, without her, anyhow. He always was a casual beggar, was Neville." He could see now that he was making a hit. "Got old Senhouse where he lives," he told himself. "Fact is, I've been out with him as far as Brindisi. He asked me to. I had nothing to do. But I want to see Sancier Percival again. I was awfully fond of her—of the whole lot of them." He reflected, as a man might deliberate upon familiar things, and discover them to be wonders. "What a family they were, by Jove! Five—of—the—loveliest girls a man could meet with. Melusine, what a girl she was! Married Tubby Scales—fat chap with a cigar. Vicky, now. How about Vicky? She was my chum, you know. She's married, too. Chap called Sinclair—in the Guides. But Sancier beat them all in her quiet way. A still water—what?"

Senhouse, his shin clasped in his bony hands, contemplated the sea. His face was drawn and stern. There was a queer twitching of the cheek-bones. "Got him, by Jove!" said Mr. Chevenix to himself, and pushed on. "I say, I wish you'd go and see her," he said.

Senhouse got up and leaned over the bulwarks. He was plainly disturbed. Chevenix waited for him nervously, but got nothing.

Then he said, "The fact is, Senhouse, I think that you should go. You were the best friend she ever had." Senhouse turned him then a tragic face.

"No, I wasn't," he said. "I think I was the worst."

Chevenix blinked. "I know what you mean. If it hadn't been for you and your confounded theories you imply that she——"

"I don't know—" Senhouse began. "God only knows what she might have done. She was not of our sort, you know. I always said that she was unhuman."

"That's the last thing she was," said Chevenix, neatly, but Senhouse scorned him.

"You don't know anything about it," he said. "What are the doings of this silly world, of our makeshift appearances, to the essentials? Antics—filling up time! You

speak as if she gave Ingram everything, and lost it. She did, but he never knew it—so never had it. Ingram had what he was fitted to receive. Her impulse, her impulsion, was divine. She has lost nothing—and he has gained nothing."

"If you talk philosophy, I'm done," cried Mr. Chevenix. "I'm a practical chap, I am; and I say to you, my boy: Go and see her. She's so far human that she's got a tongue, and likes to wag it, I suppose. I don't say that there's trouble, and I don't say there's not. But there are the makings of it. She's alone, and may be moped. I don't know. You'd better judge for yourself." He implied more than he said.

Senhouse, trembling from his recent fire, turned away his face. "I don't know that I dare. If she's unhappy, I shall be in the worst place I ever was in in my life. I don't know what I shall do."

"That's the first time you ever said that, I'll go bail," Chevenix interrupted him. But Senhouse did not hear him.

"I did everything I could at the time. I nearly made her quarrel with me—I dared do that. I went up to Wanless and saw Ingram. I hated the fellow, I disapproved of him, feared him. He was the last man in the world I could have tackled with a view to redemption. He was almost hopelessly bad, according to my view of things. Fed by slaves from the cradle, hag-ridden by his vices; a purple young bully, a product of filthy sloth, scabbed with privilege. I saw just how things were. She pitied him and thought it was her business to save him. She did nobly. She gave herself for pity; and if she mistook that for love, the splendid generosity of her is enough to take the breath away. The world ought to have gone down on its knees to her—but it picked up its skirts for fear she might touch them. What a country! What a race! Well, feeling toward her as I did, and loathing him, I urged him to marry her—to make her his property for life. Dead against my convictions, mind you, but what else could I do? God help me, I played the renegade to what I sincerely believed. What else was open? I couldn't see her done to death by a world of satyrs."

"Of course you couldn't, my dear man," cried Chevenix. "Girls of her sort must be married, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," re-

plied Senhouse, fiercely; "but I loved her. You may put it that I funk'd. I did—and to no purpose."

"If you were to see her now," Chevenix put in, "you could do some good. She'll be pretty lonely up there." Senhouse got up.

"I'll see her," he said. "Whatever happens."

"Right," said Chevenix. "That's a good man. That's what I wanted of you. I'll tell her that you're coming. Now, I'm going to do the civil to Mrs. Germain."

Senhouse had turned away, and was leaning over the bulwarks, lost in his thoughts. He remained there until the passage was over.

Mr. Chevenix, having approached the lady with all form observed, made himself happy in her company, as, indeed, he did in all. "Now this is very jolly, Mrs. Germain, I must say. I'm a companionable beggar, I believe; and here I was, in a ship where I didn't know a living soul until I met you and Senhouse. Didn't even know that you knew Senhouse. Queer fish, eh? Oh, the queerest fish in the sea! But you know all that, of course."

Mrs. Germain, a brunette, with the power of glowing, colored becomingly, and veiled her fine eyes with somewhat heavy and heavily fringed eyelids. "Oh, yes," she said, "I have known him for a long time."

"Met him abroad, I suppose—tinkering round, as he does. The everlasting loafer, artist, tinker, poet, gardener. 'Pon my soul, he's like the game we used to do with cherry-stones round the pudding plate. Don't you know? Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, and all the rest. He's all those things, and has two pair of bags to his name, and lives in a cart, and is a gentleman. Not a doubt about that, mind you, Mrs. Germain."

She smiled upon him kindly. "None at all," she said. "I like him extremely."

"You would, you know," said Chevenix, histones rich in sympathy. "All women do. You couldn't help it. You've got such a kind heart. All women have. Now, I've known Senhouse himself five or six years, but I've known about him for at least eight. I used to hear about him from morn to dewy eve, once upon a time, from one—of—the—loveliest and most charming girls you ever met in your life. Did you know her? A Miss Percival—Sanchia Percival. We used to call her Sannie. Thought you might have

met her; perhaps. No? Well, this chap Senhouse would have gone through the fire for her. He would have said his prayers to her. Did you ever see his poems about her? My word! He published 'em after the row, you know. He as good as identified her with— Well, we won't mention names, Mrs. Germain, but he identified her with a certain holy lady not a hundred miles from the Kingdom of Heaven. Blasphemous old chap—he did, though."

Mrs. Germain, toying with her scent-bottle, was interested. "I never heard him speak about a Miss Percival," she said. She used a careless tone, but her flickering eyelids betrayed her.

"You wouldn't, you know," he told her with the same sympathetic earnestness. "There was too much of a row. He was cut all to pieces. I thought he'd go under; but he's not that sort. Who called somebody—some political johnny—the Seagreen Incorruptible? Oh, ask me another! You might call old Senhouse the Green-tea Irrepressible; for that was his drink (to keep himself awake all night, writin' poems), and there never was a cork that would hold him down—not even Sannie Percival. No, no, out he must come—fizzling."

"I see," said Mrs. Germain, still looking at her fingers in her lap. "I'm very much interested. You mean that he was very much—that he paid her a great deal of attention?"

Chevenix stared roundly about him. "Attention! Oh, heavens! Why, three of his letters to her would fill the *Times* for a week—and he kept it up for years! She used to get three a week—budgets! blue-books! For simple years! Attentions!" He shook his head. "The word's no good. He paid nobody anything at all when she was in the same county. He used to sit listening to her thrilling the waves of air. He used to hear her voice in the wind—and when it changed, he used to fire off his answers!"

Mrs. Germain laughed—whether at Chevenix or his preposterous hero is not to be known. "You are rather absurd," she said. "Mr. Senhouse never gave me the idea of that sort of person. Why did they never——?"

Chevenix narrowed his eyes to the merest slat. "*Marry?*" he said, in an awed whisper. "Is that what you mean?"

Mrs. Germain showed him her soft brown orbs, which for two seasons had been

said to be the finest pair of dark eyes in London. "Yes," she said. "I do mean that. How clever of you to guess!"

Chevenix bowed to her. "Not at all," he said. "I'm quite good at that kind of thing. You have to be, if you knock about. Besides, that's the whole point. Bless you! He would just as soon have married Diana of the Ephesians. He said so. I heard him. He would have thought it an insult to hint at it. Didn't I tell you that he was a poet?"

"Yes," the lady said quickly. "You did. But I suppose poets occasionally marry."

"Not that sort," Chevenix pronounced, with a shake of the head. "At least, they don't marry the right person. They never do. Or there are two or three persons. Look at Shelley. Look at Dante. I happen to know all about both of 'em. Senhouse drank 'em up—and gave 'em out like steam. He thought no end of Dante and Shelley. As a matter of fact, he didn't believe in marriage, as a game—as a kind of institution, you know. He thought it devilish wrong—and said so—and that's where the trouble was. Marry Sancier! I wish to Heaven he had. There'd have been no trouble at all. They were made for each other. She loved his fun—and was easy with him, you see. She was queerish, too—a shy young bird; but she was quite at home with him. No, no. The trouble really began with him putting her out of conceit with marriage. And she didn't care for him in that sort of way, then. And then—well, the less said the better."

"Oh," said Mrs. Germain, absorbed by the devolutions of the tale. "Oh!"

"'Oh' 's the sort of expression one used at the time," said Chevenix. "There wasn't much else to be said. It was a holy row." He mused, he brooded, and said no more. Luckily for him, he discovered Dover at hand, and escaped. Mrs. Germain was put into a first-class carriage by two attendant squires, provided with tea and a foot-warmer; and then Chevenix bowed himself away and Senhouse disappeared. She had a novel on her knees, but read little. She looked out of window, frowning and biting her red lip. When she reached Victoria, she tightened both lips, and you saw that, so compressed, they made a thin red line straight above a square chin. Her charm and favor both lay, you then discovered, in expression.

Senhouse, hatless and loose-limbed, stood

at the door to help her out. She accepted his services, and was put into a cab.

"Where's he to take you?" he asked her pleasantly.

She said at once, "To Brown's Hotel." Then, before she got in, with a hand, unperceived by the general, just touching his arm: "Jack, I want to speak to you, but not to-night. Will you come in the morning, please? I am rather tired, and shall dine early and go to bed. Is my maid here?" She looked about. "Oh, I suppose she's seeing to the luggage. You might find her, and tell her where to come to."

Senhouse smiled and nodded. "Certainly; all these things shall be done. Anything else before you go off?"

She hesitated for a minute, then said, "Yes, there *is* one more thing. You mustn't come to Brown's like that. You must put on ordinary things."

He raised his eyebrows, then laughed—throwing his head up. "Wonderful lady! Wherewithal shall I be clothed? Do you really think these things matter?"

She was firm. "I really do. I hope you will be kind enough to—to—please me."

He looked very kindly at her. "My dear," he said, "of course I shall. Be quite easy about it." He held out his hand. "Good-night, Mary."

She took it, but didn't meet his look. "Good-night," she said, and drove away without another signal.

Senhouse, shouldering his bundle, found the lady's maid, and gave her her sailing orders. His manner to her was exactly that which he had shown to the mistress, easy, simple, and good-humored. Leaving her, he went a leisurely way through the press, and took a tram-car from the corner of Vauxhall Bridge Road in the direction of Battersea.

II

SENHOUSE, after a night of solitary musing upon certain waste places known best to outlanders, walked up St. James's Street at six o'clock in the morning, talking lightly and fiercely to himself. A long life of loneliness had given him that habit incurably. Discovering the hour by a clock in Piccadilly, he realized that it was too early to wait upon Mrs. Germain in Albemarle Street, so continued his way up the empty hill, entered the Park, and flung himself upon the

turf under the elms. Other guests were harbored by that hospitable sward, shambling, downcast lice of the town. These, having shuffled thither, dropped, huddled, and slept. His way was not theirs: to him the open space was his domain. He ranged the streets, one saw, as if they had been the South Downs, with the long stride and sensitive tread of a man who reckons with inequalities of footing. So now he ranged the fenced park. The country and the town were earth alike, though now of springing grass, and now again of flagstones.

His face, after a night of fierce self-searching, looked its age, that of a man past forty; his aspect upon affairs was no more a detached observer's; his eyes were hard, his smile was bleak. Sodden misery, stupor, and despair lay all about him, and would have drawn his pitying comments, if it had not been so with him that all his concern must now be for himself.

"She wants me, and I must go to her," was the burden of his thought; but, like a recurring line in a poem, it concluded very diverse matter.

"I played the traitor to her; I could not wait—and yet, I must have known. I said to myself, It is enough to have known and loved her; watch her happy, and thank God. That should have been enough for any man who had ever seen the blue beam of her eyes shed in kindness upon him; but I grew blind, and could not see it. I lost my lamp and went astray. I ran about asking one after another to stop the bleeding of my wound. God is good. After eight years, *she wants me, and I must go to her.*"

"I love her, as I have always loved; for she is always there, and I have come back. She can never change, though her beauty grow graver, and all knowledge of the vile usage of the world have passed before her young eyes. Artemis no more, for she has stooped to the lot of women; but still invincibly pure, incapable of sin, though she know it all. It can never touch her: she goes her way. She wears a blue gown now, not a white one. Demeter, the sad, bountiful Mother she will be—yet the same woman, the sweet and grave, the inflexible, the eternal. And, standing as she has always stood, *she wants me, and I must go to her.*"

"I remember the wonder, I remember the morning glory of her first appearing. The spell of the woods was upon her. Bare-

headed, gowned in white, she girt up her vesture and dipped her white limbs in the pool. I went to her, all my worship in my face; I worked with her at her task. Together we pulled the weed, we set the lilies free. High-minded as a goddess, she revealed herself to me. I was the postulant, dumb before the mysteries; I adored without a thought. I was nothing, could be nothing to her, but her lover—and now *she wants me, and I must go to her.*"

"For two years I was close to her side—either I or my words never left her. She became humble, suffered me to lead her, opened to me her mind, shared with me her secret thoughts. I told her the truth; I hid nothing from the first. From the first day she knew that I loved her. There was no presumption in this—I asked nothing, expected nothing. I told her often I looked forward to her wedded state—and then it came, and I was not ready for it as it came. Horrible thing, her nobility was her punishment. She has suffered, she suffers; *she wants me, and I must go to her.*"

"How am I to go, tied and bound as I am? What can I do? I have been false to my vows. I belong in duty to another world, to another woman, who can command me as she will. I don't know, I don't see. I know only one thing, and see only her, calling me with her inflexibly grave eyes. *She wants me, and I must go to her.*"

He got up and left the Park. It was ten o'clock of an April morning. Crocuses—her flowers—were blowing sideways under a south-west wind. Blue sky white clouds, shining on the just and the unjust, covered Her in Yorkshire and him, her grim knight, in Mayfair. He stalked, gaunt and haggard-eyed, down the hill, threading his way through the growing traffic of the day, and faced his business with the lady in the case.

Mrs. Germain was serious when he entered her sitting-room. She was in a loose morning-gown of lace and pink ribbon. Pink was her color. Her dark eyes looked heavy. She should have been adorable, and she was—but not to him just now. He stood before her, looked at her where she sat with her eyes cast down at her hands in her lap. She had let them rest upon him for the moment of his entry, but had not greeted him.

Now, as he stood watching her, she had no greeting.

"Good-morning, Mary," he said pres-

ently, and she muttered a reply. He saw at once that she was prepared for him, and began in the middle.

"A friend of mine," he said, "is alone and unhappy. I heard of it yesterday from Chevenix. I must go and see her. I shan't be away long, and shall then be at your disposition."

Her strength lay in her silence. She sat perfectly still, looking at her white hands. Her heavy eyelids, weighted with all the knowledge she had, seemed beyond her power of lifting. He was driven to speak again, and, against his will, to defend himself.

"I am in a hatefully false position. I ought to have told you long ago all about it. It seemed impossible at the time, and so from time to time, to open the shut book. I closed it deliberately, and from the time of doing it until this moment I have never spoken of it, even to myself. Chevenix, who knew her well, broke it open unawares yesterday—and now we must read in it, you and I."

He stopped, took breath, and began again. "I don't see how you can forgive me, or how I can, so to speak, look myself in the face again. I have played the knave so long with you, that it is perhaps the greatest knavery I can commit to be honest at last. But I am going to do it, Mary. I want to tell you the whole story. You have told me yours."

Her eyes flickered at that, but she said nothing. Passive as she sat, heavy in judgment, she was yet keenly interested. All her wits were at work, commenting, comparing, judging, and weighing every word that he said.

He told her a strange, incoherent story of poet's love. This mysterious, shrouded Sanchia figured in it as the goddess of a shrine—omnipresent, a felt influence, yet never a woman. He spoke her name with a drop of the voice; every act of hers, as he related it, was colored by sanction to seem the dealing of a divine person with creeping mankind. To Mrs. Germain it was all preposterous; if he had owned the humorous sense, it would have been tragically absurd. For what did it amount to, pray, but this, that Jack Senhouse had been in love with a girl who had loved somebody else, had married her choice, and was now repenting it! Jack, then, in a pique, had trifled with her, Mary Germain, and made love to her. Now he found that his Sanchia was to be seen, he was for jumping back. Was he to jump, or not to jump? Did it lie with her? Jack seemed to think that it did.

If it did, what did she want? As to one thing she had long been clear. Jack Senhouse was a good lover, but would be an impossible mate. She had found his gypsy tent and hedgerow practice in the highest degree romantic. With gypsy practice, he had the wheedling gypsy ways. Her adventure in the North—for instance—when, panic-struck, she had fled to him by a midnight train, had sought him through the dales and over limestone mountains through a day and night, and cried herself to sleep, and been found by him in the dewy dawn, and soothed by his masterful cool sense—wasn't this romantic, then? It had drawn her to him as she had never before been drawn to a man. She felt that here, at last, was a man indeed to be trusted. For she had been there with him, and not a living soul within miles, entirely at his discretion—and he had not so much as kissed her fingers. No, not even that—though he had wanted to. That she knew, as women do know such things. Romantic indeed, trustworthy! Why, a Bayard, a Galahad of a gypsy! After this adventure, after he had driven her back to her duty, she had owned allegiance to nobody else in the world. And when her husband died, she had renounced her widow right, embraced hardship, kept herself by teaching; and when finally he came to her and offered her her choice, she had chosen Poverty for her lord as single-heartedly as ever did Francis find his Lady in a beggar's garb.

And that being done, it did not "do." That was how she put it now; but the process had been slow, and never defined. He had carried her off to Baden for his work of naturalizing plants. He had a great name for that, a European name. In three weeks his work absorbed him; within that time she knew that she was no mate for him. You can't be picturesque for ever, she thought. She had never reckoned with his incredible simplicity, had never for a moment connected his talk with his acts. Perhaps Jack was the only really logical man in the world. Now she found that in talking of Poverty as the only happiness, he literally and really believed it so. He would own nothing but the barest necessities neither pictures nor furniture, neither clothes nor books. Pictures, furniture! Why, he had no roof to shelter them! Clothes? Where was he to carry them, if not on his back?

Books? He had half-a-dozen, which contained all the wisdom of the world. So he used to cry. Now, this might be as it was—but when he seemed to expect her to be of the same mind and behavior, you will see that he must needs be mad.

Yet so it was. He had lived in a tent for twenty years, so took his tent to Germany, and went on living in it. In that, with complete gravity, he received the Grand Duke of Baden, and several uniformed high officials, who wore plumed headgear and incredibly high collars and glittering boots of patent leather. Folded superbly in cloaks of milky blue, they looked to Mary like gods; to Senhouse they were amusing fellow-creatures, interested in his plants and plans. He spread maps on the ground, and followed his racing finger with racing speech. His German was faulty, but exceedingly graphic. His words shook the tent-curtains. Within half an hour, such was the infection of his eloquence, he had most of his company on their knees beside him, and the Grand Duke, accommodated with a camp-stool, buried his hand in his beard, and followed every line without a breath. Of all in that tent, she, Mary Germain, had been the only person to feel the indescribable squalor in the situation—and she the only one who might have been born to it; for her upbringing had been humble, and her rise in the world sudden and short of duration. But she knew now that she had hardly been able to live it out for very shame.

Directly the visitors had departed there had been a scene—she, in tears of vexation which scalded, and he, concerned at her trouble, but unable for the life of him to see what it was all about. He had been kindness itself. He always was the kindest and gentlest creature. If she wanted a house, hotel, or what not, she should have it. In fact, he got her one, installed her, and undertook to keep her there. She bit her lip now to remember that she had agreed—and the ensuing difficulties. He had no money, and would have none of his own, and he refused to live under a roof on any terms whatsoever. Of ten thousand marks a year, which he was to receive from his Grand Duke, half was to be hers; he would see her when she would, and she must follow him about as she would—or not, if she would not. He could not see that there was anything extraordinary in these proposi-

tions. To him, it was the simplest thing in the world that two people should do as they pleased. Society? What in the name of God had society to do with it? She remembered her tears, and his blank dismay when he saw them. He thought that she was unhappy, and so she was, but she was grievously angry also, that she could not make him see what things would “do,” and what things never “do.”

His work had inflamed him; he had marched from place to place, unencumbered, and without a thought or care in the world—inspired with his scheme, in which plants stood for the words in a poem. He slept out many nights on the Felsenberg, on the ground, wrapped in a cloak. He disappeared for weeks at a time, in impenetrable forests, sharing the fires of charcoal burners, mapping, planning, giving orders to a secretary from the botanical department, as wild as a disciple should be. There was nothing for her, poor lady, but to sit about in hotel saloons—the widow of an English gentleman, occasionally visited by an eccentric friend. So she put it, for the benefit of society; but this had not been her idea of things when she had tumbled into Senhouse’s arms—nor had it been his.

Her ruling idea in these days of disenchantment and discomfort—and it was her ruling idea still—was to preserve appearances. The great, invincible, fundamental instinct of the class from which she had sprung: to keep one’s self unspotted by the world. The variation upon the text is Senhouse’s own, done in a moment of exasperation over her untiring effort to appear what she was not, and did not want to be. She loved the man sincerely; if she had been married to him, she would have kept faithfully to his side. But she had no lines; her wedding-ring was not of his giving. Without these assurances she simply could not love him. It came to that.

He had, when they had first approached the matter of alliance, put aside marriage, literal marriage, as out of the question. He took it airily for granted that she agreed with him. The servitude of the woman which it implied was to him unspeakably wicked. He could not have treated the vilest woman in such a manner. But he had reckoned without the woman in her case. Freedom to love, without sanction or obligation, destroyed love. When he found

that out, which he did after a year, he offered himself and his convictions to her. He humbled himself before her—but by that time she would not. By that time she had recovered her widow's portion (which had been dependent upon her remaining sole), and was entitled to some thousands a year, and a good dower-house in Berks. She declined to marry him, and acted as such. She had been his wife in fact for a quarter of a year; she was his friend—as he was hers—for the rest of their time abroad. He had respected her wish, but had kept himself at her free disposal, until now, of late, when this disturbing Sanchia Percival arose out of the nothingness, and was shown to her as a goddess newly from the shades. And so now, here sat Mrs. Germain, with her eccentric friend, pale and gaunt, before her, unlike himself as she had always known him, about to take her at her word, and to behave as a friend might. What should she say?

He would come back if she chose; he had said so—and he was incapable of lies. If he came back, and if she chose, he would marry her, and be the imperturbable, delightful, incalculable, impossible companion she had always known him. He would marry her—and decline to come under her roof. He would, perhaps, pitch his tent in her paddock; he would sit at her table in sweater and flannels, sandals on his feet, while she and her guests were in the ordinary garb of—gentlefolks. Gentlefolks! Yes. But the maddening and baffling thought was a conviction: he would be the greatest gentleman there. She knew that. Lord of his mind, lord of his acts, easy in his will, and refusing to bow to any necessity but that, he would be the superior of them all. Could this be borne? Or could ~~she~~ he bear to surrender so rare a friend to a Miss Percival?

Who could Miss Percival be? It was a good name—better than Middleham, which had been her own, as good as Germain, which had been her husband's. Sanchia! Sanchia, an extraordinary name, an unusual name. It sounded Spanish and aristocratic. The Honorable Hertha de Speyne: she had known the daughter of a noble house so styled in her governess days, her days of drudgery, and even now it had a glamour for her, who had since hobnobbed with many honorables, flirted with many young lords, and been kissed by a duchess. Miss Sanchia Percival: the Honorable San-

chia Percival. Nodoubt this was a high lady. And she must be beautiful or Jack wouldn't speak of her as he had. He hushed his voice down, he spoke as if she was a goddess, as if to disobey her call was out of the question. A dull heat stirred her deeply within, and she found herself setting her teeth together. No! Jack had brought her to this pass—and she would not be left.

These were the thoughts of Mrs. Germain as she sat very still, with heavy-lidded eyes, listening to Senhouse's story. He ended it in these words: "You charmed me, Mary, and you still charm me. You are very sweet, and I shall never want a dearer mate than you might be, if you would. I vow to you that you are the only woman with whom I have wished to live, as we might live if you would. I can't make you see, I'm conscious, what I feel about Sanchia—but it's certainly not that. My little dear, can't you trust me?" He looked down and saw her tears slowly dropping; he was very much moved, knelt by her side. She turned her face away, dangerously moved also. She struggled with her tears, her face contorted, her bosom heaving in riot. Senhouse took her hands, but she wrenched them away and covered her face with them. Passion grew upon her, passion of regret, of loss, of rage, of desire—"Oh, leave me, leave me! Oh, cruel, cruel! No man in the world could be so cruel—" and then she sprang up and faced him, flushed and fierce as a woman whom love has made mad.

"I believed in you, I gave you everything I had. You have had it, and you leave me. I made no pretences—I told you all my secrets. You said that you loved me—and now you leave me. Go, please. I hope I shall never see you again."

Her great eyes loomed in her hot face like beacons. Her color was high, her lips vivid. She looked as beautiful as an Indian flower. She was fighting for her own like a cat. An absent, shadowy, icily pure Sanchia could never contend with this quivering reality of scarlet and burning brown; and the man stood disarmed before her, watching her every movement and sensible of every call of her body. Her wild words provoked him, her beauty melted him; pity for her, shame, memories of what he had believed her, impossible visions of what she might be: he was tossed this way and that, was whirled, engulfed, overwhelmed. There

is only one end to such strifes. With a short cry he threw up his arms.

"God help us, I stay!" he said, and took her.

III

HEAR now of the immediate end. This gentleman, a philosopher and poet, rich in theory, having reached a middle point in his career, found that he had, without knowing it, encountered a Fact, which had gripped him in a vital part, squeezed the very fibres of him, sucked him apparently dry of human juices, even of the zest to live, and presently departed, leaving him faint by the wayside. Not until it was clean gone did he have the least suspicion that it had been there, and (if he could have known it) the first glimmering of reawakening pulse in him was the considering of its nature. Brooding upon it, while he grieved over his languor, he discovered that it had not been hard and scaly, like your ordinary vampire; but soft-lipped, brown-eyed, warm-fleshed, cloudy-haired; in fact, a pretty woman. Now, in all his previous relations with this sex, while he had given much of himself, he had never met before with a woman whose need was the measure of her allure. If she had not wanted him so much, he would never have thought of her twice. But this was precisely what had happened. She had acted upon him as a vacuum upon air. Her helplessness, her ignorance, her appalling belief in him, her clinging power, heightening her physical charm, had sucked him in in a stream; and when she was full of him, he was empty. She had been the first to find it out. Having trailed him in her wake for a season, against his instincts, against his conscience, she presently coaxed him to let her go. Let her go! He asked nothing better than to see her happy, and saw no other way of being so himself. When she had gone, and was safely married to an old admirer, our expended friend lay, like a gaffed salmon, faintly flapping on the bank. For a year or more he lay, and dated his recovery of tone from the moment of finding out the nature of his disaster. "She was hungry, and I fed her. She was thirsty, and I gave her drink. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed (certainly) be the name of the Lord."

He proposed now to resume his former life of sojourn in tents, and desultory prac-

tice of the arts, a life which, as it was at once highly practical, and entirely dependent upon enjoyment, we may call one of contemplative activity. For twenty years he had not lived in a house, slept in a bed, or owned anything beyond the barest necessities. (The only thing he had, indeed, found himself owning had at last removed itself.) He had been by turns poet, painter-in-water-colors, tinker, botanizer, antinomian, and anarchist; and attributed his success in all these busy walks to the fact that he was as strongly averse to the possession of property as he was incapable of getting any. Here, then, was his capital, with which to commence the world again. With this at his back, you would have said, he had but to pack his knapsack, stow his tent, and take to the road. But that was not so.

He had, with the purest intentions, broken all the laws of society. Entitled to a competence, he had had neither house nor gear, earned just so much as would keep him in food. He knew what it was to go without a dinner, and what to sleep under the stars. Yet he had been extraordinarily happy. He had held up his head, and kept it, alike with the learned—for he had learning—and with the simple, whose simplicity he shared. He had had the knack, in fact, of getting himself accepted on his own terms, exorbitant as they were; and of both rich and poor alike he had demanded entire equality. "Barefoot I stand," had been his proposition, "of level inches with your lordship, or of you, my hedgerow acquaintance. Take me for a man, decently furnished within, or take me not at all. Take me never, at least, for a clothes-horse." In all these things, which he had proclaimed far and wide, in divers tongues, all of them eloquent, he had violated the unwritten laws of our country, as great and small know them to be. Chiefest he broke them in being happy. That was outrageous. But he was now, it seemed, confronted with a Law of Nature when he found that, having broken with a way of life, you cannot resume it; not because it isn't there (for there it is), but rather because you are not there yourself. You are elsewhere, and the road is hard to find. At forty-two, you are not the mountaineer of thirty-seven. Worse than that, worst sign of all, you don't want to be.

Here was a shock for the Poet in him, which it was the Philosopher's task to allay.

In heated debate, the two contended for his reasonable soul.

POET: I am young.

PHILOSOPHER: You put it so. You are forty-two, and as old as you feel.

POET: Away with you. I am young, I tell you. There are worlds to see.

PHILOSOPHER: Europe, Asia, Africa——

POET: Alas! I have never been to Thibet.

PHILOSOPHER: My friend, if you wished to see Thibet, you would be half-way there by now. I know you so well. Believe me, you have seen more than enough. The world is so much larger than you that five-and-twenty acres in Sussex will yield you more wonders than you can ever use. Take them, make them yours, and from them build up your Thibet. I understood that you were a poet.

POET: My heart fails me. I have loved and lost. I have seen the dawn, and it has blinded me.

PHILOSOPHER: Mary is happy. You could never have made her so.

POET: A sweet, good girl, but—I was not speaking of Mary.

PHILOSOPHER: So I supposed. Let me remind you that Sanchia——

POET: Remind me of nothing. I remember everything. She was the dayspring from on high. When I think of Greece, I think not of Plato and Sophocles; but of things more delicate and shy: of the tender hedge flowers of the Anthology, of Tanagra and its maidens in reedy gowns, of all of this in a sweet, clean light. Ah, and I think of Her, as I saw her first in the woodland, in her white gown, with the sun upon her hair. She was like the fluting of a bird—clear melody. She girt herself high, and set her foot in the black water. She dipped her pure body in above the knees. She, the noblest, the wholesomest, the youngest of the gods. Remind me of nothing, I beg you.

PHILOSOPHER: I must really remind you of this. You renounced her of your own deliberation, and promised to dance at her wedding.

POET (with a sob): So I would, God bless her!

PHILOSOPHER: That is a charitable sentiment. I have done you good.

POET: You are an ass.

I have summarized an argument which was really prolonged and very acrimonious.

The Philosopher prevailed, and the Poet, beaten at every point, forswore what ambitions remained to him, built himself a shepherd's hut in a valley of the Wiltshire Downs, and planned out his Memoirs in three stout volumes.

Volume I, "King's Lynn"; Volume II, "Middle Kingdom"; Volume III, "Shepherd's Crown," are titles which indicate the scope and spirit of a projected work. They were characteristically chosen before a line was written; nor, indeed, was a single other word put to paper, not so much as an Advice to the Reader, for two years. The building of his house with his own hands, and the disposition of the land about it, occupied him for the better part of one; the next, with its progressive seasons of fruition, was spent in meditative ecstasy; by the beginning of the third his cure was complete. The Poet in him was now the Philosopher's humble servant, as should surely always be the case. Resolved that the world should be sweetened yet, he attacked his Book.

He began with the third volume, in which, under the heading of "Shepherd's Crown," he proposed to discharge himself of the conclusions of his ripened manhood upon the world, as he now saw it from his grassy outlook. Not yet could he trust himself with "King's Lynn." That was for Thoughts. That was to be filled with spherulic music, which lay under lock and bolt deep within his nature. Before he could set that free to throb and beat in his brain, he must be quite sure that it could not win a way back into his heart. For She of whom it must consist, whose very name was music, whose presence, as he said, was like the fluting of a bird, was the renounced, impossible Sanchia; that Sanchia whom, for reason clear and good, he had loved (upon his knees, with covered eyes) and suffered to go her ways. The Philosopher was clear upon the point that Volume I must be withheld for a season; and that Volume II, if it was to deal with the enchantment of the flitted Mary, must wait also. Mary must be charitably handled; give her time. In Volume III, now, we were to have neither music on the one hand, nor the sharp fragrance of loose hair and warm breath on the other; but green thoughts, rather, "calm of mind, all passion spent," as surely, at forty-two, it must be. Let the wise book deal with Life,

not the living; with Love, not of woman; with Death, but not of the body.

Early in the third year, this wanderer, come to anchor, began his book, and at his task I propose to leave him until near the end of mine. But, that he shall know the man again when the tale hath need of him, the reader will be pleased to accompany me into his neighborhood for a moment.

Into the great ridge of chalk which is the backbone of South Wilts, and runs east and west from Sarum to Shaftesbury, there cuts up from the south a deep, winding, and narrow valley. The hills, between whose breasts it runs a turfy way, fold one into the other; a man coming up from Dorset, and minded to strike across country to Marlborough, might well pass within two hundred yards of our recluse, and never see a sign of him. It was at the head of this glen, sheltered by hills from north, east, and west, but open full to the south, that he had built his one-storied, deep-eaved house of larch and shingles. Here, under the sky, he watched and labored and slept, and saw nobody, living principally on vegetables of his own growing, and cheese, which he made from the milk of a flock of goats. Bread he had once a week from a peasant's cottage at the valley's foot; gypsy folk brought him occasionally tea and tobacco. For the most part he drank water, and was too good a traveller to be rooted to his pipe.

The ground behind him sloped sharply up to the ridgeway, which we call the Race Plain in those parts, and had nourished, when he first took up his rest below it, little but nettles, mulleins, and scrub of elder. A few fair trees—ash, thorn, spindle, service—struggled with the undergrowth, which should live. He was for the trees, needing their shade; cleared the ground, terraced it with infinite pains, and utilized the water of a mist pool which he had made on the high land by a system of canals of remarkable neatness and ingenuity. Tree-trunks, split and hollowed out, conveyed what water he wanted, as and whither he would.

To the west of his dwelling the slope was gentler, and there woods and brake-fern grew peacefully together, and made a fine refuge from the heats. Behind this shelter, hidden from sight of the house, he had a broad lynch for his vegetables, and grew and protected them to be the envy and despair of rabbits. In the woods, and below,

in the valley bottom, where wind-sown thorns made a natural park, his goats found eatage. He reserved the terraces about the house for the flowers which he loved and understood.

He was an expert gardener, who in his day had been famous for his skill in naturalization. His feats in this work have made a stir beyond our shores. Alpine plants grew wild upon English rock faces at his whim, irises from the glaring crags of the Caucasus spread out their filmy wings, when he bade them, on Devonshire tors. These wonders he chose not to repeat—for reasons. Pence, to begin with, failed him. The work itself was associated with the happiest and the saddest moments of his life; he had not the heart to begin it. Moreover, in the course of his year's work of house-building and settling in, he had kept an eye for Nature's way in his valley, and when it came to making a flower-garden, he found that she had one there to his hand.

He said, "Nothing is lovelier in flowers than true color. Form is nothing to Nature; it is one of Art's tricks. Here I may have a succession of pure washes by mere concentration of what I find. The downs give me everything; all I have to do is to group them.

"Here is my design: For early spring, cowslips in a cloud. Scattered broadcast, they are happy accidents which you come upon walking; but if you mass them, their scent tells; and you find they are nearer the color of oranges than of limes.

"For mid-April and early May, I have the orchids—a blood-spatter on the bottom; higher the flecked white, the pink, and the yellow with brown. Then for a shelf among rocks, the milk-worts—the sky-blue, the white, and the pink: with these I float out May like Fra Angelico. For June, there are ragged robins, like filaments of rosy cloud, and forget-me-not, to drift like wood smoke over the chalk rubble. In July, I have a pageant. Foxglove and eglantine make melodious my woods; lady's-slipper gives a golden cope for the hillside, with purple campanula to wind about it like a scarf. After this—August, September, October—our uplands faint out in semitones: gray scabious, gray harebell, pale bedstraw, white meadowsweet, like the lace of an old lady's cap. But even so, if I must have a sunset glow of brown-pink, herb-willow gives it me. Pinch out the leader of each



Drawn by Frank Craig.

The hum of cities and buzz of dinner-tables . . . sound in his ears not at all.—Page 30.

slim spike, and you make a different plant of it." Thus the Poet embroidered the Philosopher's text, and kept away from his memories, and husbanded his pence.

These things, at any rate, he did, collecting with diligence the plants to his hand, separating them from the grasses and bents in which they hid, massing them and marshalling to his purposes. The thing was done with extreme art and infinite patience; the result, a rainbow stream of color through the working year.

He added a few foreign growths: cyclamen for the woods, because he did not see how one could do without them who had once seen them in Calabria; wild gladiolus, because it loved the corn, and there was land in tillage within a mile of him; a few primulas for his conduit's edges; wild crocus, because She whom he had loved best had loved them; colchicums for the bottom in autumn, because once She, straying with him in meadows, had picked some for her bosom, and at parting given him one. He had it still, though he never cared to look at it. She, and it, belonged to his first volume, and neither crocus nor colchicum had been added at the date of which I write. He planted them when he reopened that book, and they are thriving now.

Here was work enough for a man somewhat mauled by the world, to forget his hard knocks withal; and he forgot them. Looking about him, the length and breadth of his silent and lonely valley, he could see nothing but amenity in the earth, which owed man so little. It was so with him at this time, that the more he saw to love in Nature, the less he could find admirable in man, who denied her at every turn. It was men, not she, who had given him his bruises; it was she, not men, who had taught him how to forget them. When outraged Society cried him down for a breaker of laws, he had replied that, so far as he knew, he had broken none of Nature's: and had it been argued that we live otherwise than as the beasts that perish, he would have retorted: "Whether the beasts perish or not, it is very clear that they live to the full in this world, and that we don't. Suppose they perish, at least they have lived. If we are to live hereafter, as to which no one is certain, we are faced at our temporal death with the fact that, born into this world with certain

faculties, instincts, appetites, and senses, we have let most of them atrophy, and the rest rot, by many contributory causes, of which the chief is over-eating. If I die, to live again, I have it behind me that I have lived well already. I am that much to the good. And, that others may have the same fortune, I shall devote what time remains to me to teaching the truth, *The less you have the more you are.*" This was his intention when he sat down to pen his "Shepherd's Crown"; before he dared look back upon "King's Lynn," or to plant the sacred crocus, or to look upon the dry colchicum flower, which had been granted the grace of a fair breast.

In person, it shall be repeated, he was lean, tallish, of a dark-sallow complexion, hatchet-faced, and high-browed. He had densely black and straight hair, and a thin mustache upon his upper lip, which, after outlining the crooked smile he nearly always showed, drooped at the corners like a Tartar's. His eyes were what is called black, had a burning quality, and gave him (with high eyebrows) an arch expression, as if he was laughing at himself for being interested in you. They could be most tender to ignorance; were extremely sympathetic to women; to the pretentious they were those of a scoffer; the bloated they ignored. Shepherds, who often saw him lonely on his hills, or brooding in his valley on life and death, came down now and again to commerce with him, and reported him to the villages as, upon the whole, a mellow man. Not a laugher, but one with infinite relish for the humorous. The gypsies knew him well. To them, he was always Mr. John.

We meet him again, but not yet. We have him fast in his moorings, and are to see him rather as a fixed point, about which other wandering lights stray in narrowing circles, to which they converge. We are to conceive of him, if you please, as writing his book, while the hum of cities, and buzz of dinner-tables, noisy enough to us and full of excitement, sound in his ears not at all. And when I have done, you will discover, if you care, why he changed the title of his third volume from "Shepherd's Crown," and chose it to be called "Rest Harrow."

The way thither is long, and many things are to happen to many people; but little happens to him except the wheeling of the years.

HER COMPELLING EYES

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNN

"I 'D give my eyes to be in Cleveland before the Continent Limited!"

It was then 5.15. The Continent Limited had left New York at 4.40—and they were wonderful eyes. Their appeal thrilled Danbury Rodd like a call for help from over the waters.

He was not seeking adventure. Why should he when his occupation made adventure reek of the shop? Rather, he had promised himself the novelty of an evening of relaxation in the commonplace. Indifferently watching the people passing in and out of the main door of the Great Century Hotel, and the cross currents of humanity on the avenue, while he waited for a friend with whom he was to have an early dinner, there was no reason why he should particularly observe a young man who arrived in a two-seated runabout. Such young men are frequent at the Great Century. If this one enjoyed any distinction from type it was in seeming to be over well pleased with himself.

After sending up his card he took a seat near Rodd. He had not long to wait. Rodd saw him rise buoyantly with a smile of greeting, only to stop abruptly, as if struck by a chilling draught which had issued from the elevator door at the same time as the person whom he was expecting.

By raising his brows Rodd now witnessed a bit out of a third act of a drama of suppressed emotion, with the second principal a young woman. She came swiftly, the sweep of some resolution driving her steps. She was high-strung, exquisite, with a slight figure, he noticed instantly. But this became an irrelevant detail after he had seen her eyes. These were gloriously burning with some message she had to deliver. The young man was evidently to be its recipient. She halted before him with a militant and impetuous finality, which crumpled him in discomfiture.

"I ought not to have accepted and I'm not going," she said.

"You have grown very sober. Not going, you say? Why?" he asked, blankly.

She granted him silence for his floundering words, without appearing to hear them, and proceeded, her voice tense as a taut wire:

"No! Oh, I wish I had taken the train! *He*"—with an accent on the pronoun which seemed only to mystify her listener—"will never forgive me. I'd give my eyes to be in Cleveland before the Continent Limited!"

"But—" the young man began.

Conjunctions were wasted. She had already turned to go. The young man made the grimace of one who is getting the first taste of bitter medicine.

"H—m," he murmured, loud enough for Rodd to hear, "not even her eyes can beat the Continent to Cleveland."

"I'm not so sure," thought Rodd. His sympathy had been on her side from the outset. Who was *he*? Plainly, *he* should be taught how worthy of forgiveness she was. "With the Continent having a good start, too! By George! It's a thing to try!"

An errand of mercy was an excuse for breaking his engagement. That friend might dine alone to pay him for being late. Acting on his impulse as it formed, Rodd signalled the elevator boy and with a staccato run was inside before the door closed. A sidelong glance told him that the wonderful eyes were moist, though still flashing determination. He did not get sentimental about them. He was sentimental about nothing except the weather reports. His concern was how to win her consent to his plan. More pressing still was the problem of simply introducing himself under circumstances contrary to every convention. If she had lived on the eleventh floor he might have had another precious second in which to marshal his wits for a tactful beginning before leaving the car.

When she got out at the fourth floor, he followed and started after her along the corridor where not even a chambermaid was in sight. It was now the third second—a terrible one. What an absolutely fan-

tastic mission he had embarked on! Cold little beads were forming on his forehead at the monstrosity of his pursuit. Either he must retreat or speak, and incoherently his uppermost idea sprang to his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I believe the thing is possible. It is fair all the way, except for a slight centre of depression near Erie."

She whipped around with a stare, and those eyes were so forbidding that he was inclined to run, until he saw them stricken with something like fear, well founded from the nature of his irrational speech.

"I'm not mad," he explained, "and I do beg your pardon."

"Well you may, considering that I don't remember ever having met you," she answered sharply, now holding her ground.

"No. But I couldn't help it after overhearing what you said. Please do listen for a moment. I'm not armed and I hate to waste the time to bring 'Who's Who' from the hotel desk. They might not have the latest edition and probably that's the only one I am in; because, you see, the whole business is so strictly up to date."

She began to take his measure. He was

sandy-haired, freckled, short-nosed, with an aerial intensity and the appeal of a cosmic ingenuousness. If he were a lunatic he was in a harmless mood and he did not seem inclined to come any nearer.

"In a word," he said, more directly, having partly overcome his mortal embarrassment, "I believe I can have you in the station in Cleveland to-morrow morning when the Continent pulls in."

"You could!" Those eyes centred in two dancing points of inquiry. But their curiosity was evanescent. In its place was a flame of resentment at giving his remark a moment's consideration. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Indeed! How?" she asked, as if she were determined by a practical question to teach this ridiculous creature that she was no fool.

"By simply trusting to me, nothing else. It's very easy."

"Well, of all the—" she found no expression adequate. A frown gathered over the blaze of her eyes. Evidently she had had enough of him.

"That's the only way—in an aeroplane," he hastened to say. "I was so excited with the idea that I forgot to mention that detail."





"Think if there should be an accident!"—Page 34.

Quick comprehension smoothed her brow and she paused.

"Then you must be Danbury Rodd," she said. "Of course! And what you propose is that I shall go up in the air with a stranger because I did not take a train. You have a very extraordinary way of introducing yourself, and as you do not seem to know any better"—she was pedagogically severe—"I will excuse your rudeness if you do not persist."

Naturally he persisted. He wanted to beat the Continent Limited; and the sport of the thing was to do it with one of the Continent's passengers.

"I left the machine quite ready and the trip is perfectly safe. If that Erie squall is not too widespread we can go around it. We may have a chance," he added, departing on another tangent of incoherency lighted by a smile, in the hope, possibly, of appealing to her sense of romance, "yes, we may have a chance to make a bow-knot in the tail of a comet. That is great fun. Some day I expect to hang one on the moon's neck for a scarf, with a star for a pin. Besides, think of how pleased *he* will be"—the pronoun being the climax of his whimsical campaign.

"*He!*" she gasped. "Sir, you are impertinent!"

"No. I couldn't help overhearing and I am only arguing," he answered, honestly.

Was he really impertinent or was he as extraordinary and fantastic and withal as genuine as public report painted him?

"When I have just refused to go unchaperoned in a runabout, do you suppose I would accept this offer?" Then she herself, unconscious of her inconsistency, put in play that pronoun which he had so reprehensibly brought into the discussion. "Yes, and what would *he* say to such a reckless, daredevil thing as that?"

"But it isn't a runabout—it's an aeroplane," he answered, as if this were an argument which would turn a Supreme Court decision into sophistry. "An automobile is conventional; an aeroplane is still so unconventional that no one expects any conventions."

"Of all lunacy! And I stand here and listen to you! It's impossible—out of the question!" she answered.

"Very well. I've done my best. I've made the offer and have a free conscience," he said, and turned back to press the elevator button, grave disappointment written on his face.

She half wheeled in her tracks only to halt majestically, as if resenting his theft of her right to dismiss him.

"I think I'll try it myself anyway," he concluded, as the elevator door swung open, "just to show that I really can beat the Continent!"

"In that case—it is delightful, if it is lunacy!—in that case—" she paused, and her eyes seemed to be conducting a war of sparkles between valor and discretion.

"Of course, my position is that of a chauffeur," he explained. "Yours is like ordering a special car or taking a cab."

He was as impersonal as a smooth-running dynamo and he seemed equally trustworthy in this new rendering of the situation. He saw the eyes grow calm and royal. Their glance seemed to cut off a foot of his height. They made him conscious of the scrubby nail-ends of his mechanic's fingers, used to personal attention to repairs. "In that case, I will avail myself of the opportunity," she said, quietly. All ready for automobiling, she was equally ready for aviation. Five minutes after they had ascended in the elevator they descended together to tempt fate with wings. They took the subway express and all the way uptown she made no answer to any of his remarks, but with impressive self-possession studied an advertisement of a child with a face as broad as a tureen-cover that seemed unable to get enough soup. Evidently his position was fixed. He was the chauffeur; he was Mr. Mercury.

"Every minute counts a mile for the Continent, and it must count a mile and a quarter for us," he said, as they alighted.

He ran up the stairs to the street and she ran beside him and kept up easily with his rapid stride to the aero shed two blocks distant, where she stood at one side silent, a study in repressed emotion, while he brought his racing machine, the *Falcon*, out into the light. He gave engine and fittings a swift inspection, and bade her take her place in the single seat beside the driver's. This she did without a word, like one in a dream. Then, suddenly, as if discretion had risen in tumult against valor, she cried:

"No, no! I can't! It's madness! Think if there should be an accident!"

"But there will not be. I can always land all right, now. That problem is solved."

The vision of the scandalous proceeding into which she had been tempted only grew more forbidding.

"But there *might* be! Land all right,

you say?" her sentences coming in gusts. "Where? Out in some pasture in Ohio—and all the world would know about it—and *he* would know about it—that I'd been flying across the country alone with a stranger!"

Rodd viewed that objection as lightly as if it were a cobweb which she had mistaken for an insurmountable wall.

"*He'll* not have a wireless as to the exact spot of this hypothetical accident, so as to be on hand when we drop—and you have a veil. You need not lift that until after you are aboard the train at the nearest railroad station and on your way back to New York. However, it never does to take up one who is afraid, and——"

"Afraid!"

All doubt passed out of her eyes. They scorned him; they laughed defiantly. She settled back in her seat as the motor began singing. For a second there was the straining effect of one who is trying to lift himself by the boot-tops, before some invisible giant, with the strength of the solar system in his fingers, bore them off the ground. The windows of Harlem were a maze of checkery flames, succeeded in stereopticon abruptness by a magic apron of farmland unfolding on the other side of the Hudson, which was gone like the sweep of a silver thread across the retina as the *Falcon* set its course westward. She realized their speed only if she measured by a hill or a village growing out of the confusion of the dusky green of even-tide. All the roads seemed running in the direction of their flight. The others were merged in the gathering dusk and flitting landscape.

He tried to start a conversation, which was so one-sided that he grew dubious of hearing any more about the mysterious *he*. Apparently, such intimate affairs were not for the chauffeur.

"That's Binghamton," he remarked, after a long silence, as they passed southward of a big town. "I know it well, for I had a breakdown and stopped over for lunch there once." He looked at the clock attached to the frame at his feet. "We haven't a speedometer that will take account of the currents yet, but by elapsed time and counting the revolutions we've been doing a hundred an hour."

They had an average of one hundred and ten when they saw the glow of Buffalo in the distance shortly after midnight. The



F. C. YOUNG

Dragon by F. C. Young.

"It will be a race!" she cried. "A race in the air with the fastest train in the country!"—Page 38.



weather was still fair, with a full moon and bright constellations. But not a word yet from her, except polite

inquiries about mechanical details and occasional thrilling exclamations over the grandeur of flight and its ease and perfect tranquillity, which reminded her of a sailing yacht under a steady breeze.

"We'll beat the Continent by two hours," he said, "if we can keep up this rate and that centre of depression over Erie doesn't get too busy."

He had the first real, live look since his start out of those eyes which had been so prodigal to nature and aeroplaning marvels.

"You cannot guess how much you have done for me," she answered, earnestly. "If we win, how can I ever repay you?" she asked.

Blank surprise on his part met the question.

"Why, I supposed the bargain was already made!" he said. "Didn't you say what you would give to be in Cleveland?"

He thought that the inflection of his words explained his attitude of which he was so strictly conscious; but he instantly found out his mistake. Those eyes shot daggers and chains of forked flashes, which were needful warmth in an atmosphere changing so suddenly from midsummer to midwinter that it might easily have aggravated that centre of depression over Erie.

"Yes, Mr. Rodd," she answered, in a

manner which makes an iced monosyllable go a long way before the surname carries it on to the North Pole.

She shivered inwardly in disgust with herself. She might have known, she thought, that he would become silly and sentimental, this stranger with whom she was alone in the air; and she had only her folly to thank for her position.

"The memory of your eyes!" he went on, without a trace of a smile. "Of course the original eyes belong to *him*—or to *he*, for I have not gone so far as the objective case yet."

Though she could not control the visual signals, ever barometric of her feelings, she was so far able to hold her indignation in check that nothing more than another



When he looked down after that both were waving their handkerchiefs dramatically — Page 37

"Yes" escaped. She hoped it was a satirical, freezing, amused "yes," which would make him ashamed of his boorishness and inquisitiveness if he had any delicacy at all.

"The memory of your eyes!" he continued. "They are a pass to more than a quick trip to Cleveland. The memory of them, in the same way as the memory of the faces of friends in events that are the landmarks of life, and the gratification in them when we beat the Continent—there I have your thanks!"

What a man he was! He spoke paternally, as if he were sixty, and with the very precision of impersonality he had paid her a compliment and recalled the origin of the present situation. Had not they come because of *he*? She was ashamed of her own misconstruction of Rodd's remark. He had a right to be piqued at her superior manner and to regard her as ungrateful and unappreciative. Her thoughts reverted to the hotel lobby. Her eyes burned as they did when she dismissed that young man. There was the intoxication of flight, for one cause; but why seek explanations of what led her into that outburst of confidence which followed?

"Did something ever happen suddenly," she began, "that made you take your heart out? Yes, just take your heart out and study it as if it were a lesson?"

"I've had my engine all to pieces a good many times," he answered. "I suppose that's quite the same thing—to me!"

"Well, I found my heart—my human heart—this afternoon," she pursued. "Up to 4.50 it was still an undiscovered land. At 4.30 I met Mr. Jerold and concluded, on his urging to go out with him this afternoon, to a week end at his aunt's. At 4.50 I was on my way back to my hotel to change my gown when this great thing happened to me. I saw all the foolishness, all the smartness and little day-by-day pleasures and flirtatious tendrils, and then in deep I found the kernel—and what a great, sweet kernel it was! I knew Joe would be warranted in never speaking to me again."

She was somewhat disconnected, even prolix, it seemed to Rodd. He wondered if Joe were *he*, which was an unnecessary conjecture, as she was already explaining.

"And Mr. Jerold was one of the flirtations. Suddenly I saw this superficial being in his true light. I knew he wanted

me for my money—he didn't love me and, anyway, he was just a passing figure. By this time I had missed the train. I had missed it purposely to go to Westchester, when *he*"—yes, evidently *he* was Joe—"had wired me he was postponing going to St. Louis so we could have the week end at mother's, with Sunday at the farm. Joe is simple, all wool and strong, not clever—and I'm so glad he isn't—and we have been as good as engaged for a long while. I've kept putting him off and having a good time without knowing what was inside my heart till this afternoon, when I struck the mine of gold. He's very jealous—which isn't altogether a fault, is it?—and he's been nobly patient.

"He's just this kind: when he comes to a certain line he will cross it and never recross it. And if he had ever heard that when he was waiting for me I was such a silly, thoughtless, worthless girl as to be led off to a house party by that man, he would choke a little and press up his square chin and cross that line. And there I'd be, with that mine of gold I had just found turned to ashes, looking at his sturdy back forever. Now I've told you everything! Now you see why I want to be in the station at Cleveland when he comes to meet me!"

"I think you will," he answered, "unless this Erie washout interferes."

The air grew humid and cooler, like a spray of invisible electric points in its tickling rush against their faces. A cloud blanketed the stars.

"I think I may as well try to pass over it," he said. "There's no telling how far I'd have to go in order to pass around it."

Their speed was that of the wind-driven thunderhead they saw marching above the landscape. They had a glimpse of lightning under their feet; space enveloped them.

"The crops are getting a much-needed rain below, without a drop for us—not yet. Here's another and a higher cloud."

This shut out the moonlight. They were in chill and inky darkness. Hail played a drumbeat on the cloth and hissed on the cylinders for a few minutes, before they struck a cross current of wind with a tornado force. The *Falcon* was still like the yacht, but riding a choppy sea, rocketing and diving.

"There is no danger," he explained.

"I am sure there isn't," she said, coolly. "I've my sea legs already."

"You see, there is nothing on land to judge my direction by and the compass is jumping about like a worm on a griddle; and even knowing the direction, there is no telling how far we are out of our course. The only thing is to keep her head on and try to hold her at a speed even with the wind—and while we're losing time the change of the wind's direction may take us down to Pittsburg or up to Ottawa."

"Then we wouldn't make it, would we?" she asked, her voice, which had been nervous with the exaltation of the experience, changing to concern.

Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, a half hour elapsed and still they rode the tempest comfortably, if in mad impatience. The *Falcon* had ceased rocking, now that she had a steady element to deal with. They were as solid as a light-house with a gale whistling by.

"It's a thing we've got to master yet, knowing your position in a storm. It makes you understand Erickson and Columbus, who worked their way with primitive instruments across unknown seas," he remarked at length, adding, with a glance at the luminous face of the little clock: "Good heavens! It's 4.20 and the Continent is just due at Erie"

His words might have had magic in them from the transformation that followed. But the power lay with the heat of the morning sun. Suddenly as it had risen, the wind fell. As his eyes, trained to keen aerial observation, got their first glimpse of earth, he shouted:

"What luck! We've kept our position perfectly!"

With the passing of the mist they saw houses, fences, and fields silvered with dew. Along one of the four steel ribbons on the shore of Lake Erie, like a quadruple hem on the dark flounce of a shimmering satin skirt, they identified a rushing streak which had just roared through the town.

"The Continent Limited, by the brassy end of its observation car!" he said.

"It will be a race!" she cried. "A race in the air with the fastest train in the country!"

"Oh, no!" he answered. "You see, we rose in the storm, another thing we've got to overcome, for we are a thousand feet

high. Oh, no! No race. Look at the way the breeze is driving the leaves of that grove of poplars! There's a favoring current below. No race!"

The *Falcon* drove past the Continent Limited at treble the rival's speed. Meanwhile, his companion had grown silent and thoughtful. In place of the elation he had looked for, the mercury of her nature was developing an unexpected mood.

"As I remember, there is an open space just in front of the station where we can land," he observed. "You'll have a good quarter of an hour to wait."

"A good quarter of an hour!" she repeated, with avidity. Her gloom departed as swiftly as it had come. "Splendid! A whole fifteen minutes—honestly?"

"Yes," he answered, curiously.

"Then," she announced, "we could drop on the lawn before Joe starts to meet me. Will you? It's his father's house on Euclid Avenue, and there is a big yard, with no trees."

And this after her journey for purposes of deception! He concluded that she was as volatile as the air currents.

"Frankly, you amaze me!" he confessed. "Don't you see that is telling him that you weren't on the Continent—that it's inviting him to ask questions about why you failed to catch it and why you are here on the *Falcon*?"

"Of course it is," she rejoined. "Oh, how am I to explain? It seems so unreasonable—and it's so real and logical to me! I thought my discoveries were over and I've found I had only just begun exploring. This night, this ride—they've set so many things going in my mind! Selfishness is an awful thing, isn't it? It would keep that mine of gold by cunning, deceit—any way. And did ever the light of morning suddenly make everything clear to you? Everything is to me now. Let Joe ask questions. If he doesn't, I'm going to confess to him."

"Others would tell, anyway, that's true," Rodd assented easily, but watching her face critically for the effect of his words.

"I don't care about that," she answered. "He'll hear everything—about how I was going up to Westchester—everything! That's the only right basis to begin on. Otherwise, I'd—I'd feel I'd not been fair and we'd better not begin at all."

He felt the gratification of prophecy as

he recalled that one of the things he had first noticed about her eyes, lying deep like a permanent fire under all their power of expression, was their honesty. Now they radiated the truth and hope of her inmost being.

"Then, if you'd got that far in your thoughts yesterday afternoon you wouldn't have come with me," Rodd observed.

"Yes, I would—I hope that I would," she answered. "I am glad I did. Think of being all night in that hotel when my thoughts were in Cleveland! It was a big, bold, good thing to do in reparation. It was going to him with my confession just as fast as I could."

Rodd, too, had made a discovery—one in womanly possibilities. He had enjoyed an honor in having her for a passenger which made the triumph of having beaten the Continent Limited, now a speck on the rails far in the rear, a negligible incident.

"Do you—do you think when he hears everything that he will—will cross that line?" she asked, a touch of plaintive appeal in her voice.

"We shall soon know," he answered.

They were already on the outskirts of Cleveland. Rodd slowed down to the speed of a suburban trolley car. As they skimmed the house-tops they saw delivery wagons with milk, rolls, and newspapers for the city breakfast table coursing the almost deserted streets. The full march of the day's activities had not yet begun. With the *Falcon* hovering over Euclid Avenue, the girl indicated a man descending the steps of a house, evidently bent toward an automobile on the drive. He rubbed his eyes at sight

of the visitation from the air which was about to light at his feet.

"Now, I'm off as soon as you step down," Rodd said.

"Oh, please!" she answered. "You must meet him."

"I'll wait around for a time and you signal me if it's all right. It's no place for a third person," said Rodd.

"How can I ever—" she began.

He had a glance of gratitude more eloquent than any set phrase, in which beamed as a secondary light her appreciation of his final act of considerateness, and she took his outstretched fingers in a quick pressure before she sprang lightly to earth and he saw her exquisite figure over his shoulder, as the *Falcon* took wing, sweeping forward in the culminating crisis of the resolution which had been born at 4.50 the previous afternoon.

"After he looks in those eyes and hears her story," Rodd thought, "Joe is a chump if he ever is able to locate that rigid meridian of his again."

He soared in circles, watching the girl standing opposite the man. Once, as he dipped, he could see her face clearly transfused with the emotion of her confession. Then he had to swing a plane to keep the *Falcon's* trim in her slow orbit. When he looked down after that, both were waving their handkerchiefs frantically. He waved his own in answer. The man made violent motions of one conveying food to his mouth as a pantomimic substitute for an invitation to breakfast.

"That would be intruding. Besides, the recollection is perfect as it is," Rodd thought and flew away.



OLD LONDON

By Frederic C. Howe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN



LONDON has always had her lovers, of whom Pepys was among the first, while John Burns, but a few years since an ordinary day laborer, then leader of the Dockers' strike, then member of the London County Council and of Parliament, and now one of the ministry of his Majesty's empire, is among the last. Every parish, every church, every monument, almost every street, has its antiquarian. But the strangest antiquity of all London is "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London." This is the legal title of the old city.

I know of no place in Europe, and no institution, whether religious, political, or social, where the tentacles of the past cling as tenaciously to the present as they do around the little patch of ground, but one mile square, which nestles about the Mansion House and the Bank of England. This is London, legal London, historical London, the London of the antiquarian and the modern financier. It is not the London which appears upon the map, with its population of 7,000,000 souls, and its area of 693 square miles. Metropolitan London requires 262 county, borough, urban, and rural councils, boards of guardians, and parish councils, besides the Parliament of the empire, to govern it. These agencies combined spend nearly \$170,000,000 a year, about the budget of Greater New York.

But the city of London proper, which lies in the heart of Greater London, has a living population of but 35,000 by night, although 300,000 people do business there by day, while all of the currents of British life pass through its portals. Here is the soul of the empire, with its population of 400,000,000, and its area of 11,400,000 square miles, or more than one-fifth of the population and area of the globe. Here, too, is the heart of the trade, commerce, and financial transactions of the world. From this little spot "the nation of shopkeepers" sends forth its administrators and its sol-

diers, its men-of-war and its merchant marine to every nook and cranny of the globe, at the command of Lombard, Gracechurch, Threadneedle, and Fenchurch Streets and Bartholomew Lane. It was at the behest of the city that Clive and Warren Hastings subjugated India, that the opium trade was imposed on China, that Gordon went to his death in Khartoum, and the flower of England went to South Africa.

Out from this pulmonary centre the commercial life of Christendom radiates. London is the counter of the world. And the old City Corporation, with its banks, its brokers, its offices and machinery for exchanging the products of India with Africa, and of China with America, is the clearing-house of us all. England is the only great nation which opens its doors to the trade of the world, unhampered and unrestrained by taxes, tariffs, imposts, or octroi. White, black, yellow, and red, the followers of Christ, of Buddha, of Mohammed and Confucius, all send their wares, in consequence, to the ports which invite them. For trade hates barriers. It will go around the world to avoid a tariff wall. And because of this fact Great Britain is the counter across which the wealth of the world is exchanged. Here the products of every clime are freely swapped. The exports of America come to the ports of England, to be reshipped in turn to the ports of South America, Africa, and Asia. The products of the Orient take the same course, and for the same reason. It is not that England has subsidized her merchant marine. It is not that trade follows the flag. It is the freedom with which men trade across an open counter that has given Great Britain supremacy of the seas. It is this that has built up her cotton and her woollen trade, her cutlery, and tool industries. It is this that has given her wares a welcome entry into every port. For no people are so ignorant that they do not prefer to trade with those who trade with them. And no shipping can be profitable where bottoms



Entering the city: Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's from Fleet Street.

are empty one way. There can never be any commerce, and there never has been any commerce, where all of the profits are made by one party. London is the centre of the commercial world, just as were Genoa, Amsterdam, and Antwerp before her, because the people of the earth freely distribute their wares from English ports. The shipping of the United Kingdom equals two-thirds of that of the entire world. It

amounts to 19,724,728 gross tons. At one time the United States was a close competitor. But protection closed our gates to other people, and mediæval navigation laws compelled our ship owners to place their vessels under foreign registry.

New York would be the clearing-house of the world were her ports free from the barriers of a prohibitive tariff. Nothing could then prevent the centre of civilization



Liverpool Street station, at the eastern limit of the city.

again shifting to the west, as it has done repeatedly before. The law of commercial gravity would make this inevitable.

And just as London is the centre of the financial world, so Lombard Street, which flanks the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor, is the centre of financial London. Into Lombard Street flows annually the \$450,000,000 which England receives as interest on her foreign investments. Here

the loans of the United Kingdom, as well as of her colonies, are floated. Here the Bank of England controls the rate of discount, and aids in the maintenance of the nation's credit in times of stress. Here the trade balances of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are settled by the transfer of balances upon the books of the banks. Lombard Street pays the bills of the billion and a half people of the world with about

the same ease that the clearing-house of an inland city clears the checks of its local customers.

The best approach to the ancient city of London is through the Strand and Fleet Street. Its boundaries begin at Temple Bar by the Courts of Justice. Ahead rises St. Paul's Cathedral, in its commanding dignity. Through this aorta the life of London surges all day long to the heart of the city, whose beginnings run back to the days of the Danes and early English, and whose political forms and privileges are older than the claims of the present reigning house of England. For the charter of the city of London is a mediæval survival. It is claimed to be older than the Norman conquest. The Commonwealth and the Restoration, the Revolution and the Reform Acts, have passed over it, democracy and socialism have made their appearance, but "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London" remains unchanged. Here alone, the merchant guilds, or livery companies, once universal and all-powerful in the cities of Europe, retain their ancient privileges. Here alone they linger on, much as the wedding journey remains, a survival of the days when the bride was stolen from a hostile tribe, and carried away by her savage suitor to her new home. The city of London is still governed by the guilds, or livery companies. They choose the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and the aldermen. For all practical purposes the guilds are the city of London. It is impossible to tell where the one begins or the other ends. It is as though there existed in and around Wall Street an old Dutch city wholly detached from Greater New York and governed, not by the people, but by the brokers, the bankers, the insurance companies, and the shipping houses who do business in that region.

From the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries practically all of the cities of Europe were in the hands of the rich merchants, who ruled and in turn were ruled by the trading guilds. These companies were closed corporations. They admitted members much as did the religious orders. They enjoyed a closed shop. They fixed the hours of labor, wages, and output. They enjoyed virtual monopolies in their respective trades. It was they who erected

the splendid halls which one finds in Brussels, Bruges, Bremen, and the old free cities of the Continent. The guilds of London still have the legal right to exclude any one but their own members from doing business in the city, but they do not exercise the right. The only surviving function of a once universal trade monopoly is the affixing of the hall-mark to silver by the goldsmiths, and the stamping of herring by the fishmongers.

In all of the cities of Europe the powers of the guilds have been taken away. Their property has been devoted to public uses. The guilds of the city of London, however, still manage the city, and in point of wealth, and possibly influence, are more powerful than in mediæval times. They refuse to be abolished, refuse to permit the property, which belongs in reality to Greater London, to be devoted to public uses. Certainly no other city in the United Kingdom would make answer to Parliament as did the City Corporation when under investigation in 1893. In an elaborate brief, the city asserted, in effect, that it was above Parliament. It said: "The city enjoys privileges and franchises which can neither be lost by forfeiture nor voluntarily surrendered. Throughout the early history of the city and its charters, there is the amplest evidence that for most, if not for all, of these, and for the greater part of the rights and privileges enjoyed by the citizens, due and full pecuniary compensation has been given."

Here is an *imperium in imperio*, a sovereignty within a sovereignty, all resting on purchase; the right of a freedman to his hard-bought liberty from his master. The city paid for these privileges, much as, early in the nineteenth century, the nations of Europe paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers, on condition that he would keep his hand off from their commerce. Every effort of Parliament to merge the corporation into the metropolis, or reform its charter, has failed. When the mediæval municipal charters of all the other cities of England were abolished in 1830, London was left untouched. It is more powerful than the Liberal party when in power, and the Conservative party does not care to interfere with it. Only once has the nation been able to ascertain what property the guilds owned, how the income was spent, or anything about their business. That was in



Liverpool Street station, at the eastern limit of the city.

again shifting to the west, as it has done repeatedly before. The law of commercial gravity would make this inevitable.

And just as London is the centre of the financial world, so Lombard Street, which flanks the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor, is the centre of financial London. Into Lombard Street flows annually the \$450,000,000 which England receives as interest on her foreign investments. Here

the loans of the United Kingdom, as well as of her colonies, are floated. Here the Bank of England controls the rate of discount, and aids in the maintenance of the nation's credit in times of stress. Here the trade balances of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are settled by the transfer of balances upon the books of the banks. Lombard Street pays the bills of the billion and a half people of the world with about

the same ease that the clearing-house of an inland city clears the checks of its local customers.

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Tooley Street and St. Olave's Church, Southwark.

1894. Since that time both the city and the guilds have been immune from attack.

The city of London is bounded on the east by Liverpool Street station and Tower Bridge; on the south by the Thames; on the west by the Royal Courts of Justice and the city of Westminster; and on the north by the High Holborn and Charter-

house Street. Only the Christian Church is contemporary with its origin. It still preserves its ancient lares and penates, Gog and Magog, which were carried for centuries at the head of the Lord Mayor's procession, and which now preside over the banquet chamber of the Guildhall. Wars, dynasties, even democracy, have passed



Covent Garden Market.

over this little principality within an empire, and left its forms and ceremonies almost as fixed and unmoved as those of the Celestial empire.

Within its boundaries it enjoys a kind of regal independence. On formal occasions, when the King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of all India

comes to the city, the gates at Temple Bar are closed against him. Legally the king may not enter without the city's permission. This is a survival of the days when the king was the most unwelcome of visitors. He usually came for the purpose of robbing the city of some of its privileges, or to make a forced loan from its merchants. Now

the king is the most honored of guests. He is met in state by the Lord Mayor, who tenders the king the sword of the city. In stately mediæval style the king bows to the mayor, and says that "he considers the sword in very good keeping."

Within the limits of the city the Lord Mayor is a little sovereign. His only troops are 1,000 policemen, but no royal troops may enter the city without his permission. He receives the password of the Tower every three months, under the sign-manual of the king. But other things are more precious to him than this, for he is the recognized fountain-head of hospitality in the United Kingdom. The city of London is the only city in the world which royalty officially recognizes. The Mayor of London recently received the Emperor of Germany, the President of France, and many lesser potentates. The city of Berlin attempted to assume a similar distinction during the recent visit of King Edward to Germany.

Within the city the Lord Mayor takes precedence of all persons save the king. Even the Prince of Wales falls behind him on official occasions.

Prior to the creation of the Thames Conservancy Board, in 1857, for the care and preservation of the shipping of London, the Lord Mayor rode to Parliament immediately after his election in a splendid mediæval barge, with tapestried canopies and banks of rowers, like an Oriental prince. Since the control of the Thames has been taken away from the city the barge has never been used.

"The Lord Mayor's Show" is the greatest show of London. Following his election by the members of the Guilds, the Lord Mayor and the aldermen proceed with great ceremony from the Mansion House, along Fleet Street and the Strand, to the Courts of Justice, where the Lord Mayor takes the oath of office. The Lord Mayor is clad in fifteenth century apparel. He is covered with official jewels. Accompanied with a retinue of sheriffs and aldermen, the show then proceeds to the Guildhall, where the Lord Mayor's banquet takes place. The cost of the show and the banquet amounts to about \$20,000, one-half of which is paid by the Lord Mayor, and the other half by the sheriff.

As compensation for his services, the

Lord Mayor receives an allowance of \$50,000 a year. He is obliged to spend from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year, however, in maintaining the office. So he pays for his whistle. However, on the termination of his year he is almost always elevated to a baronetcy. In addition he has the Mansion House in which to live, a palatial residence which faces the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, and Lombard Street. He looks out on the busiest and noisiest spot in the world by day, and into almost sepulchral silence by night. For a mere handful of people sleep in the city, though more than a million pass through the city each day.

All this splendor and quasi-royalty is somewhat out of harmony with the official roster of the Lord Mayors and the Board of Aldermen from which they are chosen. It is badly in accord with the contempt of the English nation for trade and tradesmen. Were a critical Englishman to visit America and say that the mayors and aldermen of New York were tailors, mercers, drapers, apothecaries, barbers, blacksmiths, cooks, and fishmongers, and gardeners, and had been such for centuries, I fancy the average Englishman would think rather contemptuously of a government that did not rise above the shopkeeper or the laborer for its official class. Yet such a statement would be literally true of the city of London, one of the smallest, the most ancient, and probably the richest of the world's municipalities.

Only these men do not work at their trade. They are only titular apothecaries, fishmongers, drapers, etc. They belong to some one of the guilds which represent these crafts or trades. In reality they are great merchants, bankers, men of leisure, and members of the gentry. The king is a liveryman. So was General Grant. The present mayor, Sir George Wyatt Truscott, is a stationer. His predecessor was a haberdasher. Most of the twenty-six aldermen who are chosen by the 8,000 liverymen dwell in Mayfair, Regent Parkway, Whitehall, and out along the Thames. And of these twenty-six aldermen, eighteen are knights. But they are all *ex officio* merchant tailors, goldsmiths, spectacle makers, shipwrights, cutlers, turners, grocers, etc., and serve the city by virtue of this fact. Not more than two or three of them even



Old Limehouse Basin.

dwell in the city which they govern. For they are the government of London, and they serve on committees, manage the city's estates and properties, look after its health and policy just as do other less dignified aldermen. But they do it as American

business men serve on the boards of managers of social or country clubs. And on the whole, they do that part of the work very well.

Members of the companies are still admitted in but four ways. First, by right of

patrimony, or descent from father to son. Second, by servitude, *i. e.*, by apprenticeship to a member. Third, by purchase. Some of the guilds do not admit by purchase, and the mercers admit only by descent. A fourth method of admission is by honorary presentation.

These are the means by which a man may become "free of the company," which means that he has become a liveryman, and one of the rulers of the metropolis of the world.

This entitles him to be one of the 8,000 persons who elect the Lord Mayor, who is chosen each year on Michaelmas Day (September 29). For the Lord Mayor is not chosen either directly or indirectly by the voters of the city. He is the representative of the seventy-four livery companies, and is usually chosen from one of the twelve great companies. The members assemble in the Guildhall, now the town hall, and choose two aldermen, out of such as have already served as sheriff, and who have not previously been elected mayor. From these two names the aldermen select the Lord Mayor, usually the senior in rank. There is no secret ballot. The election is by the showing of hands.

Why, it may be asked, do men seek the distinction of becoming a liveryman? Why do they fight so hotly for their privileges in an age when all men are freemen, and the right of the ballot has been accorded to all? As a matter of fact, every man in England is not equal at the polls. Plural voting still persists in that country, while over a million men are not on the registry of voters at all. And aside from the exclusive right of electing the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the liverymen have the right to vote for members of Parliament in the city as well as in the constituency where they reside, provided they live within twenty-five miles of London.

These, however, are the least of the privileges which the liverymen enjoy. The richer guilds own splendid halls hidden away in the heart of the city. Many of these halls are very old, although most of the ancient palaces were destroyed by the great fire of London. Those which remain and those which have been erected during the past century indicate the wealth and greatness of the guilds, and the powers which they enjoyed in an earlier day. The

most splendid halls are those of the goldsmiths, drapers, fishmongers, mercers, saddlers, merchant tailors, and samplers. They are filled with gold and silver plate of great value, as well as with fine paintings and hangings. In the olden days, before the national credit was established, needy sovereigns were in the habit of borrowing this plate as collateral for some loan or other. To-day it is used on state occasions, when some great banquet is given. The halls would make splendid social clubs, but they are limited to ceremonial occasions, when a reception, ball, or dinner is given to the members and their families. In addition, some of the guilds afford substantial death benefits to their members. This is all that remains of the ancient functions of the livery companies. The services which they perform are now mainly charitable, culinary, and ceremonial.

Then there is political preferment. Men in England take great pride in public office, even though it be but service on a board of guardians of the poor. For the traditions of this little country all cluster about service in some form or other, whether it be in the state, in the army, or in the Church. Public service is a hall-mark of distinction, and it is only through membership in a guild that a man may become Lord Mayor, or one of the twenty-six aldermen of the city. As a matter of fact, almost all of the members of the common council are also liverymen, the ordinary citizen being practically excluded from a voice in his local affairs.

Nowhere in the world does the glamour of age count for as much as in England, and nowhere is it more jealously guarded than in the corporation of London. This of itself is sufficient to explain the desire of men to preserve these ancient institutions. But critics not a few have hinted that other reasons explain the tenacity with which the livery companies fight for their existence. For the guilds are very rich—nobody knows how rich they really are. They own landed estates in the city, in Hammer-smith, Essex, Kent, and Surrey; in Ireland, and Wales—in fact, all over the United Kingdom. Their funds are invested in consols and other securities. The twelve great companies own the Ulster Estates in Ireland. Much of this property came by gift or bequest for public charities, and the critics insist that the revenue should all be



London Central Markets, Smithfield.

used for public purposes. But the guilds invest their funds and use their revenues as they will. They account to nobody but themselves. A royal commission was appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1884 to investigate the companies. The commission

included such men as the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Derby, Viscount Sherbrooke, and the Lord Chief Justice of England. Certainly these men were not dangerous radicals. Yet the commissioners declared that the funds of the guilds were public

property, and urged the immediate intervention of Parliament to prevent their alienation and to assure their use for public purposes. The report stated that 1,500 self-appointed committees of the guilds took fees from the estates amounting to \$200,000 a year. In addition they spent \$500,000 a year in banquets, while \$750,000 was paid for balls and the expenses of the management. It cost at least \$1,500,000 to administer an income of \$4,000,000 derived from trust funds. The estates of the seventy-four guilds were estimated to be worth \$75,000,000. The commission said they would be worth \$100,000,000 by 1905.

But the recommendations of the parliamentary commission came to naught; the City Corporation was so powerful in Parliament that nothing was ever done. Even to-day the management of the affairs of the livery companies is conducted in secret by committees which nominate themselves and their successors, and acknowledge responsibility to no one.

The guilds, it is true, expend substantial sums for charity. About \$1,000,000 is used for purposes specified in the trusts created by the donors. The drapers support the Crystal Palace; they have given largely to the University of London. Radcliffe Library at Oxford has received large donations from the livery companies. Professorships are maintained in various institutions, and substantial contributions are made to technical education. Gresham College is maintained by the corporation of London, as are many other charities for the poor, for orphans, and the blind.

The city itself is also tremendously rich. In addition to such property as a municipality usually owns, the city is a large landlord. It owns one-tenth of the real estate within its limits. It rents its buildings just as does a private owner. It controls the Irish Ulster estates, which were acquired in 1609, during the reign of James the First, although the rents and revenues are paid to the livery companies in proportion to the investment made by them at the time the estates were acquired. The city also owns Epping Forest, a great stretch of woodland, twelve miles long, east of London, acquired at a cost of \$1,500,000. It also owns the celebrated Burnham beeches, and has the right of patronage of many city churches. It further owns one of the

largest and most beautiful cemeteries in or around London.

The corporation has also a monopoly of the market rights of the city of London. By the terms of a contract entered into with Henry III, it was agreed that no one else should ever be given any market rights within seven miles of the city. And Parliament has protected this ancient monopoly, even though the needs of seven million inhabitants of London have been sacrificed in consequence. The London County Council has never been able to secure the right to open a market within its jurisdiction, and only in one instance, if it be an instance, has this monopoly been invaded. In 1552 Charles II granted to the Earl of Bedford permission to establish a market in the old fields of the Convent of Westminster, near by the fields known as Seven Dials, or Long Acre. This is now the Covent Garden Market owned by the Duke of Bedford. By virtue of this ancient grant, the duke still levies tribute on the metropolis of the United Kingdom. No huckster, market gardener, costermonger, or child with a basket of flowers may offer his produce about the market, or upon the streets, without the consent of the duke, and upon such terms as his agent exacts. For the market privilege is not limited to the site of the market itself, for by the terms of the original grant—made, it is true, nearly four centuries ago—no other market may be established within seven miles of Covent Garden. Neither the London County Council, the borough councils, nor any other individual or corporation may open a market in Greater London, so sacred is this ancient grant. No one knows the amount of the tribute collected through this monopoly, but it is colossal. Along with the rights of the City Corporation, the market profits are estimated to be over a million dollars. It costs twelve cents a day to stand a basket of flowers upon the streets within the confines of the market radius, and three times this sum to back a cart against the curb. The stalls within the market are very expensive, for all of the south of England competes for them, while all London comes here to buy its vegetables, fruits, and flowers. Dynasties change and generations come and go, but grants, gifts and contracts, with no higher sanction than the thoughtless whim of a king to a dissolute



The Houses of Parliament.

favorite, remain immune from alteration or attack, so sacred is the name of age in the United Kingdom.

The markets of the City Corporation alone are capitalized at \$17,500,000. They include Billingsgate, the great fish market fronting on the Thames below London Bridge, where the language is as refined as the odors which emanate from it. The Metropolitan Cattle Market of the city is

said to be the largest cattle market in the world. Here more than 4,000,000 cattle are sold every year. Other markets are also maintained under grants which the city obtained centuries ago for the sale of hay, grain, provisions, and vegetables. The revenues of the city from these markets, as well as from the real estate which it owns, amount to over \$4,000,000 a year.

The city of London is but one of the



The Thames Basin, toward Tower Bridge; Billingsgate Market on the left.

many political, educational, religious, and social institutions which linger on in England, untouched by the progress of democracy. They are protected by that veneration for the past that characterizes the country. The wealth of the guilds and of the city is, for the most part, expended in inconsequential charities. The great metropolis, with its millions of poor, its awful tenements, its ignorance and squalor, needs schools and hospitals and breathing places the worst way. And were the \$100,000,000 of trust funds devoted to some big useful purpose, a substantial decrease could be made in the misery of the city. But inertia

and privilege are strong in Great Britain, and nowhere are they stronger than in the city itself. Its power radiates into Parliament and the Church, and effectively prevents any interference with its abuses.

It is this veneration for the past that distinguishes England from all of the countries of western Europe. France, Germany, even Italy, have dared to use the knife on feudalism. They destroyed the system by a surgical operation. In England alone, however, the feudal system, with its age, its caste, its classes, its economic relation of lord and vassal, remains in its essential features the framework of society.

THOSE THAT WAIT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart



AS the last call of the guard died away, Phillips roused himself from the camp chair where he had been dozing, his head against the upright of the tent, and looked guiltily down the alley of gray canvas, with its darker shadows, horizontal, motionless. The Wardmaster yawned; then he got up, with his hands to his forehead. His head was throbbing, and the ground under his feet wavered so that he had to wind his arm around the upright for support.

Somewhere back in the ward there began the insistent tattoo of a tin cup on the side of a cot. Phillips prodded with his foot a figure in a blanket at his feet.

"Get up, Simpson," he said. "I'm all in. What's the matter with you? Wake up!"

The blanket twisted, stretched, and raised itself by degrees.

"What is it?" Simpson inquired drowsily, showing a strong inclination to fold up on the ground again. The tin cup began again, louder.

"A night attack by the enemy!" Phillips retorted with fine sarcasm. "Take some water back to the Swede, and then get me a thermometer, will you? Somebody chewed mine up to-day."

With the slender glass tube in his hand, however, the Wardmaster hesitated—then he gave it back.

"What's the use?" he said listlessly. "I'd get a little more quinine to-morrow—that's all. Lord, isn't it hot!"

The nurse looked at his youthful Sergeant understandingly.

"It's the flannel," he said. "I was dreamin' of sheets, oceans of 'em. I was buried in 'em—cool, slippery ones." He shook his blanket out and examined it carefully by the light of the lantern. "Something's been bitin' me all night," he growled. "Just when I think I've got it, it jumps, damn it."

He rolled himself in the gray blanket and flopped down again, but he did not go to sleep at once. After a couple of uneasy turns he raised himself on his elbow and

looked along the three tents which formed the long tunnel-like ward.

"Think of it," he grumbled, "hospitals at home achin' to take 'em, and coddle 'em, and feed 'em with decent grub. And they're stuck here in a swamp, with a cigarette-smokin' kid in charge of the kitchen, and two tin basins and a bottle of insect powder by way of equipment! God—give me a bullet, every time!"

He dropped back in a drowsy heap and was almost instantly asleep; beneath the blanket his feet stuck out, covered with socks through which his naked toes protruded.

The Wardmaster dozed again. He was roused by something rubbing against his foot. To his fever-stirred brain the intruder loomed large and menacing, but it resolved itself into a cat, as lean, as wretched as himself. He got up with difficulty, and pouring some milk out of a pitcher into a cup, set it on the ground.

"I warn you, Thomas," he said gravely, "the *bacillus coli communis* is floating around: that milk's probably full of it. If you get any, the papers will call it malaria."

The cat lapped hungrily, curling his tail around him and folding his paws after the manner of cats. A little air drifted along the ground, lifting the flaps of the tents, and the sharp shadows became hazy with the night mist. The cat slept, gorged, at Phillips's feet, undisturbed by the call of the guard.

"Post number one: one o'clock." "Post number two: one o'clock, and all's well."

Phillips was not asleep. He slid his finger along his wrist and smiled grimly as he felt the artery leap under it. Then, partly because he was suffocating, partly because he had got in the habit of doing it, he went out into the night and stood for a moment staring at a group of tents that loomed misty white above the ground fog. And in his face there was something not pleasant to see.

When he went back, a man was sitting on the side of the nearest cot. He was testing his strength, putting his feet down and raising himself an inch or two with his

hands. Evidently he was satisfied, for he called Phillips over.

"Let me get up in that chair, Sergeant," he pleaded in a whisper. "I can't sleep, and I can kick Simpson if he's needed. You take this bed: you'd better lie down before you fall down."

Without protest Phillips dropped on the cot and stretched himself luxuriously. The convalescent wrapped his blanket around his knees and put his feet on the end of the bed.

"Going to sleep?" he asked cautiously.

"No."

"Look here, Phillips—you'll have to start home to-morrow if you're going at all. I've been watching you, and—you're sick. I'll be blamed if I think it's malaria either."

"Typhoid," Phillips said laconically.

"Furlough come yet?"

"No."

"What's the matter," asked the other man. "I thought—aren't you going to get it?"

Phillips clenched his hands under the blanket.

"The application never went in," he said quietly. "I asked the clerk about it, and—he said he tore it up, under orders, and threw it away."

The man in the chair sat upright. "Why, it's murder! That's what it is." He bit his lip over the slip, but the other man did not notice. He was arguing—with himself.

"We're short of men, Collins," he was saying. "There's nobody to put here—and of course—he couldn't know. It may come yet."

"Like hell it may," Collins muttered. "As for the Major not knowing, it's his business to know. Do you live with your folks? Want me to write to them?"

"With my mother. No. No use alarming her."

"Father dead?"

"No." There was a note of finality that stopped further questioning, and Collins desisted.

Phillips lay there for a thousand years, looking up at the streaked canvas over his head, seeing strange processions of people he had known, watching the tent roof recede miles away, and then come back and drop on his face and try to smother him. And one of the professors from his medical college came again and again, and sat on

the foot of the cot and asked him the rise and fall and tributaries of the ilio-hypogastric nerve.

When a century had passed, he wakened suddenly and sat up. The floor slipped back as he put his feet down, but once erect he could walk, treading gingerly so as not to arouse the hammering devils in his head.

"How long was I asleep?" he demanded irritably.

"Twenty minutes," Collins said. "Say, the boy that came yesterday—first Wisconsin—is pretty bad. Temperature, one-naught-six. Simpson says are you going to send for Shields?"

"No good. Shields is laid up."

"Try for the Major then."

But Phillips turned on him bitterly.

"We'll let the Major sleep," he snarled.

He got a basin of cold water, and sponged the sick boy carefully. Over and over, with long, downward strokes, on his knees, because he couldn't stoop, he worked away, losing count of time, but always wetting the sponge and keeping on. Once or twice he squeezed it over his own head and the water ran down in little trickles of coolness under his shirt. When he finished, the boy was sleeping, and Phillips stumbled back to the cot. Collins was sitting there, holding the cat on his knee.

"Jove," he said, "I know what hell's like now—it's not furnace-hot and dry: it's hot—and damp—and muggy. How do you feel?"

"Rotten," Phillips said wearily.

"You said a funny thing in your sleep," Collins persisted, watching him. "You got up on your elbow and looked straight at me, and you said, 'All my life I have been taught to look up to you: that you were a great man. And they lied!'"

Phillips did not answer. He lay back on the cot and closed his eyes. And once again the figures crowded around.

It was Johnson, of the Ambulance Corps, who found him the next day, refusing to be undressed, and raving of a furlough that had torn itself into scraps. And when Major Armitage, on hospital inspection that day, came around, the sick man buried his face in his pillow and babbled. Johnson undressed him, bathed him, and sat by him for a while, cursing the kitchen

which sent in soup filled with vegetables, and straining through a towel the little that Phillips would take.

"He's finished himself, all right." Simpson whimpered. "No sleep—rotten grub—and workin' twenty-four hours a day. And it ain't only that." He came close to Johnson and bent over. "Have you noticed about Armitage?" he asked. "Wasn't he talkin' about him? He was—all last night. Once he thought I was the Major, and he said, 'You've done worse than you knew. You've killed the man I thought you were.'"

"Delirium," Johnson scoffed. "What kind of sense does that make?"

"There's something you and I don't know, Lieutenant," Simpson persisted. "One night, a couple of weeks ago, when he looked pretty bad, I coaxed him to go out and walk around. When he didn't come back, I found him outside the Major's tent, in the shadow, with his arms folded, and a queer look in his face. I touched him twice before he knew I was there. It's been a queer business."

"Has the Major noticed? Does he know him?"

"Not that I know of. But for that matter, his own mother wouldn't recognize him."

A week later Johnson sought and found Captain Armour, the Surgeon. He was washing in a tin basin outside his tent, throwing the cold water over his bald head and puffing like a porpoise.

"The next time it rains," he was grumbling, "I am going to have a shower bath, if I smash every regulation on the slate. The idea of a two-hundred-pound man keeping clean on a pint of water *ter in die*! Phillips? What about Phillips?"

"He's very bad, sir," Johnson replied. "I wish you could come over to-night and look at him. He's weak, and wearing himself out with delirium."

"He's a good boy, Phillips is," the Surgeon spoke through his towel. "I'll come over and bring Major Armitage if I can get him."

Through the long days Phillips had lain on the end cot; when ice was plentiful sometimes a cup of small pieces was put on the ground beside him, and he learned to reach down and fumble for it. The coolness and moisture helped his crusted tongue and cracked lips. And twice a day somebody

went over him with a sponge and cold water, and for ten glorious minutes he was rested, moist, sane. Then the fever devils came again, and things crawled around him, and the cot sometimes floated high in the air, and again was so close to the ground that he smelled the damp earth, like an open grave.

And always he held to a bit of worthless paper that Johnson had got from headquarters, which said that one Alden Phillips was entitled to ten days' furlough, and was useless now, of course, seeing that he was being given a furlough that stretched into eternity.

Captain Armour came that night and sat on the foot of the bed, and swore at the heat and the smell in the ward. And then he took a long breath and said that Phillips had been in his clinic at Philadelphia for a year, and it was too bad, too bad.

After a while he scribbled a line, and sent it to Major Armitage, in charge of the field hospital, and then he sat and waited, patting Phillips's hand now and then, and muttering under his breath.

"A little bit of nursing," he snarled, "a woman to fuss over them and make them comfortable, that's what they need here: it's the men that have never seen a battle that are dying in this war."

The heat was terrible. A lantern hung above the head of the cot, leaving Phillips's face in shadow and throwing out clear and distinct, the undress of the Surgeon. He had taken off his coat, showing a broken pair of suspenders and a flannel shirt open and turned in almost to the waist over his hairy chest.

All through the ward was a hustle of preparing for the night. The convalescents were shaking crumbs off their blankets and punching pillows for their helpless comrades: milk and water were being put around: Simpson, who was a hostler by nature as well as training, was tying down a delirious Texan much as he would a refractory horse, and in a far corner a colored soldier was singing under his breath. Some of the men took up the song, humming it with shaky, unpractised voices.

There was an instant silence when Major Armitage came in. The privates saluted and slunk to their cots—the Surgeon started to fasten his shirt and thought

better of it. Only the song went on, low, deep, fervent.

*"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling glo-o-m,
Lead Thou me on!" . . .*

the men sang softly.

The Major nodded to the Surgeon, and stood for a moment looking down at the prostrate boy. "What's his name?" he asked.

"Phillips: Ambulance Corps, Fourth Pennsylvania."

"Sent word to his home?" curtly.

"To his mother—yesterday, sir," Johnson replied.

"It's Iowa," the Surgeon supplemented. "She won't get here for three days. The boy's been sick for two weeks. I don't know why he didn't get away from this plague spot while he could."

Simpson brought a chair and Major Armitage sat down beside the cot. He took the galloping pulse, and being a careful man, he took it for two minutes instead of one. With the touch of his cool hands the muttering ceased; Phillips, who had been staring at the tent roof, suddenly turned his head and looked at Armitage; then he jerked his hand away.

"You!" he said thickly, for his tongue was hard and dry. "Who—sent for you?"

The Major looked at the Surgeon.

"There's no delirium there; Doctor." he said. "What's he getting?"

"Nothing that he ought to have," the Surgeon grumbled. "I tell you, Major——"

But the sick man was suddenly laboring under violent excitement. He put out a bony finger and tried to touch the Major, but his shaking muscles lacked direction, and the arm dropped.

"They always come and sit beside me," he wailed, "and when I want to tell them things, they're not there. You—" he raised himself on one bony elbow and stared in the Major's eyes—"don't go yet. Wait—till I tell you. You—tore up the furlough! It was life or death to me and you—gave me death. And—when you come and sit beside me—and I want to choke you—I can't because—you know why!"

The silence was suddenly terrible. Major Armitage sat immovable; the boy's accusing eyes held him.

"All my life," the husky voice went on—"all my life, I've been taught to think of

you as—one apart, a great man, a good man: I was—to think nothing evil of you—I was to respect you, to try—to be like—you. Why, it's a joke: why don't you laugh? The other faces always grin! Why don't you?"

The Major tried to speak, but no words came. A couple of privates stopped to listen and moved on, warned by a glare from the Surgeon.

"I read—everything—I could find—about you; I ordered—my life—as I thought would please you— And when the—war came, and you went, I—I went too, like a little puppy trailing—at your heels. I couldn't stay at home—any more—than you could! It—was—in—the blood. Why don't you laugh?"

The Major got up suddenly and stared down at the boy; then with shaking fingers he tried to take the lantern from its hook. From the far corner of the ward the droning song floated down to them, plaintive, appealing:

*"The night is dark, and I am far from ho-ome,
Lead Thou me on!"*

With the lantern in his hand, the Major hesitated. Then he turned it full on the boy's face, with its sunken, tortured eyes.

The boy's strength was going. He was swaying on his bony elbow; then he dropped back and lay quiet. When he moved again it was to say that he could make better soup than that out of an old shoe, and he pushed away an imaginary bowl. After a while, he seemed to sleep, only his fingers picked, picked at the blanket.

The Surgeon looked into the Major's face, and from there to the gaping ears of the ward, the smell, the noise, the moist heat that sapped the soul.

"Get the cot out into the air," he said, and when it had been done, he took the Major's arm and led him, stumbling, to where it had been put on the grass in the cool night, with only a candle on a box for light. It threw into relief, above the blanket, Phillips's impassive white face, and the Major's suddenly aged one. From the foot of the cot the Surgeon gave medicine now and then, and could think of no comfort—the body being his province, not the soul.

From far off across the camp there rose a distant hubbub of noise. It spread, grew, came close and resolved itself into

the clamor of forty thousand throats. Like waves breaking on the sand the sound approached, receded, crept on again. It beat against the canvas walls of the hospital, and echoed back from the hills. The camp was suddenly alive; torches, candles, lanterns flashed up, a twisting, leaping mass of lights, and far across the camp a band was playing "Dixie." Near by a South Carolina regiment had taken up the noise. "Yi-i-i-i," they rasped the night with the old rebel yell of triumph.

Simpson ran out to the nearest regiment and collided with an officer, who was too excited to damn him.

"I'm from the hospital, Lieutenant," he panted. "What—what's happened?"

"Spanish fleet sunk by Sampson at Santiago," the Lieutenant called back over his shoulder.

A Missouri regiment had formed line and was marching noisily through the camp, their lines growing constantly amid the throb of the drums and the cheers of the men. It was a riot of surcharged emotion, of unselfish pride in a victory in which they had had no part, in a war which spelled for them only inglorious hardship, this outburst in the Camp of Those Left Behind.

Somewhere, far off, the Brigadier-General was making a speech, incoherent, throbbing, joyous. He wore his uniform trousers and a pajama coat, and stood on the top of a barrel. Simpson could not wait to hear. He scuttled back to the hospital, and feeble cheers followed his announcement, made in a voice which cracked with the tension in his throat.

Through it all, the Major, by Phillips's cot, did not move. Once or twice he looked out at the pandemonium, the relaxed discipline of the camp, but he was detached, far away. His mind was back in the days when this gaunt, dying young soldier was a youngster, and he had read him "The Man Without a Country," and had had to stop, with a lump in his own throat, while the boy had cried the hot tears of childhood. It was long ago, and now the boy was a soldier—and dying.

After a while the Surgeon came back and took up his vigil on the end of the cot.

"Thank the Good One above," he said huskily, "we've licked those damned Spaniards into a cocked hat."

The boy had stopped babbling and slept:

the Major raised his head. It was evident that the doctor's voice had not penetrated to him, back in the years that were gone.

"When was—his mother sent for?"

"Yesterday."

"She cannot get here," he said simply, and fell back into his old position, his chin on his hands. When he looked up again, the noise was subsiding. The lights of the camp were paling before the dawn, and the candle had melted and run over in little wax stalactites.

"In case of—perforation," he asked dully, "could you—operate?"

"Not here; nothing to do it with. If he was anywhere but in this forsaken swamp——"

The Major leaned over suddenly and gripped the doctor's shoulder. "I didn't know him. I haven't seen him since his mother took him away—long ago. Doctor, he's my boy!" he choked, giving way at last to the horror of the thing. "My God! He is my son, and I tore up his furlough, Doctor. I gave him Death instead of Life. Man, is there nothing I can do? Have I got to sit here and let him die?"

The doctor had stripped the flannel shirt from the boy's skinny shoulder and was holding the thermometer under his arm. When he took it out and looked at it he leaned over and touched the Major's prostrate figure.

"Look here," he said bluntly, "you haven't killed him yet, but you will, with a conviction like that. Look at this thermometer; look at that sleep: I tell you he's better. He'll live to—to rag you about that furlough yet."

The doctor's eyes were misty. In the faint dawn he looked like an unshaven, shining-crowned saint.

The boy on the cot opened his eyes slowly. The racked face of the Major was bending over him, the Major's hand held his. Slowly the despair, the disillusion of the last few weeks died out of his eyes, and he slept again.

Over the tops of the tents came a misty shaft of sunlight—a promise of the glory of the day, and clear and rousing, over the drowsy camp came the reveille. Somewhere near by a regimental band broke into "The Star-Spangled Banner," its notes stirring anew the holy fire in the breasts of Those Left Behind, voicing for them their cause, their passive battles, their potentialities, their country.

THE MIDWINTER GARDENS OF NEW ORLEANS

AN OBJECT-LESSON AND ITS ARGUMENT

By George W. Cable



IF the following pages might choose their own time and place they would meet their reader not in the trolley-car or on the suburban train, but in his own home, comfortably seated. For in order to justify the eulogistic tone of the descriptions which must presently occupy them their first word must be a conciliatory protest against hurry. One reason we Americans garden so little is that we are so perpetually in haste. The art of gardening is primarily a leisurely and gentle one.

And gentility still has some rights. Our Louisiana Creoles know this, and at times maintain it far beyond the pales of their evergreen gardens.

"Step lively?" one of them is said to have amazedly retorted in a New York street-car, "No, the lady shall not step lively. At yo' leisure, madame, entrez!" In New Orleans the conductors do not cry "Step lively." Right or wrong, the cars there are not absolutely democratic. Gentility really enjoys in them a certain right to be treated gently.

If democracy could know its own tyrants it would know that one of them is haste; the haste, the hurry of the crowd; that hurry whose cracking whip makes every one a compulsory sharer in it. The street-car conductor, poor lad, is not to blame. The fault is ours, many of us being in such a scramble to buy democracy at any price, that, as if we were belatedly buying railway tickets, we forget to wait for our change.

Now, one of this tyrant's human forms is a man a part of whose tyranny is to call himself a gardener, though he knows he is not one, and the symbol of whose oppression is nothing more or less than that germ enemy of good gardening, the lawn-mower. You, if you know the gardening of our average American home almost anywhere else, would see, yourself, how true this is,

were you in New Orleans. But you see it beautifully proved not by the presence but by the absence of the tyranny. The lawn-mower is there, of course; no one is going to propose that the lawn-mower anywhere be abolished. It is one of our modern marvels of convenience, a blessed release of countless human backs from countless hours of crouching, sickle-shaped, over the sickle. It is not the tyrant, but only like so many other instruments of beneficent democratic emancipation, the tyrant's opportunity. A large part of its convenience is expedition, and expedition is the easiest thing in the world to become vulgarized: vulgarized it becomes haste, and haste is the tyrant. Such arguing would sound absurdly subtle aimed against the uncloaked, barefaced tyranny of the street-car conductor, but the tyranny of the man with the lawn-mower is itself subtle, masked, and requires subtlety to unmask it.

See how it operates. For so we shall be the better prepared for a generous appreciation of those far Southern gardens whose beauty has singled them out for our admiration. We know, of course, that the "formal garden," by reason of its initial and continuing costliness, is, and must remain, the garden of the wealthy few, and that the gardening for the great democracy of our land, the kind that will make the country at large a gardened land, is "informal," free-hand, ungeometrical gardening. In this sort, on whatever scale, whether of the capitalist or of the cottager, the supreme feature is the lawn; the lawn-mower puts this feature within the reach of all, and pretty nearly every American householder has, such as it is, his bit of Eden.

But just in that happy moment the Tempter gets in. The garden's mistress or master is beguiled to believe that one may have a garden without the expense of a gardener and at the same time without any gardening knowledge. The stable-boy, or

the man-of-all-work, or the cook, or the cottager himself, pushes the lawn-mower, and except for green grass, or changeable brown and green, their bit of Eden is naked and is not ashamed.

Or if ashamed, certain other beguilements, other masked democratic tyrannies, entering, reassure it: bliss of publicity, contempt of skill, and joy in machinery and machine results. An itinerant ignoramus comes round with his own lawn-mower, the pushing of which he now makes his sole occupation for the green half of the year, and the entire length, breadth, and thickness of whose wisdom is a wisdom not of the lawn but only of the lawn-mower; how to keep its bearings oiled and its knives chewing fine; and the lawn becomes staringly a factory product.

Then tyranny turns the screw again, and in the bliss of publicity and a very reasonable desire to make the small home lot look as large as possible, down come the fences, side and front, and the applauding specialist of the lawn-mower begs that those obstructions may never be set up again, because now the householder can have his lawn mowed so much *quicker*, and he, the pusher, can serve more customers. Were he truly a gardener he might know somewhat of the sweet, sunlit, zephyrous, fragrant out-door privacies possible to a real garden, and more or less of that benign art which; by skilful shrubbery plantings, can make a small place look much larger—as well as incomparably more interesting—than can any mere abolition of fences, and particularly of the street fence. But he has not so much as one eye of a genuine gardener, or he would know that he is not keeping your lawn but only keeping it shaven. He is not even a good garden laborer. You might as well ask him how to know the wild flowers as how to know the lawn pests—dandelion, chickweed, summer-grass, heal-all, moneywort, and the like—with which you must reckon wearily by and by because he only mows them in his blindness and lets them flatten to the ground and scatter their seed like an infantry firing-line. Inquire of him concerning any one of the few orphan shrubs he has permitted you to set where he least dislikes them, and which he has trimmed clear of the sod—put into short skirts—so that he may run his whirling razors under (and now and then against)

them at full speed. Will he know the smallest fact about it or yield any echo of your interest in it?

There is a late story of an aged mother, in a darkened room, saying falteringly to the kind son who has brought in some flowers which she caresses with her soft touch, "I was wishing to-day— We used to have them in the yard—before the lawn-mower—" and saying no more. I know it for a fact, that in a certain cemetery the "Sons of the American Revolution" have for years been prevented from setting up their modest marks of commemoration upon the graves of Revolutionary heroes, because they would be in the way of the sexton's lawn-mower.

Now, in New Orleans, the case is so different that really the amateur gardener elsewhere has not all his rights until he knows why it is so different. Let us, therefore, look into it. In that city one day the present writer accosted an Irishman who stood, pruning-shears in hand, at the foot of Clay's statue, Lafayette Square. It was the first week of January, but beside him bloomed abundantly that lovely drooping jasmine called in the books *jasminum multiflorum*.

"Can you tell me what shrub this is?"

"That, sor, is the *monthly flora*! Them as don't know the but-hanical nayum sometimes calls it the stare jismin, but the but-hanical nayum is the *monthly flora*."

The inquirer spoke his thanks and passed on, but an eager footfall overtook him, his elbow felt a touch, and the high title came a third time: "The but-hanical nayum is the *monthly flora*."

The querist passed on, warmed by a grateful esteem for one who, though doubtless a skilled and frequent tinkler of the lawn-mower within its just limitations, was no mere dragoon of it but kept a regard for things higher than the bare sod, things of grace in form, in bloom, in odor, and worthy of "but-hanical nayum." No mere chauffeur he, of the little two-wheeled machine whose cult, throughout the most of our land, has all but exterminated ornamental gardening.

In New Orleans, where it has not conquered, there is no crowding for room. A ten-story building is called there a skyscraper. The town has not a dozen in all, and not one of that stature is an apartment or tenement house. Having felled her surrounding forests of cypress and drained the

swamps in which they stood, she has at command an open plain capable of housing a population seven times her present three hundred and fifty thousand, if ever she chooses to build skyward as other cities do.

But this explains only why New Orleans *might* have gardens, not why she chooses to have them, and has them by thousands, when hundreds of other towns that have the room—and the lawns—choose not to have the shrubberies, vines, and flowers, or have them without arrangement. Why should New Orleans so exceptionally choose to garden, and garden with such exceptional grace? Her house-lots are extraordinarily numerous in proportion to the numbers of her people, and that is a beginning of the explanation; but it is only a beginning. Individually the most of those lots are no roomier than lots elsewhere. Thousands of them, prettily planted, are extremely small.

The explanation lies mainly in certain peculiar limitations, already hinted, of her—democracy! That is to say, it lies in her fences. Her fences remain, her democracy is different from the Northern variety. The difference may consist only in faults both there and here which we all hope to see democracy itself one day eliminate; but the difference is palpable. The fences mean that the dwellers behind them have never accorded to each other, as neighbors, that liberty-to-take-liberties of which Northern householders and garden holders, after a quarter-century's disappointing experiment, are a bit weary.

In New Orleans, virtually every home, be it ever so proud or poor, has a fence on each of its four sides. As a result the home is bounded by its fences, not by its doors. Unpleasant necessities these barriers are admitted to be, and those who have them are quite right in not liking them in their bare anatomy. So they clothe them with shrubberies and vines, and thus on the home's true corporate bound the garden's profile, countenance and character are established in the best way possible; without, that is, any impulse toward embellishment *insulated* from utility. Compelled by the common frailties of all human nature (even in a democracy) to maintain fortifications, the householder has veiled the militant aspect of his defences in the flowered robes and garlandries of nature's diplomacy and hospitality. Thus reassured, his own inner

hospitality can freely overflow into the fragrant open air and out upon the lawn; a lawn whose dimensions are enlarged to both eye and mind, inasmuch as every step around its edges—around its meandering shrubbery borders—is made affable and entertaining by Flora's versatilities.

At the same time, let us note in passing, this enlargement is partly because the lawn—not always but very much oftener than where lawns go unenclosed—lies clean-breasted, green-breasted, from one shrub-and-flower-planted side to the other, along and across; free of bush, statue, urn, fountain, sun-dial or pattern-bed, an uninterrupted sward. Even where there are lapses from this delightful excellence they often do not spoil, but only discount, more or less, the beauty of the general scheme, as may be noted—if without offence we may offer it the homage of criticism—in one of the gardens we have photographed [page 61] to illustrate these argumentations. There eight distinct encumbrances narrow the sward without in the least adding to the garden's abounding charm. The smallest effort of the reader's eye will show how largely, in a short half-day's work, the fair scene might be enhanced in lovely dignity simply by the elimination of these slight excesses, or by their withdrawal toward the lawn's margins and into closer company with the tall trees.

In New Orleans, where even when there are basements, of which there are many, the domains of the cook and butler are somewhere else, a nearly universal feature of every sort of dwelling, the banker's on two or three lots, the laborer's on half a one, is a paved walk along one side of the house, between the house and the lawn, from a front gate to the kitchen. Generally there is but the one front gate, facing the front door, with a short walk leading directly up to this door. In such case the rear walk, beginning at the front door-steps, turns squarely along the house's front, at its corner turns again as squarely to the rear as a drill sergeant and follows the dwelling's ground contour with business precision—being a business path. In fact, it is only the same path we see in uncrowded town life everywhere in our land.

But down there it shows this peculiarity, that it is altogether likely to be well bordered with blooming shrubs and plants along all that side of it next the lawn. Of course,



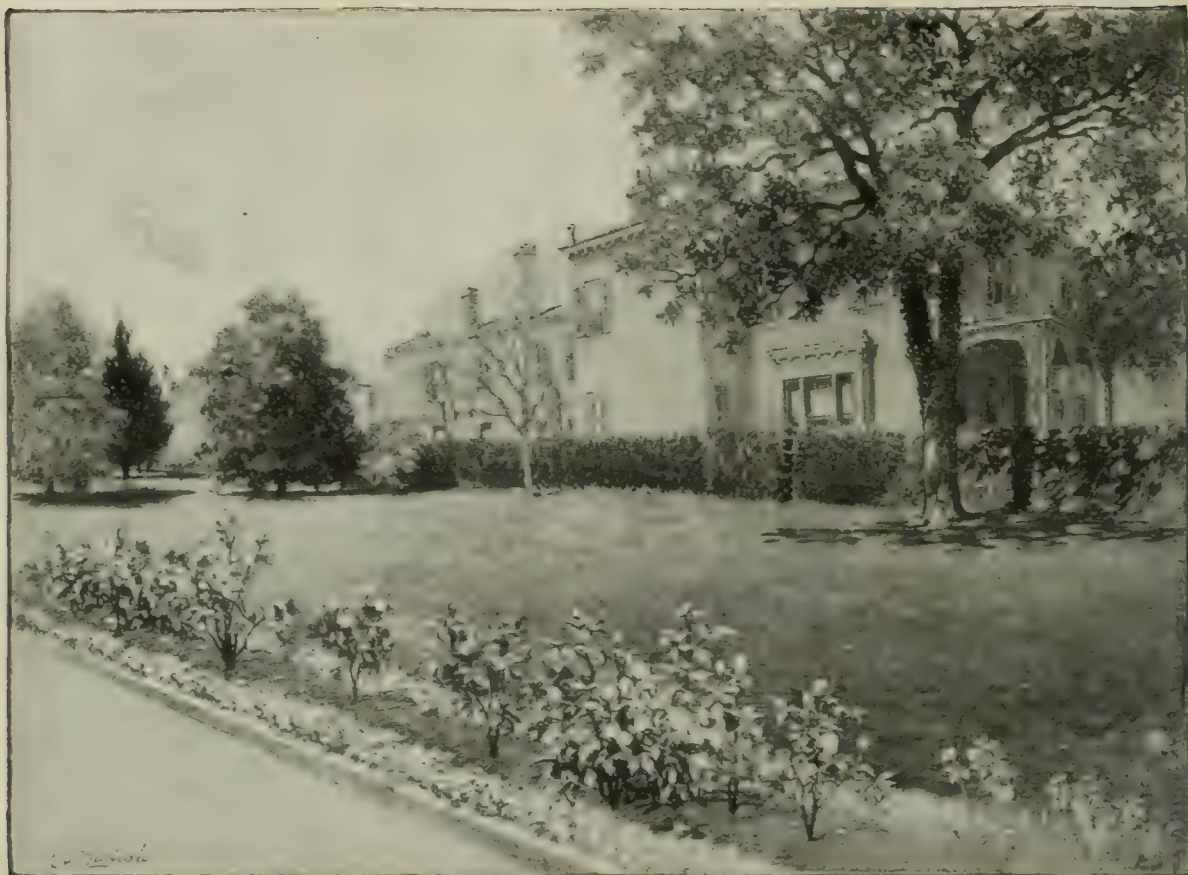
it is a fault that this shrubby border—and all the more so because it is very apt to be, as in three of our illustrations [pages 62, 63, 64], a rose border—should, so often as it is, be pinched in between parallel edges. “No pinching” is as good a rule for the garden as for the kindergarten. Manifestly, on the side next the house the edge between the walk and the planted border should run parallel with the base line of the house, for these are business lines and therefore ever so properly lines of promptitude—of the shortest practicable distance between two points; lines of supply and demand; lines of need. For lines of need, business speed!

But for lines of pleasure, grace and leisure. It is the tactful office of this shrubby border to veil the business path from the lawn—from the pleasure-ground. Therefore its *outside*, lawn-side edge should be a line of pleasure, hence a line of grace, hence not a straight line (dead line), nor yet a line of but one lethargic curve, but a line of suavity and tranquil ongoing, a leisurely undulating line.

Not to have it so is an error, but the error is an inoffensive one easily corrected, and the merit is that the dwelling’s business path is greenly, bloomingly screened from its pleasure-ground by a lovely natural drapery which at the same time furnishes, as far as the path goes, the house’s robes of mod-

esty. Indeed, they are furnished farther than the path goes; for no good work gathers momentum more readily than does good gardening, and the householder, having begun so rightly, has now nothing to do to complete the main fabric of his garden but to carry this flow of natural draperies on round the domicile’s back and farther side, and forward to its front again. Thus may he wonderfully extenuate, even above its reach and where it does not conceal, the house’s architectural faults, and winsomely enhancing all its architectural charm; like a sweet human mistress of the place, putting into generous shadow all the ill, and into open sunshine all the best, of a husband’s strong character. (See both right and left foreground of illustration on page 63, and right foreground, page 64.)

And now, if this New Orleans idea—that enough private enclosure to secure good home gardening is not incompatible with public freedom, green lawns, good neighborhood, sense of room, and fulness of hospitality, and that a house-lot which is a picture is worth more to everybody (and, therefore, is even more democratic) than one which is little else than a map—if this idea, we say, finds any credence among sister cities and towns that may be able to teach the Creole city much in other realms of art and criticism, let us cast away chalk



and charcoal for palette and brush and show in floral, arborescent, redolent detail what is the actual pictorial excellence of these New Orleans gardens.

For, notwithstanding all their shut-in state, neither their virtues nor their faults are hid from the passing eye. The street fence, oftenest of iron, is rarely more than breast high and is always an open fence. Against its inner side frequently runs an evergreen hedge never taller than the fence's top. Commonly it is not so tall, is always well clipped, and is so civil to strangers that one would wish to see its like on every street front, though he might prefer to find it not so invariably of the one sort of growth—a small, handsome privet, that is, which nevertheless fulfils its office with the perfection of a solid line of palace sentries. Unluckily there still prevails a very old-fashioned tendency to treat the front fence as in itself ornamental and to forget two things: First, that its nakedness is no part of its ornamental value; that it would be much handsomer lightly clothed—underclothed—like, probably, its very next neighbor; clothed with a hedge, either close or loose, and generously kept below the passer's line of sight. And, second, that from

the householder's point of view, looking streetward from his garden's inner depth, its fence, when unplanted, is a blank interruption to his whole fair scheme of meandering foliage and bloom, which, on the other three sides, frame in the lawn, as though the garden were a lovely stage scene with the fence for footlights, and some one had left the footlights unlit.

A lovely stage scene without a hint of the stage's unreality, we say; for the side and rear fences and walls, being frankly unornamental, call for more careful management than the front and are often charmingly treated. [Page 65.] (See, for an example of a side fence with front half of wire, and rear half of boards, page 62, and for solid walls, pages 64 and 66.) Where they separate neighbor's front lawns they may be low and open, but back of the building-line, being oftenest tight and generally more than head high, they are *sure* to be draped with such climbing floral fineries as honeysuckles, ivies, jasmines, white and yellow, lantanas, roses, or the Madeira vine. More frequently than not they are planted, also, in strong masses, with ever so many beautiful sorts of firmer stemmed growths, herbaceous next the sod, woody behind, as-

sembled according to stature, from one to twelve feet high, swinging in and out around the lawn until all stiffness of boundaries is waved and smiled away.

In that first week of January already mentioned the present writer saw at every turn, in such borders and in leaf and blossom, the delicate blue-flowered plumbago; two or three kinds of white jasmine, also in

sorts surprisingly large of growth—in one case, on a division fence, trained to the width and height of six feet. There, too, was the poinsettia still bending in its Christmas red, taller than the tallest man's reach, often set too forthpushingly at the front, but at times, with truer art, glowing like a red constellation from the remoter bays of the lawn; and there, taller yet, the evergreen mag-



bloom, and the broad bush-form of the yellow jasmine, beginning to flower. With them were blooming roses of a dozen kinds; the hibiscus (not *althaea* but the *H. rosasinensis* of our Northern greenhouses), slim and tall, flaring its mallow-flowers pink, orange, salmon, and deep red; the trailing-lantana, covering broad trellises of ten feet in height, and with its drooping masses of delicate foliage turned from green to mingled hues of lilac and rose by a complete mantle of their blossoms. He saw the low, sweet-scented geraniums of lemon, rose, and nutmeg odors, persisting through the winter unblighted, and the round-leaved, "zonal"

nolia fuscata, full of its waxen, cream-tinted, inch-long flowers smelling delicately like the banana. He found the sweet olive, of refined leaf and minute axillary flowers yielding their ravishing tonic odor with the reserve of the violet; the *pittisporum*; the box; the myrtle; the camphor tree with its neat foliage answering fragrantly the grasp of the hand. The dark camellia was there, as broad and tall as a lilac bush, its firm, glossy leaves of the deepest green and its splendid red flowers covering it from tip to sod, one specimen showing by count a thousand blossoms open at once and the sod beneath innumerably starred with



others already fallen. The night jasmine, in full green, was not yet in blossom but it was visibly thinking of the spring. The Chinese privet, of twenty feet stature, in perennial leaf, was saving its flowers for May. The sea-green oleander, fifteen feet high and wide (see extreme left foreground, page 61), drooped to the sward on four sides but hoarded its floral cascade for June. The evergreen mespilus plum was already faltering into bloom; and the orange, with its flower-buds among its polished leaves, whitening for their own wedding, while high over them towered the date and other palms, spired the cedar and arbor-vitæ, and with majestic infrequency where grounds were ample, spread the lofty green, scintillating boughs of the magnolia grandiflora (see left foregrounds on pages 62, 65, 67, and 68), the giant, winter-bare pecan, and the wide, mossy arms of the vast live-oak.

Now, while the time of year in which these conditions are visible heightens their lovely wonder, their practical value to Northern home lovers is not the marvel and delight of something inimitable, but their inspiring suggestion of what may be done with ordinary Northern home grounds to the end that the floral pageantry of the Southern January may be fully rivalled by the glory of the Northern June.

For, of course, the Flora of the North, who in the winter of long white nights puts off all her jewelry and nearly all her robes

and "lies down to pleasant dreams," is the blonde sister of, and equal heiress with, this darker one who, in undivested greenery and flowered trappings, persists in open-air revelry through all the months from the autumn side of Christmas to the summer side of Easter. Wherefore it seems to me the Northern householder's first step should be to lay hold upon this New Orleans idea in gardening—which is merely by adoption a New Orleans idea, while through and through, except where now and then its votaries stoop to folly, it is by book a Northern voice, the garden gospel of Frederick Law Olmsted.

Wherever American homes are assembled we may have, all winter, for the asking—if we will but ask ourselves instead of the lawn-mower man—an effect of home, of comfort, cheer and grace, of summer and autumn reminiscences and of spring's anticipations, immeasurably better than any ordinary eye or fancy can extort from the rectangular and stiffened-out nakedness of unplanted boundaries; immeasurably better than the month-by-month daily death-stare of shroud-like snow around houses standing barefooted on the frozen ground. It may be by hearty choice that we abide where we must forego out-door roses in Christmas week and broad-leaved evergreens blooming at New Year's, Twelfth-night, or Carnival. Well and good! But we can have, even in mid-January, and

ought to allow ourselves, the lawn-garden's surviving form and tranced life rather than the shrubless lawn's unmarked grave flattened beneath the void of the snow. We ought to retain the sleeping beauty of the ordered garden's unlost configuration, with the warm house for its bosom, with all its remoter contours—alleys, bays, bushy networks, and sky-line—keeping a winter share of their feminine grace and softness. We ought to retain the "frozen music" of its myriad gray, red, and yellow stems and twigs and lingering blue and scarlet berries stirring, though leaflessly, for the kiss of spring. And we ought to retain the invincible green of cedars, junipers and box, cypress, laurel, hemlock spruce, and cloaking ivy darkling amid and above these, receiving from and giving to them a cheer which neither could have in their frostbound Eden without the mutual contrast.

Eden! If I so recklessly ignore latitude as to borrow the name of the first gardener's garden for such a shivering garden as this it is because I see this one in a dream of hope, a diffident, interrogating hope really to behold, some day, this dream-garden of Northern winters as I have never with actual open eyes found one kept by any merely well-to-do American citizen. If I describe it I must preface with all the disclaimers of

a self-conscious amateur whose most venturesome argument goes no farther than Why not? yet whom the evergreen gardens of New Orleans revisited in January impel to protest against every needless submission to the tyrannies of frost and of a gardening art—or non-art; a submission which only in the out-door embellishment of the home takes winter supinely, abjectly.

This garden of a hope's dream covers but three ordinary town lots. Often it shrinks to but one without asking for any notable change of plan. Following all the lines, the hard, law lines, that divide it from its neighbors and the street, there runs, waist high on its street front, shoulder high on its side bounds, a close evergreen hedge of hemlock spruce. In its young way this hedge has been handsome from infancy; though still but a few years old it gives, the twelvemonth round, a note both virile and refined in color, texture, and form, and if the art that planted it and the care that keeps it do not decay neither need the hedge for a century to come. Against the intensest cold this side of Labrador it is perfectly hardy, is trimmed with a sloping top to shed snows whose weight might mutilate it, and can be kept in repair from generation to generation, like the house's plumbing or roof, or like some green-uniformed pet regiment with ranks



yet full after the last of its first members has perished.

Furthermore, along the inner side of this green hedge (sometimes close against it, sometimes with a turfed alley between), as well as all round about the house, extend borders of deciduous shrubs, with such meandering boundaries next the broad white lawn as the present writer, for this

broad-leaved evergreens which, in duly limited numbers, assemble with and behind these, and from the lither sorts of conifers that spire out of the net-work and haze of living things in winter sleep. The plantings at the garden's and dwelling's front being properly, of course, lower than those farther back, I see among them, in this dream, the evergreen box and several kinds



time, has probably extolled enough. These bare, gray shrub masses are not wholly bare or gray, and have other and most pleasingly visible advantages over unplanted, pallid vacancy besides the mere lace work of their twigs and the occasional tenderness of a last summer's bird's nest. Here and there, breaking the cold monotone, a bush of moose maple shows the white-streaked green of its bare stems and sprays, or cornus or willow gives a soft glow of red, purple, or yellow. Only here and there, insists my dream, lest when winter at length gives way to the "rosy time of the year" their large and rustic gentleness mar the nuptial revels of summer's returned aristocracy. Because, moreover, there is a far stronger effect of life, home, and cheer from the

of evergreen ferns. I see two or three species of evergreen barberries, not to speak of Thunberg's leafless one warm red with its all-winter berries, the winter garden's rubric. I see two varieties of euonymus; various low junipers; two sorts of laurel; two of andromeda, and the high-clambering evergreen ivy. Beginning with these in front, infrequent there but multiplying toward the place's rear, are bush and tree forms of evergreen holly, native rhododendrons, the many sorts of foreign cedars and our native ones white and red, their skyward lines modified as the square or pointed architecture of the house may call for contrasts in pointed or broad-topped arborescence. If, at times, I dream behind all this a grove, with now and then one of its



broad, steeping or columnar trees pushed forward upon the lawn, it is only there that I see anything so stalwart as a pine or so rigid as a spruce.

Such is the vision, and if I never see it with open eyes and in real sunlight, even as a dream it is—like certain other things of less dignity—grateful, comforting. I warrant there are mistakes in it, but you will find mistakes wherever you find achievement, and there is no law against them—in well-meant dreams. Observe, if you please, this vision lays no drawback on the garden's summer beauty and affluence. Twelve months of the year it enhances its dignity and elegance. Both the numerical proportions of evergreens to other greens, and the scheme of their distribution, are quite as correct and effective for contrast and background to the transient foliage and countless flowers of July as amid the bare ramage of January. Summer and winter alike, the gravest items among them all, the conifers, retain their values even in those New Orleans gardens. When we remember that in New England and on all

its isotherm it is winter all that half of the year when most of us are at home, why should we not seek to realize this snow-garden dream? Even a partial or faulty achievement of it will surely look lovelier than the naked house left out on its naked white lawn like an unclaimed trunk on a way-station platform. I would not, for anything, offend the reader's dignity, but I must think that this midwinter garden may be made at least as much lovelier than no garden as Alice's Cheshire cat was lovelier—with or without its grin—than the grin without the cat.

Shall we summarize? Our gist is this: That those gardens of New Orleans are as they are, not by mere advantage of climate, but for several other reasons. Their bounds of ownership and privacy are enclosed in hedges, tight or loose, or in vine-clad fences or walls. The lawn is regarded as a ruling feature of the home's visage, but not as its whole countenance—one flat feature never yet made a lovely face. This lawn feature is beautified and magnified by keeping it open from shrub border to shrub border;



saving it, above all things, from the gaudy barbarism of pattern-bedding; and by giving it swing and sweep of graceful contours. And lastly, all ground lines of the house are clothed with shrubberies whose deciduous growths are companioned with broad-leaved evergreens and varied conifers, in whatever proportions will secure the best midwinter effects without such abatement to those of summer as would diminish the total of the whole year's joy.

These are things that can be done anywhere in our land, and wherever done with due regard to soil as well as to climate, will give us gardens worthy to be named with those of New Orleans, if not, in some aspects and at particular times of the year, excelling them. As long as mistakes are made in the architecture of houses they will be made in the architecture of gardening, and New Orleans herself, by a little more care for the fundamentals of art, of all art, could easily surpass her present floral charm. Yet in her gardens there is one further point calling for approval and imitation: the *very* high trimming of the stems of lofty trees. Here many a reader will feel

a start of resentment; but in the name of the exceptional beauty one may there see resulting from the practice let us allow the idea a moment's entertainment, put argument aside and consider a concrete instance whose description shall be our closing word.

Across the street in which, that January, we sojourned (we were two), there was a piece of ground of an ordinary town square's length and somewhat less breadth. It had been a private garden. Its owner had given it to the city. Along its broadside, which our windows looked out upon, stood perfectly straight and upright across the sky to the south of them a row of magnolias (*grandiflora*) at least sixty feet high, with their boles, as smooth as the beech, trimmed bare for two-thirds of their stature. The really decorative marks of the trimming had been so many years, so many decades, healed as to show that no harm had come of it or would come. The soaring, dark green, glittering foliage stood out against the almost perpetually blue and white sky. Beyond them, a few yards within the place but not in straight line, rose even higher a number of old cedars

similarly treated and offering a pleasing contrast to the magnolias by the feathery texture of their dense sprays and the very different cast of their lack-lustre green. Overtopping all, on the farther line of the grounds, southern line, several pecan trees of nearly a hundred feet in height, leafless, with a multitude of broad-spreading boughs all high in air by natural habit, gave an effect strongly like that of winter elms, though much enlivened by the near company of the evergreen masses of cedar and magnolia. These made the upper-air half of the garden, the other half being assembled below. For the lofty trim of the wintergreen trees—the beauty of which may have been learned from the palms—allowed and invited another planting beneath them. Magnolias, when permitted to branch low, are, to undergrowth, among the most inhospitable of trees; but in this garden, where the sunlight and the breezes passed abundantly under such high-lifted arms and among such clean, bare stems, a congregation of shrubs, undershrubs, and plants of every stature and breadth, arose, flourished, and flowered without stint. Yonder the wind-split, fathom-long leaves of the banana, brightening the background, arched upward, drooped again, and faintly oscillated to the air's caress. Here bloomed and smelled the delicate magnolia fuscata, and here, redder with flowers than green with shining leaves, shone the camellia. Here spread the dark oleander, the pittisporum, and the Chinese privet; and here were the camphor tree and the slender sweet olive—we have named them all before and our steps should not take us over the same ground twice in one circuit; that would be bad gardening. But there they were, under those ordinarily so intolerant trees, prospering and singing praises with them, some in full blossom and perfume, some waiting their turn, like parts of a choir. In the midst of all, where a broad path eddied quite round an irregular open space, and that tender quaintness of decay appeared which is the unfailing New Orleans touch, the space was filled with roses. This spot was lovely enough by day and not less so for being a haunt of toddling babes and their nurses; but at night—! Regularly at evening there comes into the New Orleans air, from heaven knows whither, not a mist, not a fog, nor a damp-

ness, but a soft, transparent, poetical dimness that in no wise shortens the range of vision—a counterpart of that condition which so many thousands of favored travelers in other longitudes know as the "Atlantic haze." One night—oh, oftener than that, but let us say one for the value of understatement—returning to our quarters some time before midnight, we stepped out upon the balcony to gaze across into that garden. The sky was clear, the neighborhood silent. A wind stirred, but the shrubberies stood motionless. The moon, nearly full, swung directly before us, pouring its gracious light through the tenuous cross-hatchings of the pecans, nestling it in the dense tops of the cedars and magnolias and sprinkling it to the ground among the lower growths and between their green-black shadows. When in a certain impotence of rapture we cast about in our minds for an adequate comparison—where description in words seemed impossible—the only parallel we could find was the art of Corot and such masters from the lands where the wonderful pictorial value of trees trimmed high has been known for centuries and is still cherished. For without those trees so disciplined the ravishing picture of that garden would have been impossible.

Of course our Northern gardens cannot smile like that in winter. But they need not perish, as tens of thousands of lawnmower, pattern-bed, so-called gardens do. They should but hibernate, as snugly as the bear, the squirrel, the bee; and who that ever in full health of mind and body saw spring come back to a Northern garden of blossoming trees, shrubs, and undershrubs has not rejoiced in a year of four clear-cut seasons? Or who that ever saw mating birds, greening swards, starting violets, and all the early flowers loved of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Bryant, and Tennyson, has not felt that the resurrection of landscape and garden owes at least half its glory to the long trance of winter, and wished that dwellers in Creole lands might see New England's First of June? For what says the brave old song-couplet of New England's mothers? That—

"Spring would be but wintry weather
If we had nothing else but spring."

Every year, even in Massachusetts, even in Michigan, spring, summer, and autumn

are sure to come overladen with their gifts and make us a good, long, merry visit. All the other enlightened and well-to-do nations of the world entertain them with the gardening art and its joys and so make fairer, richer,

and stronger than can be made indoors alone the individual soul, the family, the social, the civic, the national life. In this small matter we Americans are at the wrong end of the procession. What shall we do about it?

LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF GARDEN VERSE

(TO A. M. B.)

By William Aspenwall Bradley

To you who've lived your life elate
 In Marvell's happy garden state,
 And doubtless see, with Milton's eyes,
 Eden a flow'ry Paradise,
 While every walk that you have trod
 Was Enoch's walk, a walk with God—
 —To you this little book I bring
 Wherein our English poets sing
 Of all the pleasures they have found
 In gardens grayly walled around,
 Of tranquil toil and studious ease
 'Mid flowers, shrubberies and trees.
 Because you Cowley's wish have known
 To have a garden of your own,
 And having it, have plied that art
 Which Temple calls the ladies' part,
 So well, your skill might seem to be
 A kind of gentle wizardry,
 As still your flowers statelier grow
 And with a richer color glow
 Each summer, and perfume the air
 More sweetly from each gay parterre.

Ah, I recall the city plot
 That was your scanty garden spot
 In other years. and yet your care
 Made e'en those narrow beds to bear,
 The narrower flinty walks between,
 Such wealth of red and white and green
 That prouder gardens might have sighed,
 Grown pale through envy, and so, died.

But now you hold your gentle sway
 O'er a domain as broad as they,
 Where you may tend with tranquil mind

The seeds and shoots and bulbs consigned
 Each season to the garden soil
 Till, reared by you with patient toil,
 At length in flaunting rows they stand
 And keep the order you have planned,
 The low before, the tall behind,
 Their colors mingled and combined,
 Gay household troops in order drawn
 As for review upon the lawn,
 While you the colonel seem to me,
 Of summer's splendid soldiery.

Each morn I see you as you pass
 Before them o'er the dewy grass,
 Their files inspecting, while your eye
 Scans all with sharpest scrutiny.
 For you, in all else mild, are yet
 In this one thing a martinet,
 And woe to that gay grenadier
 Whose cap of crimson shall appear
 One shade less bright,—however tall,
 His head into your ark must fall.
 Not Prussian Frederick did school
 His soldiers with such iron rule.

And yet they love you; see how, mute,
 They greet you with a loud salute.
 From every slender trump and bell
 A martial music seems to swell,
 Which, though 'tis lost to our dull ear,
 I think your finer sense doth hear;
 For you with music pass such hours
 As are not given to your flow'rs,
 Till blossoms spring among the keys,
 And garden beds are symphonies.

MONARCHICAL SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts



THE motive of this writing is to convey some notion of the extent in which the associated monarchies, forming the German imperial state, are engaged in profit-yielding undertakings that in other states are usually left entirely to persons and companies. Americans are acquainted with the aims of the Social-Democratic party, the revolutionary socialism of Germany, with three and a quarter millions of voters, organized, irreconcilable, aflame with zeal. That might be called the paper socialism in Germany. Perhaps "paper socialism" is too light a phrase to use toward a force so formidable and so implacable. It is, however, the doctrinaire socialism of Germany that has not yet passed a law, nor administered a parish. The socialism in being, the only collective ownership of mines, railways, lands, forests, and other instruments of production, is monarchical socialism, existent by acts of the crown in co-operation with conservative parliamentary majorities.

The imperial government and the governments of the German states took profits in 1908, from the various businesses conducted by them, of \$277,385,095. Estimating the capital value at a 4 per cent. ratio, the value of the productive state-owned properties is \$6,933,627,375. Roundly, the governments operate dividend-yielding works, lands, and means of communication worth \$7,000,000,000, and the governments continue to follow a policy of fresh acquisitions. Taking the federated states together, 38 per cent. of all the financial requirements for governmental purposes were met last year out of profits on government-owned enterprises. Including the imperial government, a new-comer with relatively few possessions, one-quarter of all the expenses of the state and the imperial governments on army, navy, and all other purposes, were paid out of the net profits on government businesses. Among the undertakings are no tobacco, spirit, or match monopolies.

The miniature ducal monarchy of

Schaumburg-Lippe, with a population of 44,992, and an area of 131 square miles, made \$206,150 from property owned collectively, or 5 per cent. of the requirements of the state. The still smaller principality of Reuss, the elder, with 122 square miles area, and a population of 70,603, has an income of \$10,000, the smallest actually, and the smallest in proportion of any of the German states. The little neighbor of Reuss, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, has \$350,000, or close to one-half all the public requirements, derived from state domains and mines. Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen draws 33 per cent. of the budget from farms and forests; Oldenburg, 22 per cent.; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 49.14 per cent. But it is the great states of the empire where state management of large properties shows the more important results. Bavaria pays 39 per cent. of all the administrative costs from public-owned properties; Saxony, 31 per cent.; Wurtemberg, 38.7 per cent.; and Prussia, 47.36 per cent. Prussia, which forms about five-eighths of the empire, has a constantly increasing revenue from state-owned enterprises, which yielded, in 1908, net returns of about \$176,000,000, or more than twice the state's income from taxes, which was \$85,452,000; the average income from taxation per capita was 18.1 marks; while the average per capita taken in taxation was 8.7 marks. In that year the state, owing to extensions in canals, railways, and other public works, raised by loans what amounted to an average per capita of 7.1 marks. The state income from public properties amounted, in 1908, to somewhat more than the total income from taxation and from borrowings. The railways were the largest source of income, and netted \$149,755,000, or about 8 per cent. on the total invested by Prussia in its railway system since the state began to buy and build railways, in 1848-49. Prussia derived from other sources, from its crown forests, the leased farms, the iron, coal, potash, salt, and other mines, the porcelain factories, banking, and a variety of less

important industries, \$26,900,000. The policy of Prussia, which dominates the empire, is strongly in the direction of increasing the participation of the government in industrial enterprises. The Prussian legislature, acting upon a recommendation of the emperor, in the speech from the throne at the opening of the Diet in 1906, passed a bill extending widely an old act, giving the state the right to take over at a valuation any discovery of mineral riches on private lands.

German manufacturing and mining is rather more completely under the control of combinations than is the industry of any other country. The closely organized syndicates in the coal and iron industries control production and selling prices more effectively than does the United States steel corporation in the United States. The Prussian government, in its desire to have a seat in the coal syndicate, determined three years ago to buy a controlling interest in the shares of the Hibernia Coal Company, mining 7 per cent. of the coal in the Rhine-Westphalian region. The Dresdner Bank, acting under a private arrangement with the Prussian treasury, bought shares on the stock-exchange until a majority of the capitalization had been acquired. The announcement that Prussia had bought the control of the company so vexed the group of coal owners who had previously ruled the company that they increased the capitalization, and issued the new shares to themselves, thus reacquiring a majority. The Prussian government brought a suit to pronounce the new issue illegal, but after the intermediate courts and the supreme court of the empire had decided against the Prussian contention, the matter has been dropped, so far as the Hibernia Company is concerned. The policy of Prussia remains unchanged, and further efforts, it is publicly understood, will be made by the government to obtain a vote, not only in the coal, but in the steel and other important syndicates. Prussia already has an important share in the direction of the potash syndicate. The theory of the Prussian cabinet and the crown is, that it is for the interests of the people that the state should take part in industrial combinations that undertake to regulate the prices of articles, or the production in any industry. Public opinion supports this principle.

Besides the productive ownerships of the empire, and of the individual states, the cities of Germany have gone deeply into street railways, gas, electricity, waterworks, slaughter-houses, market halls, cold storage, canals, and wharfs. Thus the republic of Lübeck pays 18.29 per cent. of its expenses from such sources, Hamburg, 4.25 per cent., and Bremen, 6.07 per cent. It is a fact of some interest that the republics among the states of the empire are far more backward in communal ownership than are the monarchies.

A summary of the government-owned properties and the income derived from them is subjoined:

	Values	Net Incomes
Farms	\$198,122,725	\$7,925,309
Forests	730,898,200	29,235,928
Mines	128,907,725	5,116,309
Railways	4,706,904,750	189,916,190
*Telegraphs	} . . 694,816,650	27,792,666
*Telephones		
*Express packages		
*Mails		
Other works	435,184,900	17,407,476

* These services are government monopolies.

Upon no department of industry does any of the state governments lose except upon steamers. The grand duchy of Baden runs its internal navigation lines at a loss of \$15,833. Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin gain on their lines \$7,163, so that on the whole of the state-owned steamer lines there is a loss of \$8,670.

This structure of collective ownership, which I have called monarchical socialism, rests upon a way of thinking in Germany, which differentiates the social and political conditions there from those of any other great industrial state. The representatives of the monarchical principle in association with the conservative classes have accepted this way of thinking, and it has entered into the very texture of their ideas of government, and is supported by the great orthodox economists, such as Schmoller and Wagner. The policy of acquiring and managing industries, lands, mines, and means of communication by the government is so vital and living a part of the German empire, the subordinate states, and the parishes, that it is slowly making Germany fundamentally different industrially and politically from the United States, Great Britain, France, or any country that comes into comparison with Germany.

The American or the Englishman when talking with a German about social or polit-

ical questions, finds that he and the German are looking at things from different basal conceptions of the functions of government. The Englishman has that background of eight centuries, during which his race has developed individual liberty, and has given free political institutions, or some form of them, to all other modern states, including Germany. A social system has been developed whose key-idea is to give the citizen free play to his individuality. The system has worked well and continues to work in the United Kingdom, the great associated colonial states, and in America. The German, while modified by the individualist school of thinking, has grown up among a different order of ideas prevailing on the Continent, derived in part from Roman law and from autocratic monarchical practice. The individual has had a less important place in the organism. The strength, welfare, and health of the whole has been the ruling conception. Hence it was possible for an enlightened society, such as that in France, to have a vigorous sincere party urging, during the Dreyfus trial, that it were better for an individual to suffer wrong than for the state to be weakened by loss of respect for the French army. The English point of view would be that it were better for a state that could not give an individual justice to perish in the endeavor to do so, than for society to maintain prestige for an institution through a disregard for the rights of one person.

The Hohenzollerns in Prussia, and the monarchies in the minor German states, in dealing with the pressure of their peoples for greater political rights, took into full consideration the economic reasons that caused political fermentation. The monarchies gave a progressively better administration, and undertook the responsibility of protecting the weaker members of society against economic misery. The so-called Prussian common law, as modified by Frederic William II, promulgated July 1, 1794, condemned idleness, recognized the right of every subject to work, and defined the state to be the protector of the poor. The common law proclaimed:

I. It is the duty of the state to provide for the sustenance and support of those of its subjects who cannot obtain subsistence for themselves.

II. Work adapted to their strength and

capacities shall be supplied to those who lack means and opportunity of earning a living for themselves and those dependent upon them.

III. Those who, from laziness, love of idleness, or other irregular proclivities, do not choose to employ the means offered them of earning a living shall be kept at useful work by compulsion and punishment, under proper control.

VI. The state is bound to take such measures as will prevent the destitution of its subjects, and check excessive extravagance.

XV. The police authority of every place must provide for all poor and destitute persons, whose subsistence cannot be insured in any other way.

This fundamental law supplemented by the Stein-Hardenberg legislation of the second decade of the last century, was the foundation upon which Bismarck stood, when, on May 9, 1884, in speaking upon industrial insurance, he proclaimed the doctrine of the right of work:

"Give the workingman work as long as he is healthy, assure him care when he is sick, insure him maintenance when he is old. Was not the right to work openly proclaimed at the time of the publication of the common law? Is it not established in all our social arrangements, that the man who comes before his fellow-citizens and says, 'I am healthy, I desire to work, but can find no work,' is entitled to say also, 'Give me work,' and that the state is bound to give him work?"

"But large public works would be necessary," exclaimed an opponent.

"Of course," replied Bismarck. "Let them be undertaken. Why not? It is the state's duty."

The Bismarckian policies, carried out with the full approval of the old emperor, and by conservative majorities in the Prussian legislature and the imperial parliament, have left as deep an impression upon the social life of Germany as his part in the unification of Germany. Modern Germany began with him to abolish pauperism, to make ordered provision for indigent old age, the sick, and the disabled. Poverty is abundant in Germany, but it does not shade off so quickly into pauperism next-door to starvation as it does in the United Kingdom and in some American cities.

The poverty is one that can, with self-respect, receive medical aid or maintenance of right from funds to which it has contributed, and will continue to contribute. These measures, while quite a separate chapter from state participation in industry, are interrelated, because both are consequences of the dominant school of political thinking that finds stability and health for society through the state sharing in business, and in compulsory provisions against the social maladies of pauperism and the unemployed.

The aim of the government in its policy of acquisition and control of mines, of communication and transport, and of sharing, to some extent, in all production whether agricultural, mineral, or industrial, is not primarily to raise revenue. The declaration of Bismarck upon the subject of state ownership of railways continues to be true. He said:

"I do not regard railways as in the main intended to be an object of financial competition; according to my view, railways are intended more for the service of traffic than of finance, though it would, of course, be foolish to say that they should not bring financial advantages. The surpluses which the states receive in the form of net profits, or which go to shareholders in the form of dividends, are really the taxation which the states might impose upon the traffic by reason of its privilege, but which, in the case of private railways, falls to shareholders."

The state railway systems of Germany are managed upon two general principles. First, they are to serve the general interests of domestic and external trade, and second, they are to show a satisfactory profit. The Prussian railway administration in 1908 lowered its regular freight tariffs for 64 per cent. of the traffic, in order to serve the exigencies of trade, especially export trade, during a period of commercial depression. The government is in a position in Germany to influence the whole machinery of trade and transportation as no other government in the world can do, and this fact must be taken into account when other peoples think of competing on equal terms with the Germans in the far East or in South America.

The administration of the railways, telegraphs, telephones, mines, and the pub-

lic domains by the state is possible only through trained civil servants. The efficiency of state-managed mines and factories in competition with privately owned enterprises in Germany comes from the character of the bureaucracy. This permanent civil service is one of the greatest glories of Germany, and one of the most powerful of reasons upholding the monarchical principle in a semi-autocratic form in Germany. The Prussian bureaucracy, the model of the other German states, is the creation of the Hohenzollern family during three centuries. It had been developed and improved under all the efficient sovereigns of the Hohenzollern line, such as the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, and it has been a principle of the private policy of the Hohenzollern family to rule through a body of civil servants, whose place in the state is as honorable as that of the army, or perhaps it would be more just to say as ranking next to the army. The non-partisan administrative body, with its own disciplinary courts for cutting out of the public service any member who uses his official position to favor a private interest, either his own or that of another, has kept the civil service up to a code of honor that can be compared in the United States only to the codes regulating the army and the navy. Thus in Germany a public servant, because of the power that his class possesses, the personal distinction, and the social position that go with the public service, is willing to work for the state for less than he could receive in the service of a private company. The chiefs of technical bureaus in the mining, agriculture or forestry, telegraph, telephone, or railway services, are paid from \$1,750 to \$3,000 a year. The director-general of the Alsace-Lorraine railways is paid \$3,375, and an allowance for house rent. District superintendents on the Prussian lines, each of whom has supervision over from 1,500 to 2,000 miles of line, are paid \$2,750 a year, with free dwellings. It frequently happens that men in the government service of unusual capacity reject offers from private concerns of two or three times the salaries they are receiving. The officials who decline such proposals have the same feeling about them that a United States army engineer would have. His pride in the service, the sense of usefulness to the

country, the social consideration shown to his service, and the certainty of being promoted regularly, and of having a pension upon his retirement, make the public service more attractive than a private one could be. The present emperor has the passion for efficiency which was the most eminent quality in Frederick the Great. The emperor trusts, and in every possible manner honors, the civil servant who has done an exceptional thing. As Mr. Bryce says of Frederick, it was not enough for this great man that a thing was well done, but that it must be done in the best possible manner. The qualities and the efficiencies that are required of the bureaucrat have made it possible for the German Emperor as King of Prussia to retain his autocratic power in the state during a period when democratic government has ruled the great neighboring states, with the exception of

Russia, and during a period when Germany has made its greatest advances in culture and in industry.

If it should be that German statesmen have hold of true principles in the ownership and management of productive properties by the state, Germany has the start by a century over other nations. It may be that a political industrial system that tends to limit individualism, as it is understood in the United States, may produce in a further development finer individuals because of what the German conceives to be a more balanced justice. Whether that be so or not, conservatives in Germany have faith in their system, and believe that subsequent generations of other peoples will find well-being in doing as the Germans are doing. There it is, a mighty phenomenon in the industrial life of one of the most advanced nations.

WILLIAM'S PSYCHIC DISTURBANCES

By Robert Alston Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"JIMINY Crickets!" ejaculated William Walter Madison, "I wish I had one! You just pick words out of the air, don't you, like the magician picking quarters out of nowhere?"

"It's very simple," explained the wireless operator. "All you need are a few wires and this little instrument."

"Father," asked William, "may I have one?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarvis Madison, banker, railroad owner, millionaire, absent-mindedly. The *Celtic*, plunging into a foamy sea, three days out from New York, had just picked up a message for him from Wall Street. The message was annoying.

"Why?" persisted William.

"Don't ask questions!" commanded his father. He was planning an answer which later, hurled through the dreary mist ahead, upset the Street for a day or two. "What

would you do with a wireless outfit? You have too many things now."

"Nothing," said William. "But may I have one?"

"No," said his father. "You are too young."

"I wonder," said William to himself, "whether I am ever going to grow up. Is she going again?" With his eyes popping with excitement he watched the operator take a message which came from a mysterious somewhere beyond the horizon.

"Don't you think your father will let you have the outfit?" asked the operator after Mr. Madison had gone. That the son of Mr. Jarvis Madison could not have anything under the sun that he wanted seemed strange to him.

"No," answered William. "When father says no that way, it's no, or a licking for meh!" But for the rest of the run in Will-

iam spent most of his time in the little cabin on the forward deck.

"Jarvis," said Mrs. Madison one evening several weeks after their return, "have you noticed any change in William?"

"I can't say that I have," answered Mr. Madison.

"You haven't! For six weeks he has been angelic. He hurries home from school every day and seems very anxious to study. He appears to have lost interest in everything else. He is getting pale and I am afraid that he is working too hard."

Mr. Madison smiled. William, breaking down under overwork at his books, was a picture he could not project.

"I'm really worried," continued Mrs. Madison. "I think I'll have Doctor Manners look him over."

Accordingly William, much disgusted at the proceeding, was haled to the Doctor's office and with a bored expression heard that learned gentleman assure his mother that there was nothing the matter. "Two or three hours on horseback in the Park every afternoon is all that he needs."

"But I couldn't study my lessons," said William, his face falling.

"I'll give you an excuse for your lessons," said Mrs. Madison.

"I don't want an excuse," said William. "Couldn't I play on the roof?"

"The roof!" Doctor Manners looked puzzled.

"We have a playground on the roof for William," explained Mrs. Madison.

"Anything to keep him out-doors will do," said the Doctor, and he bowed his visitors out.

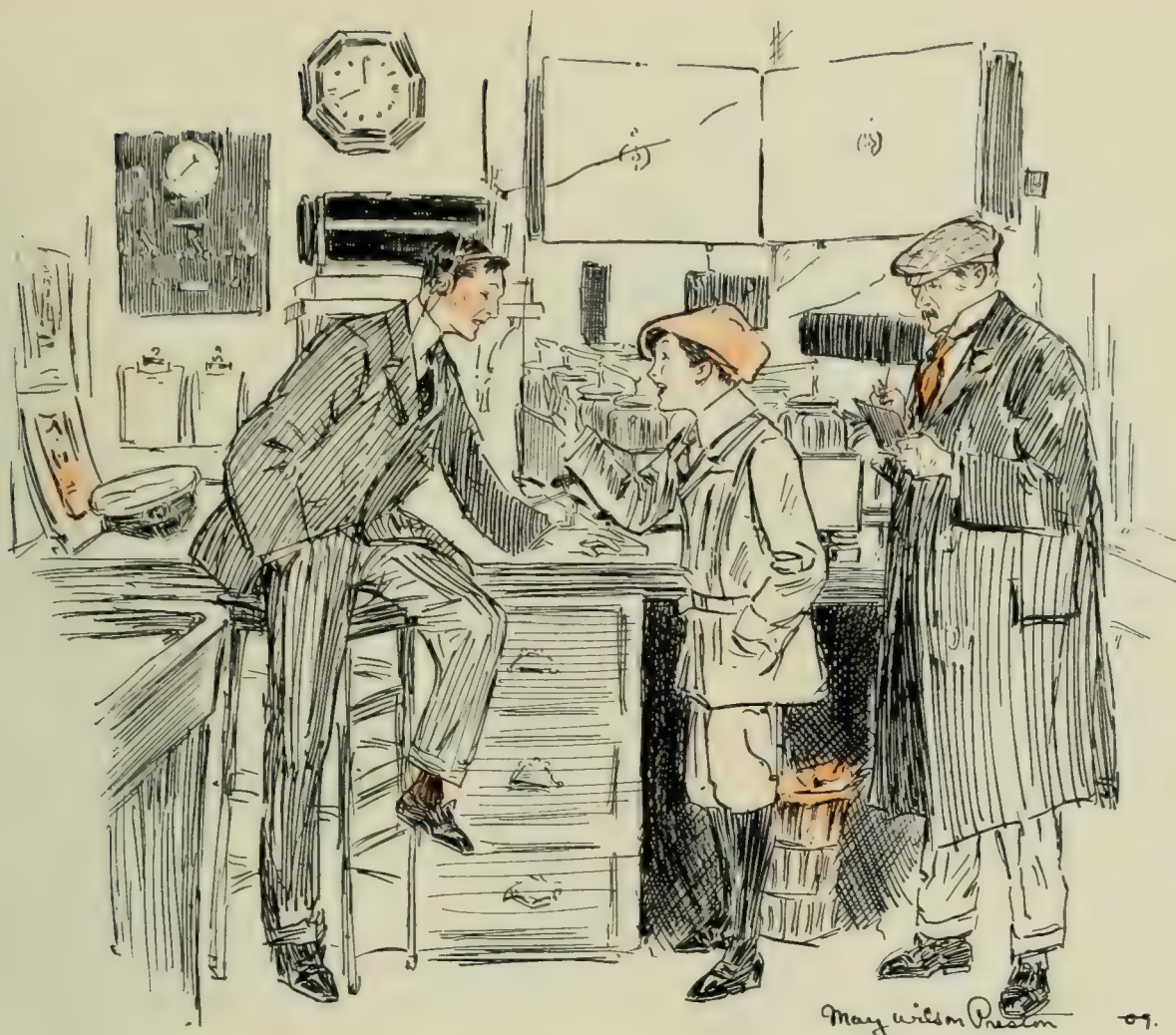
Mrs. Madison watched William for a day or two, and as no further signs of waning health appeared, other than an unusual attention to his school work, she soon forgot her anxiety and accepted it as a turn for the better in his career. Besides, it was a very busy season for her. A leader in advanced thought, she was very much interested in efforts to uplift mankind from dull monotony into the region of possibility as disclosed by the researches of the Society for the Investigation of Psychic Phenomena. The first meeting of the society was to be held shortly and its importance overshadowed even William's sudden conversion to the rank of hard-working students.

That young gentleman, always greatly interested in anything unusual, was attracted one afternoon, on his return from school, by the crowd of motors and carriages that filled the street in front of his home. Knowing that his mother did not approve of his appearance in public on such occasions, he entered the house by way of the basement and was on his way to his room when he met one of the footmen.

"What's doing, Patrick?" he asked.

"Sure, I don't know, Master William," was his answer. "There's a pale gent goin' to talk to the ladies. I was just hearin' the butler say he was a spook raiser, whatever that means."

Filled with curiosity, William sought a dark corner of the hallway near the drawing-room, and, partly because of his adventuresome spirit, and partly because of the attractiveness of Patrick's description of what was going on, it was not long before he discovered that he could further his investigations much more easily by slipping under the curtains to a point of vantage beneath the piano close by in the drawing-room. With careful manipulation of the draperies on the piano he managed to get a very good view of the meeting, and without much risk of discovery settled down to an enjoyment of the proceedings. What risk there was thrilled William—the Last of the Mohicans was always at his best in ambush—and he wished he had a pea-shooter with him. The long-haired leader of the advanced thinkers would have made an excellent mark. But when the lecturer warmed up to his work William forgot everything else in the excitement of what he heard. He could feel the goose flesh creeping over his shoulders as Mr. Algernon Vivian described his intimate conversations with the departed. He was thrilled when messages from the dead were retailed, and he was greatly interested in a story of a departed spirit establishing his identity by a reference to a second cousin's rusty penknife. The climax came, however, when Mr. Vivian assured the ladies that the time was soon coming when mediumship would be easy, within the reach of all, and quick and instant communication with the spirit world would be established with the possibility of thereby obtaining glimpses of the future. William could stand no more. He emerged, his head bulging with ideas of a practical nature and



'You just pick words out of the air, don't you?'—Page 75.

the joy of a new discovery. That evening he tried to fall into a trance—but he fell asleep in the process and, although he repeated his efforts in a purely scientific frame of mind, nothing happened, and he was on the point of asking his mother about it when suddenly—as was generally the case with William—a new idea came to him. He always hugged his ideas to his very soul, because he found that they were seldom received with favor by grown-ups, and for two or three days his heart was full of joy. Not in vain had he crawled under the piano.

"Mother," William raised his head from the couch in the library, on which he had been lying quietly for a half hour after dinner, "I feel as if I were going to fall into a trance."

"A trance!" Mrs. Madison looked up from a picture puzzle.

"Yes, one of those things Mr. Vivian told about."

"When did you hear Mr. Vivian?" Mrs. Madison looked over the puzzle critically.

"I was under the piano." William sank back on the couch and his voice was weak. "I feel—queer— I feel it coming—on."

"William!" Mrs. Madison sprang up quickly in alarm, scattering the four hundred and twenty-eight pieces of the puzzle in all directions. "What is the matter?"

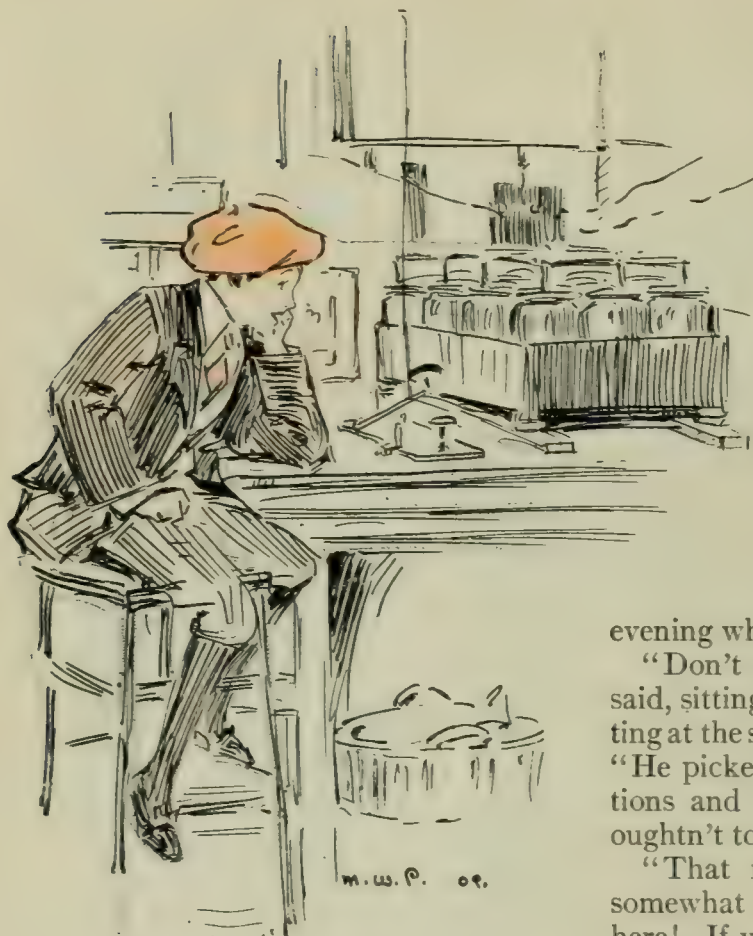
"I don't know. I feel dreammmmy—and—" his voice faded away into a faint murmur.

"William! William!" Mrs. Madison leaned over the couch. William lay motionless; his eyes were closed and his arms rested rigid at his sides. His lips, however, were moving gently.

"I—see— I see—" the words came slowly.

"What!" whispered his mother.

"I see—" the voice was low yet distinct



But for the rest of the run in William spent most of his time in the little cabin on the forward deck.
Page 75.

—“I see—Aunt Jane. She’s on—the sea. She’s coming here.”

“Your Aunt Jane!” Mrs. Madison regained her composure. “Your Aunt Jane is in Europe.”

No reply came from the couch. Stiff and motionless, William lay unresponsive.

“William!” Mrs. Madison shook him vigorously. “What is this nonsense about your Aunt Jane?”

No answer.

“William!” Mrs. Madison grew alarmed.

“What’s the matter, mother”—languid surprise was in the boy’s voice—“was I asleep?”

“What did you mean when you spoke of your Aunt Jane?”

“What about Aunt Jane?”

“You said you saw her.”

“Did I—then I must have fallen into a trance.”

“You did nothing of the sort.”

“Didn’t I!” this disappointedly.

“You must go to bed instantly.”

“All right,” said William, and with meek resignation he rose from the couch and obeyed his mother’s command. Several times during the evening she tiptoed up to his room only to find him sleeping sweetly and showing no signs of his recent psychical disturbance. Was it possible that he had lost consciousness! Perplexed, Mrs. Madison resumed her efforts with the picture puzzle which had been rescued from the floor.

Mr. Madison smiled incredulously later in the evening when he heard of William’s trance.

“Don’t you know your own son?” he said, sitting down opposite her and squinting at the scattered absurdities on the table. “He picked up some of Vivian’s crazy notions and is having fun with them. You oughtn’t to let him hear such weird stuff.”

“That may be,” said Mrs. Madison, somewhat nettled, “but if you had been here! If you had seen William you would have been as perplexed as I am. The child is so imaginative. It is a clear case of auto-suggestion.”

“Auto-fiddlesticks! I think this piece belongs there!” Mr. Madison picked up a small segment of the puzzle and reached across the table to prove his assertion.

“Well, I declare,” said Mrs. Madison, “I’ve nearly gone mad trying to find the rest of that angel’s wing and you’ve found it without trying.”

“MISS MADISON!” the butler’s voice interrupted, and was followed by a breezy:

“Hello, Jarvis, Martha. How-do-you-do.” Miss Jane Madison bustled into the room.

“JANE!” Mrs. Madison rose with a blank look on her face. What Mr. Madison said he said to himself.

“JANE!” repeated Mrs. Madison mechanically.

“The same,” replied Aunt Jane. “I wired Mary not to tell you. The *Baltic* docked late and I took a bite before coming. I wanted to surprise you.”

“You have.” Mrs. Madison sank back into her chair and looked at her husband. “Isn’t it queer and spooky?”

"The cordiality of this reception impresses me," said Aunt Jane. "Have you two lost your minds? You haven't said once that you were glad to see me. Don't I look well in my new Paris clothes?"

"Jane," said Mr. Madison, "it's William's fault. According to Martha he fell into a trance this evening——"

"And predicted your coming!" interrupted Mrs. Madison.

"The dear," said Aunt Jane. "William must be a good guesser. No one knew that I was coming but Mary."

"What a convenient thing it must be to have a clairvoyant in your own family!" she added after she heard of William's dip into the realms of the unknown. "I must get him to throw a trance for me."

"You must not do anything of the sort," said Mrs. Madison positively. "If William did lose consciousness it would not do him any good to tell him about it, and if he didn't—you'll admit, Jarvis, that it was a strange coincidence?"

"I'll admit nothing about William," said Mr. Madison.

The next morning Mrs. Madison observed William with scientific thoroughness. He listened to her description of Aunt Jane's unexpected return from Europe with genuine, open-eyed surprise and made no reference to the evening before. Evidently it had made no impression on him, and when he departed for school his mother watched him swing gracefully down the avenue on his roller skates with a steadily growing conviction that, whatever the cause, it had been her lot to witness, at first hand, a remarkable phenomenon. Later in the day she

discussed the occurrence with Aunt Jane, who had dropped in for a cup of tea and a bit of gossip.

"I confess," she said, "that I do not understand it."

"I wouldn't try," said Aunt Jane, who knew William. "I'd wait. William generally explains himself if you give him time. By the way, where is he? I haven't seen him."

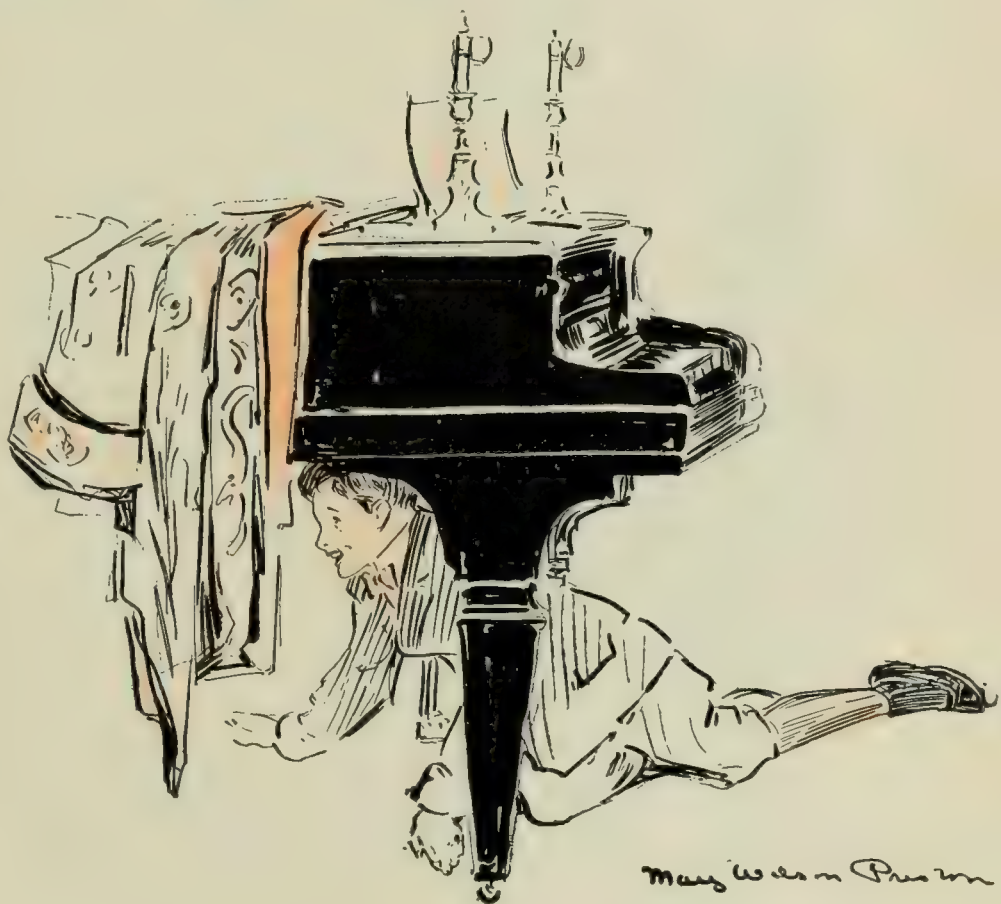
"He's playing on the roof. I'll send for him."

In a few moments William appeared and greeted his aunt with the suppressed enthusiasm of thirteen; he seemed to be preoccupied. After the formalities were over he quickly withdrew from the conversation with a few cakes, abstracted from the tea-table for future use, and was forgotten.

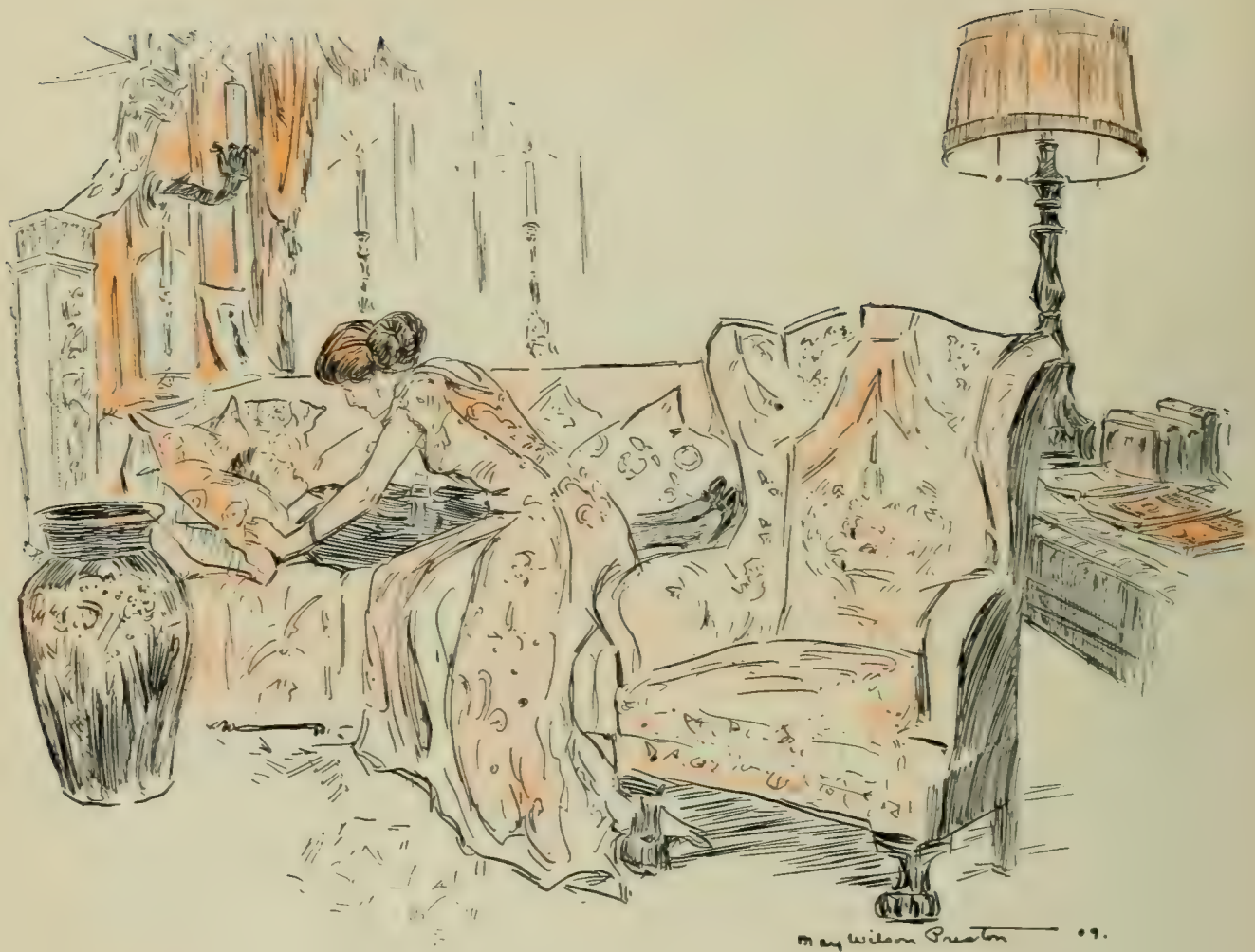
"Why in the world did you come home so unexpectedly?" asked Mrs. Madison. "You planned to stay over for a year."

"I missed my church work and—what's that?"

A low, gurgling sound came from some-



He managed to get a very good view of the meeting.—Page 76



"I see—Aunt Jane. She's on—the sea. She's coming here"—Page 78.

where in the room. They listened and again it came.

"Look!" Aunt Jane pointed toward the couch where, in the dim light, stretched out at full length, William was emitting strange sounds.

"He must be throwing another fit," said Aunt Jane. Followed by Mrs. Madison, she tiptoed over to the couch. For a moment the gurgles continued and then gradually merged into coherent, but hesitating, enunciation.

"Don't say a word," whispered Aunt Jane; "this beats one of your society meetings a mile."

"I see," came from William's lips, "I see—words— I can't see them all— J—D—Wells—" The look on Aunt Jane's face changed—"will—arrange wedding—for—January—J—ane—M—ad—i—son." William's voice faded away into dreamy uncertainty.

For a moment they stood looking at William, and then with a quizzical smile Mrs. Madison looked at Aunt Jane, whose face betokened embarrassed surprise.

"You young rascal!" she said leaning over and shaking William with all her strength.

"What's wrong?" William rubbed his eyes, apparently struggling with an effort to regain the world of reality.

"Jane!" Mrs. Madison interrupted, forgetting her psychic son for a moment, "are you going to marry Jack Wells? You dear old thing! I'm so glad. Now I know why you came back."

"I might just as well own up," said Aunt Jane. "I am, but I'd like to know how this young rat found it out." After she had disengaged herself from Mrs. Madison's enthusiastic embrace she turned to the couch. "William!" she said sternly, but her nephew, with characteristic decision, had removed himself quietly and quickly from

the scene of action; he had never been a demonstrative boy

Meanwhile Mr. Jarvis Madison was being driven up-town in his electric brougham. With a frown on his face he leaned back in a corner and neglected the bundle of evening newspapers lying on the seat beside him. The day in the Street had been trying and Jarvis, usually at peace with the world, was in a bad humor. The stock of one of his pet railroads had been attacked by the bears; the price had gone tumbling down throughout the session of the Stock Exchange, and that was exactly what he did not want to happen. Some strong influence was at work, but with all his skill he had not been able to discover from what source the attack had come, and unless he could check the onslaught Mr. Jarvis Madison stood to lose a million, perhaps more.

Consequently when he reached his home he gave but indifferent attention to Mrs. Madison's news regarding William's actions and dismissed the romantic announcement involving Aunt Jane with:

"I knew she would."

He hurried through his dinner and shortly after received a group of his associates who had been hastily summoned to a conference. He outlined his plans for the next day concisely and with the boldness that had made him famous, and remarked in closing:

"I'd give ten thousand dollars if I could find out before the market opens to-morrow who is back of it all. I suspect Billings, but he has been in Cuba for the last six weeks. If it is he I think I could make things so interesting for him in his Western line that he would not bother me for the next ten years. I think we can pull through anyhow, but it would be a great relief to know the exact source of the attack."

The party filed out into the night, and after the door had closed Mr. Madison stood in the hall a moment thinking. Then he mounted slowly the broad stairway to the library above. Had he not been so busy with his thoughts he might have noticed William's face peering with reckless excitement from behind the drawing-room hangings. When his father disappeared, he emerged from his hiding place and went up the stairs one at a time. He, too, was engaged in deep thought. He stopped by

the library door and looked inside; his father was sitting in an easy-chair with his head resting on his hand and his mother was reading by a low light near him, and William hesitated. He puckered up his brows and then—William was a chip of the old block—quick decision came to him and he went quietly into the library and, unnoticed, arranged himself comfortably on the couch. Silence reigned for several moments, and then Mr. Madison was brought back from Wall Street by a touch on his shoulder.

"Jarvis," said Mrs. Madison softly, "look at William!"

Mr. Madison looked up. "What is the matter with William?" he asked impatiently.

"Listen," said Mrs. Madison. "He's there on the couch."



"Have you two lost your minds? You haven't said once that you were glad to see me."—Page 79.

With an annoyed expression, Mr. Madison concentrated his attention on his son and heir. After a few preliminary gurgles William lapsed into silence and Mr. Madison started to speak.

"Sh!" warned Mrs. Madison. The honk of a passing motor broke the stillness, but Mr. Madison obeyed his wife's warning finger and they waited and listened. They were rewarded shortly when William, without his usual stage settings, in a voice that was robust and strong, broke the silence with:

"POUND MADISON—BILLINGS."

Mr. Madison gripped the arms of his

chair and half rose, a strange expression on his face.

"Is he saying anything that interests you?" asked Mrs. Madison. Triumph was in her eyes.

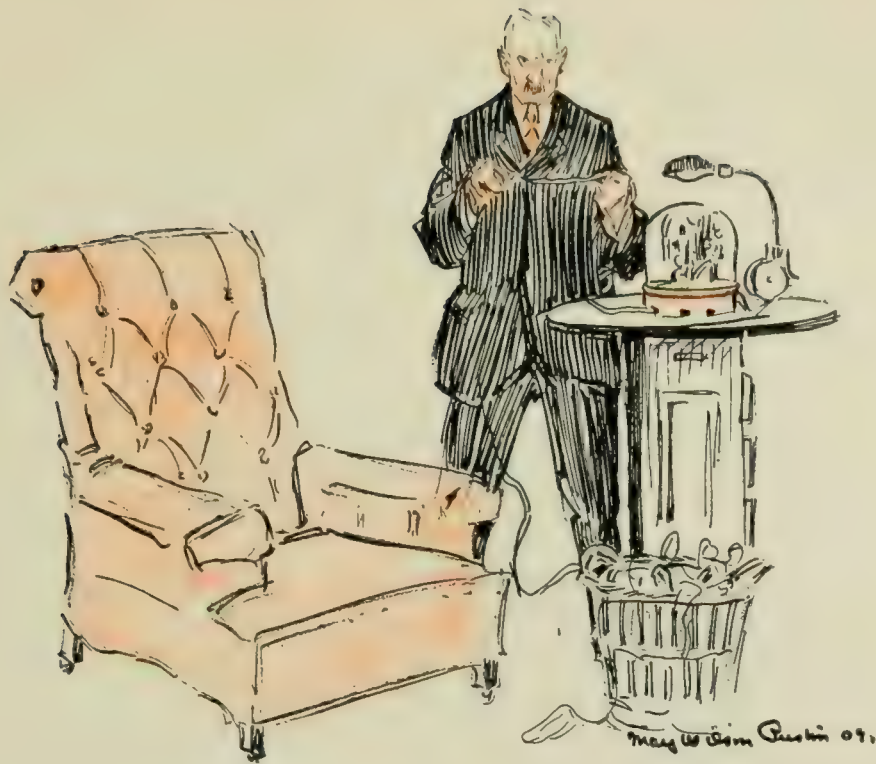
"He's saved me about a million if what he says is true," announced Mr. Madison with a gasp as he sank back in his chair and watched William. Mrs. Madison said nothing. She was curious to see how her husband would deal with the situation.

"William," Mr. Madison spoke sharply, "I think you are over your trance now."

William sat up with a quickness that evidenced a speedy return from oblivion.



"Don't say a word," whispered Aunt Jane; "this beats one of your society meetings a mile."—Page 80.



And unless he could check the onslaught Mr. Jarvis Madison stood to lose a million, perhaps more.—Page 81.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever succeeded in bluffing me?"

"No, sir."

"Well, will you kindly tell me where you get your information for these side-shows that you have been giving?"

William rose with alacrity; he understood that tone in his father's voice. "Yes, sir," he said, "if you'll come up-stairs."

Followed by his father, he led the way past his own room and the servants' quarters until they emerged on the roof.

"There," he said with a dramatic gesture which took in the whole heavens silver with the light of a brilliant moon.

Mr. Madison looked about him for a moment in some doubt, and then, catching sight of a net-work of wires stretched between two chimneys, he smiled.

"I see," he said finally. "Did you manage this wireless business yourself?"

"Yes," answered William excitedly. "Mr. Dripp, on the *Celtic*, told me how to do it and where I could get the fittings. I've got the receiver down in my closet. It's as easy as pie. I can't read the messages right off yet, but I mark down the dots and dashes and translate them after-

ward. I could have a lot more fun if I had a sender, but I haven't saved up enough yet. You said I couldn't have one, but I thought you wouldn't mind if I got it myself. Perhaps I ought to have told you."

"But why did you try to fool your mother?"

William thought for a moment.

"I guess," he said, "it must have been that man with the long hair. I don't know. Anyhow, I did. I couldn't help it when I picked up those messages of Aunt Jane's, and it was more fun than a goat to watch their faces when I was throwing the fits."

"When did you pick up my message?"

"Early this morning when I was practising."

"I think you had better go to bed now," said Mr. Madison, but before he left the roof he looked out over the twinkling lights of the city to the south. Somewhere out there in the moonlight he knew that there was a ship heading toward New York, and he smiled when he thought of what was going to fall out of the air into the consciousness of one of its passengers, John Gordon Billings, before the stock market was open an hour the next morning. After

inspecting William's receiving instrument he parted from that young gentleman and started down-stairs tingling with the fun he was going to have with John Billings.

"Father!"

Mr. Madison stopped and looked up.

William's face was peering over the balustrade in the hall above.

"Yes?"

"If you don't mind, I'll take a brand-new two-hundred-mile sending instrument instead of the ten thousand."



May Wilson Boston 09

"If you don't mind, I'll take a brand-new two-hundred-mile sending instrument instead of the ten thousand."

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF A JURYMAN

By Joseph Hornor Coates



AN experience as juror serving some half-dozen or more terms in State courts and two terms in the United States courts, covering some hundreds of trials, either actively engaged or as spectator, and principally in criminal cases, is, perhaps, a greater mishap of its kind than usually falls to the lot of the citizen. If it does not entitle one to speak with any degree of authority on the position of a juryman it at least suggests some topics for serious reflection, more especially as regards the juror's relations to trials for crime. This paper proposes to present briefly a few of these.

We are often told that "trial by jury" is the palladium of our liberties, the great glory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence; and it is hardly to be questioned that the founders of the American Republic considered the preservation of this principle as of the first importance. Alexander Hamilton devotes Number LXXXIII of *The Federalist* solely to a defence against the charge that the new Constitution neglected to guarantee jury trial in civil cases if not in criminal trials; and to clear up any obscurity on this point it was found necessary for the first Congress to propose a number of amendments firmly engrafting the principle of jury trial upon American jurisprudence in order to secure final ratification of the Constitution by all the States. In theory, then, at least, the position of a juryman ought to be one of some special dignity, and certainly it is often one of great moral responsibility. So far as the observation of one man goes, the juryman with few exceptions enters the jury-box with a keen sense of his responsibilities and a conscientious and sober desire to do his duty in rendering even-handed justice. In jury room discussions I remember perhaps two or three cases, not more, where prejudice quite evidently ruled a fellow-juror's judgment, several instances where sympathy blinded him to the demand of the law for a punitive verdict, but not a single instance where a

suspicion of corrupt motive has remained. The juror seems specially to bear in mind—more faithfully than either bench or bar, at times, so far as my observation goes—that he is what his title implies, the sworn man.

The juryman when summoned for court service is likely to have had little or no previous experience; the majority are serving for the first time. He is brought into court under threat of punishment if he does not obey the summons; he finds it difficult to be relieved of what is often—perhaps usually—a distasteful and inconvenient duty paid for at day-laborer's wage; if he wishes to proffer a request to be let off he must be presented by an attorney at the bar of the court for examination, make his plea and offer his excuse in respectful terms, and, as a favor, receive the mercy of the court or, perhaps, have it frowningly rejected by the judge, who sits towering above him while he stands below as an unsuccessful suppliant. Usually, I fancy, he is treated with courtesy, but sometimes it is scant and sometimes he meets impatient rudeness. There is the oft-told story of some famous English jurist who, when asked what were the qualifications of a good judge, answered: "A good judge? H-m, let me see: he ought to have good manners, a good temper, common-sense, and—well, if he knows a little law it won't hurt him." No doubt these are qualities which go far to insure success in any walk of life; but however it may be in England, it must be admitted that occasionally our American judges lack the first two qualifications, though, perhaps, I ought to say that I myself have never had personal cause of complaint and have the memory of much courtesy from the bench. Lapses from good temper are no doubt unconscious and simply due to some natural infirmity and the vexation incident to tedious routine work; though it may be that a judge, especially a younger one, thinks it his duty to bear in mind the old German law which prescribed that he should sit "like a grim-looking

would promptly be committed for contempt. Really, it seems good logic to hold that if the judge—one part of the court—can commit for contempt a jurymen—another part—the jury ought to have the same right to commit the judge when he offends; though how they are going to enforce an order of commitment seems beyond conjecture. Speaking seriously, however, the whole question of a judge's power to commit for contempt is somewhat vague and a little inchoate after all; it rests now on a legal assumption fortified by precedent, and it would probably be desirable to have it accurately defined by statute. In that one case, at least, I have known the fear of it powerfully to influence jurymen in joining in a verdict against their convictions. If that was a violation of their oath, if it was perjury, then it is hard to see why the act of the judge which brought it about was not subornation.

In some civil causes the judge has a practice of issuing "binding instructions" to the jury to render a particular verdict where he is convinced the law would not justify any other. He may take the case from the jury by entering a nonsuit, but then a new suit might be brought on the same cause of action; so, to settle the matter, he wishes a verdict, and as he cannot render one himself and enter it on the record he instructs the jury to do it. Something very like that appears sometimes to be done in criminal trials as well. The procedure is unquestionably of convenience both to bench and bar; and the legal mind, which occasionally has a fondness for perversion of reasoning, will find plenty of argument to support it. But there is the juror with an oath resting on his conscience obliging him to render a verdict on his own judgment; what is he to do? Is he simply to obey orders? As a matter of fact, unless he happens to be foreman, he never renders any verdict at all; he is not consulted by his fellows and simply sits still while the foreman, under instructions from the judge, announces a verdict in which no one has taken a part except himself. Whether that is placed on the record as the free action of the jury I do not know; if the fact that "binding instructions" have been issued is not recorded, it ought to be. To the lay mind it would seem clear that no sworn juror should consent to accept instructions from any one.

And the whole proceeding is simply a convenience to save a few moments in time, for if the judge should explain the matter to the jury and send them out, they would come back at once with the proper verdict at least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if not invariably. There is probably no miscarriage of justice from this practice, but as a short cut it seems unreasonable, unnecessary, arbitrary, and improper; yet few practices are more firmly engrafted on court procedure. There is a case recently reported where a coroner, apparently wishing to shield the police from danger of prosecution for false arrest, forced his jury to accuse a particular person of murder when they had brought in an open verdict against "parties unknown," which he declined to receive and bullied the jurors into changing it as he wished. The evidence, it may be said, was so slight that the person accused by the coroner was never even indicted, but was discharged on hearing.

No judge in this country would dare to commit a jury for their verdict, though jurymen are sometimes afraid of it; but verdicts have been known to be received with scolding and abuse, and the offending jurors dismissed from further service in disgrace. Sometimes judges openly show their disagreement with the conclusions of the jury in a way that does not tend to enhance respect for the jury system. I once heard a judge call back to the bar of a court a man who had just been acquitted and tell him that he need not think he left that court room in the character of an innocent man, even though the jury had pronounced him not guilty. And in another case the judge ordered the acquitted man back into the custody of the court while he inquired of the district attorney whether there was no way in which he could be tried over again. I was not in the jury-box in either of these cases, but from what I heard of the evidence it seemed to me both verdicts were just, and that it was not in good form to cast reflections upon them.

In England it has been claimed that in theory jurors are even to-day liable to fine for bringing in a verdict "contrary to the direction of the court in matters of law," though it is said that this is disputable and "certainly would never now be attempted in practice." Before 1670 jurors who per-

sisted in acquitting prisoners whom the judges wished convicted were often fined and imprisoned. In the celebrated case of the acquittal of William Penn and Mead, the presiding officer of court, the recorder, said to the jury, after they had been virulently abused during the trial: "I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions, rather than the good and wholesome advice which was given you; God keep my life out of your hands; but for this the court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment till paid." They were discharged from Newgate jail upon habeas corpus and "their commitment was adjudged illegal." Other cases of the kind were brought before the House of Commons, which resolved "that the precedents and practice of fining or imprisoning jurors for verdicts is illegal." And "finally, in 1670, it was solemnly decided by the Court of King's Bench that the practice was contrary to law." The same principle of law which protects jurors from punishment by fine or imprisonment when the judge thinks their verdict a perversion of justice, it would seem, ought to protect them as well from lesser punishment by scolding or open contempt. If their judgment is honest, even though mistaken, they are entitled to be treated with respect; if they have entered into a conspiracy to pervert justice they should be indicted and tried as for any other crime. Scolding and openly manifested contempt is ill judged in either case; it is either an inadequate punishment or it is unjust and improper. When the jury returns a verdict it is the judgment of the court; and for the sitting judge to treat that judgment of the court flippantly or contemptuously because he disagrees with it tends to bring the whole system into disrepute. His plain duty is to do what he can to elevate the system of trial by jury so long as it is an essential part of our jurisprudence. It has fallen into a certain degree of contempt, and for this state of affairs judges cannot be held entirely guiltless. It is doubtless only the very few who commit improprieties, but the great majority of righteous judges have a power of influence if they would exercise it; and it might be of profit to ask themselves why it is that when a man is obliged to serve as a juror many of his friends think it the same sort of joke as if he were arrested and

fined for speeding a motor-car. It is hard to think of any more effective way to enhance the dignity of trial by jury in the mind of the public than by respect shown to the jurors in the court room; and that is largely, if not entirely, at present in the hands of the judge.

The general neglect to use unquestionable power for better things is more fairly a subject of criticism than the few instances of gross impropriety which serve to call attention to the weakness of the situation. It should not be hard for courts to increase popular respect for the current administration of justice, lapses in which from time to time show themselves in suspicion of the courts. If jurors and jury service are not now what they should be, the majority of judges can effect a reform to higher standards, provided they honestly and earnestly believe in trial by jury as a safeguard of liberty and justice. Many of them are perhaps not altogether convinced of that, the pleasing platitudes of expositors of "Anglo-Saxon law" notwithstanding. It may be questioned whether the tendency is growing to take the system seriously; one sometimes hears lawyers question its value and express preference for trial without jury.

The question as to how a serious divergence of view in the jury room should be dealt with has presented much difficulty and has often been discussed. Experience in jury service does not seem to suggest any entirely satisfactory remedy; and in practice it seems impossible to avoid at times some degree of pressure upon the minority to get on with the business of the court and avoid unreasonable mistrials. In civil cases, as in damage suits where the question involved is the amount of money to be awarded, the jury often arrives at a verdict by averaging the discordant estimates of its members; but that is a crude method at the best, and no doubt is often abused. I remember once being foreman of a jury trying a suit against a telephone company for damaging some trees with its wires. The plaintiff, on the stand, thought his damage might be three hundred and fifty dollars. Personally I thought the injury insignificant, if any; but the eleven other jurymen had no doubt whatever that a telephone company always injures trees or anything else at every opportunity. After general discussion I proposed that each

juror should write on a slip his own estimate of the damage to be awarded. One slip was for nothing, one for five dollars, and I think one for twenty-five dollars; but the average was some fifty dollars beyond the plaintiff's own estimate! On calling attention to this and that one slip contained the grossly excessive figures of six hundred dollars, the youngest jurymen, who seemed a nice sort of lad, spoke up ingenuously, saying, "that's mine. I supposed it would come to an average and thought I'd better put it high enough so as to make it all right!" Perhaps some of those who made low estimates may have had the same idea. However, we settled on a hundred-dollar verdict rather than have a mistrial; and I learned afterward that the defendant company was satisfied to get off so easy. While it thought it ought to have a verdict in its favor, it did not expect one. One of the counsel in this case was a woman lawyer, and tried her case admirably, though the jury found against her client.

In criminal trials, especially for a grave offence, there is often much difficulty in arriving at unanimity. Few cases that are defended at all are so clear as to be beyond the shadow of a doubt; and the line of cleavage is vague between what is "a reasonable doubt" to which the accused is legally entitled and the degree insufficient to acquit him. To many minds the one so insensibly merges into the other that it is hard to draw the line. Human sympathy naturally plays its part; not improperly, notwithstanding the legal theory that a jurymen must attempt the impossible and dehumanize himself. It is, and ought to be, painful for a right-minded man to be obliged to send his fellow-creature to jail or to the gallows; though I have rarely seen what seemed to me a miscarriage of justice from this cause. I have more than once, however, seen an obstinate man hold up a verdict for a long time where his sympathies were enlisted, but where there seemed no reasonable doubt about the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. In one case, a charge of burglary, where the guilt seemed to me clearly established, we were kept out all night by seven of the jury who insisted on acquittal, and the cause was apparently race prejudice. Three white men were being tried, and the main evidence was that of a negro accomplice, who

had turned State's witness, corroborated by two other negroes and a professional detective. One juror said to me during the weary watches of the night, "I'll never agree to send those white men to jail while that nigger gets off free!" I fancy he would have made little trouble if the question had been to send all four to jail. Detective evidence seems rarely to receive much serious consideration in the jury room.

In another case a white girl was accusing a negro of an attempt at felonious assault. Her own testimony showed that at the time of the occurrence there had been no thought of wrong on either side, but that what was merely a somewhat unseemly scuffle had been magnified by her parents into serious attempt at crime and that suggestion put into her head. Eleven of the jury in short order came to that conclusion, notwithstanding a little evident race prejudice; but the twelfth juror frankly said that he wanted conviction simply on the ground that the accused was a negro. In fact, he had made that announcement at the noon lunch recess of court, before he had heard the evidence. At the last moment, when adjournment for the night was at hand, the rest made a dead set at him and brought him in.

Where one unreasonable man is holding up a verdict in which he ought to join, all sorts of pressure is often brought to bear and there appears to be no other way out. The judge locks the jury up indefinitely to force an agreement. In England, I believe, the jurors are confined in an unfurnished room, unheated in cold weather, and given neither food nor drink until they agree. They are starved out. Here they are fed and every reasonable effort is made for their comfort during this imprisonment, though I have had to sleep on hard wooden benches or chairs. Once, the only comfortable spot I could find was the judge's high-backed chair, tilted back seductively on springs, with my feet propped up on a pile of law books on his desk; we were not confined to one room during the night, but had the range of the court-house, under guard. In the morning, after the jury was discharged, I told him he possessed the only berth in court suitable to a nap. He placidly replied, with his invariable courtesy, "I noticed this morning that somebody had been disturbing my desk" (no doubt I had

put his books back in wrong order). "I have several times told the county commissioners they ought to provide cot-beds for jurors; I wish you would go to them and make complaint, and I will support it." Since that time they have been provided in this court.

Where simple argument fails, persuasion, and often angry denunciation, usually brings an obstinate man to terms after awhile, and after he sees the one or two others who have at first stood with him gradually fall off. It is hard for one man to stand out permanently against eleven others who are locked up in the one room with him and clamoring to be let out. Nobody likes to be isolated and most men shrink from staying in a hopeless minority. I have seen cases where the jury was at first evenly divided and where the first defection from one side to the other was speedily followed by an agreement of the whole. Some men never seem to have any firmly settled conviction, but wait to see on which side preponderance lies. And then, more than once, I think a verdict was delayed past meal time by one or two men, simply to get a good dinner at public cost. Once we were taken, in charge of two bailiffs, to one of the leading hotels of Philadelphia and served with an elaborate mid-day dinner of seven or eight courses, at United States Government expense, in the most sumptuous private parlor of the house, a room which has often been the scene of distinguished social functions and where royalty has been entertained. Under the influence of that mollifying feeding an agreement was not very much longer delayed. It is fair to say, however, that a wish to dine at public cost had nothing to do with the long delay in this case, which was due solely to the sympathy of one juror who hated to be instrumental in jailing the accused person. He did not seem to want a verdict of acquittal either; but simply a "hung jury," a disagreement which should relieve him of a feeling of personal responsibility.

A modification of the requirement of unanimity in a verdict has often been advocated as a reform. In civil cases there would not seem to be much danger in letting the judgment of nine men out of the twelve stand as the judgment of the court, reporting the divided vote as part of the verdict, so that if an appeal should be taken the figures of the vote might be considered

by the appellate court. I believe in some of the newer States unanimity is not always required.

In criminal trials—and it is there that the trouble mostly arises—the case seems to be somewhat different; but in other than capital cases perhaps the judgment of ten might be taken without substantial risk of injustice. Where a man is on trial for his life, or for any crime punishable by long imprisonment even, the strong conviction of innocence in the minds of several jurymen seems to me in itself often to raise the question of a reasonable doubt of guilt. For evidence in criminal trials is often of a character hard to weigh justly in arriving at a conclusion as to truth.

There would be nothing new in accepting the judgment of a divided jury. Even an appeal to Anglo-Saxon law, so dear to the heart of the theorist in jurisprudence, will furnish precedents, and we know how sacred a thing a precedent is in the eye of bench and bar. A legal writer quotes the law of Ethelred making the verdict of a two-thirds majority valid: "Let doom stand where thanes are of one voice: if they disagree, let that stand which VIII of them say; and let those who are there outvoted pay each of them VI half marks." Like many reformers, Ethelred—or his adviser who may have framed the law—perhaps had some private doubt as to the propriety of his own reform, and added the concluding provision imposing a substantial fine upon a recalcitrant minority to insure unanimity after all; tradition and precedent are sometimes tyrannous things. One may imagine the panic of those unlucky jurors who found themselves in the fatal minority, and the scramble to change votes and escape being mulcted in "VI half marks" each. As the fine amounted to some twenty-five shillings or more in silver, and money was then vastly more valuable than now, it may easily have been a potent "discourager of hesitancy," and the obstinate juror who stood out to the end would pay well for his amusement.

The locking up of juries, actually imprisoning them, may be necessary; but any agreement reached in that way appears to correspond pretty closely in terms to what the law books call an agreement extorted "under duress of imprisonment," which is fraudulent and invalid. The authority for

it rests on the very old precedent of court practice; and no doubt judges would find the most ample justification in law if the right were questioned, especially as there is nobody to decide on their own powers but the judges themselves. It is an indignity for a free citizen, acting as part of a court of justice, to have his liberty taken away by a show of force—for he is taken into custody, led into a room, and locked in forcibly by court officers—and he might well ask himself whether he is capable of rendering a strictly impartial verdict under restraint. Perhaps that is one way of convincing the prisoner at the bar that he is being “tried by his peers.” In a recent murder trial in New York City, notorious over the whole civilized world, each juror was placed under arrest as he stepped into the jury-box, even before the case had opened, and he was kept a close prisoner—unless fortunate enough to be rejected as a juror—throughout the wearisome weeks of that trial. The excuse offered for this indignity—for it is certainly that, disguise it how you will—was that it was necessary to prevent some jurymen being bribed; but it does not seem unreasonable for an honest man to ask why he should be suspected of willingness to be corrupted any more readily than the judge or the district attorney. Judges and district attorneys have been known to be bribed, or bribers, before now; perhaps on the record quite as often as jurymen. Why not lock up the judge and district attorney along with the jury to prevent the possibility, or suspicion, of their being “reached”? It would look to be simpler and more effective to buy up one judge or a prosecuting attorney, rather than twelve jurymen, which could not be done without the active assistance of the court officials themselves, and anything less would merely be the temporary relief of a mistrial. In any jury honestly drawn there will surely be at least a preponderance of honest men ready to resent and expose any attempt to corrupt them; and as a matter of notoriety in trials where scandal has arisen, popular suspicion seems more often directed against the judge or court officials than against the jury. So that imprisonment of jurors during trial appears to have proved an ineffective way of assuring public confidence in the righteousness of the court; and it is surely a

hardship and, if unnecessary, an injustice, if not a misuse of judicial power. In any event, it hardly seems calculated to bring conviction of the theory that “trial by jury” is the palladium of our liberties if it is publicly announced that jurors have to be imprisoned to prevent selling themselves out.

As to the judges, considering that so many of them are elevated to the bench by political influence, or by personal political activity, we are to be congratulated on having a body of men generally of undoubted high character and containing so few who are objectionable. They are, without doubt, mostly hard-working, conscientious, able, and upright public officials. A few, a very few, possibly sometimes sell justice or allow themselves to be improperly influenced in its administration; but that is an old story, as any one who dips into the history of jurisprudence in England and other lands may know. Selling of justice is extremely ancient, older than the parable of “the unjust judge.” Not quite so far back, but still ancient, there is in the Icelandic saga of “The Banded Men” an amusing tale told of a corruption of the court—a sort of court of appeals, apparently—and the details of the shifts and turns of the law are full of curious interest. It began with a criminal prosecution which was thrown out of court on a technical plea of a flaw in the indictment. The accused person was of known bad character and notoriously guilty of the crime with which he was charged; but the prosecutor was the wealthiest man in Iceland, and two of the judges concocted a scheme, in which six others joined them, to bring about a forfeiture of his goods for their joint enrichment on the ground that he had brought his accusation to court illegally. Taking advantage of their own decision as to this, the eight of them “banded together” to spoil the unlucky litigant, who prepared to fly with what portable goods he could carry. He was approached, however, by a shrewd and unscrupulous lawyer who persuaded him to hand over a large sum in silver, promising to buy him a judgment in his favor. This able counsel first went separately to two of the most needy of the eight judges—the “Banded Men”—and bought them up privately, obtaining from each a promise to act if the other one would join him. Then by a series of ingenious

legal manœuvres he arranged that the decision of the court should lie in the hands of these two whom he had bought and whom the other six of "The Banded Men" were quite ready to trust to make the decision of forfeiture which was sure to incur popular odium, cunningly expecting to reap the benefit and escape the blame. However, when decision came to be rendered and it was found that a nominal fine was imposed, as the saga quaintly puts it, "the Banded Men were exceedingly ill-content with this ending of the case." The two repentant conspirators justified their action on the same ground that the man who turns State's evidence takes: that it is much better to forsake your fellow wrong-doers and do the right thing—being paid for it—than to continue in evil. From all of which we see that human nature in ancient Iceland was pretty much the same as it is in America, and elsewhere, to-day. The case itself recalls in some features the famous case of the conspiring oil refiners in New York State who were convicted of murder in blowing up an independent refinery and causing loss of life, carried it on appeal to every higher court in the State, the verdict of conviction being affirmed on every appeal, and finally, by a rare excess of judicial severity, were sentenced, for murder, to pay a fine of one thousand dollars each!

Having in mind ancient and modern instances of judicial malversation, only too frequent, though doubtless not in proportion to the talk about it, the honest juror, whom the court is benevolently trying to shield from a temptation to forswear himself, might ask with some show of justice why he should specially be picked out for suspicion? And he might ask, too, whether there is anything in the Constitutional provision that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States," to save him from being locked up. He might ask, and no doubt "the court" would answer him quite to his satisfaction; and show him, constructively, that however he might be in physical durance, as a theory of the law—not to say a legal figment—he wasn't locked up, or imprisoned, or restrained of his liberty, or in duress at all; but that really he was enjoying a very dignified position as a chief constituent of

the court, under suspicion unfortunately, engaged in the solemn and important public function of trying a fellow "peer" for his life. Whether the person being tried has any right to object to a verdict rendered by a jury in the custody of tipstaves or bailiffs—under legalized "duress of imprisonment," one might call it—is a question which judges would, no doubt, have scant patience to answer. As to "involuntary servitude," being forced to serve against one's will under lock and key is certainly a form of that forbidden thing in the ordinary usage of speech, however easy it may be to say that in the eye of the law it does not mean it.

The whole matter ought to be definitely regulated by statute; and it seems worth considering whether better results might not be had by leaving the jury to the natural liberty of free citizens. The "honor system" has been found to work very well with lads at college and to have promoted honesty in examinations; is it more likely to fail in the case of mature men engaged in an important public duty? The college lad when treated as a suspect is found often to yield to that suggestive influence, and, on the other hand, to respond well to the power of the suggestion that he can be trusted. The jurymen is called upon to fill a position of public trust; is he less likely than an immature boy to respond to the suggestion of trust? The juror of the better sort can hardly avoid a more or less conscious sense of indignity in being placed in custody; and I think that is one of the reasons why he often tries to escape service and serves reluctantly when he is obliged to. There has been frequent complaint of the character of juries, often without justification; but only selected names go upon the lists from which jurymen are drawn and the fault lies with those whose duty it is to make up the lists. If every member of the bar were obliged to serve a term as a jurymen it would not hurt him, and if the judge were called upon occasionally to step down from the bench for the same service he would probably learn something of value in the conduct of his official duty. It should not compromise his dignity, if the importance of trial by jury is really so great as the text-books say.

In any event, whatever makes for the real dignity of the jurymen's position and his sense of it, cannot be otherwise than of public benefit so long as we cling to the system.

If indignity is unavoidable, by all means let us endure it patiently; but if it is not, let us have better conditions. If the lawyer thinks the present treatment of juries is perfect, he is the very man to try it; but his fellow-members of the bar would doubtless challenge him every time he stepped into the box.

If any reform is needed it is a question, with something to be said on both sides, whether it should be by legislative enactment or simply by the initiative of the judges in changing rules of court. It is undoubtedly the theory on which this republic was founded that the people should govern themselves by their own laws, enacted by legislative bodies whom they should elect for that purpose, rather than by court-made law. The late James C. Carter, in his posthumous work, held strenuously that what he called "the unwritten law," founded on "the customs of a free people," is higher and superior to the "written" or statute law; but that is not at all the conviction which inspired the framers of this government. In the United States there is no law except what is sanctioned by some sort of legislative act by those who stand as representatives of the people. The Common Law of England is only law in these American States where it has been expressly so sanctioned, and in at least one State is not law. Indeed, in our early history so strong was the fear of English court decisions, which make up the body of the Common Law, as McMaster shows in his monumental "History of the People of the United States," that in 1810 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed an act "forbidding the citation of any English decisions made since July fourth, 1776." This remained the law in Pennsylvania for twenty-five years, the act not being repealed until 1836, as Dr. McMaster tells me.

The courts and the judges are themselves creatures of statute, and perhaps any extension or limitation of their powers may most safely be accomplished by enactment rather than be left to the discretion of judges of court. In the theory of this republic government is to be conducted by three separated and distinct departments:

First, the legislative bodies are to make or change the law, acting as the elected representatives of "the sovereign people."

Second, the executive department is to execute the law and carry it into effect.

Third, the judicial department is to interpret the law, when required, and to give judgment under the law after judicial examination, whether by jury trial or otherwise in the nature of the case.

Now the judges of the court have held that without power to execute its judgments the court is impotent and its judgment futile and of none effect; therefore as necessary to that postulate the judges have assumed executive power. Under the guise of interpretation they have often assumed legislative power as well, to set aside or annul enacted law, or change its effect, or to make new law. That seems to be a simple historic fact. We have been blessed with good judges, in the main able and upright men, and those who have been incompetent or corrupt have been held in check by the others. Otherwise government of this republic, under the theory of the courts, would long ago have degenerated into an intolerable oligarchy. In present legal theory it is now, in the last analysis, a benevolent and righteous oligarchy of judges who, by mandamus or injunction or other process of court, may assume supreme executive or even legislative control.

Dean Trickett, of the Dickinson School of Law, a distinguished writer on legal subjects, in the *North American Review* of August 16, 1907, holds that it was not the intention of the men who framed and adopted the Constitution to give power to the Supreme Court to nullify an act of Congress; but, having assumed that power, who is to take it away? Congress might repeal the act creating the Supreme Court, and the justices would, of course, go out of office immediately the repealer went into effect—unless they found the repealing act unconstitutional, which would create an interesting situation indeed.

However, while there appear to be plenty of theoretic dangers to freedom from the assumptions of the courts, there has yet been nothing seriously to excite alarm as to judicial encroachments, not only because judges are mostly righteous and able, but also because they have proved rather curiously amenable to general public sentiment. This has been notably so in certain United States Supreme Court decisions; though it might have been expected that these justices, being appointed for life, would be even more removed from the influence of popular opin-

ion than the elected judges. If it had not been for this susceptibility of the courts to public sentiment, it is hard to think just what might have happened before now.

So if jurymen have any woes to complain of it may be quite unnecessary to appeal to the legislatures if they can enlist public interest on their side. But legislative action might, after all, be the shorter and easier method of reform. If it did nothing more it would bring the subject before the public eye; especially, no doubt, if the courts should proceed to nullify the act of the legislature.

If trial by jury has outgrown its useful-

ness, as some of the legal profession appear to think, by all means let us abolish it. But if it is actually so important to liberty as we have been taught, surely the conditions under which it is applied to the well-being of society ought to be under constant and watchful scrutiny; and anything which strengthens its power for good ought to be of the highest consideration, while whatever may weaken or hurt it is to be sternly resented.

Either way it seems proper matter for some seriousness, and for careful reflection. Undoubtedly there is an existing tendency to hold it in frivolous regard, if not in contempt.

A FROZEN BROOK

By Louise Driscoll

WHAT do you dream, O Stream, as you sleep so long?
 Hint of the black morass where your mother stays?
 Kiss of the meadow-grass in your early ways?
 Where the sweet kine came to drink and the even-song
 Of a thousand birds rang out in the dusk of days?

Tell me your dream, O Stream, as you sleep so still.
 Leaves that are stirred at dawn and flowers that bend,
 Looking, like love for a word in the eyes of a friend?
 Seeing themselves as love in love's eyes will?
 Giving a dream for a dream 'till the world shall end?

What do you dream, O Stream, in your long, still sleep?
 Is it of oceans wide to you unknown,
 Blank in their waste of pride and depths unshown,
 Where myriad streams lie in Nirvana deep?
 O contemplating Buddhist, wrapt and lone!

Tell me your dream, O Stream,—would you forget
 Life that was near and sweet; gold, green and blue?
 Press of the little feet that came to you?
 The thirsting comforted, the parched thing wet?
 For the wide, blank waste of the sea you never knew.

Dream, Stream, dream, for your way is long,
 And the end of streams is the wide, wide waste of the sea.
 At the end of dreams the waves wait hungrily.
 Hush of the little feet and the even-song,
 The breathing earth and Springs that are to be!

THE RETURN

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

PROLOGUE

THE DEPARTURE



HE sharp flurry of snow was over, and in the cleared air of the frosty New Year's Day, 1794, drawing to its close, Monsieur the Marquis walked quickly on his way.

His way lay along the old rue de Manège that stretched the length of the Jardin National, but lately the Jardin Royal des Tuileries. Once only did Monsieur the Marquis let his glance drift across the snowy street to the erstwhile royal gardens. A look of fine disdain, of sombre rage, swept over his handsome face, and withdrawing his gaze, looking neither to the right nor left, he walked still more quickly onward.

As he neared the Church of the Oratory a sudden sound made him halt. He knew only too well what it meant, and, leaning against the high iron railing, he waited with averted eyes for the tumbril to pass on its way to the Place de la Guillotine.

When the wagon and its burden had vanished down the darkening street, Monsieur the Marquis turned away and, with a passion of rage and sorrow tearing at his heart, walked quickly on once more. A thousand thoughts crushed his brain, but the dominant one was that the last bond of duty and allegiance that bound him to his unhappy country had snapped. For the first time he felt himself free—free to go as others had gone. He had scorned to flee, to take up arms against his country with those noble renegades who had sneaked out of France; his honor had demanded that he trust his country with his life and property. But now, under the Terror, what life was safe for an instant, what properties beyond the reach of the lawless villains in power?

He quickened his pace. He was glad now that he had sent his young brother Raoul out of the country. The lad was safe with his tutor in Coblenz. As for himself,

there was no time to lose now. He must get out of the accursed country with his wife and child at the earliest possible moment, and when once they were in some safe retreat, he would join the Prince de Condé's army in Coblenz.

At the rue du Pont Neuf he hesitated. He felt that he could not see his wife just yet, he was too much agitated, and there were many things he must think over and decide before going to her. But time pressed hard, and after an instant's indecision he turned to the right and, following the street to the Quay du Louvre, gained the Pont Neuf. Midway the bridge he stopped once more, and, leaning against the parapet, stared out over the dark river. The cold night wind struck on his hot cheeks and forehead and cleared his brain. Old beliefs dropped from him. His illusions crashed about his ears with the suddenness and confusion of a physical shock. He realized for the first time that the greatest good can sometimes be the greatest wrong, and that he, the soldier who had fought for American liberty and democracy under Lafayette, must now join the kingly force across the Rhine and fight for monarchy.

At the thought of America his face once more darkened. His wife was an American. The young French lieutenant who had gone to America to fight had stayed to woo, and when the war was over and he sailed away to France she, who had been the lovely Miss Henrietta King of Richmond, joyfully sailed with him.

"Would to God I had left her safe in her peaceful America," he groaned, looking out over the turbulent city. As he looked, a throng of ragged men, bearing lighted torches that dripped fire, and brandishing reeking weapons, passed him, holding high in their midst a bloody head on a pike.

"This mad, terror-ridden city is no place for me and mine," thought Monsieur with a shudder, and turning he made his way to the rue Dauphine, and so along the Boulevard St. Germain to the old rue de la

Planche, where had stood for generations the great mansion of the d'Aubignys.

Monsieur the Marquis pushed open the big iron gates that swung between the two carved stone pillars, and closing them quickly behind him silently gazed around. A feathery sprinkling of snow lay over everything—over the courtyard where stretched long shadows from the pointed turrets, sharply defined in the cold starlight; over the abandoned walks and the leafless trees and shrubs of the garden which in spring-time flung a wealth of perfume over the high walls into the hot streets. He looked at the familiar scene with rising emotion.

"'Tis perhaps the last time I shall see it thus—or ever!" he thought sadly. "This time to-morrow we must be away if we are ever to quit this accursed city."

The necessity for instant action forced itself upon him, and with only one more glance about him, he quickly crossed the court-yard and, passing under the *porte cochère*, entered the great hall.

In the salon Madame d'Aubigny awaited him. She sprang to her feet as her husband entered.

"Albert!" she breathed, half sobbing. D'Aubigny went quickly to her.

"I was—detained," he said, smiling and putting an arm about her. He had recovered his composure and greeted her with all the cheerfulness at his command. "And the child?" he asked.

Madame d'Aubigny touched a silver bell. A middle-aged woman appeared at the door—one of the three faithful followers left in the great house.

"The child," said Madame d'Aubigny.

In an instant the woman was back with a curly-headed boy of six, who fled to his father, and was swung to the broad shoulder, where he perched happily, smiling down on his mother.

'Twas a pretty picture—the great room with the fire leaping up brightly on the marble hearth, above which looked down that warrior ancestor who had led one of the victorious battalions at Fontenoy under the Maréchal Saxe; the tapering flame of the wax candles in the gilded sconces on the walls reflected in the polished parquetry, and, lighting up the portrait of Monsieur the Marquis, but lately done by de la Tour, which hung near the door above a small Clouet; the warm velvet curtains at

the long windows, that shut out the cold and the night; the low gilt fauteuils, the gleam of marble figures, and, above all, the child laughing from his father's shoulder, while the mother looked fondly up at him.

As they stood thus, happy and secure, there came a sudden knocking at the great *porte cochère*. Almost instantly the clangor ceased, the door was forced open, and an armed guard, accompanied by an agent of the *Comité Revolutionnaire*, burst into the room.

Monsieur d'Aubigny faced them.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, citizens?" he demanded sternly, glancing from one to another of the villainous-looking soldiers and then at the agent of the Revolutionary Committee.

The agent Pellin took a step forward and laid a hand on d'Aubigny's arm.

"I must do my duty, citizen d'Aubigny," he muttered.

"Since when has it become your duty to force an entrance into a gentleman's house?"

"Since receiving instructions from the *Comité Revolutionnaire* to arrest you, citizen d'Aubigny, and present you before the *Comité de Salut Public* sitting in secret session this night!"

"And the charges?" asked d'Aubigny steadily.

"Correspondence with the *émigré* citizen, formerly Monsieur le Prince de Condé; assisting in the escape of the *émigré*, formerly Monsieur le Comte Raoul d'Aubigny——"

"Ah!"

Pellin looked around at his men. "Do your duty, citizen soldiers," he growled.

At the words Madame d'Aubigny, her face blanched as white as the dress she wore, sprang to her husband's side.

"You shall not take him!" she cried in a terrible voice.

D'Aubigny, encumbered with the child still clinging about his neck in terror and his wife who had thrown herself on his breast, was powerless to fight, even had he not realized that resistance was as unwise as useless.

"Call off your men!" he commanded fiercely. "I surrender to the authority you represent—call off these cutthroats of yours!"

Pellin looked at d'Aubigny. "Stand back!" he growled surlily to his men. He

motioned them back and came close to d'Aubigny.

"Monsieur," he whispered, "I regret this—but what will you?—orders must be obeyed or my own head pays. I will do what I can—is there anything?—"

"Yes," said d'Aubigny, and putting down the child, he drew the man aside and spoke a few words to him in a low tone. Then he turned to his wife. "Riette," he said, "it is unnecessary for me to tell you what a summons before the *Comité de Salut Public* means. So, instead of attempting any resistance, I have bargained with this gentleman here"—a smile flickered for an instant over Monsieur's scornful lip—"for a few thousand francs to be allowed to place you and the child in security—what security there is in this accursed place," he cried, blazing out into sudden wrath. "Some warm wraps for Madame and the child, quickly," he said, turning to the serving-woman who had stood transfixed with fear. "There is but little time—these impetuous gentlemen will brook no delay," and he smiled bitterly.

Madame d'Aubigny looked up at her husband. "Let me stay with thee, Albert, go to prison, die with thee! What will life be without thee?" she cried imploringly.

"And the child?" questioned d'Aubigny sadly.

She looked down at the boy. "Where art thou taking us?" she asked faintly.

"To the one asylum I know of in this doomed city—to the American Legation, where I shall put thee and the child under the protection of our friend Monsieur Gouverneur Morris. He will not refuse me, I know"; and wrapping her in the warm cloak which the trembling servant had brought, he half led, half carried her and the child from the room, followed closely by Pellin and his men.

The Legation in the rue de la Planche, but a short distance from the Hôtel d'Aubigny, was alight, and Mr. Morris himself came out to greet them. He started back in amazement and alarm at sight of Henriette's pale, tear-stained face and the soldiers who kept close to d'Aubigny.

"For God's sake, what has happened?" he demanded.

"I have been arrested and summoned to appear immediately before the *Comité de*

Salut Public. As I know only too well what the outcome will be, I obtained the favor of bringing my wife and child to you for protection, sure that you would not fail us," and d'Aubigny looked anxiously at Mr Morris.

"Nor will I! God alone knows whether or not this spot will afford you protection, but I pledge you, d'Aubigny, to do all I can for your wife and child. I have not violated the neutrality of the Legation by inviting you here, but now that you are come, I will not refuse my aid, let the consequences be what they may!"

"I knew I could count upon you!" said d'Aubigny, much moved. "I go to my death with a lighter heart now that I know they are in your care. What I most wish," he went on hurriedly, "is that as soon as may be—by the next boat, if possible—Henriette and Albert shall be sent back to America—away from this accursed, terror-stricken France! Would to God I had never brought her to it! Later, perhaps, when the times are changed, they will come back——"

Henriette, who had stood silent during all this hurried interview as if in a trance of fear, suddenly turned to her husband, her face white and blazing with wrath.

"Never!" she cried, "Never! I renounce this country now and forever! Do you think I will return to this France which has murdered my husband, orphaned my child? Never!" and she broke out into terrible sobs, echoed by the little Albert, who clung to her in terror.

"Do not forget the boy is French, Riette," said d'Aubigny.

She put the weeping child down and sank to her knees at his feet.

"He is not!" she cried passionately, raising her hand in anguished protest. "From this night forward I renounce his country for him! From this night he shall be of my land—an American! I shall teach him to forget this wicked, blood-stained France, the people he has known and loved here, the very language he speaks! He shall remember thee, only thee, Albert!" and rising she flung herself into her husband's arms in an agony of passion and grief.

"It shall be as thou dost wish, Riette," said d'Aubigny, very gently, looking down into her agonized face. "Give him this to remember his father and his father's people by," and detaching a seal that hung from

the ribbon of his watch-fob, he handed it to his wife. It was a richly wrought circlet of gold set with a piece of lapis lazuli of a wonderful deep blue, in which was carved the crest of the d'Aubignys: a chevron or between three crescents argent, impaling a gryphon passant and the motto—*Passez bien devant*.

There was a movement at the door, and Pellin came forward.

"Citizen d'Aubigny—time presses——"

"I am ready, Pellin," said d'Aubigny quietly, and with a gesture of gratitude to Mr. Morris and a last kiss of farewell to his wife and son, Monsieur the Marquis, followed by Pellin and his soldiers, turned away, and in an instant had gone out into the night and the unknown.

I

THERE had been a short, pelting rain—just enough to clear the air of a touch of spring sultriness and to lay the dust on the asphalt pavements. The horse-chestnuts glistened in the renewed brilliancy of the afternoon sunshine, and whiffs of fragrant moisture were wafted over high walls from concealed gardens.

As Mrs. Dabney sped up the Champs Elysées in her Brazier motor she marvelled anew for the thousandth time at the alluring loveliness of Paris, at the finish and perfection of that capital of the world, so different from the crude wonderfulness of her native Chicago.

It was her first trip abroad, although she was forty-six, and her husband was worth the comfortable sum—from an American point of view—of ten millions, all made by the manufacture and sale of "Dabney's Flour"—"high as the Himalayas in quality."

That she had not been to Europe before was entirely her own fault, for Mr. Dabney was a typical American husband, generous and self-immolating to a fault. It would have seemed to him a natural and appropriate course of action had his wife and daughter elected to abandon him to his untiring commercial activities and spend much of their time and his money abroad. But Mrs. Dabney was not a typical American wife, and it had been her fond and oft-repeated boast that she had never been away a day from her husband in the twenty-five years of their married life.

This somewhat appalling period of fidelity had had an end six months before when, by the urgent advice of Mrs. Melville Peck, the entreaties of her daughter, now twenty, in whom *vellétés* for the rue de la Paix were beginning to stir, and the enthusiastic consent of her husband, she had engaged the best state rooms on board the *Kronprinzessen Irma* and sailed for Genoa.

Of course Mrs. Melville Peck went with them as their guest. That lady had a way of making herself so invaluable to friends about to start on foreign trips that she invariably ended by accompanying them at their expense. To Mrs. Dabney, her friend's frequent journeys abroad and knowing attitude toward the small Parisian shops, unheard of by the vast body of touring Americans, for whom only the Bon Marché and the Magasins du Louvre exist commercially, coupled with the authenticated fact that she had twice been entertained at the country houses of English aristocracy, made her seem a person profoundly versed in European experiences. It was not, therefore, astonishing that Mrs. Dabney and her daughter ceaselessly congratulated themselves on having secured Mrs. Peck as a travelling companion, especially since she had undeniably engineered her friends' continental tour from the first with no small amount of skill and success. Their march on Paris—in a sixty-horse-power Brazier—by way of the Italian Riviera, Rome, Florence, and Geneva, had been a succession of small social conquests. Wherever they went they left behind them a very distinct impression of unlimited wealth and a number of highly desirable acquaintances.

Undoubtedly the most notable of these had been a young French nobleman, the Marquis Raoul d'Aubigny. Just how such a brilliant luminary had swung into their orbit Mrs. Dabney scarcely knew. As the untrained eye is blind to the revelations of the microscope, so Mrs. Dabney's undisciplined social instincts ignored those subtle processes by which Mrs. Peck had attracted the young Marquis and attached him to her party. That he was attracted and attached was amply obvious, and with that net result Mrs. Dabney was entirely contented. Her daughter, as the one most directly interested, also seemed contented with the situation, and allowed the young

man to follow her—at discreet distances and with frequent ingenuously contrived accidental meetings—from Rome to the French capital.

It was in Paris that all the rays of pleasure which had so highly illuminated their continental trip were focussed into one blaze of delightful enjoyment. The vivacity of their impressions and their capacity for sight-seeing were in inverse ratio to their experience. To such unflagging zest for adventure Mrs. Melville Peck could only yield the sort of admiration that does not include imitation, and having “done” Paris repeatedly herself, she left her friends to frequent solitary excursions.

It was on such an occasion shortly after their arrival that, having spent a couple of hours in the Musée Carnavalet, Mrs. Dabney and her daughter found themselves speeding up the Champs Elysées toward their hotel in the brilliant sunshine of a May afternoon. As the big motor skimmed over the wet asphalt the charm of life, *la joie de vivre*, penetrated to the innermost fibre of Mrs. Dabney’s being.

“I declare to gracious, Nettie,” she said solemnly, turning to her daughter, “if I’d known Paris was like *this*, wild horses couldn’t have kept me in Chicago! I’d been running over every year, and if your father hadn’t wanted to come, he’d just have had to stay home by himself!”

The girl—she was extremely pretty, with a slim, aristocratic loveliness that is the marvel of our astonishing western civilization—leaned luxuriously back against the cushions of the car, looking out at the brilliant *va et vient* of the crowded avenue.

“It’s great!” she declared. “Better than Rome.”

“My goodness, yes,” said Mrs. Dabney reflectively. “The Coliseum was all right, but the Forum was awfully scrappy.”

The girl murmured an inarticulate assent.

“Geneva’s a nice place—the lake is pretty, but it doesn’t look a tenth as big as Lake Michigan,” ran on Mrs. Dabney.

“Geneva!” cried the girl scornfully. “Why Geneva isn’t in it with Paris! This is just simply the most beautiful place I ever saw. I’d like to live here.”

Mrs. Dabney laughed. “It looks as if you’ll have your wish, Nettie,” she declared teasingly. The girl blushed and laughed, too, as she met her mother’s glance.

Mrs. Melville Peck often remarked to interested spectators that one of the most delightful things about the Dabneys was the *bonne camaraderie*—Mrs. Peck had never found an adequate translation for that useful phrase—existing between the mother and daughter.

“The Marquis certainly is smitten,” went on Mrs. Dabney delightedly. “It’s about time he was turning up again. We haven’t seen him for four days now, and of course we’ll see more than ever of him here. ‘My foot is on my native heath, my name it is—’ why, Nettie!” she cried suddenly breaking off, “there he is now—in that brougham,” and leaning out of the car she smiled and bowed to a good-looking young man who cleverly contrived to return her salutation with impressiveness the while he was signalling frantically to his coachman to turn and follow the motor.

He caught up with them as the chauffeur slowed down at the hotel entrance and, springing out of his carriage, assisted the ladies to alight.

“What luck!” he exclaimed in excellent English. “I had just left the hotel in despair—they told me you were out!”

“We’ve been to that Carnavalet Museum,” explained Mrs. Dabney. “It was awfully interesting, but I am famished. Picture galleries and museums always make me hungry. Come right up and let’s have tea,” and she discreetly led the way while the two young people followed slowly.

“I took the liberty of sending you up some flowers,” said Monsieur d’Aubigny to the young girl in a low voice, the boldness of which proceeding was instantly mitigated by the almost shy glance he let rest upon her.

“You are very kind,” she replied in a voice and manner that matched his own and surprised herself. She had discovered, somewhat to her secret irritation, that she was continually being surprised by her attitude toward this young Frenchman. It was as if in answer to some unspoken appeal on his part she unconsciously transformed herself into as near an approach as possible to the ideal of young womanhood to which he was accustomed.

“When did you arrive in Paris?” she asked as they slowly mounted the broad stairway together, and even as she asked the question she wondered humorously to herself how she would have put it had



Once only did Monsieur the Marquis let his glance drift across the snowy street.—Page 96.

this young Frenchman been a compatriot—
“when did you blow in?” or something
equally breezy.

“Yesterday morning.”

“Yesterday—!” she arched her well-
marked eyebrows and assumed an ag-

grieved look, but her eyes fell before the
glance Monsieur d’Aubigny bent upon her.

“Ah,” he said slowly, “of course I had
to pay my respects to my mother.”

“I wanted to come sooner—you know
that well enough—” he hazarded when

they were seated by one of the long French windows in Mrs. Dabney's ornate salon that gave on the Champs Elysées—"but—well, my mother had a good many business affairs to discuss with me. I have been away quite a while, you know."

"Yes," assented the girl calmly, but she looked at d'Aubigny curiously. Something different in his appearance and manner had struck her from the first moment of meeting at the hotel entrance. He sat opposite her on one of the numerous gilt fauteuils the salon boasted, and in the full radiance of the afternoon sun. By the clear light she noted that the genial, youthful expression of his face had given place to a tired, harassed look, just as the former gay spontaneity of manner had vanished in favor of a rather constrained attitude. Suddenly the girl leaned forward.

"What is the matter—you don't look well," she said impulsively.

The young man pushed back his blonde hair from his forehead with a nervous gesture.

"Oh, I'm all right," he declared. "I'm just a bit tired discussing so many things with my mother. You see, in France, the young—even young men—are not free agents—they must accept advice, be dictated to, submit in most cases even when their views differ radically, and my mother is a very determined woman. Understand me," he went on hastily, "we are the best of friends, and she is a wonderful woman; but sometimes, of course, we have different ideas." He paused, and then added hopefully as he bent over her white hand of which he had possessed himself, "but every thing will, *must* come out all right!"

The young girl drew back in some confusion, and d'Aubigny sprang to his feet as Mrs. Dabney entered—she had disappeared a moment after reaching the salon with the amiable consideration of the American mother who realizes to the full and without bitterness that visiting young men come to see her daughters, and not herself. She was accompanied by Mrs. Melville Peck, and followed almost immediately by servants with the tea service.

In the general conversation which followed there could, of course, be no recurrence to the note of intimacy between d'Aubigny and Miss Dabney, and the young girl could only sit silent, wondering per-

plexedly what had happened to so evidently disturb him, and letting the two older ladies make the conversation.

"We are charmed with your city! Mrs. Dabney and Nettie here can't get enough of it, indefatigable sight-seers though they are," declared Mrs. Peck to the young man in a pause of the rather perfunctory talk.

"It's too simply exquisite! Nettie and I spent hours in the Louvre yesterday—I don't mean the Magasins—" Mrs. Dabney smiled archly and knowingly, "and if we could have had our poor tired feet 'restored' like the statues, we would have stayed there the rest of the day."

D'Aubigny smiled. "When it comes to 'doing' Paris, as you say, one finds it rather overwhelming. I am hoping you will allow me to show you some of the sights of my native city," he added, looking at Miss Dabney.

"How very kind of you! We shall be delighted."

"It is doubly kind, because there are certain things we can't see without you, my dear Marquis," interjected Mrs. Peck adroitly.

"For example?" asked the young man somewhat bewildered.

"Oh, I mean all the fascinating, *old* part of Paris, the Faubourg part—that undiscovered country of the tourist that you keep shut up, out of sight behind high walls. I know we are welcome to your museums and galleries and the big hotels and cafés and theatres—all this vast, glittering part of Paris that we can help pay for—but what *we* want to see is the other part—the part we can't buy!"

The young man met this with a bow and a gleam of amusement in his eye at the lady's astuteness; but as he gazed thoughtfully at the tip of his glossy boot, it seemed to Miss Dabney that the slightly harassed look on his face deepened.

"Ah, that would be very easy," he finally declared pleasantly. "My mother and sister are impatient to make your acquaintance, and I hope I may shortly have the honor of showing you ladies my home, which happens to be in the part of Paris you desire to see, and perhaps you will be good enough to consider it as fairly typical."

"My dear Marquis, how delightful!" Mrs. Dabney's easily aroused enthusiasm made of this little cry a pæan of praise,

while Mrs. Peck murmured a pleased acceptance in a lower key.

"I will call for you if I may," said the young man as he rose to go with a comprehensive bow that included the three—"tomorrow afternoon at five."

II

It was with an almost solemn pleasure that the two older ladies made ready the following afternoon for their first incursion into the *terre inconnue* of the Faubourg. As for the young girl, her secret perturbations made of the occasion a rather fearful joy. She could not conceal from herself that the visit was fraught with large possibilities, and it was with an access of nervousness entirely foreign to her usual self-sufficiency that she found herself at the entrance to the Hôtel d'Aubigny in the old rue de la Planche.

Monsieur d'Aubigny was obviously anxious also, but Mrs. Dabney was far too absorbed in joyous anticipations to be capable of feeling anything so personal as nervousness. As the motor turned in through the big iron gates that swung between their carved stone pillars her anticipations, however, were swallowed up in amazement at the reality presented to her view. The old garden stretching its length in formal rows parallel with the high stucco walls that completely enclosed it; the modest château, almost invisible from the quiet street, rearing its undistinguished façade above a small court-yard whereon pointed turrets threw tapering shadows in the afternoon sunshine, formed a picture sadly at variance with her preconceived ideas of the architectural splendors of the Faubourg and the naked opulence of familiar Lake Shore residences.

If the unpretentious exterior of the Hôtel d'Aubigny had plunged her in amazement, the richness and taste of the interior, to which she was introduced on the threshold, astonished her equally. From the great entrance hall, with its stairway and balustrade carved in writhing salamanders—a portion of the château dated from the time of Francis I—they passed into a salon of noble proportions, at the far end of which sat Madame d'Aubigny in solitary, but obviously accustomed, state.

Mrs. Dabney could never afterward recall just what her uninformed idea of a French countess of the old order had been,

but certainly the reality as presented to her in the person of Madame d'Aubigny did not tally with her expectations. Madame d'Aubigny was tall and thin, with an angular thinness that could scarcely be termed aristocratic, and her clothes were such as went far to excuse the ill-concealed amazement of the American ladies. But when one noted the steady gleam of the fine, dark eyes, the firm cut of lip and jaw, one easily divined that, after all, Madame d'Aubigny might be a personage.

She received her visitors with a consummate dignity and aloofness of manner which were calculated to chill the warmth of any unconsidered advances as effectually as an ice-pack reduces a fever, and which conveyed to the astute intelligence of Mrs. Peck, at least, a hint of the reluctance with which she had consented to receive her son's friends.

Before such reserve Mrs. Dabney's cordial irrelevances lapsed into more or less embarrassed silence; and the easy "cosmopolitanism" of Mrs. Peck's manner—which she had counted confidently upon to ingratiate her into the favor of another woman of the world—suddenly seemed to resemble the very flower of provincialism.

Only the young girl seemed impervious to the chilly social atmosphere. Although she was conscious of a scarcely veiled antagonism in the attitude of Madame d'Aubigny, her bearing was as gravely dignified and unembarrassed as that of her hostess. The nervousness which she had felt on entering had dropped from her, and in the great rooms of the Hôtel d'Aubigny she felt herself inexplicably at ease. Looking at her, the young man told himself he had never seen her beauty to such an advantage. It was as if she were some gem which had suddenly found a perfect setting.

In the felicity of his emotions he exerted himself to the utmost to dispel his mother's reserve toward his guests, but without much success, and it was with undisguised relief that he saw the door open and his sister advance into the room.

Madame la Baronne de Guéret, a small blonde, habitually dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, resembled her mother only in being thin, but was astonishingly like her brother in face and manner. She was one of the *émancipée* young Parisian matrons, going in for "*le sport*," and enjoying herself tremendously wherever



Drawn by F. Graham Curtis

"But everything will, *must* come out all right!"—Page 102.

she went. She rather affected American society, and greeted her brother's visitors cordially. With this younger lady Nettie Dabney immediately felt on friendly terms, while Madame de Guéret on her part regarded the American girl with a somewhat quizzical interest that betrayed a sympathetic knowledge of her brother's affairs apparently as yet unshared by his mother.

"My brother speaks much of you," she murmured to the young girl under cover of the desultory talk going on at the other end of the table where tea was being served.

Miss Dabney colored slightly. "He has been most kind and useful, too," she returned.

"Useful! Usefulness is scarcely Raoul's distinguishing characteristic," exclaimed Madame de Guéret, and she smiled an amused smile.

"My mother and I have a talent for getting ourselves into difficulties while travelling, and on several occasions Monsieur d'Aubigny has come to our aid."

"Ah, I can understand that that would give him great pleasure," murmured Madame de Guéret—"only I had thought that travelling could present no difficulties to Americans."

"It is our first trip abroad," said the girl stiffly. For some reason which she did not stop to analyze, she felt impelled to explain herself fully to Madame de Guéret—the most superficial piece of reticence suddenly seemed impossible to her overstrained perceptions. "I have never been in Paris or in a French home before," she added with gratuitous explicitness.

"But that is delightful!" cried Madame de Guéret rising. "Raoul," she called to her brother, "Miss Dabney has never seen a French *intérieur*. Let us show her the house and gardens."

As the little party passed from one nobly proportioned apartment to another, up the famous *escalier*, and through the great gallery that ran the width of the house and gave upon the court-yard, the admiration of the American ladies found expression in staccato exclamations of surprise and delight. Even to their undisciplined senses the artistic coherency of the Hôtel d'Aubigny—so different from that gay catholicity of taste to which they were accustomed and which revels in the juxtaposition of "Louis Seize" drawing-rooms and Moorish lounges

behind a Georgian exterior—appealed powerfully, and the gardens into which they presently emerged, and which had, on entering, struck them as lacking size and brilliancy, now seemed the suitably sober complement of the chaste loveliness of the house within.

Into the subdued richness of this picture the old Marquise d'Aubigny fitted perfectly. To the American girl, watching her with astonished and observant eyes, it occurred forcibly that it would be a mental impossibility to disassociate her for an instant from her surroundings. For the first time the young girl realized what it meant to be the descendant of an old house, the representative of a great family. It was as though all the historical associations with which the house teemed were visibly attached to one person—as though the long shafts of light sent down from an immemorial past were focussed on one head. She had the stinging sensation of being herself incredibly detached and modern, and in the moment of her illumination she saw with disconcerting clearness her own position and the inevitable attitude of Monsieur d'Aubigny's family in the event of her marriage to him. Even the great *dot* which she could bring would not temper the severity of that attitude, as the d'Aubignys were obviously wealthy, as wealth goes in France.

But if the girl was troubled by these reflections, she gave no sign, and Madame de Guéret, watching her in amused amazement, pronounced her a miracle of adaptability. And nowhere did she seem more at ease, more her usual beautiful young self, than in the great salon lined with portraits of dead and gone d'Aubignys, to which they presently returned from the garden. There, if anywhere, thought Madame de Guéret, this young American girl would feel impressed by the traditions and glory of her family. Perhaps it was with some faintly amused idea of bringing it home to her that, as the two older ladies still lingered over their wraps, she murmured an invitation to the young girl to make a tour of the room with her.

She stopped before the marble chimney-piece. "That," she said, looking up at the great portrait which hung above it, "is one of our ancestors who led a charge at Fontenoy under the Maréchal Saxe. It was to him the King gave the estates we still hold

in Touraine. I have always wished I had known him—I like his looks!”

The girl looked at the portrait. “So do I,” she said, smiling; “but I think I like this gentleman’s even better,” and she turned to a portrait hanging near the door above a small Clouet. It was the portrait of a young man of very noble countenance and bearing, dressed in the fashion of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Madame de Guéret followed the young girl’s glance. “You should do no less,” she declared gayly, “for he liked Americans so well that he married one. He is the only d’Aubigny—so far—” and she glanced mischievously at the girl—“who has so distinguished himself.” She waited, but her railleries did not pierce the girl’s composure, and after an instant’s unsuccessful pause, she went on.

“Raoul knows the story better than I—he was our great-great-uncle, and a very brave and unfortunate gentleman. He fought in your American Revolution and married an American lady. He was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. I am not sure but that my mother thinks it was a just punishment for having married an American,” she added, laughing a little maliciously. “Our own great-grandfather, whom he had got out of the country to the Elector of Trèves, was saved, and under Louis Philippe the estates and the older title were transferred to him.”

“And his wife?” asked the girl.

Madame de Guéret spread out her pretty hands. “Ah—that was never known. She went back to her country with her little son and our great-grandfather made researches for her at the time the King offered him the title, but nothing could be discovered. You can imagine to yourself that when it was a question of being a Marquis and the head of the house, he was not too anxious to find an heir,” and she laughed gayly at the recollection of the ancestral astuteness. “Ah, Raoul, you should have been here to tell Miss Dabney the story of our great-great-uncle Albert!” she added, turning to her brother who came up at that moment with the ladies.

Monsieur d’Aubigny stared up at the portrait.

“He was a brave gentleman and married the woman he loved,” he said with apparently irrelevant fierceness.

Mrs. Peck looked at the young man with an imperceptible smile. “But does it require any special bravery to marry the woman you love?”

D’Aubigny turned on her a glance of stored belligerency.

“In this country—yes,” he said shortly.

Madame d’Aubigny laid a reconciling hand on the young man’s shoulder. “My son means,” she murmured, “that with us marriages are not arranged on a basis of sentiment alone—family considerations and common-sense are of paramount influence.”

D’Aubigny moved restlessly beneath the maternal touch.

“My mother means” he retorted, “that in France a young man of position has no liberty of choice, and that if he does not marry well within the social circle to which he belongs by birth, he is accused of having endangered the family position, of having tarnished the prestige of his illustrious name, of——”

“We French people are old-fashioned, if you will,” Madame d’Aubigny quickly interposed. “We like to see our sons marry the daughters of our friends, young girls who have been brought up with the same viewpoint, the same education, the same social position, who will help them to fittingly uphold the traditions of their house.” Her manner was rather that of a Spanish *Conquistadore* repulsing a foreign invasion. But suddenly she glanced at the American girl, and the aggressive look vanished and one almost of appeal came into the dark eyes. “We French do not like changes, innovations, we cling to our customs, our family associations, and we essay to perpetuate them at all costs—can you understand?”

At the unspoken appeal the girl’s whole manner suddenly changed, and she came forward smiling brilliantly.

“Of course, we understand,” she exclaimed rather breathlessly. “We understand and admire your position. We Americans are selfish—we think each of himself—never of the family.” She held out a slim hand in farewell. “With such claims upon you”—her bright glance swept the walls from which looked down the illustrious d’Aubignys in limned greatness—“how could you do otherwise than safeguard the family interests?”

Mrs. Peck, glancing hurriedly at the young Marquis, surprised in his eyes the fires of re-

volt his mother's exordium had kindled. She was not astonished at his resentment, but she was astonished at his prompt action—the firm request he made of Mrs. Dabney, as the ladies stepped into the waiting motor, for an interview at eleven the next morning, and the formal proposal by letter for Miss Dabney's hand which reached Mrs. Dabney that evening.

The young man's precipitancy carried with it the seal of Mrs. Peck's approval, and she instantly applied herself to finding a solution of the sufficiently exasperating problem confronting her friends.

The result of her deliberations was a surprise and disappointment for Monsieur d'Aubigny, for on calling punctually at the hotel the following morning for his answer, with intentions steeled by a stormy interview with his mother, he found only a hastily written line by Mrs. Dabney, apprising him of the fact that they had been suddenly called to England, and would not be in Paris again until the autumn, when her husband would have arrived from America and would give Monsieur d'Aubigny an answer to his proposal of marriage.

To this delay and check to his advances the young man submitted with as good grace as he could muster, determining to employ the period of his probation—for such he deemed it—in preparing his mother for the inevitable. It was a tribute to Miss Dabney that, even in the first flush of his disappointment, no doubt of her loyalty added bitterness to his thoughts. With the lover's divine intuition he knew that she cared for him and that the flight across the Channel had been, for some inscrutable reason, the decision of the astute Mrs. Peck. When reason had finally triumphed over feeling, he even acknowledged to himself that the enforced separation was not an unmitigated evil. It would offer Nettie Dabney the opportunity to relegate to a somewhat mellowed past the memory of her visit to the Hôtel d'Aubigny, and give him time, in the vulgar phrase, to get his second wind—he realized that he had been a little breathless since his encounter with his mother. From the first, there had been scant room for regret in his thoughts that the lady of his choice had not been of his own land and social position, and latterly, in the mounting ardor of his emotions, such heresies had become even unthinkable, but

he realized to the full two important facts—his mother's deep-rooted prejudices against a marriage outside of their own social order and the paramount importance, from his point of view, of reconciling her to that marriage.

He wisely concluded that the summer offered none too much time for combating these prejudices and effecting that reconciliation.

III

It was mid-October before the Dabneys and Mrs. Peck returned to Paris. D'Aubigny read the announcement in a belated afternoon paper simultaneously with the arrival of a note from Mrs. Dabney telling him of their return and inviting him to tea at five the following afternoon. The news and hospitable tenor of Mrs. Dabney's note elated him inexpressibly. He had not realized on what a tension he had lived during the last four months until it broke. The self-control which had been strong enough to hold him far from the lady of his heart for so long snapped like a thread under the strain of her nearness. Twenty-four hours seemed an eternity, and in a tempest of joyous emotion he resolved to go straight to her. A half-hour later his brougham was disputing the entrance of the hotel with a travel-stained Brazier that had crowded in just before him.

In the elevator d'Aubigny found himself in the company of an American, as he knew instantly, whose goggles, motor coat, and portmanteau, carried by the obsequious bell-boy, dustily proclaimed him the owner of the touring car. This gentleman alighted *au troisième*, too, and proceeded with swift strides down the corridor. D'Aubigny, following at a more leisurely pace, reached the door of Mrs. Dabney's apartment just as it was opened to the stranger. To his astonishment he saw Mrs. Dabney herself hovering expectantly behind the servant, and before he could efface himself she had fallen upon the neck of the tall stranger and at the same instant had caught sight of d'Aubigny.

Laughing, she disengaged herself and advanced to the young man with outstretched hand. He would have declined to be a further witness to the return of the husband and father had not a sight of Miss Dabney in the background, emerging from the drawing-room, caused his tactful resolution to waver.

After all, why shouldn't he take his immediate chance? It struck him as rather symbolic that he and the arbiter of his fate should have arrived at the same instant. The further advent at that moment of Mrs. Peck, to whose instance he felt he owed the long delay of the summer, settled the thing, and he mentally declined, in haste, to clear out either literally or figuratively.

The wisdom of this masterful decision was confirmed by the cordiality of Mr. Dabney's manner. That gentleman evinced neither embarrassment nor irritation at d'Aubigny's somewhat inopportune arrival, but, on learning the young man's name, declared himself uncommonly glad to see him.

The frank gaze of Mr. Dabney's shrewd eyes, the kindly smile lurking around the large firm lips, the whole uncomplicated directness of the man, as of one who was used to calling a spade a spade and had a habit of going undeviatingly to the point, so instantly impressed d'Aubigny that he did not even feel a shock of surprise when Mr. Dabney, seating himself with a humorous carefulness on one of the insecure gilt chairs scattered prodigally about the salon, leaned forward and said:

"So you're the young man who wants to marry Nettie!"

"I am." To his astonishment Monsieur d'Aubigny found himself replying with a directness as unequivocal as his interlocutor's.

"Ah!"

"I had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand—" the young man hesitated and glanced in some embarrassment past Mr. Dabney to where his daughter sat on a gilt *canapé* between her mother and Mrs. Peck.

Mr. Dabney smiled his large, slow smile. "That's all right," he commented. "We don't keep these things from our girls—in fact, it's generally the girls who break the news to us—if they think it wise for us to know!" He chuckled audibly. "Besides, I haven't had a chance to talk this over with my wife. I've just got here by the steamer, so we'd best do it right here and now. You were saying——?"

"That I had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand in May."

Mr. Dabney extracted a large, dark cigar from a leather case and rolled it thoughtfully between his fingers. "I don't know much about the customs of this country, but

I was under the impression that the parents arranged these matters over here."

The young man flushed to the roots of his fair hair.

"It is true—but my father died many years ago, and my mother—there were reasons—" he broke off hurriedly. "Mrs. Dabney led me to hope that I was to have an answer on her return to Paris. I have waited as patiently as I could all summer," he added, smiling, after an instant's hesitation.

"Yes, yes. It certainly is hard to be kept waiting for an answer all summer, and I can easily understand that any young man who has taken a fancy to Nettie"—he looked appreciatively over at his beautiful daughter—"might get—impatient. But, you see, my wife hardly knew what to do about your proposal of marriage. So Mrs. Peck here—Mrs. Peck ought to have been a politician!—advised her to waive the issue for the time being—leave that plank out of her platform temporarily—and wait for me to straighten out the whole thing. That's a way American women have of doing, and it's a mighty good way, too. What's the American man made for, anyway?"

"But I don't think I understand—" hazarded the young man.

"Well, my wife did!" interjected Mr. Dabney humorously. "Saw right through your letter to the objections behind it. And she knew just what those objections were. It wasn't the *dot* question—we've got used to the dot and carry one system in America, thanks to the international alliance; but this time it was the 'family attitude.'" The young man moved uneasily in his seat. "Your mother now—she must have made it pretty clear what she thought of plain Americans without titles—didn't think we were quite good enough for her, wasn't that it?—didn't care for the ancient and honorable house of d'Aubigny to get mixed up with American democracy?"

"But," burst out d'Aubigny, "my mother's ideas are not mine! She has old-fashioned notions, prejudices, that have become obsolete even in our class. But as for me, I think of nothing but that I love your daughter and want her to marry me!"

The big American rose slowly and stretched out a large, capable hand.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said, and he beamed upon the young man.

Monsieur d'Aubigny, rising also, ac-

cepted the proffered hand-clasp. "Then perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what I am so anxious to know—whether I may have the great happiness and honor of making Miss Dabney Marquise d'Aubigny?"

Mr. Dabney looked down at the young man with a sort of regretful affection.

"But that, my boy," he said, "is just what you can't do. It isn't in your power."

The young Frenchman looked blankly at Mr. Dabney. "What makes you say that?" he asked when he could speak.

"Because, my dear fellow, I am the Marquis d'Aubigny myself."

The young man stared incredulously. For a bewildered instant he wondered if the man before him were mad.

Mr. Dabney waved him back to his chair.

"You aren't any more astonished than I was when I found it out a month ago." He spoke soothingly. "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it in a couple of minutes." He took from a capacious inner pocket a large flat envelope, from which he drew a crackling paper, and held it out to d'Aubigny.

"It's all there—you'll make out the genealogical lingo more easily than I did, I guess. Mrs. Dabney and Nettie know all about it. I wrote them a month ago. Jefferson Carter did the trick—found out all about my distinguished ancestors. I never cared much for Jeff—he's one of your Sons-of-the-Revolution-Descendants-of-Colonial-Governors sort of chap, and talks about Burke's Peerage and the Almanach de Gotha as if they were current fiction. But he is a nice fellow in his way—comes from the same town in Virginia my father did—and I was downright glad to see him when he walked up to me in the club the night I got Mrs. Dabney's letter about you. For the first time in my life American democracy didn't seem to me to be the whole show, and it did me good just to talk with somebody on speaking terms with European aristocracy.

"The upshot of it was that I told Jeff the whole affair, and as it was a genealogical proposition, so to speak, he became interested right off, especially when I told him that Nettie had fallen in love with *you*, minus your title, châteaux, and resounding family connections.

"I always had an idea you had some

aristocratic ancestors of your own, Bert,' said Jeff, lighting a cigar when I had finished.

"If I had, my father was always too busy trying to make that poor Virginia farm pay its mortgage to talk to me about them," I replied. "But if you'll find me a few Dukes or a Marquis in my family, I'll be obliged," I said. "I have need of aristocratic connections just now."

"A close relation to ten millions is aristocratic connection enough for most foreigners," said Jeff, laughing.

"Well, you know I don't care for aristocracy, domestic or foreign," I replied; "but, you see, this thing involves Nettie's happiness. That child's had everything she's wanted so far, and she's going to keep on having it," said I.

"Build her a French château on the shores of Lake Michigan and tell her to bring her Marquis over here," suggested Jeff facetiously.

"Where will you get your antique atmosphere, your ancestral surroundings?" I demanded. "There isn't a thing in our new house on Lake Shore Drive more than ten years old except this," I said, and I handed him my seal."

Mr. Dabney drew from his pocket a watch, from the fob of which hung a richly wrought circlet of gold set with a piece of lapis lazuli of a wonderful deep blue color, in which was cut a chevron or between three crescents argent impaling a gryphon passant and beneath, the motto, *Passez bien devant*.

"This was my great-grandfather's, and, as far as I know, it's the only proof I've got that I ever had a great-grandfather," I said to Jeff.

"You ought to have seen Jeff Carter look at that seal! He didn't say a word for ten minutes. Then he got up. 'You leave everything to me, Albert,' he said in a far-away, ancestral sort of voice. 'With pleasure,' I said.

"It will cost money—I'll have to go to Virginia to look this matter up—maybe I'll have to go abroad."

"Hang the expense," said I—only that wasn't exactly what I said—"go ahead."

"Two months later he sent me this," and Mr. Dabney waved a hand toward the paper which d'Aubigny still scanned in amazement.

After an instant's hesitation the young man rose stiffly.

"Then, as I am no longer the rightful holder of the title—as you are really the Marquis d'Aubigny——"

Mr. Dabney laid a hand on the young man's shoulder. "My dear fellow," he cried, "you don't suppose *I* want the title! Keep it—it's all in the family—I wouldn't have it at any price! I'm an American citizen, head of the biggest flour concern in the States, Vice-President of the Chicago Municipal Voters' League, and my name's Dabney now in plain American—and a blamed good name, too—sounds as good to me as d'Aubigny does to you. I

don't want my great-grandfather's French name or title!"

"What Mr. Dabney does want," murmured Mrs. Melville Peck, leaning forward on the gilt *canapé*, "is that you should reassure Madame d'Aubigny on the subject of Nettie's family. You might tell her," she added after an instant's reflection, "that Mr. and Mrs. Dabney don't object to her marrying you even if you are of the cadet branch of the family!"

Mrs. Dabney rose, smiling. "And as for the *dot*," she said gently, "we would object on principle, you understand, if it were any one else, but with you it's different—as it's really a family affair, you know——"

MOLIÈRE AND THE DOCTORS

By Brander Matthews

I



EARLY in the fall of 1665 Louis XIV again called upon Molière to minister swiftly to his pleasure, and the dramatist responded with a celerity which was extraordinary even for him. In five days he devised, wrote, rehearsed and produced a comedy-ballet, "*L'Amour Medecin*," which was acted before the King at Versailles in the middle of September, 1665, and brought out at the Palais Royal a few days later. It was in prose and in three acts, but by omitting the interludes of dancing it could be presented easily as a single act. In this merry trifle, improvised hastily at the monarch's desire, Molière returned to the familiar and convenient framework of the comedy-of-masks. The action takes place in the open air in front of the house of *Sganarelle*.

The plot of the little play is as simple as may be; but however slight in texture it is sufficient for its immediate purpose. Molière himself appeared as *Sganarelle*, not here the shrewd servant of "*Don Juan*," but the more narrow-minded and obstinate type seen earlier in the "*École des Maris*." He is now a widower with one daughter, *Lucinde* (probably impersonated by Mlle.

Molière). The father wishes to keep his daughter for himself, but the daughter desires to be married to a young man who has sought her hand, *Clitandre* (acted by La Grange). She pretends to be ill; and *Sganarelle* seeks advice, first from various friends, and finally from four physicians, called in consultation upon her case. The doctors disagree, and two of them, after proposing radically different treatments, quarrel violently. A little later the maid brings in *Clitandre* disguised as a physician. The young lover deceives the father into consenting to his daughter's marriage, *Sganarelle* supposing that this is only a pretence, likely to arouse *Lucinde* out of her melancholy. When he discovers that she is really wedded to *Clitandre* the play is over.

This unpretending little farce, significant only as an example of Molière's fertility and facility, is brisk and lively in its movement. It was probably effective enough on the stage when performed by Molière and his comrades; and it is in the theatre that its merits would be most evident. In the preface, wherein the author explained that the piece was written to order at topmost speed, Molière modestly asserted that it contained much which was dependent chiefly on the skill of the performers. And he added a remark characteristic of the

professional playwright who has planned his work for the actual theatre:—"Every one knows that comedies are written only to be acted."

But the interest of this amusing little piece when it was first performed did not lie in the adroitness of the acting or in the humorous ingenuity of its situations; it resided rather in the four physicians who meet in consultation. To us, in the twentieth century, they seem to be comically contrasted types of the practitioners of medicine of those remote days; but to the Parisian play-goers in the later seventeenth century they were recognizable caricatures of living men, somewhat exaggerated portrayals of four of the leading doctors of the court, each of them endowed with the individual peculiarities of the original. This was an Aristophanic license of personal caricature, which is here without offence or ill-will, for Molière was not attacking the persons or the character of these physicians. He was using them only as the means of showing up the hollowness of the pretensions of the whole medical profession of his own day.

II

It was in "*Don Juan*" that Molière had first girded at the practitioners of the healing art. When *Don Juan* and *Sganarelle* had to disguise themselves, the latter appeared in the flowing robe of a physician, giving his master an occasion for a few biting jibes against the doctors; and this shocked *Sganarelle*, horrified to find that *Don Juan*, a sceptic in religion, was also a sceptic in medicine. It was in "*L'Amour Medecin*" that Molière first declared open war against the faculty, that guerilla warfare which he was to keep up for the rest of his life, returning to the attack in play after play, as though he was as bitter against the doctors as he was against the pedants and the hypocrites. The explanation of this hostility is to be found in the fact that Molière held the physicians of his time to be both pedants and hypocrites. For affectation in all its phases, for pretenders of every kind, for humbugs of all sorts, Molière had a keen eye and a hearty detestation. On them and on them only he was ever swift to pour the vials of his wrath; and he was never moved to assault unless his hostile contempt was awakened by his acute instinct for a sham.

In every period there are certain callings, or professions, as the case may be, which the average man of that epoch delights in abusing; and we are not to-day swifter to make fun of the plumber than the people of the Middle Ages were to crack jokes at the expense of the miller. The source of the irritation which thus seeks vent in humorous thrusts is the same; it is the result of our knowledge of the fact that we cannot control the accounts rendered by the miller and by the plumber. We must accept them as they are rendered; and the only revenge open to us is to take away the character of the craftsman who has us at his mercy and whom we cannot help suspecting. In all ages, or at least ever since law and medicine were first recognized as professions, the average man has been prone to resent the air of mystery assumed by the lawyers and the physicians, and to be annoyed by their professional self-assertion. Hosts of merry jests, directed at the conceit of the members of these two professions have been handed down from century to century, or are born again by spontaneous generation.

Molière's immediate predecessors in the comic drama, the devisers of the comedy-of-masks, had drawn unhesitatingly from the inexhaustible arsenal of missiles directed against the two professions; and in attacking the practitioners of medicine Molière was only doing again what the Italians had done before him. And here the question imposes itself, Why did he neglect the lawyers to concentrate his fire on the doctors? The answer is not far to seek; the lawyers, whatever faults they might have, were not imposters, and Molière's resentment is always against an affectation or a pretence. The law might lend itself to chicanery, and to annoying delay and ultimate injustice; its procedure might be complicated and vexatious, but the lawyers did not pretend to be in possession of mysterious secrets, and they did their work in the open for all men to see. The physicians made the most exalted claims for their art and they demanded to be taken on faith, however weakly their practice might fall below their preaching. Ordinarily the lawyer deals only with losses of money; and he does not lay hands upon the person, nor require us to submit our minds to his that he may control our

bodies. And this is what the physician does now, always has done, and must always do. This is, therefore, why the practice of the law, sharply as we may dwell on its defects, does not come home to us as closely as the practice of medicine, which must ever be a matter of life and death.

But there were also special reasons peculiar to his own period, why Molière was moved to pour out his contempt on the physicians. The reign of Louis XIV marks what is perhaps the lowest point in the history of medicine in France. The men who represented medicine were narrow and bigoted conservatives, accepting blindly all that they had inherited from the ancients and refusing resolutely to depart from the practices of their forefathers. They rejected every new discovery without investigation—scouting it scornfully. They were determined to maintain their ancient landmarks. They believed that medicine was an exact science, that they were the custodians of all its mysteries; and that what they did not know was not knowledge. They held fast to a body of doctrine, a purely theoretic conception of their art, which was almost as closely reasoned and as compactly co-ordinated as was the contemporary doctrine of Calvin in matters of religion. Behind this they intrenched themselves, and in defence of this they were prepared to die in the last ditch—and to let their patients die also.

In Paris the Faculty of Medicine was a close corporation, bound together by the loyal traditions of a trade-gild and possessing a solidarity more substantial than that of any modern trades-union. There were only about a hundred physicians in the capital and not more than four were admitted in any one year. The cost of a medical education was onerous, and therefore, the profession was recruited from the well-to-do. At the examinations special privileges were granted to the sons of physicians; and the profession thus tended to be hereditary with all the obvious disadvantages of persistent inbreeding. The training of the youthful aspirant to the doctorate was philosophic not to say scholastic, and the questions propounded to the candidate were often foolish. Medicine was not considered as an art, necessarily more or less empirical, but rather as an exact science, lending itself abundantly to scholarly disputation. The doctors were generally more

interested in medicine as a code of tradition, and in their own strict obedience to its precepts and precedents than they were in the art of healing and in the condition of the individual patient. They were indeed far more conservative than the ancients whom they bound themselves to follow; and the oath of Hippocrates had a large liberality which was lacking in the pledge subscribed by the young doctor in Paris, which was little more than a promise ever to defend stoutly the rights of the Faculty itself.

The doctors of the capital rejected the circulation of the blood, so we are told by one historian of medicine in France, because this came from England, and also the use of antimony and of quinine, because one came from Montpellier and the other from America. It refused to have anything whatever to do with surgery, which it despised; and students of medicine were not allowed to dissect. The physicians held surgery to be a mere manual art, unworthy of a learned profession. Any physician who had ever practised surgery was required to promise that he would never again descend to this craft fit only for an artisan. There were numberless other absurdities accepted by nearly all the physicians of the time. Bleeding and purging were, of course, the foremost of remedies, since they were necessary to rid the body of its "humors." Patients took medicine or were purged not only for any ailment they had, but also for the ailments they might have in the future, merely as a precautionary measure. And to these ridiculous practices every one who consulted a physician had to submit, including the King himself.

III

SINCE these absurdities and artificialities were patent to all, Molière could not help seeing them. He was moved to mirthful indignation by the empty pretensions of the physicians. He might not know better than any other layman what ought to be done; but he was too sharp-sighted and keen-witted not to see that these things ought not to be done. Here, as elsewhere, he had an abiding faith in the power of nature to take care of itself and to work out its own salvation. This led him to abhor the endless purging, bleeding, and drugging which every physician then resorted to. It led him

also to anticipate the modern practice of letting a disease run its course. In "*L'Amour Medecin*" the nimble-tongued *Lisette* tells how the household cat has recovered from a fall into the street, after lying three days without eating and without moving a paw; and then she adds that there are no cat-physicians, luckily for the cat, or it would have died from their purgings and bleedings. A similar attitude is taken by other characters in the later plays, in which Molière returned again to the attack.

Molière had had thorough instruction in the official philosophy, as the Jesuits imparted it to their students; and he had been made familiar with a more modern school of thought by Gassendi. He was by training fitted to understand the philosophic foundation on which were raised all the theories promulgated by the Faculty of Medicine; and his objection to the practices of the French physicians of his time seems to be due not more to the absurdity of these practices than to the absurdity of the philosophy which justified them.

He did his own thinking in his own fashion; and he was no blind worshipper of authority. He was not overawed by the revered name of Hippocrates, outside of which there was no health. Even the citing of Aristotle was not to him conclusive if his own eyes revealed to him an experience not obviously in accord with the saying of the great Greek. It is not without significance that he makes one of his characters declare that "the ancients are the ancients, and we are the men of to-day." Molière was no iconoclast, no violent revolutionary, no rejector of tradition solely because it was an inheritance. On the other hand, he was ready to prove all things so that he might hold fast that which was good. So it was that he detested vain theorizing and the building up of formulas and of classifications into rigid systems, false to the facts of life as he saw them with his own eyes. The medicine of his day was a rigid system of this sort; and the moment he perceived this clearly he could not help exposing it.

But his detestation of the contemporary perversions of the doctrines of Hippocrates and of Galen did not lead him to misrepresent them. On the contrary, he strove to reproduce them with the most conscientious accuracy. If the discussions of his doctors, their dissertations, their disputations

seem to us almost inconceivably ridiculous, this is because Molière had assimilated the theory that sustained them and had absorbed the vocabulary in which they were habitually set forth. To bring forth abundant laughter all that Molière had to do was to show the doctors in action, to isolate this principle and that, and to set this forth in their own jargon, with only the slight heightening necessary to make it clear. The result is inevitably laughable because of the fundamental absurdity of the originals thus faithfully portrayed.

The scholars who have investigated the history of medicine in France are united in their admiration for the fidelity with which Molière has dealt with the doctrines he was denouncing. They have constant praise for the certainty with which he seized the spirit that animated the French physicians of the seventeenth century, and for the skill with which he caught the very accent of their speech. His was no haphazard criticism; it was rooted in knowledge. The consultation in "*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*" is declared to be almost a phonographic report in its verisimilitude. Even when the comic dramatist was moved to frank caricature and overt burlesque, as in the ceremony of the "*Malade Imaginaire*," he was only exaggerating more or less what actually took place on similar occasions. His satire, however grotesque in may seem, however broadly humorous, has philosophic truth to sustain it.

IV

ALTHOUGH Molière put into "*L'Amour Medecin*" four figures of fun which his contemporaries recognized as copied from certain of the more prominent physicians of Paris, there was no bitterness of personality in this. It was the whole Faculty he was attacking and the spirit that governed this trade-guild of those who trafficked in medicine. He had no quarrel with any individual doctor; indeed, he was on the best of terms with several practitioners of the healing art—with La Mothe Le Vayer, for one, with Bernier, for another, and with his own doctor, Mauvillain.

The only favor that Molière ever craved from the sovereign was that a vacant canonry might be bestowed on Mauvillain's son. This request he addressed to the King on

the joyful day when Louis XIV at last permitted the public performances of "Tartuffe." In his appeal he told the monarch that the physician had promised and was ready to bind himself, under oath, to keep his patient alive for thirty years if this boon could be obtained from the King. The petitioner explained that he had not demanded so much, and he would be satisfied if the doctor merely promised not to kill him. Grimarest has recorded that the King once asked Molière how he got along with his physician, and that the dramatist answered, "Sire, we talk together; he prescribes remedies for me; I do not take them; and I get well."

These talks together were probably the source of Molière's accurate and intimate acquaintance with the principles, the procedure, and the vocabulary of contemporary medicine. Mauvillain was a man of marked individuality, who had had troubles of his own in his youth, but who rose in time to be dean of the Faculty. Ardent defender of the rights of his guild, he seems to have had a sense of humor; and it may be that he took a malicious pleasure in supplying Molière with material for caricaturing other members of the Faculty and even the Faculty itself.

Molière's uncertain health must often have given occasion for these talks with Mauvillain; and although he may have told the King that he did not take the remedies

his physician prescribed, it is a fact that when he died he owed a heavy bill to his apothecary. That his health was uncertain is beyond all question. His lungs were weak, and he had a chronic cough, which he even gave as a peculiarity to one of the later characters he wrote for his own acting. He came of a feeble stock; his mother died young and few of her children attained long life. Molière's younger brother died before he did—and he himself was to survive only until he was fifty-one, the immediate cause of his death being the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs. Two of his three children died before him; and his only surviving child, a daughter, died at last without leaving issue.

It is only after he became conscious that his health was failing and that he had to call on physicians for relief, it is only then that he began to make fun of them, after he had had personal experience of the futility of their efforts. Perhaps we may find the exciting cause of his hostility to the contemporary practice of medicine in the inability of the contemporary practitioners to alleviate his own ailments and to restore him to strength. A fact it is that he continued his attacks on them to the end of his life, and that the last play he lived to produce, the "Malade Imaginaire" contained the most vigorous of all his assaults, far more searching than the comparatively mild satire of "L'Amour Medecin."

FROM AN AUTOMOBILE

By Percy MacKaye

FLUID the world flowed under us; the hills,
 Billow on billow of umbrageous green,
 Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen
 One rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills
 And silver rising storms and dewy stills
 Of dripping boulders, then the dim ravine
 Drowned us again in leafage, whose serene
 Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous wills.

Then all of nature's old amazement seemed
 Sudden to ask us: "Is this also Man?
 This plunging, volant land-amphibian—
 What Plato mused and Paracelsus dreamed?
 Reply!" And piercing us with ancient scan,
 The shrill primeval hawk gazed down and screamed.

A DAUGHTER OF SHINING WOODS

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

"**A**TAVISM," said the Orientalist, as Murray finished his story.
"Dual personality," said the doctor.

Stirling, the big, lean, weather-beaten man in the easy-chair, leaned forward as one does who has a tale on the tip of his tongue. He had been silent all the evening till now.

"I suppose you see more of such things in the East," he began. "I've never been there. But the East isn't the only place you see them. They're just nearer the surface there, like—like a rock in quick water, where the currents divide."

Hallock, the writer man, looked up in quick appreciation of the figure.

"The currents of life, in this case," he suggested.

"That's it—a rock dividing the currents of life. It was last fall that I saw how this romance had ended—or, rather, how it had continued, for I found Billy Hendricks and his wife living in a clearing not far from the upper waters of the Montreal. They have a comfortable log house there, with roses and wallflowers and other things you don't expect to see in the woods growing about it. In the house are books and pictures; the books mostly essays and poetry, for Mrs. Hendricks has never reverted enough to lose her fondness for such things."

"Reverted?" queried Hallock.

"Yes. At least that's the way I explain it, though I shouldn't wonder if it was more than that—something you can't explain. The beginning of it was four years ago last October. Tom Douglass and his wife had leased an island in Temagami, and gave a house party there. They called it a camping party, but the name seemed odd to me; fresh milk and eggs from the station every day, and vegetables two or three times a week. It was a house party without a house, and a mighty pleasant one, with a congenial crowd of men and girls. You know what a match-maker Mrs. Tom is; I expect she hoped to pair us all off in those two weeks. Only one of the girls, Helen Mackvigar, seemed to be-

long in the woods, and it looked from the first as if she and Billy Hendricks would hit it off. She looked like an Indian, with her straight, dark hair and aquiline features. I could hardly believe it when Mrs. Douglass told me she came from New York. It seemed as if she didn't belong there at all. And Hendricks, too, was out of the usual run—different somehow. He is an honorary chief of the Chippewas, you know, and lived among them for years.

"One night we all went for supper to a cove in Devil's Bay, not far from Kokomis Island, meaning to paddle back by moonlight. There is a stone on the island that looks remarkably like a little old woman, seated. The Indians say that she is Kokomis, the Devil's wife, whom he turned to stone ages ago, and put on the island. When the brigades start out from the Hudson Bay Company's post, in the September moon, they stop a night near Kokomis, and make offerings to her of tobacco and flour and tea, and ask her to give them good hunting. The priests can't stop them, though a priest is generally big medicine to an Indian.

"Hendricks and Helen Mackvigar lagged away behind the rest on the way to the cove. Supper was nearly ready, and the sun was red over Obabika before their canoe touched the rocks. I was at the shore when they came, and it didn't take a hawk's eye to see that something had happened. Hendricks hauled out the canoe, and looked over toward Squirrel Point before going up to the fire. Six mojo canoes—five paddlers in each—were just going in to the shore.

"'Indians, of course,' I said, when I saw what he was looking at.

"'A brigade,' said Hendricks. 'They'll sacrifice to Kokomis to-night, when the moon is an hour high.'

"He turned and went up to the fire-place.

"The moon, just past the full, rose as we were finishing supper, and perhaps three-quarters of an hour later we started for Kokomis, intending to lie in the shadow of the shore and watch the chief of the brigade

put his offerings in the hollow at the base of the stone. I happened to be first in the little bay, and held on to a branch within a few feet of Kokomis. Hendricks slid alongside, and Helen Mackvicar rested her hand on the gunwale of my canoe, just where a moonbeam came through the leaves and touched it. I thought she was trembling a little, though it may have been only the breeze in the alder leaves that made it seem so. The other four canoes lay out beyond—all very quiet. We didn't have to wait long; the scrape of the stern paddle against the rail of the *mojo* and the drip of water from the blades came to us from around the point almost before the last of our party had come into the cove, and presently the big birch shot into the shadow of Kokomis. Helen Mackvicar's hand was surely trembling now; I could feel it shake my canoe as it rested on the rail. The Indian in the bow of the birch laid aside his paddle, and bent over the hollow at the feet of Kokomis, the other four kneeling motionless against the thwarts. The bow man stood up; it was so dark in the shadow that we felt rather than saw him rise to his feet, and lift his hands over his head in the Indian attitude of prayer. He stood there for a moment, and then intoned the invocation:

"Oh, Kokomis! give us good hunting!"

"The other four repeated after him:

"Oh, Kokomis! give us good hunting!"

"At the response I heard a long 'A-ah' from Helen Mackvicar: the kind of sound you make when you hear something you have been trying to remember for a long time. She took away her hand from the rail of my canoe as the *mojo* left the shore; Hendricks dipped his paddle like a man in a dream. I heard him mutter 'Good God!' as he passed me. Not an exclamation of surprise exactly; of wonder, rather, and bewilderment.

"Do you know the Northern Lights? If you do, you know what the Bible means when it says, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' It seems as if you must hear the sweep and rustle of them; somehow they make you afraid. We went back under the splendor of them that night, my canoe close to Hendricks's, all the way, though I might as well have been in the middle of the Atlantic for all he or Helen Mackvicar knew of my presence. Once, I heard her repeat in a sort of whisper, 'Oh, Kokomis! give us

good hunting!' and her hands rose over her head as she said it. And above them those glorious flames, like the fires of burnt-offering. I can see it all now; the air was electric with what was between those two. Not what was between them, exactly, for there was nothing of that sort for some days, but with the sense of something that they alone knew about. As soon as we reached the island she went to her tent without a good-night to any of us.

"'Bring your blankets out on the point,' said Hendricks to me. We often slept out there. The moss was a foot thick.

"'Do you know,' he said, when we had rolled in, 'she said the first words of that prayer when we stopped at the island on the way to the cove. It seemed as if she had known the rest, and forgotten it. Yet she doesn't know a word of Ojibway and never heard of Kokomis.'

"I answered something or other—I forget what—but he paid no attention to it. He lay there with his eyes wide open, the moon shining on his face. I fell asleep presently, but woke, as you do in the woods, shortly after midnight. The birds are all awake then, and the squirrels; everything seems to be moving. Hendricks was lying as he had been hours before.

"'Her great-grandfather was a missionary in this region,' I heard him say to himself, and I knew he was still looking for a solution of the riddle.

"A white-throated sparrow—the Indians call it 'Wasaks Manitou,' which means 'The Spirit of Shining Woods,' woke us next morning by singing on a bush over our heads and flew away as I moved. Hendricks was lying as I had seen him when the birds had twittered sleepily at midnight; I do not think he had moved or slept all night long.

"He and I and four others were starting that morning after moose, a two-weeks' trip or more, over to Quebec side. The party turned out early to wish us good luck, but the girl wasn't among them. Hendricks moved away slowly that morning and our canoe was launched last of all. She came down just as we shoved clear of the shore.

"'Good hunting,' she said, speaking so low that the words hardly reached me where I sat in the bow. I felt Hendricks stop paddling; when I turned around he was looking steadily at her—and she was returning his gaze, biting her lip a little.



Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"She was still standing on the point with the mists rising around her feet."—Page 118.

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The mists were rising about her feet, and gave her a sort of unreal appearance.

"'Good hunting,' she repeated.

"'Thank you,' answered Hendricks, and bent to the paddle. I had a feeling as if I had seen the C string of a banjo stretched tight, if you know what I mean. His 'Thank you' relieved the tension.

"The first portage was opposite the camp, perhaps half a mile away. The bank was steep there, and when I reached the top of it with my first load I looked about me. She was still standing on the point with the mists rising around her feet; Hendricks was below me on the shore, just putting the tump-line over his forehead.

"'Couchineu,' he asked our guide that evening, 'haven't the Ojibways some story about a chief's daughter that comes back to the tribe every fifty years or so?'

"'Mitchi Wasaks?' suggested Couchineu.

"'Mitchi Wasaks,' repeated Hendricks, 'Shining Woods.' That's the name.

"'They say she comes back sometam,' admitted Couchineu. 'One's grandson sees her.'

"'Every second generation, eh? Do you believe it?'

"Couchineu didn't answer for a moment. Then he bent over the fire again and said,

"'The priests say it is not so.'

"Hendricks went exploring alone after breakfast the next day, for we were taking it easy—staying at White Water a day for the fishing. We didn't begin to worry about him till an hour or so after lunch time, for we knew he was a good man in the woods."

Stirling paused and lit the pipe which he had been filling.

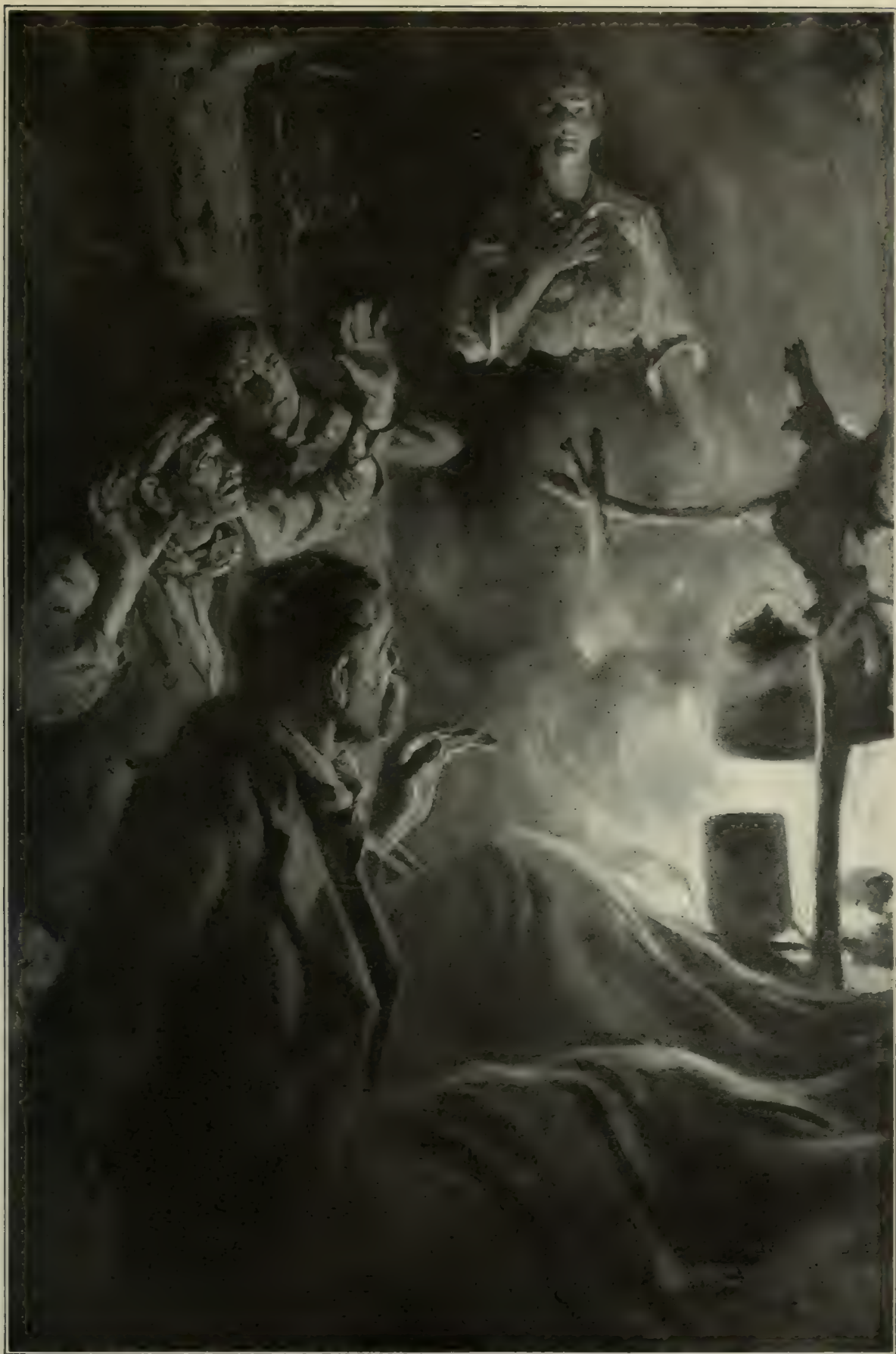
"Anybody can get lost up there," he continued. "It must have been two in the afternoon when we set out to look for Hendricks. He had started up a moose runway and his tracks were plain enough for a couple of miles, until the moose trail ended at a dry watercourse covered with big boulders. We found a line of scratches such as hobnails make on soft stone, and followed them some distance, perhaps a mile, to where they ceased at a flinty outcrop in the middle of the stream bed. We made détours into the woods on both sides, firing our guns and shouting, but got no answer. An hour or so before sunset a couple of us went back to the

morning's camp for food and blankets. It seemed best to camp at the end of the moose trail, and search from there in all directions.

"When any one is lost in the woods you hunt for him until you drop—night and day. Not because you stand any chance of finding him in the dark, with only a birch torch for a light, but just because you can't sit still and do nothing. We searched that night for I don't know how long—time doesn't mean much under such circumstances—and then came back to where the fire was glowing on the rocks to guide us, and slept where we dropped, with our blankets huddled around us any old way—just as they came to hand.

"Anything is possible at night or even in the afternoon. In the morning you see things as they are; especially if they look hopeless. We had so little to go on. Hendricks might have left the stream bed at the point where the nail marks ended, or he might have followed it over the flints, for no one could tell how far, and left it on either side. Worse yet, his boots might not have made the scratches at all, for that kind of mark looks fresh for years. But the scratches gave us the only theory we had to work on; we couldn't abandon it till we had proved it false. We went farther up the stream than we had gone on the previous day, and explored the woods on each side more carefully.

"Sleep, if you can get enough of it, puts you in equilibrium again; restores the nerve cells, I suppose. But a little of it—and we had none of us had more than three hours the night before—puts you on edge, and takes the curb off your imagination if you are worrying about anything. Time and again that day I thought I heard answering shouts, and worked toward them over windfalls and through muskeg long after I should have recognized them as echoes. The others had the same experience. That kind of work takes it out of you; the work and the disappointment at the end. It was slow, too, for each of us had to mark his way back to the stream, either by bending twigs, Indian fashion, or by blazing trees. We were too tired to eat that evening. Hendricks had been gone two days and a night, but, unless he had hurt himself badly, he would still be all right, for even a man without fire-

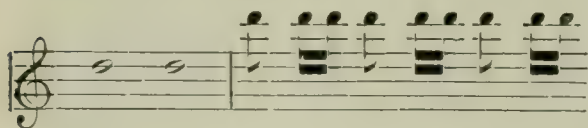


Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

"Something moved clear of the leafage. The fire rustled and flared up."—Page 120.

arms can kill hedgehogs. It was the chance of injury that worried us. We rolled in for a four-hours' nap, meaning to hunt again at moonrise and hunt down stream, for we felt that we had thoroughly explored the country in the other direction.

"The moon was half an hour high when I woke up. From the edge of the woods a white-throated sparrow sang once, not chirped, you understand, as they always do soon after midnight, but sang his whole song. It goes



Stirling whistled the note and paused. His pipe had gone out; he was sitting on the edge of his chair, his elbows resting on the arms and his hands clasped tight together.

"It gave one the creeps, coming that way in the middle of the night. I threw back my blankets, meaning to rouse the rest and start hunting again, but before I could do so they all woke up at once, just as if some one had called them.

"What is it?" Dicky Livermore asked. It sounded as if he were answering a summons.

"Wasaks Manitou sang again. A twig cracked, and a load of dew, brushed from a branch as if some one had passed, pattered down.

"Hendricks!" called Livermore. "Is that you, Hendricks?"

"Something moved clear of the leafage. The fire rustled and flared up.

"A woman," cried Livermore.

"Mitchi Wasaks!" It was Couchineu who said that, as his hands rose straight above his head.

"It is I, Mitchi Wasaks," responded the figure. The voice was thin and far away, but there was something familiar about it for all that. I kicked up the fire. The long black hair fell free from the top of her head, and was confined by a thong or its like at the nape of the neck, where a feather was stuck through it.

"Miss Mackvicar!" I exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

"Yes, of course," she answered, but the

voice was still strange. "I knew that he was lost and I came."

"Over her head the white-throat sang again



"Come!" she said.

"I don't know why I obeyed, but I couldn't help myself. Couchineu and the rest followed along behind. She went up the watercourse—and we thought we had searched in that direction thoroughly—farther than we had gone, and turned into the woods. There wasn't a mark or sign to guide her, but she didn't hesitate a moment. We stumbled after her; she seemed to drift along without effort, turning now to the right, now to the left. I bent over to break a twig to guide us on our way back; the one I touched was already broken and beyond it were a number of others hanging down. I pointed this out to Couchineu.

"It is the trail," he said.

"We had been going on for two hours now, but Helen Mackvicar, or whatever spirit had taken her form, never faltered. The sky was gray with daylight, and all the birds were stirring, but still we heard the white-throat above them all. There seemed to be but one, which was strange. As we entered a burned area where the huckleberries grew thick, the sun rose above the horizon. Huckleberry bush conceals all marks except blood stains, but she pushed steadily through it; often it waved as high as her waist. A track appeared in the mud at our feet, made apparently by some heavy body moving painfully. It may have been imagination, but I thought the bird had been fluttering ahead of her for a long time, and I know that a bird lit on the branch of a dead pine fifty feet or so ahead and sang there. Just then I saw a hand print in the mud, and beyond it another. I jumped forward through the bush, but she was ahead of me.

"Under the pine where the white-throat was singing we found Hendricks with his leg broken. He opened his eyes and saw the girl.

"Mitchi Wasaks," he whispered.

"I have found you," she said. She put

her hand to her forehead, looked wildly about her for a moment, then, quite slowly, she sank down in a dead faint, and the part of her that had been strange left her as

mists leave a lake in the morning. Over the two of them the white-throat was singing again.

"Call it atavism, or what you please."

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

OF course, the most omnivorous and leisurely reader cannot swallow or even taste all the flood of modern fiction. Even the deglutition of "best sellers" involves, on the part of the sampling taster, an "otium" with a minimum of "dignitate." Readers whose time is of some value to them would find it hard to explain upon what principle of selection they proceed in making their tentative sips or gulps from the tide, and endeavoring to determine, from their own casual gustations (excuse me, I have been reading Sam Johnson), "what main currents draw the years."

But if one rare swimmer and swallower in the current stream of fiction may trust his own observation, it is symptomatic that the supernatural, barred from fiction for several generations, is re-entering, "with power."

"Re-enter
Ghost"

Two of the recent novelists whom a reader with something else to do has found himself somehow forced to read are Du Maurier and De Morgan. Modernizing Thackeray as they both do, though you might maintain that the newer also addicts himself to modernizing Dickens, they both rush in where their masters would have feared to tread. Dickens, indeed, was by no means above telling ghost stories. But, like Mr. Kipling in "A Matter of Fact," he "told it as a lie," when he did not present it as an equally obvious allegory, and never for a moment endeavored to impose upon the credulity of his readers. Thackeray, on the other hand, strictly abstained from relating any adventure which might not plausibly have happened to anybody. As for Anthony Trollope, he would have died first. So, for that matter, different as were his subjects and his treatment, would Charles Reade. The double consciousness in "Hard Cash," and again in "A Simpleton," is not supernatural,

but pseudo-scientific. The mid-Victorians, in fact, disdained or ignored as subject-matter any material which was not documented. But the late Victorians and early Edwardians have reverted to the prime matter of romance.

The two recent novelists we have named might be dismissed as amateurs who have felt bound to impart an adventitious interest to their pictures of life and manners. There is nothing of the supernatural in "Joseph Vance." But the ghost in "Alice for Short" is, so to say, of the essence, and it is pretty nearly as documented as the double consciousness in "Somehow Good." But Du Maurier sought and found a properly supernatural motive for each of his stories. The "dreaming true" in "Peter Ibbetson," the hypnotism in "Trilby," are distinctly of the essence. And so was the Martian motive in "The Martian," in the author's mind, inappreciable as that motive may be to the readers who have yet found delight in the picture of the French school life of a British or "bilingual" boy.

But the supernatural element is by no means to be dismissed as the last refuge of the amateur. Mr. Henry James does not make upon anybody the impression of the amateur. And yet he has repeatedly founded tales upon the hypothesis that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in even his psychology. It is true that only one of these tales can be called successful. The "Turn of the Screw" alone of them is "convincing," even to the reader most willing to be convinced—at least to submit himself for the time of reading to the illusion the writer aims to produce. "The Private Life" makes, in fact, only the impression of a rather lumbering and a double-headed social or even political satire, and "The Sacred Fount" is in danger of making upon the most willing reader no impression at all.

Even Mr. Howells, that doughtiest champion of "realism," who would ostensibly scorn most the adventitious interest of incidents at all out of the common, has derogated somewhat from his principles in this particular, as in "The Undiscovered Country."

For the purposes of the novelist, the Super Natural is, as a matter of material, only the uncommon, the Extra Ordinary. Small blame to the novelist if he seizes with avidity on anything that his newspaper tells him or that the Society for Psychical Research brings him. One falls back, in the defence of the wonder-hunter, on that impeccable plea in favor of the romance in Stevenson's "Lantern Bearer." As Stevenson has it in another essay, it is not in presence of the virtues of a "curate and tea party novel" that men "are abashed into high resolutions." And as he puts it in the essay in question, there is not much real moralizing done by "a picture of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget." Whether one desires in his fiction a "criticism of life" or an "escape from life," he is equally entitled to require in it something out of the common. To be sure, De Quincey sets forth the attractiveness on the stage of something the spectators have just been seeing off the stage, a drunkard, for instance, an omnibus, or as we might now say, a trolley car, an automobile breathing flames and gasoline. There are playwrights and novelists who make their living out of this curious desire to have represented to them, in their hours of leisure and entertainment, simulacra of the same things that bore them or frighten them in their workaday hours. But working on this yearning, whatever it may psychologically be, is not an ambitious enterprise. In the "world of divine illusion" we require some higher and rarer form of excitement. It is not by dodging the every-day automobile that one finds his passions purged by pity and terror. And the meanest moralist that blows, as the most priggish art-for-artist that also blows, may forgive his romancer for trying to create for him an environment more attractive than the light of common day.

WE have heard much about the repetition in the individual of the life of the race, and doubtless the least observant among us have noted confirmatory tokens, as, for instance, the tendency of the young human to walk on four legs, and those

stages of urchin life which suggest only too vividly the actions of primitive man. It is strange that no one has had much to say about the fact that we reach further back, beyond our human selves, beyond our vertebrate selves, even beyond the power of motion, to a primal fixedness. There are moments in my experience, and they multiply as I grow older, when I am distinctly aware, through all the intricacies of being since that early dim existence, of my kinship with the first lichen clinging to the first rock. Greater than I have talked of reminiscent intimations of immortality; to me come intimations of petal, stem and root. There are certain moods for which our kinship with the animal world cannot account, leaf and bark moods, a feeling of identity with waving grass and with wind-tossed branches. Sometimes rain falling on the face and hands brings sensations of which mere flesh and blood are incapable; those moments when you breathe through your fingers, and those when your whole heavy body becomes translucent in the sun demand explanation. You long, then, to slough off the vertebræ and skull, and spread yourself leaf-wise upon the air. This elusive yet poignant comprehension of phases of being in the vegetable world makes you say, as Whitman did of animals: "Did I pass that way a long time ago?"

The Vegetable
Self

Now that Mr. Macdonald has demonstrated that plants have eyes, and Mr. Darwin that they have consciousness—both facts which we ignorant folk could have told them long ago, but for the unaccountable habit of the wise never to take counsel of fools—I trust that some great scientist will add, with proofs, that plants have ears, for they have; and fingertips, for they have; and manifold sensitiveness with which they are not usually credited. Nay, some may prove that they have souls, though, when you come to think of it, it has not been scientifically demonstrated that we have them ourselves. I remember many a call to the spirit through the world of green things. The ragged crests of the militant hemlocks in the West Woods, telling of centuries of struggle with wind and sleet, and the worn and twisted cedars clinging to rocks along the coast, wear the look that you now and then see upon an aged, "unsundered face," recording an expression that has not been all defeat.

Perhaps the most obvious manifestation of our kinship with the world of fixed and rooted life comes in our devotion to things. There

is a terrible story by Balzac, "Le Curé de Tours," written with that masterly realism whereby his records of human experience are bitten into our minds as with acid following the graving of an etcher's tool, the story of the Abbé Birotteau, who loved with consuming passion another's household possessions, and inherited them, only to lose them through trickery, losing with them health and all the joy of life. I doubt if any other writer has ever portrayed so vividly that fatal human clinging to objects which I believe is a survival from our vegetable state. Balzac asserts that celibates—old maids, bachelors, priests—are most subject to this low form of human experience. So menacing is his power of presenting his ideas that I always believe him, whether I will or no, and I plead guilty, not only of belonging to one of the despised classes, which I will not say, but of possessing an inordinate love of objects, of which he speaks so scornfully, not of jewels, or of garments, but of certain places and certain things which have grown all but human from their long association with human life.

As I say this, I recall, from earlier days, that southern doorway of my grandfather's old house, with the broad stone steps, and the gravelled path by which the single red roses bloomed in June, and I remember the clock with the green weeping willow picture upon its face, and the straight-backed, rush-seated chairs. The aged folk whose white heads I see against this background had grown one with their great maples for nearly ninety years, and I cannot separate them in my thought from the flowers that blossomed about their door.

As these pictures come back in memory I realize that I, too, am growing fast daily to the spot in which I live, becoming part of my bit of earth. With our apple trees I have put down root for root, which will not come up without a wrench; the fibres of my being which have twisted about the mahogany settle and highboy will tear them and me if broken apart. I am anything but a clinging vine; my sex and my profession forbid that, and yet, to the old-fashioned serving table, the windows toward the west, even to certain copper pots and pans, cling tendrils that put to shame woodbine fingers with their violent hold. The fine and fibrous roots that spread; the great lonely roots that take earth into a deadly grip, and the hard, curling tentacles which grasp lintel and eaves

so fatally that withdrawing them means death—I know them all.

There are aspects of this phase of human life which are pleasant; there are others which might well fill one with apprehension. The tendency to hold fast being inevitable, how shall one abide the fear of going away? I have been meaning to ask some learned botanist or florist if many plants share with certain ferns the tendency to wither and die if the pot containing them is but carried from one room to another. I, growing downward with unnumbered fibres of New England grass, shiver lest some rude wind of destiny may tear me up. With terror I hear the fiat that I must rend all ties and spend next year in Greece. If this come to pass, shall I be better than an uprooted vegetable? Can I send down roots among those cold, perfect stones? Even now, for brief spaces, in strange spots, I have a sense of withering, a baseless feeling, as of a plant cut sharply off. What if homesickness is, after all, but reminiscence, a dim, unconscious memory of roots?

Reflection opens up many a subject of inquiry, on which Sir Thomas Browne might well have speculated. Are not our throes to discover a fixed and irrevocable theology or philosophy a harking back to that immobile time, an attempt to shirk the consequences of having come to life, a desire to return to a state of being from which relentless nature, now that we have once departed, relentlessly banishes us? How many of us may be seen in the lichen state, cowering full length upon a stone; how many in the sea-anemone stage, feebly moving tentacles in endless circles, forgetting that our spiritual life is that of the quest, and that the great gift of motion was granted us that we might move—it may be, for, spite of unceasing efforts, the old hope has not been disproved—toward some great end.

It is a curious question, too, why reminiscent hints of primitive animal life should come so early in the life of the individual, the tendency to return to vegetable ways so late. Indubitably it is to the aged and the ageing that it comes, and none could claim that it represents the height of our achievement, being rather but a quiet descent. It is a kindly experience, not like those violent emotions which rend and tear us in the heyday of our lives; gently accustoming us to the ways of earth, preparing us for the time when we shall feel, if not the daisies, at least the grass growing over us.

PHOTOGRAPHERS without number have recorded for the information of the future the first exhibitions of human flight, but it is believed that the frontispiece of the present number gives the first record by an artist, and thus not only the *ensemble* and the color impossible to photography, but that subtle spirit of the scene which the camera misses.

How a Painter
Saw Men Fly.

Mr. Charles Hoffbauer, one of the best-known of the younger painters of France (a few of whose pictures, like "A Flemish Rising" and "The Strenuous Life," are owned in America), was at Rheims during the "aviation week," and painted the sketch which is now published. How deeply he realized the historic importance as well as the strangeness of the sight is shown by some extracts from a letter which he wrote to a friend:

"No impression of brush or pencil can do justice to that first emotion of the artist upon beholding the great plain at Rheims, with a half dozen of those wonderful winged creatures floating in the air above him at the same time, the first time that human eyes had ever beheld a parallel spectacle.

"The full value of that memorable day could not, it seems to me, be fully appreciated unless one had seen the single machine of Wilbur Wright, the pioneer bird, flying over the Camp of Avour at Le Mans a year ago. The most

sanguine enthusiast did not even dream then of the thing that the plains of Betheny held in store for him, since human invention had not yet learned the pace that aviation was to engender in it.

"Most significant was that moment in which the machines reached the lower end of the field, seeming to fly above the grand old Cathedral of Rheims, though in reality passing some little distance from it. What would have been the thoughts of the men who raised those towers into the air of the Middle Ages?

"The large bird-like aeroplane in the foreground of the painting is the Antoinette (50 HP.), guided by Hubert Latham.

"The second plane shows the Wright biplane (30 HP.), one of the seven Wright machines that took part in the concourse.

"The third is the Blériot monoplane (50 HP.), in which the inventor had made his sensational crossing of the English Channel a few days before.

"The Curtiss biplane, which is almost exactly like the Wright machine in a smaller size, gave an extraordinary impression of speed as it passed. But it rested with the Antoinette monoplane, guided by Hubert Latham, swooping through the air like some great bird of prey a hundred and fifty metres above the ground, to satisfy the eye and fill the imagination."





THE FLIGHTS AT RHEIMS DURING "AVIATION WEEK" IN SEPTEMBER, 1909.

From a sketch in colors made on the spot by Charles Hoffbauer.

—"The Point of View."—Page 124.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

CHARLES F. MCKIM

THE artist born into a period of widely diffused creative power is regarded as fortunate. No doubt he is fortunate, for many obvious reasons. But what of the artist who finds his "period" waiting to be made over? Granted that *he* has the creative power, is he not lucky in the chance to set a whole generation upon its path, and thus, perhaps, extend his influence far into the future? This was the opportunity which fell to Charles Follen McKim, the American architect who died on September 14, 1909. It was not his alone. But what he made of it gave him a place apart. It is interesting briefly to consider the situation in which he found himself and his profession when he began his career. His parents were leading figures in the abolitionist movement, and from the time of his coming into the world in 1847, to the completion of his studies at Harvard, twenty years later, he must have lived in an atmosphere of peculiar seriousness. Then he went to Paris and entered the *École des Beaux Arts*. Ultimately he was to diverge from the teachings of that institution, but it is important to remember how much he profited by them in his young manhood. The great French school means discipline, and the idea of discipline, as we shall presently see, was heavily to count throughout his development. It was deeply indispensable to him when he returned to America.

American architecture was in a state of transition. The nineteenth century had given sporadic signs, for a few decades, of some fidelity to the refined taste of the eighteenth, but the Civil War destroyed the last surviving standards, and the art of the builder needed to be rehabilitated from top to bottom. It must have seemed a hopeless undertaking. Ugliness, and, what was worse, ignorance, had evidently entrenched themselves in secure possession. In the campaign opened against these twin tyrants, everything depended upon the leaders. Two men of genius, the seniors of McKim by a score of years, were already enlisted when he

came back from his Parisian schooling and European travels. One of them, the late Richard Morris Hunt, was himself a product of the same training. His gifts had not only been strengthened, but decisively moulded by the traditions of the *École des Beaux Arts*. A man of rich and even robust temperament, he was, nevertheless, all his life long, faithful to a certain academic point of view. He could be very light in hand, very graceful, when he chose, as witness the house, modelled on a *château* of the French Renaissance, which he built for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-first Street. But the truest measure of his power is given in such an edifice as that which he designed for the Lenox Library, a work of weighty scholarship, composed with a sort of impersonal sense of architectural law. His style, admirable as it is for its force and integrity, and fruitful as it has been in the growth of American architecture, must have seemed to McKim wanting in flexibility and charm. How was he affected by that of the late Henry Hobson Richardson, under whom he had his first practical experiences as an architect?

Richardson, like Hunt, had gone to Europe for his inspiration, but where his colleague's temperament had adjusted itself to a systematic conception of design, he had drunk almost to the point of intoxication of the generous and even heady wine of Romanesque architecture. A kindling emotion was expressed in his work, which embraced a number of small houses, but was most conspicuous in larger fields. He designed many monumental structures, impressive in mass and very warm, though never exaggerated, in their decorative aspects. The tower of Trinity Church in Boston is, perhaps, the most characteristic thing he ever did. It is a fine composition, and there are other works of Richardson which the historian of our architecture must value, but his influence was to prove curiously short-lived. Partly, I think, it was because his art, in sharp contrast to Hunt's, was too intensely personal. He was paid the doubtful compliment of eager

imitation, but he left no school. Moreover, and this is possibly the truer explanation of his failure to establish a tradition, there was no place for the Romanesque idea in the formation of American taste. Hunt, after all, in his academic way, was nearer to the authentic spring in this matter, and McKim was at its very brink. When he left Richardson he was in the mood to beat out for himself a style which can only be described as eclectic, with the qualification that whatever was to determine its final color, it would not be either the *École des Beaux Arts* or the Romanesque Cathedrals.

It was in the later seventies that he and William Rutherford Mead and the late Stanford White settled down to work in harness. They were foreordained to be associated together, each contributing something that the others lacked, while all three moved naturally to a common end. The new firm played its part with a free hand, delightfully disregarding all ideals save the one which, owing to their varied resources, they were able to invent for themselves. The houses dating from their earlier period—and it was upon domestic architecture that they were then chiefly engaged—made a wonderfully fresh and original effect in the dreary ensemble of the streets of New York, and they were no less piquant to meet when isolated in the country. One of their notable city buildings was the dwelling erected on the west side of Fifth Avenue, just above Thirty-fifth Street, for Mr. J. Coleman Drayton, later occupied by the Engineers' Club, and very recently demolished under the pressure of that business movement which has been transforming the once fashionable thoroughfare. It ought to have been preserved as a landmark in our artistic history. It was a conclusive challenge to the supremacy of the stereotyped "brown stone front." Everything about it was new and charming, beginning with the broad and easy "front stoop," which was really not a front stoop at all, but a beautiful staircase. The first stage of the façade was built of rough-faced courses of stone, relieved by delicate carvings around a simple arched entrance. Above, the lines of wall and windows—the latter including a singularly unobtrusive bay—were treated with the most fastidious restraint. The house had a physiognomy, one so original as immediately to arrest attention, and, at the same time, so refined, so quietly touched with elegance, that the last thing in the world it suggested was the opening of an artistic revolution.

Something of the same distinction attaches to the house further up the avenue, which was built for Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, and which still exists. Other examples might be cited. But better than a catalogue—which, for one thing, would be too voluminous—is a word on the broad significance of the entrance of McKim and his partners into American architecture.

It was not so very long ago, as years are counted, but the moment now seems historical. The artist in building was coming into his own. It was good to be alive and in the midst of tremendous changes, which seemed none the less tremendous because the public at large was hardly aware of what was going on. Architecture was more important than any other human interest, and it was tempting to believe that its fortunes in this country were largely in the hands of one group of men. Everybody knew and honored the two pioneers I have named, and everybody knew that several other brilliant men were at work. There was, for instance, a prodigious stir when Babb, Cook, and Willard built a warehouse in Duane Street, placing a new and beautiful stamp upon commercial architecture. But McKim, Mead, and White dominated the rising tide. Young men of talent, many of whom now occupy commanding positions in their profession, came trooping into the firm's office, which was an office in name, but had the character of an atelier. The first of our modern sky-scrapers, a modest enough affair, had just gone up on lower Broadway, but problems of steel construction gave comparatively little concern to McKim and his followers. If they had dealings with engineers, their associations were more intimate with painters and sculptors, and the men in the allied professions who were part of their circle, were men like La Farge and Saint-Gaudens. The artistic temperament, pure and simple, had everything its own way. The important thing was just to make a building beautiful. It was inspiring to observe the manner in which McKim showed how this was to be done. The task of exhibiting the play of his influence is a little difficult, but it is full of interest.

In a work of collaboration, two or more men may so skilfully fuse their identities as to puzzle even themselves, to say nothing of the public; but sooner or later the world comes to know just what each brought to the study of a given problem. Character will out. You cannot hide individual genius behind a firm name. In discussion of the buildings designed by McKim, Mead, and White, it has been customary to

recognize the exceptional unity of that partnership, and to leave unanswered the question as to which one of the three may have determined this or that element in the style practiced by them all. Reserve in the matter has been very natural. An analysis of their work which seeks to carry the inquiry thus far soon threatens to entangle the critic in a classification of specific buildings, and that is not only intrusive but full of peril. For example, the faculty of Stanford White was romantic, and even playful, but I recall a talk with him about the fine cornice of the Tiffany Building, in which the point of view he disclosed was that of an architect engaged upon a positively austere conception. It is idle, then, to parcel out the achievements of the firm. On the other hand, it would be equally foolish, in speaking of McKim, to evade the detachment of his personality from the working scheme to which he contributed so much. To any one familiar with the subject he must remain as clearly defined a figure in our architecture as any of the leaders in our sculpture or painting.

An artist in the strictest sense of the term, and, as has been shown by reference to the Drayton house, an artist of fresh and original traits, he was, nevertheless, a type of intellect driving at beauty, and deep reflection went to the making of his work. His principles were thought out, not emotionally improvised. They started with the organic character of a building whose functions were to find not only charming but right expression. Thus he never did anything merely for effect; his façades might be never so original, but you would recognize always their absolute fitness. His buildings unmistakably belonged to their sites. This fact has been obscured for some of his commentators by the not infrequent modelling of one of his buildings upon some historic European monument. Argument has gone off at a tangent, confusing the question of policy involved with the question of the artist's pure constructive purpose. Ignore for a moment this matter of the adaptation of foreign designs, and look simply to an inquiry as to whether McKim did not work out his problems from the centre, giving his buildings an ineffaceable stamp eloquent of their purpose. In illustration of his constructive feeling I have only to mention, in addition to the domestic types of design already cited, the churches in the English manner built at Lenox, Stockbridge, and Morristown; the collegiate buildings at Harvard, Columbia, and elsewhere; the library for

Mr. Morgan; the commercial buildings for Tiffany and Gorham; the Harvard, Century, and University club-houses; the bank building in the Bowery at Grand Street, and the station in New York for the Pennsylvania Railroad. I cheerfully make the reader a present of the fact that more than once in this mass of work he is bound to come across a design frankly taken from the past. It is far more to the point to consider this work as a whole, to note McKim's exploitation of broad ideas as well as his occasional reproduction of particular models, and then to remark the vital fashion in which he handles practical issues. His genius works in the stuff of American life, he takes our social and civic needs into his mind and proceeds to satisfy them, not as a dilettante erecting handsome screens upon the highway, but as a creative builder. The designing of such structures as I have summarized has been established upon a higher plane throughout the country through his influence. When he built a library or a church, a club-house or a state capitol, he left it a building with a soul.

Incidentally, he framed for us a new architectural language. Some critics of that language have been much perturbed over its origin, inclining to the belief that he took it bodily from abroad. I used to wonder what they were thinking about when the group of houses known as the Villard Block was erected in Madison Avenue, back of the Cathedral, and the bank at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street had been built. The influence of the Roman palace in Bramante's era was to be felt in the first of these performances, and the Florentine Renaissance was clearly to be discerned in the other; but it was the spirit, not the letter, of the old law that had controlled in both instances, and this it was that he developed in himself, and poured into the work of his firm. He developed it slowly, and very thoughtfully. He did not learn the value of the Italian Renaissance as one learns a lesson, but gradually absorbed it as he absorbed classical ideas and some French influences. Little by little he came to do his work in a kind of dry light, steadily getting rid of all that was superfluous in detail, steadily expressing himself in larger and simpler terms. He used the style of the Renaissance just as the late J. F. Bently used that of Byzantium, when he designed perhaps the most remarkable piece of pure architecture in our epoch, the superb Roman Catholic Cathedral in London. He used it, that is to say, as an instrument which he had

made entirely his own. I have spoken of his "young men," and of the reaction of his work upon the work of many of his contemporaries. He was effective in this way because he handed on no academic formula, but a habit of mind making for refinement and balance.

The Renaissance supplied him with a vehicle not only in harmony with his own nature, but wonderfully favorable to his purpose in view of the existing conditions in American taste. We have been putting our house in order, we have had to make fresh starts, to try numerous experiments, and, in short, to organize our artistic energies. Above all, we have wanted curbing. If the laying of an iron rod upon our warring impulses was to be made enduring, the measure of discipline imposed by the Renaissance was incomparably the best for us to adopt. Pure line, deftly balanced mass, graceful and not too lavish decoration, with a perfectly rationalized aim underlying them all, would win us from the nondescript and the uncouth, from meaningless form and redundant color. We would yield the more readily, too, as this reign of law was humanized, made not only dignified and authoritative but beguiling. McKim, who waxed in severity as he progressed, never ceased to charm, and hence his rule was easily consolidated. He had a genius for this kind of rule, because he had a genius for beauty. That was what his disciples felt, and it was through that that he helped them. It was once my privilege to go with him through the sculpture galleries

of the Vatican, making notes of the statues that seemed suitable for a decorative plan then in the air. There had been talk of reproducing a quantity of classical sculpture in plaster casts, to be distributed throughout the grounds of the World's Fair at Chicago, and we prepared together a long list. The experience was precious. McKim saw these sculptured episodes, as they were intended to be, in all their relations. If he accepted or rejected a suggestion, his comments bore partly upon the intrinsic qualities of a statue, but more upon its probable effect against the background at Chicago. He would pause before some piece, and in a few words explain its fitness or its uselessness. I vividly remember how the man at whose feet I sat enlarged my horizon, and put the whole question of sculptural decoration in a new perspective.

His taste was inexorable. He had a passion to be right. It would have landed a lesser man in pedantry. To him the rule of thumb was abhorrent. He prized what was good in the *École des Beaux Arts*, but he was impatient when its graduates tried to acclimatize here just so many French patterns. When he founded the American Academy at Rome it was not to substitute an Italian for a French formula, but to lead the young student, almost insensibly, into a nobler, more disciplined, and yet freer way of thinking and working. Thus he himself thought and worked, a steadying force in American art.

ROYAL CORTISZOZ.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

FEBRUARY, 1910

NO. 2

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

V.—A BUFFALO-HUNT BY THE KAMITI.

H EATLEY'S RANCH comprises twenty thousand acres lying between the Rewero and Kamiti Rivers. It is seventeen miles long, and four across at the widest place. It includes some as beautiful bits of natural scenery as can well be imagined, and though Heatley—a thorough farmer, and the son and grandson of farmers—was making it a successful farm, with large herds of cattle, much improved stock, hundreds of acres under cultivation, a fine dairy, and the like, yet it was also a game reserve such as could not be matched either in Europe or America. From Juja Farm we marched a dozen miles and pitched our tent close beside the Kamiti.

The Kamiti is a queer little stream, running for most of its course through a broad swamp of tall papyrus. Such a swamp is almost impenetrable. The papyrus grows to a height of over twenty feet, and the stems are so close together that in most places it is impossible to see anything at a distance of six feet. Ten yards from the edge, when within the swamp, I was wholly unable to tell in which direction the open ground lay, and could get out only by either following my back track or listening for voices. Under-

foot, the mud and water are hip-deep. This swamp was the home of a herd of buffalo numbering perhaps a hundred individuals. They are semi-aquatic beasts, and their enormous strength enables them to plough through the mud and water and burst their way among the papyrus stems without the slightest difficulty, whereas a man is nearly helpless when once he has entered the reed-beds. They had made paths hither and thither across the swamp, these paths being three feet deep in ooze and black water. There were little islands in the swamp on which they could rest. Toward its lower end, where it ran into the Nairobi, the Kamiti emerged from the papyrus swamp and became a rapid brown stream of water with only here and there a papyrus cluster along its banks.

The Nairobi, which cut across the lower end of the farm, and the Rewero, which bounded it on the other side from the Kamiti, were as different as possible from the latter. Both were rapid streams broken by riffle and waterfall, and running at the bottom of tree-clad valleys. The Nairobi Falls, which were on Heatley's Ranch, were singularly beautiful. Heatley and I visited them one evening after sunset, coming home from a day's hunt. It was a ride I shall long remember. We left our men, and let

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Heatley and a buffalo path.

Showing how the enormous strength of the buffalo enables him to burst his way among the papyrus stems which grow to a height of over twenty feet.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the horses gallop. As the sun set behind us, the long lights changed the look of the country and gave it a beauty that had in it an element of the mysterious and the unreal. The mountains loomed both larger and more vague than they had been in the bright sunlight, and the plains lost their look of parched desolation as the afterglow came and went. We were galloping through a world of dim shade and dying color; and, in this world, our horses suddenly halted on the brink of a deep ravine from out of which came the thunder of a cataract. We reined up on a jutting point. The snowy masses of the fall foamed over a ledge on our right, and below at our feet was a great pool of swirling water. Thick foliaged trees, of strange shape and festooned with creepers, climbed the sheer sides of the ravine. A black-and-white eagle perched in a blasted tree-top in front; and the bleached skull of a long-dead rhinoceros

glimmered white near the brink to one side.

On another occasion we took our lunch at the foot of Rewero Falls. These are not as high as the falls of the Nairobi, but they are almost as beautiful. We clambered down into the ravine a little distance below and made our way toward them, beside the brawling, rock-choked torrent. Great trees towered overhead, and among their tops the monkeys chattered and screeched. The fall itself was broken in two parts like a miniature Niagara, and the spray curtain shifted to and fro as the wind blew.

The lower part of the farm, between the Kamiti and Rewero and on both sides of the Nairobi, consisted of immense rolling plains, and on these the game swarmed in almost incredible numbers.

There were Grant's and Thompson's gazelles, of which we shot one or two for the



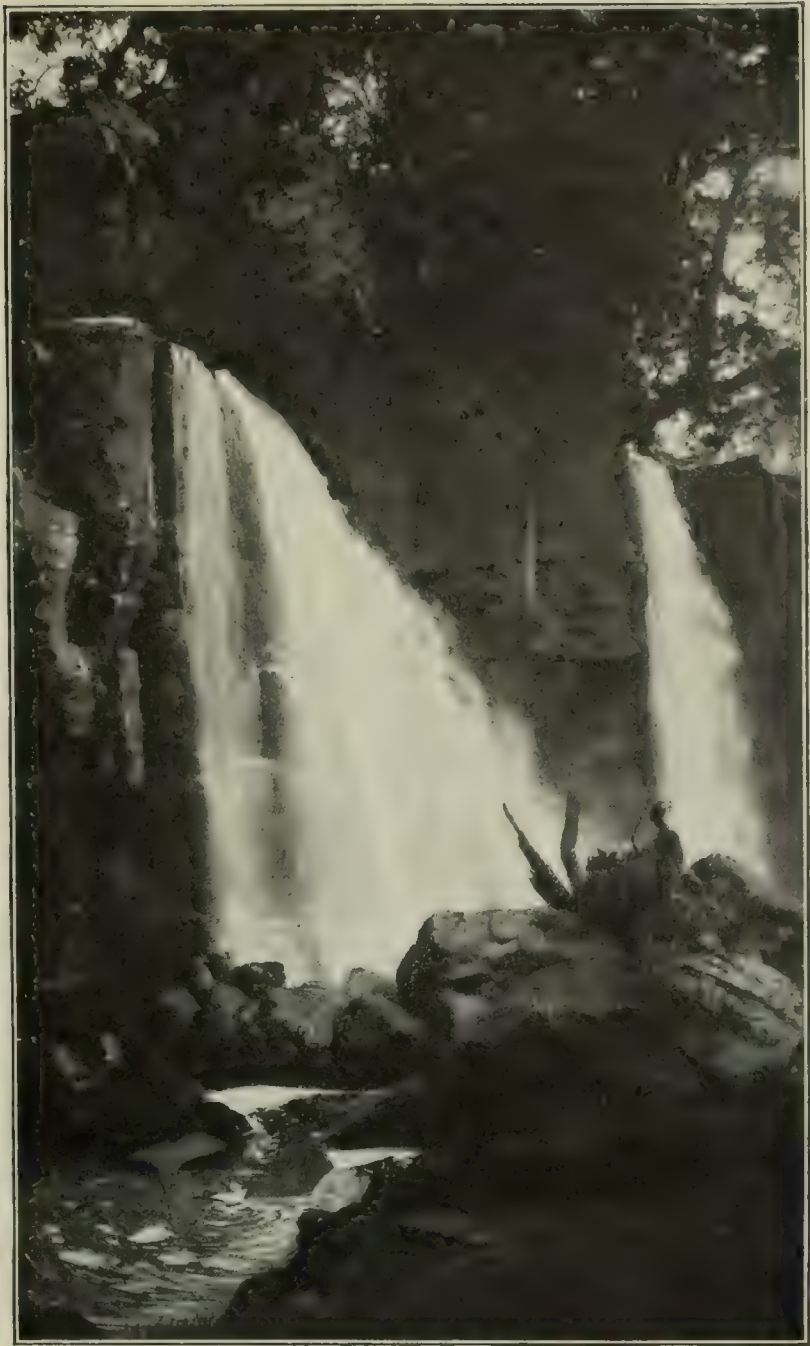
Heatley with two leopard cubs he caught.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

table. There was a small herd of blue wildebeest, and among them one unusually large bull with an unusually fine head; Kermit finally killed him. There were plenty of warthogs, which were to be found feeding right out in the open, both in the morning and the evening. One day Kermit got a really noteworthy sow with tusks much longer than those of the average boar. He ran into her on horseback after a sharp chase of a mile or two, and shot her from the saddle as he galloped nearly alongside, holding his rifle as the old buffalo-runners used to hold theirs, that is, not bringing it to his shoulder. I killed two or three half-grown pigs for the table, but I am sorry to say that I missed several chances at good boars. Finally one day I got up to just two hundred and fifty yards from a good boar as he stood broadside to me; firing with the little Springfield I put the bullet through both shoulders, and he was dead when we came up.

But of course the swarms of game consisted of zebra and hartebeest. At no time, when riding in any direction across these plains,

were we ever out of sight of them. Sometimes they would act warily and take the alarm when we were a long distance off. At other times herds would stand and gaze at us while we passed within a couple of hundred yards. One afternoon we needed meat for the safari, and Cuninghame and I rode out to get it. Within half a mile we came upon big herds both of hartebeest and zebra. They stood to give me long-range shots at about three hundred yards. I missed once and then wounded a zebra, after which Cuninghame rode. While he was off, I killed first a zebra and then a



Falls on the Rewero River.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hartebeest, and shortly afterward a cloud of dust announced that Cuninghame was bringing a herd of game toward me. I knelt motionless, and the long files of red coated hartebeest and brilliantly striped zebra came galloping past. They were quite a distance off, but I had time for several shots at each animal I selected, and I dropped one more zebra and one more hartebeest, in addition, I regret to add, to wounding another hartebeest. The four hartebeest and zebra lay within a space of a quarter of a mile; and half a mile further I bagged a tommy at two

hundred yards—his meat was for our own table, the kongoni and the zebra being for the safari.

On another day, when Heatley and I were

well to have even the wild birds shot. The kongoni and the zebra streamed by me, herd after herd, hundreds and hundreds of them, many passing within fifty yards of my shelter,

now on one side, now on the other; they went at an easy lope, and I was interested to see that many of the kongoni ran with their mouths open. This is an attitude which we usually associate with exhaustion, but such cannot have been the case with the kongoni—they had merely cantered for a mile or so. The zebra were, as usual, noisy, a number of them uttering their barking neigh as they passed. I do not know how it is ordinarily, but these particular zebra, all stallions, by the way, kept their mouths open throughout the time they were neighing, and their ears pricked forward; they did not keep their mouths open while merely galloping, as did the kongoni. We had plenty of meat, and the naturalists had enough specimens; and I was glad that there was no need to harm the beautiful creatures. They passed so close by that I



Wildebeest bull shot by Kermit Roosevelt at Kamiti.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

out together, he stationed me among some thin thorn-bushes on a little knoll, and drove the game by me, hoping to get me a shot at some wildebeest. The scattered thorn-bushes were only four or five feet high, and so thin that there was no difficulty in looking through them and marking every movement of the game as it approached. The wildebeest took the wrong direction and never came near me—though they certainly fared as badly as if they had done so, for they passed by Kermit, and it was on this occasion that he killed the big bull. A fine cock ostrich passed me and I much wished to shoot at him, but did not like to do so, because ostrich-farming is one of the staple industries of the region, and it is not

could mark every slight movement, and the ripple of the muscles under the skin. The very young fawns of the kongoni seemed to have little fear of a horseman, if he approached while they were lying motionless on the ground; but they would run from a man on foot.

There were interesting birds, too. Close by the woods at the river's edge, we saw a big black ground hornbill walking about, on the lookout for its usual dinner of small snakes and lizards. Large flocks of the beautiful Kavirondo cranes stalked over the plains and cultivated fields, or flew by with mournful, musical clangor. But the most interesting birds we saw were the black whydah finches. The female is a dull-colored,

ordinary-looking bird, somewhat like a female bobolink. The male in his courtship dress is clad in a uniform dark glossy suit, and his tail-feathers are almost like some of those of a barnyard rooster, being over twice as long as the rest of the bird, with a downward curve at the tips. The females were generally found in flocks, in which there would often be a goodly number of males also, and when the flocks put on speed the males tended to drop behind. The flocks were feeding in Heatley's grain-fields, and he was threatening vengeance upon them. I was sorry, for the male birds certainly have habits of peculiar interest. They were not shy, although if we approached too near them in their favorite haunts, the grassland adjoining the papyrus beds, they would fly off and perch on the tops of the papyrus stems. The long tail hampers the bird in its flight, and it is often held at rather an angle downward, giving the bird a peculiar and almost insect like appearance. But the marked and extraordinary peculiarity was the custom the cocks had of dancing in artificially made dancing-rings. For a mile and a half beyond our camp, down the course of the Kamiti, the grassland at the edge of the papyrus was thickly strewn with these dan-



The whydah finch.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

ring the grass was cut off close by the roots, and the blades strewn evenly over the surface of the ring.

The cock bird would then alight in the ring and hop up to a height of a couple of feet, wings spread and motionless, tail drooping, and the head usually thrown back. As he came down he might or might not give an extra couple of little hops. After a few seconds he would repeat the motion, sometimes remaining almost in the same place, at other times going forward during and between the hops so as finally to go completely round the ring. As there were many scores of these dancing-places within a comparatively limited territory, the effect was rather striking when a large number of birds were dancing at the same time. As one



Whydah birds' dancing-ring.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

cing-rings. Each was about two feet in diameter, sometimes more, sometimes less. A tuft of growing grass perhaps a foot high was left in the centre. Over the rest of the

walked along, the impression conveyed by the birds continually popping above the grass and then immediately sinking back, was somewhat as if a man was making peas

jump in a tin tray by tapping on it. The favorite dancing times were in the early morning, and, to a less extent, in the evening. We saw dancing-places of every age, some with the cut grass which strewn the floor green and fresh, others with the grass dried into hay and the bare earth showing through.

But the game we were after was the buffalo that haunted the papyrus swamp. As I have said before, the buffalo is by many

The first day we were on Heatley's farm, we saw the buffalo, to the number of seventy or eighty, grazing in the open, some hundreds of yards from the papyrus swamp, and this shortly after noon. For a mile from the papyrus swamp the country was an absolutely flat plain, gradually rising into a gentle slope, and it was an impossibility to approach the buffalo across this plain save in one way to be mentioned hereafter.



Third buffalo bull shot in the swamp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hunters esteemed the most dangerous of African game. It is an enormously powerful beast with, in this country, a coat of black hair which becomes thin in the old bulls, and massive horns which rise into great bosses at the base, these bosses sometimes meeting in old age so as to cover the forehead with a frontlet of horn. Their habits vary much in different places. Where they are much persecuted, they lie in the densest cover, and only venture out into the open to feed at night. But Heatley, though he himself had killed a couple of bulls, and the Boer farmer who was working for him another, had preserved the herd from outside molestation, and their habits were doubtless much what they would have been in regions where man is a rare visitor.

Probably when the moon was full the buffalo came out to graze by night. But while we were on our hunt the moon was young, and the buffalo evidently spent most of the night in the papyrus, and came out to graze by day. Sometimes they came out in the early morning, sometimes in the late evening, but quite as often in the bright daylight. We saw herds come out to graze at ten o'clock in the morning, and again at three in the afternoon. They usually remained out several hours, first grazing and then lying down. Flocks of the small white cow-heron usually accompanied them, the birds stalking about among them or perching on their backs; and occasionally the whereabouts of the herd in the papyrus swamp could be determined by seeing the



Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt with the first buffalo.

flock of herons perched on the papyrus tops. We did not see any of the red-billed tick-birds on the buffalo; indeed, the only ones that we saw happened to be on domestic cattle. At night, the buffalo sometimes came right into the cultivated fields, and even into the garden close by the Boer farmer's house;

that a man who was coming to see him had been regularly followed by three bulls, who pursued him for quite a distance. There is no doubt that under certain circumstances buffalo, in addition to showing themselves exceedingly dangerous opponents when wounded by hunters, become

truculent and inclined to take the offensive themselves. There are places in East Africa where as regards at least certain herds this seems to be the case; and in Uganda the buffalo have caused such loss of life, and such damage to the native plantations, that they are now ranked as vermin and not as game, and their killing is encouraged in every possible way. The list of white hunters that have been killed by buffalo is very long, and includes a number of men of note, while accidents to natives are of constant occurrence.

The morning after making our camp, we started at dawn for the buffalo ground, Kermit and I, Cuninghame and Heatley, and the Boer farmer with three big, powerful dogs. We walked near the edge of the swamp. The whydah birds were continually bobbing up and down in front of us as they rose and fell on their dancing-places, while the Kavi-

rondo cranes called mournfully all around. Before we had gone two miles, buffalo were spied, well ahead, feeding close to the papyrus. The line of the papyrus which marked the edge of the swamp was not straight, but with projections and indentations, and by following it closely and cutting cautiously across the points, the opportunity for stalking was good. As there was not a tree of any kind anywhere near, we had to rely purely on our shooting to prevent damage from the buffalo. Kermit and I

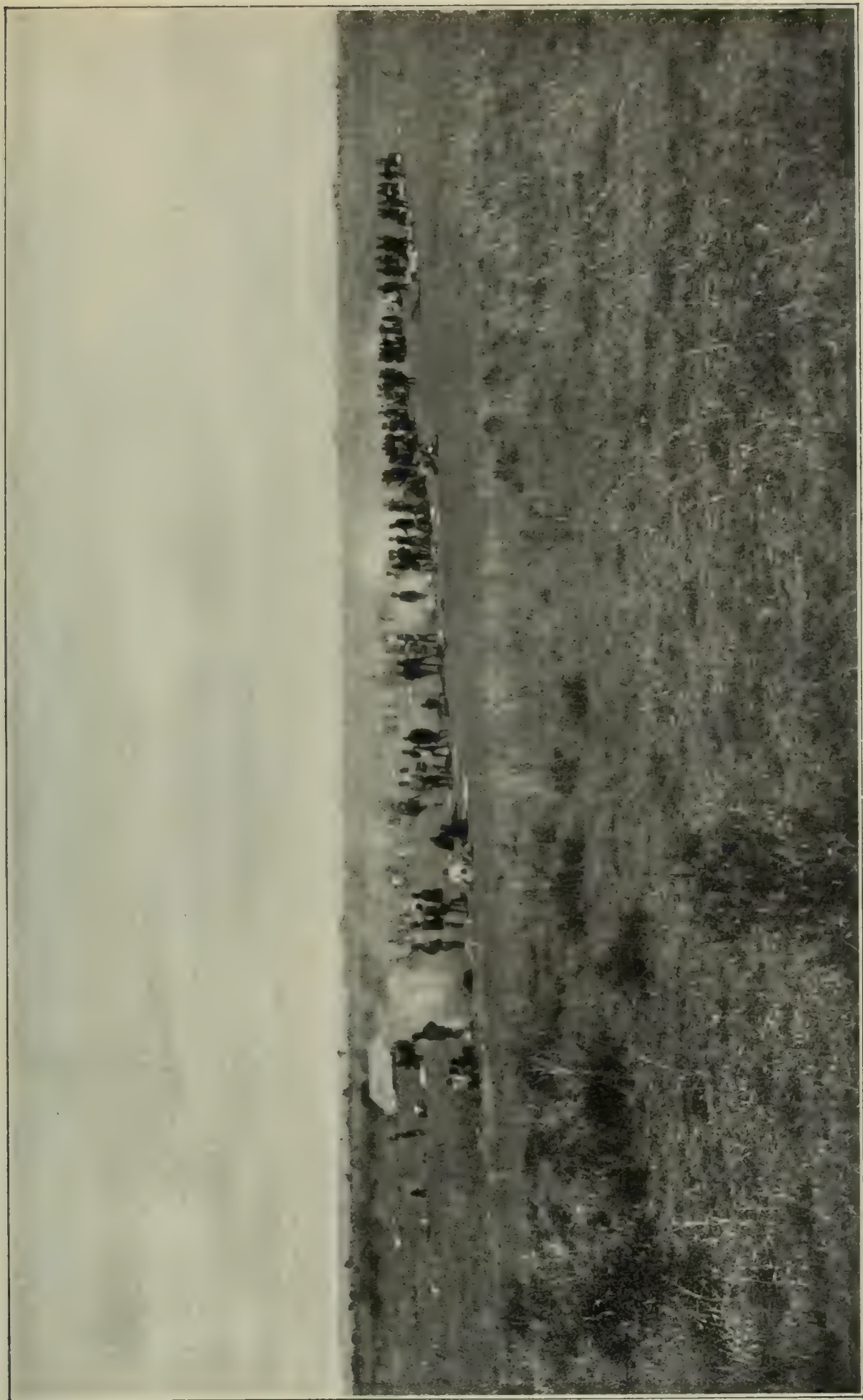


Mr. Roosevelt and buffalo cow shot by him in papyrus grass.

Showing the danger and difficulty of buffalo hunting, when your game may be only five yards away.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and once at night he had shot a bull. The bullet went through the heart but the animal ran to the papyrus swamp, and was found next day dead just within the edge. Usually the main herd, of bulls, cows, and calves, kept together; but there were outlying bulls found singly or in small parties. Not only the natives but the whites were inclined to avoid the immediate neighborhood of the papyrus swamp, for there had been one or two narrow escapes from unprovoked attacks by the buffalo. The farmer told us



Breaking camp at Kamiti.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

had our double-barrels, with the Winchester as spare guns, while Cuninghame carried a 577, and Heatley a magazine rifle.

Cautiously threading our way along the edge of the swamp, we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the buffalo before we were perceived. There were four bulls, grazing close by the edge of the swamp, their black bodies glistening in the early sun-rays, their massive horns showing white, and the cow herons perched on their backs. They stared sullenly at us with outstretched heads from under their great frontlets of horn. The biggest of the four stood a little out from the other three, and at him I fired, the bullet telling with a smack on the tough hide and going through the lungs. We had been afraid they would at once turn into the papyrus, but instead of this they started straight across our front directly for the open country. This was a piece of huge good luck. Kermit put his first barrel into the second bull, and I my second barrel into one of the others, after which it became impossible to say which bullet struck which animal, as the firing became general. They ran a quarter of a mile into the open, and then the big bull I had first shot, and which had no other bullet in him, dropped dead, while the other three, all of which were wounded, halted beside him. We walked toward them, rather expecting a charge; but when we were still over two hundred yards away they started back for the swamp, and we began firing. The distance being long, I used my Winchester. Aiming well before one bull, he dropped to the shot as if poleaxed, falling straight on his back with his legs kicking; but in a moment he was up again and after the others. Later, I found that the bullet, a full-metal patch, had struck him in the head but did not penetrate to the brain, and merely stunned him for the moment. All the time we kept running diagonally to their line of flight. They were all three badly wounded, and when they reached the tall rank grass, high as a man's head, which fringed the papyrus swamp, the two foremost lay down, while the last one, the one I had felled with the Winchester, turned, and with nose outstretched began to come toward us. He was badly crippled, however, and with a soft-nosed bullet from my heavy Holland I knocked him down, this time for good. The other two then rose, and though each was again hit they reached

the swamp, one of them to our right, the other to the left where the papyrus came out in a point.

We decided to go after the latter, and, advancing very cautiously toward the edge of the swamp, put in the three big dogs. A moment after, they gave tongue within the papyrus; then we heard the savage grunt of the buffalo and saw its form just within the reeds; and as the rifles cracked, down it went. But it was not dead, for we heard it grunt savagely, and the dogs bayed as loudly as ever. Heatley now mounted his trained shooting-pony and rode toward the place, while we covered him with our rifles, his plan being to run right across our front if the bull charged. The bull was past charging, lying just within the reeds, but he was still able to do damage, for in another minute one of the dogs came out by us and ran straight back to the farm-house, where we found him dead on our return. He had been caught by the buffalo's horns when he went in too close. Heatley, a daring fellow, with great confidence in both his horse and his rifle, pushed forward as we came up, and saw the bull lying on the ground while the two other dogs bit and worried it; and he put a bullet through its head.

The remaining bull got off into the swamp, where a week later Heatley found his dead body. Fortunately the head proved to be in less good condition than any of the others, as one horn was broken off about half-way up; so that if any of the four had to escape, it was well that this should have been the one.

Our three bulls were fine trophies. The largest, with the largest horns, was the first killed, being the one that fell to my first bullet; yet it was the youngest of the three. The other two were old bulls. The second one killed had smaller horns than the other, but the bosses met in the middle of the forehead for a space of several inches, making a solid shield. I had just been reading a pamphlet by a German specialist who had divided the African buffalo into fifteen or twenty different species, based upon differences in various pairs of horns. The worth of such fine distinctions, when made on insufficient data, can be gathered from the fact that on the principles of specific division adopted in the pamphlet in question, the three bulls we had shot would have represented certainly two and possibly three different species.



Cuninghame, Kermit, Mr. Roosevelt, Heller, and Heatley at Buffalo Camp.

Heller was soon on the ground with his skinning-tent and skimmers, and the Boer farmer went back to fetch the ox-wagon on which the skins and meat were brought in to camp. Laymen can hardly realize, and I certainly did not realize, what an immense amount of work is involved in getting and preparing the skins of large animals such as buffalo, rhino, hippo, and above all elephant, in hot climates. On this first five-weeks' trip we got some seventy skins, including twenty-two species ranging in size from a dikdik to a rhino, and all of these Heller prepared and sent to the Smithsonian. Mearns and Loring were just as busy shooting birds and trapping small mammals. Often while Heller would be off for

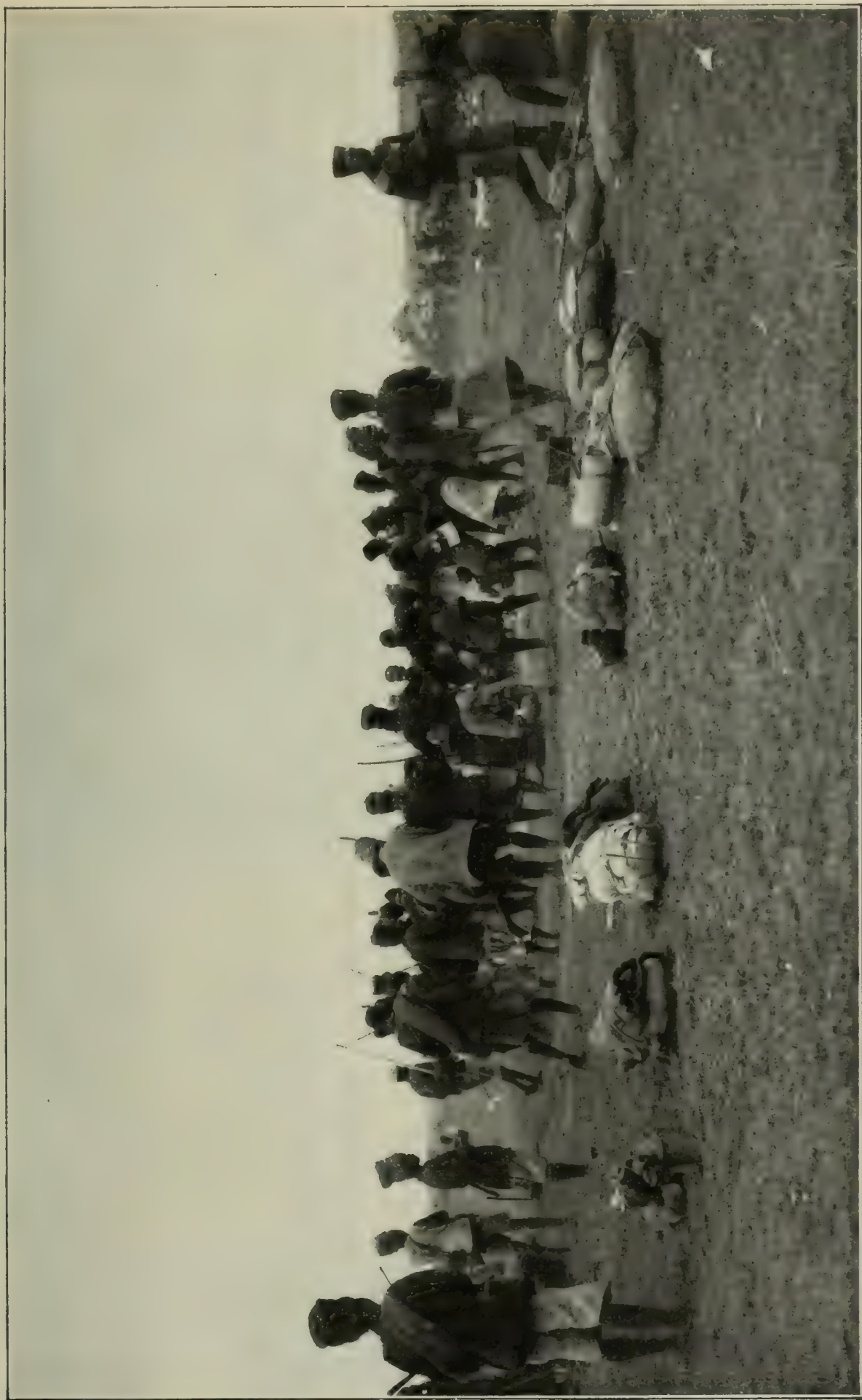
a few days with Kermit and myself, Mearns and Loring would be camped elsewhere, in a region better suited for the things they were after. While at Juja Farm they went down the Nairobi in a boat to shoot water-birds, and saw many more crocodiles and hippo than I did. Loring is a remarkably successful trapper of small mammals. I do not believe there is a better collector anywhere. Dr. Mearns, in addition to birds and plants, never let pass the opportunity to collect anything else from reptiles and fishes to land shells. Moreover, he was the best shot in our party. He killed two great bustards with the rifle, and occasionally shot birds like vultures on the wing with a rifle. I do not believe that three better men than

Mearns, Heller, and Loring, for such an expedition as ours, could be found anywhere.

It was three days later before we were again successful with buffalo. On this occasion we started about eight in the morning, having come to the conclusion that the herd was more apt to leave the papyrus late than early. Our special object was to get a cow. We intended to take advantage of a small half-dried water-course, an affluent of the Kamiti, which began a mile beyond where we had killed our bulls, and for three or four miles ran in a course generally parallel to the swamp, and at a distance which varied, but averaged perhaps a quarter of a mile. When we reached the beginning of this water-course, we left our horses and walked along it. Like all such water-courses, it wound in curves. The banks were four or five feet high, the bottom was sometimes dry and sometimes contained reedy pools, while at intervals there were clumps of papyrus. Heatley went ahead, and just as we had about concluded that the buffalo would not come out, he came back to tell us that he had seen several, and believed that the herd was with them. Cuninghame, a veteran hunter and first-class shot, than whom there could be no better man to have with one when after dangerous game, took charge of our further movements. We crept up the water-course until about opposite the buffalo, which were now lying down. Cuninghame peered cautiously at them, saw there were two or three, and then led us on all fours toward them. There were patches where the grass was short, and other places where it was three feet high, and after a good deal of cautious crawling we had covered half the distance toward them, when one of them made us out, and several rose from their beds. They were still at least two hundred yards off—a long range for heavy rifles; but any closer approach was impossible, and we fired. Both the leading bulls were hit, and at the shots there rose from the grass not half a dozen buffalo, but seventy or eighty, and started at a gallop parallel to the swamp and across our front. In the rear were a number of cows and calves, and I at once singled out a cow and fired. She plunged forward at the shot and turned toward the swamp, going slowly and dead lame, for my bullet had struck the shoulder and had gone into the cavity of the chest. But at this moment our

attention was distracted from the wounded cow by the conduct of the herd, which, headed by the wounded bulls, turned in a quarter-circle toward us, and drew up in a phalanx facing us with outstretched heads. It was not a nice country in which to be charged by the herd, and for a moment things trembled in the balance. There was a perceptible motion of uneasiness among some of our followers. "Stand steady! Don't run!" I called out. "And don't shoot!" called out Cuninghame; for to do either would invite a charge. A few seconds passed, and then the unwounded mass of the herd resumed their flight, and after a little hesitation the wounded bulls followed. We now turned our attention to the wounded cow, which was close to the papyrus. She went down to our shots, but the reeds and marsh-grass were above our heads when we drew close to the swamp. Once again Heatley went in with his white horse, as close as it was even reasonably safe, with the hope either of seeing the cow, or of getting her to charge him and so give us a fair chance at her. But nothing happened and we loosed the two dogs. They took up the trail and went some little distance into the papyrus, where we heard them give tongue, and immediately afterward there came the angry grunt of the wounded buffalo. It had risen and gone off thirty yards into the papyrus, although mortally wounded—the frothy blood from the lungs was actually coming out of my first bullet-hole. Its anger now made it foolish, and it followed the dogs to the edge of the papyrus. Here both Cuninghame and Heatley caught a glimpse of it. Down it went to their shots, and in a minute we heard the moaning bellow which a wounded buffalo often gives before dying. Immediately afterward we could hear the dogs worrying it, while it bellowed again. It was still living as I came up, and though it evidently could not rise, there was a chance of its damaging one of the dogs, so I finished it off with a shot from the Winchester. Heller reached it that afternoon, and the skin and meat were brought in by the porters before nightfall.

Cuninghame remained with the body while the rest of us rode off and killed several different animals we wanted. In the afternoon I returned, having a vaguely uncomfortable feeling that as it grew dusk the buffalo might possibly make their appear-



Porters dancing when breaking camp at Kamiti.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Heller preparing to send off game heads of the first five weeks' shooting.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ance again. Sure enough, there they were! A number of them were in the open plain, although close to the swamp, a mile and a half beyond the point where the work of cutting up the cow was just being finished, and the porters were preparing to start with their loads. It seemed very strange that after their experience in the morning any of the herd should be willing to come into the open so soon. But there they were. They were grazing to the number of about a dozen. Looking at them through the glasses I could see that their attention was attracted to us. They gazed at us for quite a time, and then walked slowly in our direction for at least a couple of hundred yards. For a moment I was even doubtful whether they did not intend to come toward us and

charge. But it was only curiosity on their part, and after having gazed their fill, they sauntered back to the swamp and disappeared. There was no chance to get at them, and moreover darkness was rapidly falling.

Next morning we broke camp. The porters, strapping grown-up children that they were, felt as much pleasure and excitement over breaking camp after a few days' rest as over reaching camp after a fifteen-mile march. On this occasion, after they had made up their loads, they danced in a ring for half an hour, two tin cans being beaten as tom-toms. Then off they strode in a long line with their burdens, following one another in Indian file, each greeting me with a smile and a deep "Yambo, Bwana!" as he passed. I had grown attached to them,

and of course especially my tent-boys, gun-bearers, and saises, who quite touched me by their evident pleasure in coming to see me and greet me if I happened to be away from them for two or three days.

Kermit and I rode off with Heatley to pass the night at his house. This was at the other end of his farm, in a totally different kind of country, a country of wooded hills, with glades and dells and long green grass in the valleys. It did not in the least resemble what one would naturally expect in equatorial Africa. On the contrary it reminded me of the beautiful rolling wooded country of middle Wisconsin. But of course everything was really different. There were monkeys and leopards in the forests, and we saw whydah birds of a new kind, with red on the head and throat, and brilliantly colored woodpeckers, and black-and-gold weaver-birds. Indeed, the wealth of bird life was such that it cannot be described. Here, too, there were many birds with musical voices, to which we listened in the early morning. The best timber was yielded by the tall mahogo tree, a kind of sandalwood. This was the tree selected by the wild fig for its deadly embrace. The wild fig begins as a huge parasitic vine, and ends as one of the largest and most stately, and also one of the greenest and most shady, trees in this part of Africa. It grows up the mahogo as a vine and gradually, by branching, and by the spreading of the branches, completely envelops the trunk and also grows along each limb, and sends out great limbs of its own. Every stage can be seen, from that in which the big vine has begun to grow up along the still flourishing mahogo, through that in which the tree looks like a curious composite, the limbs and thick foliage of the fig branching out among the limbs and scanty foliage of the still living mahogo, to the stage in which the mahogo is simply a dead skeleton seen here and there through the trunk or the foliage of the fig. Finally nothing remains but the fig, which grows to be a huge tree.

Heatley's house was charming, with its vine-shaded veranda, its summer-house and out-buildings, and the great trees clustered round about. He was fond of sport in the right way, that is, he treated it as sport and not business, and did not allow it to interfere with his prime work of being a successful farmer. He had big stock-yards for his cattle and swine, and he was growing all kinds of things of both the temperate and the tropic zones: wheat and apples, coffee and sugar-cane. The bread we ate and the coffee we drank were made from what he had grown on his own farm. There were roses in the garden and great bushes of heliotrope by the veranda, and the drive to his place was bordered by trees from Australia and beds of native flowers.

Next day we went in to Nairobi, where we spent a most busy week, especially the three naturalists; for the task of getting into shape for shipment and then shipping the many hundreds of specimens—indeed, all told there were thousands of specimens—was of herculean proportions. Governor Jackson—a devoted ornithologist and probably the best living authority on East African birds, taking into account the stand-points of both the closet naturalist and the field naturalist—spent hours with Mearns, helping him to identify and arrange the species.

Nairobi is a very attractive town, and most interesting, with its large native quarter and its Indian colony. One of the streets consists of little except Indian shops and bazaars. Outside the business portion, the town is spread over much territory, the houses standing isolated, each by itself, and each usually bowered in trees, with vines shading the verandas, and pretty flower-gardens round about. Not only do I firmly believe in the future of East Africa for settlement as a white man's country, but I feel that it is an ideal playground alike for sportsmen, and for travellers who wish to live in health and comfort, and yet to see what is beautiful and unusual.



A wart-hog.



Drawn by Frank Craig.

'The housekeeper! 'This—person!—Page 152.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II

SANCHIA AT WANLESS HALL.

I



TELEGRAM was handed to her as she came in from the garden, her broad-brimmed straw hat in her hand and a bunch of fritillaries nodding in her blouse. That dates and places her at once: the time was April, and she was fond of curious flowers. She stood in the doorway to get the sunset glow upon the missive, and was herself ensanguined and enhanced, a sunny-haired, low-breasted young woman of middle height, rather faintly colored, wholesome to see, with a bowed upper lip, and clear, gray-blue eyes of extreme directness and candor. A trick of looking you full, of considering you and her answer together, she had; a mild, steady beam, a radiance within the orb which told of a hidden glory. Her brows were level, eyebrows arched; her bust, though set like Aphrodite's of Melos, was full. The curving corners of the bow of her lips assured her the possession, even when she was most serious, of a lurking smile. Taking off her gardening gloves, that she might break the red envelope; she disclosed a pair of fine, white, nervous hands, and pointed fingers which wore no rings.

The address, which she was careful to read before she tore the envelope, was:

Miss Percival, Wanless, Felsboro.

Opening then, she read as follows:

"Home to-morrow seven people Ingram."

If she frowned slightly, it was a mere approach of the fine eyebrows to each other. She certainly smiled—wisely and medita-

tively, without showing her teeth. She touched her chin—a rounded, full chin—with the telegram as she looked up at the maid who brought it.

"I must see Mrs. Benson about this. It's from Mr. Ingram."

"Yes, Miss Percival."

A friendly desire to share the puzzle was now manifest in the clear eyes.

"You see, Minnie, it might mean one of two things, and I'm not quite sure which of them it does mean." She looked again at the message with amused interest; but one could not have said whether she was amused at her interest, or interested in her amusement. That was part of Miss Percival's charm—that she was always baffling you.

But Minnie, the maid, was demure and monotonous under the attack of friendly desires. "No, Miss Percival," she said; and added, "I'm sure I couldn't say." She stood aside from the doorway as the young lady entered the billiard-room, saying as she went, "Ask Mrs. Benson to come to my room, Minnie, please; and tell Frodsham I should like to see him directly he comes to-morrow morning."

She heard Minnie's "Very well, Miss Percival," as she disappeared, smiling still, and with a slight heightening of color. When her color rose, it rose evenly, flooding her face and neck with the dawn-hue. There were no patches or streaks of flame; she showed, as it were, incandescent.

She crossed the hall in the deepening dusk, a fine, littered room, where a great log-fire revealed the tall portraits of ladies and gentlemen of long ago—sportsmen with spaniels at their feet, general officers in scar-

let, pointing through smoke the direction of the enemy, a judge in ermine and full-bottomed wig, a lady in white satin, leaning against a broken column in a park and backed by a brewing thunder-storm; and as she went her way, gave a couple of glances to right and left, picked up a Bradshaw from a side-table, stooped to put a tiger-skin straight. She continued down a long corridor, swinging her hat, and entered an open doorway at the extreme end. By the way she tossed the hat on to a chair and stirred the crackling logs with the point of her shoe, it was to be supposed that she was in her demesne. Standing with a foot on the fender, she presently fell into a reverie, and presently reopened and reread her telegram. Certainly she was smiling, and certainly her color was enhanced.

The room, though business-like, was feminine. It had a Chippendale bureau between the windows, its pigeon-holes stuffed with papers; but there were flowers upon it, and elsewhere many photographs and pictures evidently chosen by the tenant. The *Dante* from the Bargello was one, the three headless *Fates* of the Parthenon another; the *Hermes* and the *Sophocles*, all in autogravure. It had a piano and a small bookcase containing the poets in green morocco, a uniform set. Elsewhere, in a larger bookcase, were miscellaneous volumes, by no means all novels, though novels there were. One shelf was filled with household books: cookery, bee-keeping, poultry, the dog in health and disease, the horse, the flower-garden, botany, British edible fungi, the world of vegetables, were some of the subjects treated of. Below the bookcase was a row of japanned tin boxes, carefully lettered in white paint. House accounts, garden accounts, stable accounts, one read. A fourth bore the words, "Wood Sales and Miscellaneous."

If you were alone, waiting in the room, you would glance at the photographs perched about, like alighting butterflies, upon piano and mantel-shelf and occasional table. You would pass over, I believe, the children on ponies and in sailor suits, that elderly, ample lady, brooched and in black, beaming under the status of Grandmamma, that gaitered gentleman with a square-topped felt hat upon his head and grizzled whiskers below his ears, in favor of a group of five girls in black muslin and lace, sisters

evidently, prosperously together, an uncommonly happy five. They look on good terms with themselves and with each other. They look frankly at you out of the frame—and how they must have dazzled the photographer, with their five pair of bright, uncompromising eyes! Hands rest easily upon familiar shoulders, elbows on knees. One of them smiles outright, two are very ready to smile, one is more serious, as becomes the eldest of five; and one is round-cheeked and solemn: the baby.

Miss Percival and her sisters, it's clear. One can't mistake the rounded chin, the level brows, the promise of womanhood. Women should always be photographed in evening dress if, like the Misses Percival, they have nothing to hide. But now to pick out our Miss Percival. You will observe that the young ladies' names are neatly printed beneath their persons.

Even if I were sure of dates, I should not insist upon the serious one. So far as I can judge, the photograph is some eight or ten years old. I go by the style of hair-dressing which it shows, and by the name of the photographer, who signs from Wigmore Street. He is out of date; fashion has deserted him. Then that grave, watchful young goddess, who sits enthroned with her nymphs about her, must be a great deal older than our lady of this room, of the doubtful smile and friendly desires. She has the sedate air of eight-and-twenty, and by this time must be thirty-six or even more. She is Philippa, anyhow, we read. Who comes next? Here is Hawise, standing behind her of the throne and the centre, with a hand on her bare shoulder. She is laughing, sleepily; she is distinctly pretty, but distinctly, also, fat. She cannot be the owner of this room.

There's a taste for names in the Percival family; we have Philippa, Hawise. Now for the seated pair, one on either side of Philippa; they are Melusine, who has a long neck and a very demure look, and a great deal of hair, and Victoria, who, having just tossed back her mane, lifts her chin and glimmers at you through half-shut eyes. Her lips laugh snugly, at some mischief meditating. Neither of these can be our lady, who must therefore be the last and youngest, this child of eighteen or so, round-cheeked, round-eyed and serious, with critical lids, like those of the Farnese Hera, and a beautiful mouth: Sanchia-Josepha, crouched on the floor at

the feet of Philippa. A charming bevy of maidens—Philippa, Hawise, Melusine, Victoria, Sanchia-Josepha; ten years ago happily sisters and rich in promise, looking out boldly at the veiled years ahead of them. Ten years ago? Call it eight, and you make our Miss Percival, say, six-and-twenty by this time.

There are many other photographs; of girls and women, most of them; but here is a man, dignified by a place apart upon the bureau. He occupies one side of it by himself, balanced by the sisters at the other. A youngish man in yeomanry uniform, he appears only in torso. He has the smooth head of a soldier, and rather a low, but very square, forehead. His eyes are smallish, and set deep. They look to be gray, light gray, but may be light blue. He has a good nose, high-bridged, large, thin, and practically straight. Such noses are seldom perfectly straight, and his is not. I observe that he has curled his moustache with the tongs, so that it is well away from his upper lip. If I had been he, I should not have done that. It is too much trouble—and if a man takes pains about his toilette, those pains ought not to be evident. Moreover, the mouth is by no means this young man's best feature. There is a twist, the hint of a snarl in the upper lip. The lower protrudes. The gentleman is the least in life underhung. Consider his chin. It has the jut of the Hapsburgs, of Charles the Fifth's, not pronounced by any means, but undoubtedly there. Firmness, or perhaps obstinacy, hard judgment, an uneven temper, a leaning to autocracy, I read in this portrait. There is no signature, nothing to tell you who he is. Certainly, no Percival.

I call your attention to one more photograph, in marked distinction to others of your notice. Those were, in every sense, full-dress affairs; this one, in all senses, undress. It is the work of an amateur, you can see at once; small; rather blurred to begin with, not perfectly focussed, and fading now towards the end of all such gear. It represents a bareheaded young lady in a white gown, pinned very high. She is standing in a pond, with the water well over her knees. One hand keeps her balance with a pole, the other grasps a streamer of water-weed. Floating beyond her upon some kind of raft is a man, bareheaded also, in a white sweater with a rolling collar. His

face is shadowed—you can see that his hair, black and straight, falls over his eyes. He is raking up the weed with his hand, his arm bare to the shoulder. Below is written, in a round, sprawling hand, "To Sanchia from Percy." Both the workers are intent upon their task, with no idea that they are posing. The girl has a Greek face, and a very fine pair of legs, heedlessly displayed. The man is as thin as a gypsy. Out of the dark in which his face is hidden gleam his white teeth. A classical, rather than romantic, scene. The absence of draperies suggest it; but the absence of self-consciousness is conclusive.

But I keep Miss Percival too long at the fender. She had been standing there for some minutes after her entry, first rereading her telegram, next stroking her chin with it. She was thoughtful still and smiling. Once she looked over her shoulder through the window to the dying day and lightly sighed. The time was April's end, and had been squally with violent storms; but the last onslaughts of the north-wester had routed the rain-clouds. The day was dying under a clear saffron sky, and a thrush piped its mellow elegy. Miss Percival heard him, and listened, smiling with her pale lips and eyes which the serene light soothed. Her lips barely moved, just relaxed their firm embrace, but no more. She held the light gratefully with her eyes, seemed unwilling to lose a moment of it, wistful to be still out-of-doors. Again she lightly sighed, and presently resumed her downward gazing at the fire.

Knuckles quavered at the door. She straightened herself, turned, and called out definitely, "Come in." Mrs. Benson stood before her, vast, massive, black-gowned, cloudy for trouble, a cook.

There was instantly to be observed in Miss Percival's lifted head and eyes the same frank appeal for interchange of sentiments as had been manifested to Minnie the maid. Her brows were smoothed out, her smile became less dubious; her intention to be friendly was deliberately expressed. But truth will have it that, just as before, Mrs. Benson's guard turned out at the same moment, as at a signal. To vary the figure, her vedettes, in touch with the advancers, fell back upon the main body.

If the young lady perceived this, she did not cease to be amiably disposed. "Oh, Mrs. Benson," she said, "I've had a telegram."

Mrs. Benson, with strict non-committal,

lifted her eyebrows to "Well, well!" It was as if she implied that such things were to be expected in a world full of trouble. "So I hear, Miss Percival," she grimly said.

"It's from Mr. Ingram, you know."

"Ah, well—" Mrs. Benson could have been heard to sigh; but among the many things which Miss Percival chose to ignore, this sort of thing was one. Trouble to her, always, was a signal which braced the nerves and sinews.

"It's to say—but I think you had better read it." It was held out unfalteringly, while Mrs. Benson dived for, opened, wiped, tested, and fixed her spectacles. These operations concluded, it was received as might have been a dangerous explosive.

Punctuating as she went, Mrs. Benson read, "*Home to-morrow—seven people—Ingram.*" Then she looked, confirmed in her omens, over the rim of her spectacles. "Seven people, Miss Percival! A house-party! And, as you may say, at a moment's notice. Dear, dear, dear!"

Miss Percival remained cheerful. "Oh, I don't read it like that," she said, went behind Mrs. Benson, and read over her shoulder, pointing the words with a pencil still wet from her mouth, "'Home to-morrow, seven—with people—Ingram.' That's what it must mean, of course." She spoke wooingly, but Mrs. Benson was not to be won.

"Then, why does he say 'Seven people,' Miss Percival? Why does he say that?"

"But he doesn't, according to me." She laughed. "He is telling us the time of his train. How could we meet him and his people if he didn't?"

"Ah," said Mrs. Benson, heavily prepared for the worst, "how could we? That's where it is, you see. But of course he wouldn't think of *us*."

"But he does, you know. He has. He says that he will have people with him. That is to prepare us." Mrs. Benson's fist crashed into the paper.

"How many people, Miss Percival? How many people? Why, seven, of course! What else could it be? And where's the fish to come from for seven people? And what about maids and valets? Does he count up the likes of them? He's not Mr. Ingram if he does. Not he! Nor his father before him. And what's Frodsham going to do about carriage room for seven—and the servants as well—and the luggage and

all? Dogs, very likely; dogs and cats, and parrots. Who knows? I've seen 'em bring scritch-owls and hawks on their wrists before now. Oh, they'll do anything, some of 'em—anything to be looked at. That's what it is; they want looking at. And I'd look at 'em if I had my way!"

Mrs. Benson, shining with indignant heat, had to be pacified. She required much tact, the exercise of a low and musical voice. It cooed upon her like a dove's. Miss Percival used her hands, too, and in the end had one of them on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. The charm worked. Dinner should be cooked for five or six; Frodsham should meet the seven-four from London with the omnibus and luggage-cart. There would be no dogs at this time of year. Parrots were urged upon her again, but tentatively. She chuckled them away, musically, with real relish for the picture. She was sure there would be no parrots. Now, she must see about the bedrooms—but Mrs. Benson peered round into her glowing face.

"And what about your supper, Miss Percival? It's just upon ready. And there's a sweetbread."

Miss Percival almost caressed the ridiculous, good soul. Her arm remained about her shoulder, her hand touched it. "How nice of you! I'll go and get ready at once. Then I'll see what rooms we had better have. Wasn't it lucky we did the drawing-rooms last week?"

Gloom gathered again. Mrs. Benson thought that some people didn't deserve their luck. It was clear to whom she referred; certainly not to Miss Percival, for instance. But the young lady, with really extraordinary simplicity, replied that surely Mr. Ingram deserved credit for having well chosen his ministers. "Yourself," she said, "for the kitchen, and me for the hall." She exploded this little bomb with some heightening of color.

Mrs. Benson, glancing at her sideways, observed the blush and was scared. She blinked. Miss Percival's blush deepened.

In the awkward pause that ensued the friendly hand was about to be removed, when Mrs. Benson, with an effort which did honor to her resources, said: "We all have our troubles, Miss Percival, else we shouldn't be here, as the Bible says. The good book! Well for them as read therein. Now, only this afternoon Mr. Menzies was

talking to me about things at large, and he says, 'Mrs. Benson, what's to be done with Struan Glyde?' quite sudden. So I says, 'And what should be done with such a one, Mr. Menzies, but wallop him?' and he shakes his head and says, 'He's on the cata-rampus, ma'am—in one of his black fits. Tells me to go my way and let him alone; then turns his back.' Now, what about such troubles as that, Miss Percival?"

Miss Percival looked serious, but not especially interested. Her eyes looked before her, but seemed not to see anything. She asked: "What did Mr. Menzies say to him next?" but if she was interested, it was not in that matter.

Mrs. Benson brandished her voice. "Ha, you may well ask me. 'No, my man,' he says, 'but 'tis you that must go mine while I'm head gardener at Wanless,' he says. That's what Mr. Menzies told him, the elderly man that he is—and now look at this. Young Glyde turns his back upon him, with no more notice taken than you or I would have of a flea on the arm. Insolence, that is. Downright insolence to an elderly man. Ah," said Mrs. Benson with tightening lips, "if you come to troubles!"

Miss Percival's tone was sympathetic, if her eyes were still sightless. "Really! I'm very sorry. I'll see Mr. Menzies about it to-morrow, and, of course, I'll talk to Struan. He *is* difficult—it's very tiresome of him. I saw him this afternoon, but had no notion of all this. I can't think how it is. Nerves, I suppose. He's a human creature, you see, as well as a gardener."

Mrs. Benson was incapable of seeing such a possible combination; her explanation was simpler. Human! She scorned him. "Bad blood," she said with energy; "bad, black, gypsy blood. He'll be murdering one of us in her bed in a day or two. You see if he don't."

Miss Percival did not deny the suggestion. She considered it rather—its effect, its effectiveness. "Struan is tiresome, of course," she presently said, "but I do think he has tried to restrain himself lately. He promised me he would." She turned her full gaze suddenly upon Mrs. Benson, and almost disarmed that lady. "I like him, you know. He's very nice to me."

Mrs. Benson gasped, but recovered just in time to resume the dark oracles in her

keeping. "Ah," she said, "he *would* be. If you can call it nice——"

"He's wonderful in the garden," Miss Percival calmly continued. "Even Menzies admits it. He'll work all day. He's never tired."

"Nor's a tiger," the cook snapped. "Nor's a tom-cat."

Miss Percival looked pitifully at her and smiled. "Poor Struan—you don't like him. I'll see him to-night. I have an influence, I think."

Mrs. Benson touched the hand that lay within her reach, which had lately been upon her shoulder. "Don't, my dear, don't," she said.

"Why not?" asked the lady with her lifted brows. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Influence! The likes of him, the likes—! Gypsy blood at midnight—soft-voiced, murderous——"

She gave no coherent answer, but smiled always, then leaned forward and stroked Mrs. Benson upon her personable cheek. "Dear old thing, let me do as I like. It's much better for everybody," she presently said.

II

It had clouded over after sunset; there was no moon visible, but an irradiance was omnipresent and showed the muffled yew-tree walks and the greater trees colossal, mountains overshadowing the land. Here and there, as you went, glimmered daffodils like the Pleiades half-veiled, and long files of crocuses burned like waning fires.

Miss Percival, at about nine o'clock, came gently down one of these alleys, with a scarf over her head and shoulders. She looked like a nymph in Tanagra. As if she knew where she was going, exactly, she walked gently but unfalteringly between the linked crocus-beacons to where the alley broadened into a bay of cut yews, to where ghostly white seats and a dim sun-dial seemed disposed as for a scene in a comedy. The leaden statue of a skipping faun would have been made out in a recess, if you had known it was there. And as she entered the place a figure seated there, with elbows on knees and chin between his palms, looked up, listening, watched intently, then rose and waited.

"Struan," said Miss Percival comfortably, "are you there?"

"I'm here," she was answered.

Thereupon, she came easily forward and stood near him. She was in white from top to toe; he could see the clean outline of her head and neck, defined by the hooding scarf. He had not taken off his hat, but now, as she stood there, silent, he slowly removed it. Still there was nothing said. Miss Percival was very deliberate.

Presently she spoke. "You didn't tell me this afternoon that you'd had a bother with Mr. Menzies. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you?" The words seemed wrung from him. "Why should you care?"

"Of course I care," she said. "You know that I care. Why didn't you tell me? . . . But I know why you didn't."

"You do not." He denied her hotly.

"Oh, but I do. Because you were ashamed."

"It was not. I'm not ashamed. He's an old fool. He thinks he can teach me my business. Melons! Plants! Why, I'm one of them. What can he teach me?"

"He's a very good gardener," Miss Percival began; but the rest was drowned.

"Gardener—he! He's a botcher. He measures his melons by the pound. It's money he wants, money-value. So much dung—so much meat. He says, 'Be careful, you, of the water-pot; go steady with your syringe. You'll damp off those plants if you're not handy,' he tells me. To me, this! Don't I know what the life of a plant must have and how and where it must be fed? He's an old fool, and you know it. And I'll not be told things I have got by heart before a lad new to his breeches. Besides," he added darkly, "he'd vexed me before that and bitterly."

"How did he vex you?" Miss Percival's voice came cool and clear, but commanding.

"That I cannot tell you," said he.

"But I want to know." This seemed to her sufficing reason.

But he was dogged. "Then I can't help you. You cannot be told."

"But perhaps I ought to be told. Do you think I ought?"

"Indeed, I don't know."

"Well, will you tell me?"

"I will not, indeed. That is, I cannot."

"It's very extraordinary."

He made no answer.

"Struan," said Miss Percival, after a while, "you are angry."

He turned quickly. "With you? Never."

"I didn't say that. I said you were angry."

He said, "Ah—and so I am."

"I am included, I suppose."

"You are not. It could not be."

She laughed. "I don't know——"

He was vehement. "But you do know. You know it very well."

She had no answer; but she smiled to herself, and I have no doubt she knew.

For two minutes or more there was silence, a time of suspense. Then Miss Percival said, "I've had a telegram. Mr. Ingram is coming to-morrow."

To this he said nothing. She went on.

"He is bringing people with him. Mrs. Benson was very funny about it. He is coming at seven with some people, and she would read it that he was coming with seven people. When I asked her how could we meet him if he had not told us the time, she made a grievance of it and said that was so like him. So it is, of course."

Struan remained speechless, and had turned away his face. Miss Percival continued her reflections aloud.

"How long has he been away? More than a year. He wrote once from Singapore—then from Rawal-Pindi—and that was all, until I got this telegram. He's very casual, I must say." Here she paused.

Struan said suddenly, "Miss Percival, I'm going."

She turned with interest and asked with not too much interest, "Oh! Why?"

He said, "You know why."

She lowered her voice by a tone, but no more. "I hope you won't. It would be a pity. There's no real reason for it. I'll speak to Menzies to-morrow. He doesn't mean any harm to you. He's only old and grumpy."

"He's a fool," said Struan. "Certainly, he's a fool. But that's neither here nor there."

Miss Percival, ignoring what she chose to ignore, said again, "I hope you won't go."

The young man shifted his ground and dug his heel into the turf. "I must—indeed, I must."

"Where shall you go?"

"God knows."

"Why must you go?"

"You know why."

"Is it because of Menzies?"

He threw his head up. "Menzies, forsooth!" He scorned Menzies.

"Then I don't see why you should go. I shouldn't like it. I hope you will stay."

He looked at her now across the dusk, intently. "You hope I will stay?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"You hope I will stay? You ask me to stay?"

She considered. Then she said, "Yes, I think so. Yes, I do."

"Then," said Struan, "God help us all. I stay."

Miss Percival said cheerfully, "I'm so glad. I'll speak to Menzies to-morrow, and get him to leave you alone. He knows how well you do the melons, but of course he would never admit it." She broke off the interview shortly afterward.

"I'm going to bed," she told him. "I've got lots to do to-morrow. Heaps of things. You must get me some of your flowers for the rooms."

He was not appeased. "Menzies will do it," he said. She laughed.

"You know what Menzies will say—'Pelargoniums for the hall, Miss Percival, and some nice maidenhair.' He's not inventive, poor Menzies."

"He's an old fool," said Straun. "He takes flowers for spangles in a circus."

Miss Percival again laughed softly and held out her hand. "Good-night," she said. "I'm going."

He touched her hand, and then put his own behind his back.

"Aren't you going to bed?" she asked him.

"Presently," he said. "I'm going to walk round for a while."

She hovered for a moment, seemed to hesitate, to weigh the attractions of walking round. It had a charm. Then she decided.

"Good-night," she bade him for the third time.

He grumbled his good-night and watched her fade into the dark. Not until she was completely hidden up did he put on his hat again. Then he prowled noiselessly about among the breathing flowers.

III

WANLESS, as they call it there, Wanless Hall, Felsboro', as it is politically, stands squarely and deeply in the hills of a northern county, plentifully embowered in trees, with a river washing its southern side. To reach

house from river you ascend a gentle slope of lawns and groves for some hundreds of feet, then find a broad stepway. That takes you to a terraced, parapeted garden, very well tended, as one should be which has four men at its disposition. There stands the house of Wanless—stone-built in the days of Charles the Second—a gleaming, gray front, covered to the first-floor windows with a magnolia of unknown age. The main entrance faces north, from which point the true shape of the place is revealed as a long body with wings, an E-shaped house. Here are the carriage-drive and carriage-sweep; then there's a belt of trees and beyond that, shaped by the valley which gradually narrows to the incline of the hills, kitchen-gardens, glass-houses, a pond (fed by a beck), water meadows, and hanging woods. Above those again heather-clad slopes climb to piled rocks and a ragged sky-line. It is a fine property, with five thousand acres of shooting, a good many farms, and a hill village to its account. The lodge at the gate is half a mile away, at the end of a good avenue of beech and sycamore.

Mr. Neville Ingram, who, at thirty, had still the air of a brisk young man and was owner by inheritance of this place, arrived with his guests by the seven-four train from London. The omnibus brought the four of them, with a maid sitting on the box beside Frodsham, and a bank of luggage behind her head. No parrots, no dogs; but a Mr. Chevenix brought his fishing-rods. Besides this Mr. Chevenix, who had been here before, there was an elderly Mrs. Devereux, white-haired and short-sighted, who used, whenever she could find them, a pair of long-handled glasses, and a young Mrs. Wilmot, pretty, very fair, rather helpless. It was her maid who shared the box seat with Frodsham.

The absence of a footman at the station had been noted by Mrs. Devereux, the absence of any man-servant at the house struck her as remarkable. There were none, and had been none since Miss Percival assumed command; but at this time Mrs. Devereux knew nothing of Miss Percival. Neville Ingram, banging the door open with his knee, jumped out first and stood to help the ladies; the next to emerge was Mr. Chevenix, who, the moment he touched earth, said, "Right!" and looked as if he

had sparkled. It was clear that he had abundant health and was satisfied with all the arrangements of Providence. He surveyed the house, the awaiting virgins at the door, wished them both good-evening, nosed the upper air, snuffed the gale, said "Good old Wanless—my precious rods!" and dived for them before the ladies could descend. Thereafter, a timidly poising foot and some robust breadth of stocking revealed the anxieties of Mrs. Devereux. On alighting, she shook herself like a hen and her draperies rustled to their length. She found her lorgnettes and surveyed (so to speak) the absent men-servants with blank misgivings. A maid advanced for her jewel-case, but Mrs. Devereux, shutting her eyes, said, "Thanks, I carry it," and pressed it to her bosom. A butler would have had it. Meantime, Mrs. Wilmot, a hand to each cavalier, was descending from the omnibus. She was a pretty, bedraped lady, with wide, blue, Greuze eyes and soft lips, always wet and mostly apart. She murmured, "How kind you are to me," and looked it from Ingram to Chevenix. Ingram said nothing, but Chevenix dropped down his brisk. "By Jove, Mrs. Wilmot, that's nothing to what I *could* do for you—nothing at all." And then they turned to the house.

When Miss Percival, looking frailer than she really was because of her black gown—fairer that is and paler, entered the hall, she found the party at a loose end. Mr. Chevenix was in a deep chair, turning over Bradshaw and whistling softly to himself. Ingram, hands in pockets, was deprecating the portraits of his ancestors to the two ladies, who were not at all interested in them. He appeared to be considerably bored by his guests and they to be aware of it. Miss Percival's arrival was timely if only because she effectively chased out *ennui*. Chevenix, as if he had been waiting for her, jumped up and went to meet her. He shook hands. "Hulloa, Sancier!" he was heard distinctly to say. "By Jove, I *am* glad to see you again." The latter sentence was not quite audible, but sufficiently so to send Mrs. Devereux's lorgnettes up to her nose. Miss Percival herself, receiving civilities as if born to them, impelled her to keep them there. She had appeared silently and suddenly, out of the blue. And now she hovered, smiling, fair and unconcerned,

like a goddess out of a chariot come to deal judgment, and listened charitably to Mr. Chevenix. How odd! How more than odd! Mrs. Wilmot looked as if her eyes were full of tears, but let nothing escape her. As for Ingram, he greeted the apparition with a smile and a nod sideways. But Mrs. Devereux could have sworn to a scare in the eye. "How are you, Sanchia?" he said; and then to his guests, "Miss Percival will show you where you all are, if you'll—Dinner's at half-past eight, I believe. At least, it always used to be; but I've been away for a year, and they may have changed all that. Have you, by the way?" he asked, with a sudden turn to Miss Percival.

She looked calmly at him. "No. It's still at half-past eight," she said. He lit his cigarette.

"Will you show these ladies their rooms?" he required of her, adding as an afterthought, "Mrs. Devereux, Mrs. Wilmot. Mrs. Wilmot has a maid somewhere."

It was a quasi-introduction, awkwardly done. Miss Percival gravely bowed, and all might have been well had not her gentle smile persisted. The baffling quality of this, the archaic enigma of it, made Mrs. Wilmot stare at her helplessly with brimming blue eyes. It made Mrs. Devereux shiver. It was she, however, who accepted the inclination of the head. "Good-evening to you," she said. The housekeeper! This—person! The pair of them followed her upstairs, Mrs. Devereux marching before, like one of the old *régime* to the guillotine, Mrs. Wilmot trailing in her wake.

Young Chevenix, when they had disappeared, returned with a grin to his Bradshaw. "No change from Sanchia," he said; and, "Let's see: *Birmingham depart* 4.45. By Gad, that's a good train. No," he resumed. "No change out of Sancier. How long is it since you were here, Neville?"

Ingram was staring blankly out of the window. "I think a year. I don't know. You went out with me to Brindisi, I believe, and that was April, and so's this—just. So you can work it out. D'you want me to fix you up? You're in the east wing, you know—I expect you are, anyhow. Where you were before."

"Right," said Chevenix; "right. Only we're none of us where we were before, my boy. Don't flatter yourself." He shut Bradshaw with a bang, and went off, sing-

ing softly, to a tune of his own, "No change, no change from Sanchia," which he turned into "Who is Sanchia, what is she? That all our swains . . . ?"

Miss Percival, having played the exact and perfect housekeeper above—with no apparent interest in life but submergence in her duties—returned to the ground floor and sought Minnie in the dining-room. She made her survey calmly, and gave such orders as pertained in smooth tones which could not jar. She seemed to consult where she really directed. "Shall we have the *épergne*? I think we will, don't you? Yes. It's a grand occasion. I don't think we have ever had ladies at Wanless before." An admission which staggered Minnie. Her "Oh, yes, Miss Percival," or "Oh, no, Miss Percival," were appreciative and good to hear.

She was butler, we find, as well as housekeeper; for as she stood there, meditating the table, Ingram came in, in a hurry, with ideas about wine. He gave them out in jerks, without looking at her. Sherry, of course, a hock, Lafite. No champagne: it's beastly unless you are tired. Oh, and old brandy—the very old. Nothing of the sort to be had in India. The climate kills it. He stood very close to her as he spoke. When he remembered the brandy he put his hand on her shoulder, and finding it there, kept it so. Minnie presently went out of the room upon affairs, and then he looked into her face and said in a new tone: "How are you, Sancier?" He let his hand slide down, encircled her waist lightly with his arm. She gave him her gray eyes and a slow, patient smile. "I am quite well," she said. "Are you?" Ingram, watching her still, seemed disconcerted, as if he wanted to say or do more, but couldn't for some reason. What he did was to remove his hand quickly and thrust it into his trouser pocket. It might have been suddenly stung, judging from his way of whipping it away. "Oh, I'm all right, of course. I must go and dress, I suppose." A year is a long time for an absence. In the doorway he stopped and looked back, a last look. "Supper in my room, you know. We'll talk." She held to her mysteries and he went.

Dinner passed gayly, Miss Percival away. Ingram was loquacious, though rather caustic; Chevenix a good foil, easy-tempered, al-

ways at a run, a very fair marksman for all his random shooting. His was that happy disposition which finds Nature at large, including men, as precisely there for his amusement. He relished, never failed to relish, the works of God. But then he had perfect health. Mrs. Devereux was something of a grandee, though not quite so much of one as she suspected. Her white hair towered; she wore black velvet and diamonds. Mrs. Wilmot was very much of a pretty woman, and knew to the turn of a hair how much. She had the air of a spoiled child, which became her; was golden and rosy, could pout; had dark blue eyes, which she could cloud at will and fill, as we know, with tears. She excelled in pathetic silences, to which her parted lips gave an air of being breathless. She was beautifully dressed in cloudy, filmy things, and had a soft, slight, drooping figure. Innocence was her *forte*: her rings were superb.

One odd thing was noticeable and noticed intensely by Chevenix: that Ingram hardly ate anything, though he pretended to a hearty meal. It came, Chevenix saw, to dry toast and three glasses of wine, practically. But he made great play with knife and fork and talked incessantly. He revealed himself at every turn of his monologue—for it came to be a monologue—as one of those men whose motives are so transparently reasonable to themselves that they need never be at the trouble to explain or defend any act of theirs. He was witty, though occasionally brutal, as when he spoke of a dragoman he had had in Egypt whose defence of his *harem* had cost him his place. This man, a cultivated Persian, had proposed hospitality to his patron in Alexandria where he lived. Accepted, he had made a great supper for Ingram, invited his friends and acquaintances, procured musicians and dancing-girls. It was magnificent, Ingram allowed. The trouble came afterwards, when the native guests had gone their ways and patron and host were together. Ingram proposed a visit to the ladies—"the civil thing, it appeared to me. But no, if you please. Mirza turned very glum, pronounced it not the custom; I must excuse him, he says. But I say, Will they excuse me, my good man? He makes a sour face, so of course I know that they won't, and that he knows they won't. Then he marches away upon some errand or another, and

when he comes back finds me tapping at a door. You never saw such a change in a chap; upon my soul, it was worth it. He went white, he went gray, he went livid. His eyes were like stars. No, I'm wrong. They were not. They were like the flaming sword which kept Adam and Eve out of the garden. Magnificent police arrangements in Eden, they had. I heard his breath whistle through his nose like the wind at a key-hole. He says, "You mistake, sir. You forget. Or do I deserve to be insulted?" I told him that I was the insulted person in the party, and the ladies came next. I swear I heard a chuckle behind the door. That I swear to."

Chevenix, round-eyed and staring, was heard to mutter, "Good old Nevile! Well, I'll be shot—" Ingram cut short his tale.

"I can't go into what followed. Much of it was irrelevant, all of it was preposterous. It ended by Mirza directing me to the nearest hotel, in perfect English. The crosser he got, the better his English. That's odd, you know. Of course, I chucked the chap. He lost a soft billet."

There were no comments from the auditory, save such as Mrs. Wilmot's eyes may have afforded. She sighed and laid her hand for one moment, caressingly, upon her neck. Her rings were certainly superb.

The dessert being on the table, Minnie served the old brandy and retired. Ingram drank of it freely, and began his cigarette the moment that the coffee and spirit-flame appeared. The ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and Mrs. Wilmot sought the piano. But two chords had not been touched before her eyes sought those of Mrs. Devereux, who stood by the fire. Eyebrows exchanged signals.

Then Mrs. Devereux said: "I am most uncomfortable," and Mrs. Wilmot sighed, "I know."

IV

THE quiet cause of discomfort, slipped and loose-robed, sat, meanwhile, in an easy-chair, with her feet on the fender. Her hair floated free about her shoulders, silky from the brush. She had a book on her knees, but did not read it. Instead, she looked into the fire, frowning.

Faint lines now printed themselves upon her face: two between her brows, one defin-

ing the round of each fair cheek. Her eyes showed fathomless sapphire; whatever her thoughts were of, they held the secret close. Their gaze was one of fascination, as if she saw things in the fire terrible and strange, figures of the past or of the future, from which she could not turn her face. The curve of her upper lip where it lay along its fellow and made a dimpled end, sharpened and grew bleak. Poring and smiling into the fire, she looked like a Sibyl envisaging the fate of men, not concerned in it, yet absorbed, interested in the play, not at all in the persons. The friend of Mrs. Benson, the midnight mate of young gardeners, disturber of high ladies' comfort, serene controller of Wanless—she was, it would seem, all things to all men, as men could take her. But now she had the fell look of a cat, the long, sleek, cruel smile, the staring and avid eyes. A cat she might be, playing with her own beating heart, patting it, watching its throbs.

These moments of witchcraft gazing were not many. They had been deliberately begun and were deliberately done with. Within their span her cares were faced and co-ordinated; and the business over, she sighed and sank more snugly into her chair. She leaned back; her hands crossed themselves on her lap; she shut her eyes. All the lines upon her face softened, melted away. She looked now like an Oread asleep in the mid-day heats, pure of thought or dread or memory. Her bosom below her laces rose and fell gently. She slept.

Outside in the gusty dark was one who padded up and down the grass on noiseless feet, passing and repassing the window, with an eye for the narrow chink of light.

She slept for a very short time. Towards ten o'clock she awoke. Collecting herself luxuriously, she was seen to face her facts again. Evidently they held her eyes waking; they were dreadfully there, still unresolved or still unpalatable. Before them now she plainly quailed. The flush of her sleep gave delicacy to her carven beauty; she looked fragile and tremulous; it would seem that a little more pity of herself would bring her to tears. As if she knew it, she took her measures, rose abruptly, and, after two turns about the room, went to a safe, opened it, and plunged herself into the ledger-book which she took from it. Upon that and a

cash-box—with certain involuntary pauses, in which her eyes concentrated and stared—she remained closely engaged until half-past eleven.

At that hour, having ascertained it, she put by her work, went into her bedroom, and began a deliberate and careful toilet. She was pale, serious, and evidently rather scared at herself; she lifted her eyebrows and opened wide her eyes. But she did what she had to do as daintily as ever Amina in the Arab tale fingered her rice. A person of great simplicity, who did extraordinary things in an ordinary way, at the hour when all Wanless was going to bed, she brushed and banded her shining hair, and dressed herself in silk and lace as for a dinner-party. To herself in the glass she gave and received again a face of pure pity and sorrow. She saw herself lovely and love-worthy, sleek under the caress of her own beauty. Yet she knew exactly what she was about to do and how she would do it, and did not falter at all.

At a quarter past twelve her summons came—a knock at the door, the turning of the handle, the push to open, and Ingram's voice. "Come along, Sencie," he said, and went away without any more ceremony. She got up from her chair, put her book down, having marked her place, and followed him after a few minutes' meditation. Ingram's quarters were on the ground floor of the house, as hers were, but in the opposite wing. She had two rooms in the western arm of the E; the whole of the eastern was his.

He was at table, when she came in and shut the door behind her—at a table fairly naped, with fine glass, silver, and flowers upon it. There was hothouse fruit, too: a melon, a little pyramid of strawberries in fig-leaves. He was eating smoked salmon and bread and butter with appetite. By his side, half empty, was a champagne glass. A pint bottle stood at his elbow.

He hailed her gayly with a jerk of his head, a "Come along," and a lifted glass. Leaning back as she came on, watching and waiting for her, he stretched out his left arm. She smiled rather conventionally, did not meet his eyes, but came within reach. His arm encircled her and drew her in. "Well, my girl, well!" he said, glancing up, laughing, tempting her to laugh. She looked down gently, blushing a little, and condescended to him, stooped and brushed his

forehead with her lips. Condescension expresses her act. It was exactly done as one would humor an importunate child, excuse its childishness, and grant it its desire of the moment.

So it must have been felt by him, for there was a sharp, short tussle of wills. She would have had him contented but he was not so to be contented. There was a little struggle, much silent entreaty from him, much consideration from her above him—her doubting, judging, discriminating eyes; her smile, half tender and half simple; but in the end he kissed her lips the more ardently for their withholding. Then he allowed her to sit by the table, not far off, and resumed his smoked salmon and his zest. She declined to share the meal; was neither hungry nor thirsty she said. "Have your own way, my dear," he concluded the match; "you'll feel all the better for it, I know." She cupped her chin in her hand, and watched the play of knife and fork, her thoughts elsewhere.

"Now, Sencie," he said presently in his usual direct manner, "how long is it since I've seen you?"

She answered at once, without looking up, "A year and ten days."

He shook his head. "That's too long. That's absurd. I don't like that kind of thing—as a man domestically inclined. But I've been a devil of a way. I wrote to you—from where?"

"From Singapore," she told him.

"So I did. I remember. But I went to Egypt before that. First-rate place, Egypt. I know it well, but am always glad to be there. Fine river of its own. We went to Khartoum and two marches beyond. Then Singapore and the Straits—Burmah, Ceylon; then India. Didn't I write to you from India?"

"Yes," she told him. She was balancing a salt-spoon idly on a wine-glass and seemed scarcely to listen. He rattled on.

"Had great days in India. Shooting, fishing, pig-spearing; polo, dances, rajahs, pretty women, pow-wows of sorts, and a chance of a fight. All in a year, my friend—I beg your pardon—and ten days. Quick work, eh? One crowded year of glorious life. A cycle of Cathay."

She was looking at her salt-spoon, stretched beyond her the length of her arm. "I'm sure you were very happy."

He looked at her directly. "Oh, I was, you know. Otherwise, I guess I should have written. I was idiotically happy. And you?"

"I was busy," she told him, "idiotically busy." He laughed lightly.

"That's one for me—and a shrewd one. Oh, you deep-eyed scamp! Sancier, you never give yourself away. I've noticed that many and many a time. And not I only, I can assure you. Bill Chevenix, now——"

Her thoughts, her regard, were far away from a world of Ingrams and Chevenixes. She may have heard, but she gave no sign. He rattled on.

"Oh, you're splendid, of course you're splendid. The comfort of you! I go off to the ends of the world—without a care left behind me—or taken with me, by Jove! No bothers, no worry—letters opened, the right ones, answered and done with. Letters forwarded, the right ones, unopened. How you can guess—it beats me! No worry. You don't ask me to write to you—or expect it. You don't write to me—and I don't expect it. You know me just as I know you. There's a confidence, a certainty about you. That's what's so splendid. There can't be a girl in the world like you." He clasped her in triumph. "My Sancier! Back I come at the end of my time, and everything's in apple-pie order. And, to crown all, there's you at the door to welcome me—and wait your turn—and wait your turn. Always the same—my wise, fine Sancier!" He leaned forward, picked up, and held her hand. "My dear, I love you," he said, and jumped up and kissed her. Then, as he stood above her, the triumphant young man, with the hand of possession on her shoulder, "Upon my word," he declared to the assembled universe, "this is a very satisfactory world, so far as I am concerned."

When he was seated again and had invited her to talk domestic affairs, she returned from her reverie and gathered in all her self-possession. The estate, the household, the parish, the county: there was no mistaking his interest in these matters. He was interested in the smallest particulars: her broods of young chicks, her pigeons, the tabby-cat's kittens, the rector's baby. He asked searching questions. How many cows were in milk just now; when would Menzies have asparagus fit to eat? The servants—was all well there? Their young men?

Nothing escaped him. She was quite ready for him, took a dry tone, showed a slight sense of the humor of the situation, descended to trifles, had statistics at her fingers' ends. She met him, in a word, as he wished to be met, as jointly concerned in these minute affairs.

He lit a cigar and drew her to the fire. He would have had her on his knee, but she would not. She sat on a straight chair beside his easy one, and allowed him to play with her hand.

He talked now in jerks, between puffs, of his adventures: his first shot at a tiger, some trouble with hillmen at Peshawur, a row at a mess-table, in which two chaps lost their heads, and one his papers. He had been present as a guest, but had kept well in the background. There had been a lot of drinking done—luckily he was all right. He had a good head, you see; could carry a lot of stuff.

He had, by the way, "picked up" that little Mrs. Wilmot on board ship. She was coming home in the convoy of Mrs. Devereux. Of course, he had known Mrs. Devereux for years; she was an institution. The little Wilmot person was a widow, it seemed. Niceish sort of young woman; knew the Trenchards up here, was a kind of cousin of Lady Trenchard's. In fact, she was going on to them from here; but not due for a week or so. She had, you might say, asked to be asked or spelled for it out of those eyes of hers. You get awfully friendly on board ship, you must know. You can say anything—and do most things—oh, all sorts of things! He had no objection—to her coming, he meant; indeed, he rather liked the young party. He thought Chevenix did too. But Chevenix was very much at Sancier's disposal: "he talked a lot about seeing you again, my girl." To meet him again might carry her mind back—how long? Eight stricken years. Was it possible that she—he and she—had been here together eight years? Yes, he could see that she remembered. Dear, sweet Sancier!

There was bravado here on his part, and nervousness to be discerned beneath it; for it is most certain that her reverie was not exactly as he would have it. Her chin was in her hand, her caught other hand lay idle in his own; her eyes were far-gazing and sombre; her smile was bleak. Whatever

she heard, whatever she thought of, she betrayed nothing.

Her brooding calm spurred him in that sensitive spot whose throb or ache tells a man whether he is centre of a woman's mind or not. He must know whether she was glad to have him back: the Wanderer Returned, eh? She had not told him so yet, he must observe; no, nor looked it. She was mysterious, it seemed to him. "And you can speak with your eyes, my dear; none better. Your tongue was never very loose; but your eyes! Now, you know what you can do with them, Sancier; you know very well. Speak to me, then, my dear, speak to me. Speak to me only with thine . . . no, not *only*! You can speak in a thousand ways—with your hands, with the tips of your fingers placed here or there, with a bend of the head on that lovely neck you have, with your faint color, with your quick breath. . . ."

Fired by his own words, he worked himself into enthusiasm, was enamored of what himself proclaimed. "My beautiful—my goddess!" he called her, and drew her to his heart.

And she allowed him, allowed herself to be pressed there, while within her the dull fire smouldered, and the deep, slow resentment gathered like clouds about the sun. But he held her face now between his two hands and forced to meet his own her unresponsive eyes; and when with ardor he had kissed her grave lips, the flippancy of a fool ruined him, and his triumph was flattened into dust, as when one crushes a puff-ball.

He suddenly held her at arms' length as he was struck by an idea. "Oh, by the way, I forgot," he said, and looked vaguely across the room. "Claire is dead."

Sanchia's eyes concentrated and paled. The pupils of them were specks. She paled

to the lips, then slowly flooded as with a tide of sanguine. She withdrew herself from him; simply dropped him off her. She said nothing, but she watched him steadily, while within her the masked fire gleamed and fitfully leaped.

Bravado made him hold on to his airy tone. "She died, I'm told, at Messina, some time in March. I heard it at Marseilles. Met a man who told me. Yes! She's dead—and buried."

Sanchia had nothing to say. She looked, however, towards the door—and he detected that. Her silence spread about the room, caught him and enveloped him. That she was calculating how long it would be before she could escape by that door was absolutely clear, and the frost of her silence struck down upon him so that he could not gainsay her purpose. He paused irresolute, glancing askance at her directed eyes. Then he gave in, left her, opened the door for her. She went out, folded in her own mystery; but as she went by him he caught up her hand and kissed the fingers. They were very cold and made him shiver.

"Good-night, my dear," he said, all his dash gone out of him.

She said good-night very simply and went away. He looked after her until she had turned the corridor, then went to the table and poured himself brandy and soda-water, drank deeply, and set down the tumbler with a crash. "By God! I am a fool!" he told himself.

From the garden that narrow chink of light which shone through Ingram's shutter was seen to collapse by one who watched it. Shortly afterwards, that same haunter of the dark saw a shining slit part the shutters of a window in the west wing, and sighed short and quick. He returned to prowling among the secret flowers.

(To be continued.)



PASA THALASSA THALASSA

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"The sea is everywhere the sea"

I

GONE—faded out of the story, the sea-faring friend I remember?
Gone for a decade, they say: never a word or a sign.
Gone with his hard red face that only his laughter could wrinkle,
Down where men go to be still, by the old way of the sea.

Never again will he come, with rings in his ears like a pirate,
Back to be living and seen, here with his roses and vines;
Here where the tenants are shadows and echoes of years uneventful,
Memory meets the event, told from afar by the sea.

Smoke that floated and rolled in the twilight away from the chimney
Floats and rolls no more. Wheeling and falling, instead,
Down with a twittering flash go the smooth and inscrutable swallows,
Down to the place made theirs by the cold work of the sea.

Roses have had their day, and the dusk is on yarrow and wormwood—
Dusk that is over the grass, drenched with memorial dew;
Trellises lie like bones in a ruin that once was a garden,
Swallows have lingered and ceased, shadows and echoes are all.

II

Where is he lying to-night, as I turn away down to the valley,
Down where the lamps of men tell me the streets are alive?
Where shall I ask, and of whom, in the town or on land or on water,
News of a time and a place buried alike and with him?

Few now remain who may care, nor may they be wiser for caring,
Where or what manner the doom, whether by day or by night;
Whether in Indian deeps or on flood-laden fields of Atlantis,
Or by the roaring Horn, shrouded in silence he lies.

Few now remain who return by the weed-weary path to his cottage,
Drawn by the scene as it was,—met by the chill and the change;
Few are alive who report, and few are alive who remember,
More of him now than a name carved somewhere on the sea.

"Where is he lying?" I ask, and the lights in the valley are nearer;
Down to the streets I go, down to the murmur of men.
Down to the roar of the sea in a ship may be well for another—
Down where he lies to-night, silent, and under the storms.



Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

A race.



ALL IN A DAY'S RUN

By William Harnden Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE yardful of locomotives lay for the most part silent, except for the sputtering of an uncertain safety-valve or the occasional clanging of a bell as an engine moved drowsily forward in the afternoon sun to the "water-plug" or coal-chute. Some engines had gangs of greasy wipers polishing cross-head or side-rod. A big H 18 stood over the ash-pit while a grimy man crawled between her drivers and banged and poked away at her ash-pan, amid clouds of steam and hot cinders.

As I moved down the line of iron steeds purring contentedly, I came upon the engine I was looking for, No. 8000, a big Atlantic-type flyer, and crouched upon the connecting-rod and probing into her link motion with a long-nosed oil-can was Windy, one of the crack runners of the road—Windy, the man who takes eleven Pullmans ninety-six miles in an hour and forty-six minutes.

He got down and came back to the gangway.

"Climb up," he said, looking at his watch; "we'll have to be going in a minute or two."

I climbed up and found the fireman sprinkling down the coal.

"Goin' down the line with us?" he asked.

I told him I was.

"Only my second trip in this train," he said; "bid the job off last week. This mill steams like a fire-engine, though, so I guess we'll get there all right."

Windy took his oil-cans and went over to the round-house for his allowance of oil for the run, while the fireman turned his attention to the fire. The safety-valve sputtered and then popped with a roar. The fireman left the fire-box door open and came and looked out the gangway. A little, slim old man with a ragged jumper and a dirty golf-cap, and who needed a shave sorely, was carrying half a bucketful of rivets over to a turn-table that was being repaired.

"Hello, Daddy," shouted the fireman.

Daddy waved a jet-black hand.

"That's Daddy," explained the fireman; "he's a peach. Nobody'd ever think he was one of the oldest engineers on the Road, would they? Yes, set up in '69—been running ever since. Good man, too—everybody likes Daddy; but he does look like a hobo, don't he? He's always working around at some odd job like that. Other day some of the fellers over to the other house sent over a bundle of overalls for him. They addressed it, 'For Daddy, the man that digs cellars daytimes and runs a Trilby nights.' Hasn't any watch, either," continued the fireman;

"at inspection he gets one of his boys'—they're all trainmen."

"Daddy's somethin' of a sport too. Other day he raced Humpty clear to Tower G. Him runnin' local, and Humpty had one of the through sections. Daddy stuck just the same, but I don't believe either of 'em had mor'n a grate left when they got there."

Just then Windy set his oil-cans on the shelf and climbed up.

"Well, let's be moving," said he. "Have to take the Y now, while Daddy builds us a new turn-table."

He lighted his pipe, glanced out of the window, dropped the reverse lever down into the corner, and reached for the throttle. The fireman gave the bell-rope a pull, and soon, with her connecting-rods clanking and her seventy-six-inch drivers banging over rattling switches, the 8000 swung through the lines of locomotives. As we would go by an engine, her driver would wave to Windy from the cab or from beside the drivers, and shout something and grin. Now we were on a track about at right angles to the one on which I had found the 8000. With a groan of the brake-shoes she stopped just beyond a switch, guarded by a dwarf signal.

"All right," said the fireman as he gave the bell-rope another pull.

The reverse lever came over. Windy leaned out of the window, and soon we were rattling and booming out on the main line. Under bridges we swept and through short tunnels, in which the exhaust of the engine sounded hollow and uncanny. Apartment houses flanked the track on either side. Then we charged into a long tunnel in which the smoke and steam filled the cab and obscured the view ahead.

"All right," said the fireman as soon as the first glimpse of daylight showed ahead.

"All right," responded Windy.

"All right on the next one," said the fireman.

"All right," said Windy.

Then the 8000 hit the ladder and went diagonally across the maze of tracks that are the approach to the big terminal, the crew recording signals at intervals. We passed by the big tower, met suburban trains coming out, and went in by the River Division Flyer, waiting for the signal. Then with clanging bell the 8000 backed down on the

blind baggage of the train that stood waiting and which the passengers were already boarding.

A man with a hammer made the coupling, and soon the little whistle beside the engineer's seat sounded shrilly. Windy applied the brakes. It whistled again, and he released them. Then he got down and, with his oil-can and wrench, went around the 8000 to put on the finishing touches before the run.

Soon the conductor came up, and, after a comparison of watches, Windy went up on the front of the engine to change the train numbers in the headlight. Then they stood talking until the signal dropped at the end of the train-shed.

"Trot along, Windy," said the conductor as he started back toward the first vestibule. Windy climbed the steps, and the 8000 started ahead, shooting up heavy-artillery exhausts that swirled and churned in the roof of the train-shed.

The throttle came open a little wider and the reverse lever came up a little nearer the centre. Now the 8000 was rattling over switches and under signal-bridges at a merry rate.

As we got out of the yard limit the fireman got down.

"You can have the seat all to yourself now," he said; "I've got something else to do."

Then he opened the fire-box and began to apply that science of keeping up steam on a heavy, fast train. Just then we overtook a freight pulling slowly out on the next track. We tore by the caboose and along the line of jolting cars. Apparently they might well have been standing still or even going backward. Then we came to the engine—a big compounder. The fireman stepped to the gangway.

"Come on," he yelled; but we were by, and only got an answering grin. Still we could hear the exhaust of the compound above the roar of our own engine. Windy nodded toward the freight.

"I can't help it; I can't help it; I can't help it," he shouted, in imitation of the accented first and even three exhausts of the freight engine.

We were now several miles out and travelling at a fifty-mile gait. The big 8000 rocked and swayed as she banged over switches and lurched around curves, her

exhaust coming in a steady roar. The crew for the most part paid strict attention to business. The fireman danced between tender and fire-box, stopping now and then to glance ahead. Windy had lighted his pipe again, and was now settled down to watch the signals and switches that fled by

shut the fire-box door, and climbed up on the seat behind me.

"This don't happen many times on this division," he said; "five miles right down-hill now, and they'll run just as fast as you want 'em to without any steam. Have to fight 'em from running too fast most always."



Began to apply that science of keeping up steam.

in rapid succession, occasionally shifting the reverse lever a notch one way or the other or to regulate the throttle a trifle. Now and then he would wave to a crossing-tender or a tower man along the road, and often he would indicate something along the line by a jerk of his thumb, and shout something over to me—something that I could not hear.

Being well out of the suburban towns, Windy caused the 8000 to "pound the joints," as the fireman called making speed. Suddenly Windy, who had been riding with his left hand resting loosely over the top of the reverse lever, and his right firmly grasping the window-frame, reached over and shut off. There being no scheduled stop thereabouts, I looked ahead for the cause. The train was on a big curve, and was running smoothly and fast. The fireman looked up, gave the fire a little repairing,

Our speed kept increasing until I felt sure that the fireman's statements were true. We crashed over switches that sounded loose, and shot through towns that were a confusion of buildings along the track, and a glimpse of a square with electric cars in it. Then out through open fields again and over hollow-sounding bridges.

"Like shooting the chutes, isn't it?—only fun we have on this run," said the fireman in my ear. Windy began to apply the brakes gently and at intervals; but still the 8000 tore along, rolling and pitching. It was hard work sticking on the smooth leather seat, and I clung to the window desperately. Windy looked over and motioned for me to take a seat behind him.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

I liked it all right, and asked him how fast we were going.



Windy.

"Fast!" he repeated. "We're not going very fast."

I raised no argument, but felt that there must be some mistake.

Windy applied the brake from time to time so that our speed did not seem to increase.

He hung out of the window and the engineer's valve hissed at intervals. Then the engine listed to one side, and there came a series of lurches and bangings as we struck the curve at the foot of the hill.

"There's where Duckfoot went off the iron," said Windy, pointing to the hollow at the bottom of the embankment as we swept by.

"His train ran away," he continued. "Fifty-seven loaded box-cars and refrigerators—told him when he took 'em that there was forty cars of air, so he didn't begin to touch 'em up until he got half-way down; then he couldn't hold 'em. Whole bunch went right off and landed at the bottom of the fill—engine turned bottom-side up. Killed? Duckfoot wasn't, but every one else was. Found him in the brook."

The 8000, with straight track under her drivers and the throttle open, again caused

the landscape to float by rapidly. Just after going through a small town, Windy shut off and the fireman went back to lower the scoop. Soon the long, narrow troughs of water caught the reflection of the sky ahead, and there was a sound of rushing water heard in the tank. This suddenly became full, and the surplus poured off the top of the tender over the front of the blind-baggage. The scoop was raised and the roar of the exhaust recommenced.

"Never scoop water," said Windy, "but I think of the feller I saw get off the blind-baggage at the Junction one night—Irish feller, I guess—and wet—say, he was near drowned. Late in the fall, too, and cold. When we stopped he came up side o' the fire-box to get warm. "Fine night," I says "How 're you enjoyin' your ride?" "Ar," says he, shiverin', "'twas all right, but yiz went through three lakes."

Far down the track ahead could be seen a complicated net-work of track, a station, a branch train, and a crowded platform. Windy pulled a long blast on the whistle and shut off. I got down and went over to the fireman's side as we rolled into the



Drawn by William Harnden Foster

ALL OF A SUDDEN SOMETHING BROWN SHOT OUT BY THE BOILER LIKE A BIG JACK-RABBIT.

—"All in a Day's Run."—Page 163.

Junction. With the squealing of exhausting brake-cylinders the 8000 came to a stop. Windy got down and, with oil-can and wrench, made a hurried *détour* of the engine. He had just reached the cab again when the conductor gave the signal, and the 8000 was again on her way. Just outside the Junction we met the East-bound express. The crews greeted each other as they passed.

"Go it, Pop," said Windy half to himself, as he reached for the whistle, "you're two minutes late."

He whistled "grade crossing," and waved to the fat man with the yellow flag in the road. Soon he whistled again on a curve through a rocky cut, and shut off the steam. His left hand rested on the air-brake until we dashed between the white fences, and then the throttle came open again.

"He always shuts off there," said the fireman. "Last spring he hit a baker-cart—killed the baker and the horse, and smashed the cart to kindling wood. They said there was cake and pie all over the engine. Never runs through there now like he used to."

"We had a close call one day at a grade crossing back in the Hill. We were about thirty yards from it and Gusty on Eighty was just the other side and coming some too. All of a sudden something brown shot out by the boiler like a big jack-rabbit—thought it was for a minute—but it was only a feller on a moter-cycle, and he was surely leanin' some."

After going through a few more small towns, over bridges, under bridges, and through isolated freight-yards, we approached the city. Now suburban trains loomed out of the gathering dusk and with a twinkle of the headlight whisked by. Signals became more numerous, and the fireman stood in the gangway and kept look-out. After going under several bridges close together, and through a short tunnel, we skimmed around a big curve and came in view of the dark, sombre train-shed in the distance, behind clouds of escaping steam and volumes of black smoke.

"All right," said the fireman.

"All right," said Windy.

"All right on W."

"All right on W."

"All right all the way in."

"All right in."

The 8000 was now rumbling into the shed, her safety-valve roaring. Within ten feet of the bumper her pilot came to a stop, the reverse lever came into the back corner, and Windy looked over and laughed.

"Well, we're here again," he said.

Soon after a switcher took our train out and we followed them a way, then swung off to the round-house. It was now quite dark, and the net-work of rails caught the reflection of a thousand lights—red, white, and green. Trains moved to and fro, and engines backed in and out with clanging bells. We left the 8000 in the hands of the hostlers and started over to the round-house. On the way we passed one of the River Division Graballs limping in on one side with a broken connecting-rod. Both Windy and the fireman hurled over some remark about crews who let their connecting-rods break.

"Every time I see a broken connecting-rod I think of one time when I was firing for Redney," said Windy. "We had the only packet you could call an express on the North Branch. One morning while we were hitting the grit through one of the small towns the side-rod on my side broke and the ends went 'round like a couple o' flails. Things happened pretty rapid just about then. First the ends would stick in the ground, cuttin' the ends off the ties, and the old engine would lift clear off the rail on that side, and then come down again, 'bang!' Then the ends came around and cleaned the side o' the engine off pretty well. I was sittin' on the seat when it broke, and near went through the roof. When I landed Redney had me, and told me to stay on—I thought we were in the ditch, and was going to jump. Well, after we tore up the track pretty much for a couple o' hundred yards, we stopped right on the crossing, and Redney he got down to view the remains. Just as he was coming around the end o' the pilot he met a fat, red-faced grocer who kept a store near the crossin'—all out o' breath. 'I seen your train comin' along,' he gasped, 'and—and all to a sudden two things on the engine begin to go round like a couple o' pin-wheels, and I knew I ought to come over and tell ye 'bout it.' 'My Gawd!' yells Redney, and chases the fat grocer all the way back into his store with a Stillson wrench. Then the grocer stuck his head out the back

door and told Redney he didn't think he knew how to run an 'engin' anyway."

Duckfoot was what they call a fast-freight artist, and a fast-freight artist is one to be worshipfully respected. Fifty cars ninety-five miles in two hours and thirty-eight minutes. Duckfoot was about the only man who could run on that schedule, but he had it down to a science. He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little; when he could give the fireman a chance to get a good fire and just when he had to plug her. Forty miles an hour is fast time for a freight.

A switcher had given us a start out of the yard, and we were now bowling along at schedule time. Duckfoot was a big man, and as he sat with his left hand on the throttle, leaning slightly forward, he nearly filled the window. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the train rumbled by the bogs we could hear the frogs peeping above the noise of the train. The fireman had all he could do uphill and down. He was big, and the two men seemed in keeping with the big, ten-wheeled "Bougledagger."

We had passed through several small towns, by little, one-horse freight yards, and over numerous grade crossings. Duckfoot had whistled regularly, the deep barytone of the "Bougledagger's" chime carrying far into the still night. Just as the big engine thundered into a cut, Duckfoot whistled "grade crossing" very long and deliberately, with generous pauses between the blasts. Sure enough, there was the white fence ahead, but the fireman left the fire-box door open and stood in the gangway behind the engineer. Then, in the glare of the firelight, they both waved, and in a window a hun-

dred yards from the track a figure waved back—a figure of a woman silhouetted against the lamplight of an interior. The fireman closed the fire-box and came over and stood behind me.

"That's Ducky's wife," he said. "The kids are abed, but they'll be out there when he goes by in the morning. She never fails him, and when he whistles that way she knows he is all right. That night he went

over the banking at the bottom of Five-mile she got to the Junction and rode down on the wrecker."

Ducky had been running like a man who thoroughly knew his business. The throttle opened and closed by notches, and the reverse lever swung between centre and corner. The pop-valve was always silent, but the black hand of the steam-gauge hovered around the two-hundred mark. On several occasions he had looked back at the train.

"Somethin's hangin' back," he announced at last.

The fireman leaned out the gangway and looked back. An orange flame that flickered under a car told the story.

"Warm one 'bout twenty-five cars back," he said.

"Bad?" asked Ducky. "Well, then, let her drag, so long as this old sled will pull it. I'm not going to stop fifteen minutes side o' some brook just for one hot box. Wish they'd get some one that knew how to pack a journal right down the line."

The fast freight had just struck a long reverse curve, and from the attention the crew were paying it was evident that signals were to be expected.

"Red eye," shouted the fireman.

"Red eye," grumbled Duckfoot, and shut off.



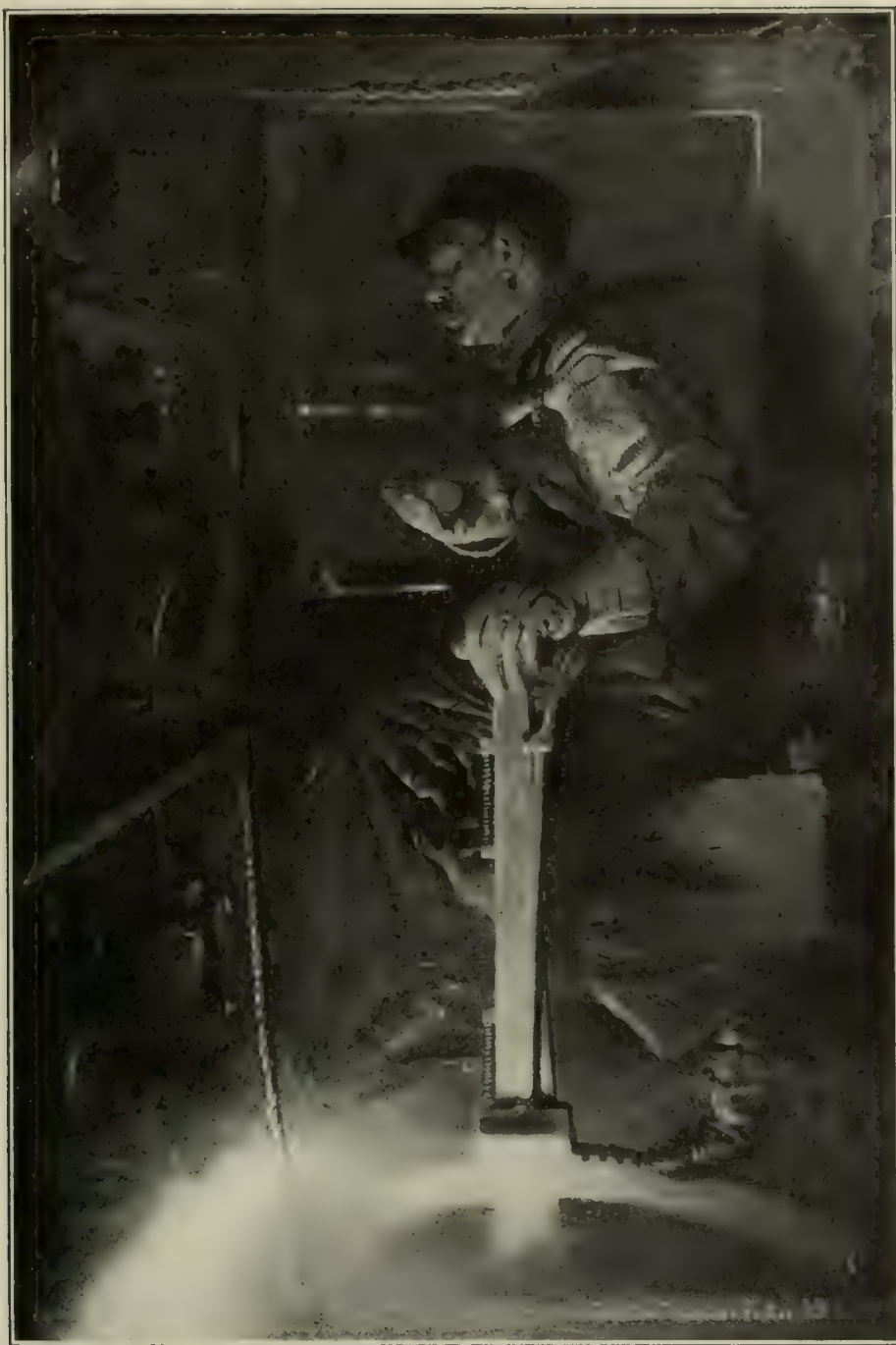
Duckfoot.



William Harnden Foster '09

Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

Meeting the Limited.



He knew just when to get a start and when he could coast a little.

"Too bad they can't give a man a clear line when he's runnin' a string like this on passenger time."

Duckey had the train under good control, and the offending signal was still three hundred yards' distant, when it turned white.

"All right," shouted the fireman.

"All right," answered Duckfoot.

He released the brakes gradually and made room for me on the seat behind him.

"Have to be pretty delicate about the way you handle a bunch like this. If you pinch 'em too hard at first they'll buckle.

If you don't hold 'em quite hard enough, they won't fetch up for three miles. If you release too quick, they'll break apart, and if you let 'em stop dead you might just as well knock fifteen minutes off your time afore you get 'em rolling again."

Now we were "whooping it," as Duckfoot called it, along a straight track. Occasionally a switch-light or a semaphore would flicker in the darkness ahead and flash by.

"Almost there," announced Duckey after a pause, and far ahead could be seen

the arc lights of the big freight yard and beyond it the city. Signals became more numerous, and now and then we overtook a switcher laboring along with a string of box-cars—men with lanterns walking on top. There was a rattle in the tender behind us, and the conductor slid down through the coal.

"On time again," he said. "Hope they'll have the iron ready for us. S'pose, though, some switcher 'll have the cross-over with 'bout sixty more cars than she can pull. Bum bunch o' junk down this end."

The train had now come to a groaning stop under the string of arc lights, and the forward brakeman was coming up to cut the engine off.

"This old junk 'll be goin' into the shops before long," said the fireman; "can't get steam enough now to blow your hat off."

"Oh, come off!" said the conductor, as he backed down the steps; "you can't draw twenty-eight extra mileage every night and expect to fire a Trilby on the 'Loop.'"

"Move that wheezin' old coffee-pot out o' the way," yelled the forward brakeman, "so's we can get at the train."

We were soon rattling into the round-house, leaving the train to the care of a big shifter.

"That finishes us," said Duckfoot, as he shut an injector and pulled the lever into the centre. "Now for some sleep. Tell

you what, railroading is a thankless job. Bad work, bad weather, and bad hours. If I were a young man again I'd never go near a locomotive. There was a time when one man was a little better'n another, and the good man got the good 'gine and the good job and kept 'em both. Now a man is just a little interchangeable piece of a big machine—works when and where they tell him to, and sleeps when he gets a chance. No credit for what he does right, but the minute he slips up a little the office hollers, 'Thirty days' or somethin'. That's the kind o' thanks you get."

I left the fast-freight artist washing off the grease at a long tank in the round-house. I went out into the dimly lighted yard, and as I passed between the line of purring, simmering locomotives the light fell on a familiar number-plate. No. 8000, sure enough; there was my acquaintance of yesterday. She did not look like the tail-truck comet of mile-a-minute pace as she stood still and solemn in the night. A torch flickered on the corner of the tank, and from the cab came the sound of the shaking of grates. They were at work grooming her for to-day's performance, a race across the stage of the Division and back, a performance in which every actor has to play his part well—and woe to him that forgets it—a performance in which every moment is dramatic and danger is real.



THE HERMIT OF BUBBLING WATER

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOUNG



SMALL portable house for living quarters and workshop combined, a long shed sheltering two aeroplanes, and the poles stretching a Marconi web threw their lone shadows across the Nevada desert. At this central station Danbury Rodd was in touch with substations, which spread zones of flight from the Mexican border to the Selkirks in British Columbia.

Yesterday a squall had hung the Idaho man's machine on the limbs of a scrub pine near the timber line of a peak, and the Arizona man's machine, caught by a "hot ball of wind," had turned turtle among the cacti.

"Tell them to cheer up and not to forget to mail full details of the action of the gyroscope attachment," he bade the operator. "Hello! A visitor!" he added, as his restless eye saw through the open door an object the size of a fountain-pen cap rise out of the line where the metallic, pebbly sheen of the sands and the velvet depths of the sky met.

"From the way he is riding," said Walker, the local assistant, looking through the binoculars, "it must be a case of a hurry ambulance call for an aeroplane."

Here the wireless began to sizzle with good news from the Spokane man. He had been slightly frost-bitten, but had found again the same constant wind by certain passes, which was another promise of regularity of service for the proposed two-day special fast mail route—fifty cents for an ounce—between New York and Seattle.

"Tell him he will have the new electric-heated wind shields in a few days, and he'll be as comfortable as if he were riding in a Pullman," Rodd said, and turned to a study of the big ledger of records, in which he was immersed, when he heard a skurry of hoofs before the door. A young man, in accentuated cowboy rig, threw his leg jauntily over the saddle pommel as he reined his horse skilfully to an abrupt

stand-still and addressed himself to Rodd with a directness which completed the impression of haste.

"My name's Ed Kimball," he said, "and I wouldn't have come if I hadn't heard how good-natured you are. You can do me the biggest kind of a favor in a matter of life and death—but this explains."

He passed over a telegram which he extracted from the breast pocket of his blue shirt, where he had anchored it with a wadded red silk handkerchief.

"Eyes opened," Rodd read. "Sick. Want to see you while I am alive. Hurry." (Signed) "Uncle Peter."

"I don't know how to tell you, except I feel I've got to see Uncle Peter before he dies," Kimball went on, "and it's plain there's no time to be lost. He lives in the south-eastern corner of Wyoming, on a ranch he calls Bubbling Water, and it takes two days' switching back and forth by rail, and two days more on horseback to get there."

"Yes," said Rodd, mechanically, his daily trip over the Sierras in mind. He was used to ruses which had a flight in the *Falcon* as an object. The number of dying relatives who could not be reached promptly by train was astonishing.

He studied the telegram. It was written on a routine form and seemed genuine. He looked sharply into eyes which were of a mild blue, at once good-natured and frank.

"Come in," he said, leading the way past the cots of the living-room to the chart-room, where Kimball saw, on a linen-back sheet across a table-top, a section of the Rocky Mountain region in relief.

This told the story of the soundings for reefs, shallows, and drifts in a new world of travel; of the work of a pathfinder in analyzing and surveying the atmosphere. The barrier of a continent's backbone did not end with the summits of the passes which the early explorers had found for the argonauts. It rose heavenward against the westward progress of the empire of flight



"My God! Look in there!" he cried chaotically.—Page 171.

with all the meteorological uncertainties lying between the desert regions of the plateau and the garden of the Pacific coast; with all the climatic differences of Sierra snows and burning, arid levels, of orange groves and frosty cattle ranges.

The cryptic figures in ink peppering the map—wavy with isobars and isotherms—were references to the air-movements of valley, desert, and gorge. Geometric tal-

ismans indicated the dependable, known conditions at certain altitudes, and question marks the vaster field of the unknown.

"Now, here we have south-eastern Wyoming," said Rodd, as he drew the sheet over the rollers.

He measured the distance straight across the desert to the Rockies, where the callipers moved slowly in zigzags and curves among the heights. Then he pencilled a

loop with the desert station as its starting and finishing point.

"All right," he concluded. "I'll be ready in five minutes, and we will be there early in the afternoon, barring unforeseen weather conditions."

"Say, you're just like what I heard you were!" Kimball said demonstratively; but this testimony to the solecism of fame living up to its reputation was lost on its object, who was already out of the door, followed by Walker. Kimball stopped to dispatch a note back to Reno and to unsaddle and picket his horse.

While the rigid gossamer fabric of the *Falcon* was drawn out of the shed, Walker, a sardonic if efficient man, who knew the mining world and its characters well, had something to say about Kimball.

"Think of your dropping into old Peter Hallowell's affairs in this way!" he exclaimed. "Peter is a character. When he made a fortune at Cripple Creek it didn't mean suites in New York hotels and French tonneaus, but the right to the perfect seclusion of the plains which the purchase of five thousand acres would ensure. The only known kin he's got in the world are two nephews, and this telegram may not be very good news to George Prather."

"George Prather?" Rodd repeated, as if trying to recall where he had heard the name before. "Hasn't he one of our machines? Didn't he call on me here once when I was away?"

"Yes. Prather wasn't content with the fastest automobile on the desert, and now he has a plane down at his Long Hike Camp. He made a lot of money out of Long Hike, and, naturally, Peter rejoiced to see that one of his nephews was going to amount to something. Meanwhile, the old man had given Kimball every chance. But all Ed's tastes ran to chased gold spurs and Mexican saddles. He's known from Butte to Tucson. Among other things, he tried being an actor for a while, but they said he couldn't act as well on the stage as off it. Peter cheerfully paid Ed's bills till the upshot of his swaggering was that he killed his man down at Strongbow. Then his uncle disowned him and told him never to cross the threshold of Bubbling Water again. Some say it was cold-blooded murder. You wouldn't think it, he looks so mild. However, his friends got him off on the ground

of self-defence. Since then I haven't heard much of his escapades. He seems to have disappeared from the camps."

"So, so!" mused Rodd, engrossed in his inspection. "But Uncle Peter must be a fine, sturdy sort to have no illusions on the brink of the dark waters and to be so crisp about it. I'd like to meet him. I suppose Prather is the good nephew?"

"Yes, very good," Walker proceeded, speaking out of the corner of his mouth with an extra accent of cynicism. "That Long Hike mine, which raised him so in Peter's estimation, turned his head. It set him on a mad career of extravagance and speculation. He's just as anxious to be known as the boss promoter as Kimball was to be known as the gay desperado. He's the kind that lays a thousand on the turn of a card at faro and slips his two-carat diamond ring in his pocket and talks like a bishop to a party of Eastern capitalists. They say he is in pretty deep. All his credit is staked on being his uncle's heir, and it's been generally accepted that he is to get every cent and that the old man can't last long. But there's no telling about Peter. His eyes are open, he says. What to, I wonder?"

"Kimball will soon know," said Rodd. "It grows more interesting."

"Well, maybe it does," assented Walker, grudgingly. "Still, if I were you I'd keep a lookout on this flighty gun-player. He's dead broke, and I guess it isn't affection that's hurrying him to Bubbling Water."

Kimball, radiant with the prospect of the journey and speaking his gratitude for the favor, now reappeared, a just perceptible swagger to his steps in keeping with the slant of his puncher hat over his ear; and Rodd, surveying him more critically through the glass of Walker's warning, and in light of the fact that he had killed a fellow human being, indicated the forty-four calibre revolver slung from the hip with a significant glance.

"Are you going to take that piece of hardware with you?" Rodd asked.

"It does make more weight. I never thought of that," agreed Kimball, starting to draw the holster from the belt. His readiness to part from the weapon was tinged with a shade of half-juvenile ruefulness far from sinister.

"I'm depriving my bad man of some of his artistic make-up," thought Rodd, now

smiling over Walker's suspicions. "Its absence is as ruinous to the *ensemble* as evening dress without a tie. Never mind," he said aloud. "Bring the artillery along."

They slipped Kimball into a wind jacket, and he settled down in the seat at the aviator's side. Taking wing, the *Falcon* rose little higher than the telegraph line, which she crossed as she flew past Reno.

"Gee! I thought you went 'way up!" said Kimball. "This is like skating on stilts."

"Low when the going is best near the surface and when there's nothing to bump on," Rodd explained.

It was the easiest kind of flying—that of the first creeping efforts when the flier keeps close to mother earth. No house, no tent, no living thing was in sight, except a man and a burro. The man waved his hat, the burro turned his head, and both were lost in space over the shoulder.

In every direction the sky bounded the eternal hoar-frost of the alkali of a dead world. His course set east, with his ship in the smoothest of seas, there was time for Rodd to think of his companion. Was it really possible that this ingenuous youth, who had an indescribable charm and freshness of manner, had been guilty of manslaughter? With his gift of drawing the cork to set another's life story flowing, Rodd soon had him talking of the affair at Strongbow.

"Why, it was this way," explained Kimball, very simply. "There was a Mrs. Ryan—Mother Ryan, they called her—and she'd been in about every rush from Caribou and Dawson to Goldfields. She kept a little restaurant, and had made some money at Strongbow, and I wanted her to keep it, because she was getting old and couldn't hike out for another fortune at many more strikes. A slick fellow by the name of Hunter was trying to sell her a mine. I told her the mine was doped—as I knew it was—right before him and everybody. He called me something that made me hit him. The crowd got us apart. Of course he went gunning for me. We met in the street that same afternoon, and he fired first—yes, he did, Mr. Rodd; there's no doubt about that. Then I fired and he went down, and I got this"—he indicated a scar on the lobe of his ear—"and Mother Ryan and the boys stood by me, and there wasn't any trial," he concluded.

All the time he spoke he was looking at Rodd so straightforwardly that no judge in camera could have well refused to accept every word as the truth.

"And Uncle Peter?" suggested Rodd.

Kimball's fathomable, clear eyes lighted with affection in his account of the hermit allowing the interest on his fortune to accumulate, while he saw no one except the ranch boss who lived several miles away and came every day to bring the mail and any supplies that were needed.

"Uncle Peter turned on me when he heard about the Strongbow affair. It didn't make any difference that back in the early California days he had killed a man himself. And what he said to me when he ordered me out of his house hurt. I went right off into the mountains looking for a strike, and I'd just got back to Reno when I got his telegram. I don't expect any of his fortune. That will all go to Prather—and I don't need it, I guess. Look at that, will you! There's something I want Uncle Peter to see." He fished from his pocket a piece of rock in which gleamed specks of free gold. "Two hundred a ton, and mine! And I'm going to develop it myself, little by little, taking my ore for capital."

"I should think you would," Rodd assented.

"I've been wild as the wildest, I guess," he went on, emphatically, "and at times I've pawned everything except my saddle and spurs. I never would let them go, especially that pair of spurs—there's not their equal in the South-west. I'm not mean enough, I hope, to be thinking of money when Uncle Peter's dying. What I want is to tell him I've been right out in the open, away from the camps, playing the game as he used to play it, and to prove that I've made good. I ain't laid a dollar on the wheel for four months, and I want him to forgive me—to feel that I'm not so bad as he thought I was, and to know I'm going to live down my reputation—which is a pretty big job, I guess. And I tell you, Mr. Rodd, I'll never forget your kindness."

"Walker is a good aviator, but he's a misanthrope about human character," thought Rodd. "It's love of color and display and budding manhood—and (thinking of the quartz) a prodigal who is coming home with his own veal."

The piled masses of the mountains were

developing from shadowy, misty forms to definite outline, and their bases, set in the nimbus of the horizon, were broadening and sinking. Rodd seemed bent on going over the wall rather than through any gate. Pointing straight for the top of the first mighty outpost of the range, the *Falcon* rose on an apron of wind, with the inclination of the shelf. The steadily swinging needle of the aerostat noted an altitude of three thousand six hundred when Rodd lowered the guiding planes and began circling the mountain, as if his plan were to girdle it.

"You spoke of skating—watch this, if we catch that breeze I'm looking for," he said.

What Rodd called a breeze was a gale. As they passed out of an eddy around a rib into the funnel where it blew, it sent the *Falcon* aquiver like a sheet of paper tossed out of the window into the wind, and bore her on at incalculable speed through a gap whose sides melted into vast hangings of streaky gray.

"Oh! Great, great!" exclaimed Kimball. "I like them near like that," he added, leaning out as they flashed by a jutting granite elbow. Rodd saw in his face the light of a never-care fearlessness of which the heroes of charges are made.

They slipped over the tops of ridges, to look down on gorges where white-plumed cascades sparkled in the shadows; crept at times against adverse currents; rounded whirlpools; cut their way through the atmospheric strata of dead spaces as a knife cuts its way through a layer cake; hovered over melting snow to get their bearings; and, tacking this way and that, both aided and retarded by undertows and overtows, they rose to their greatest height to avoid the upward adverse draw of the warm air from the levels, when the plateau of Wyoming lay before the eye, a dim carpet of even green tone, rolling in long swells like some storm-weary sea.

As they glided through the lower altitudes in a broad circle, Kimball pointed out a small, white-painted, single-story ranch house surrounded by young poplars.

"There isn't much room to land in the yard," said he. "You can drop outside the grove and I'll run on ahead, because Uncle Peter's so eccentric I'd like to see him alone first. After our last meeting

that telegram does seem almost too good to be true."

"Oh, no. I was aiming for the yard already," Rodd answered. "We'll do it nicely."

He took the pleasure of an expert helmsman in skilfully warping the *Falcon* downward toward that small sanded space which was swept as clean as a retired Maine shipmaster's lawn. The name of Bubbling Water was evidently taken from the flowing spring in the centre of a weedless little garden, where the tomatoes were showing red against the dark green of the trellised vines. Over the door, which was open, ran a climbing rose. A cat sat blinking on the step. But there was no sign of human life in response to the warning hum of the *Falcon's* cylinders or the settling shadow of her wings.

Rodd felt the oppression of the silence. He did not remember ever having dropped in front of any except a deserted house without eyes turned upward in curiosity if not in welcome. Uncle Peter must be very ill, he thought, if, indeed, the nephew had not come too late. While Kimball went inside Rodd turned to his machine. He never left the *Falcon* after a flight without overlooking her as carefully as before ascending. It was a habit, an affection, with him.

Perhaps two or three minutes had passed when Kimball reappeared in the doorway. His face was chalky, his eyeballs starting. With a frantic gesture over his shoulder, he took three or four tragic steps toward Rodd, as if seeking refuge from some pursuing horror.

"My God! Look in there!" he cried chaotically. "Uncle Peter's been murdered—murdered before I could see him!" Then he became limp; his faculties seemed to be benumbed, his limbs to have lost the power of motion.

Rodd sprang past him and onto the step. The house was divided into two rooms. That which he entered was the combined kitchen and living-room. A bright rag carpet covered the floor. Everything was in order, from the shining pots and pans on the wall to the newspapers in a rack. On the stove a teakettle sang pleasantly and the lid of a pot throbbed under the impulse of gushes of steam. The cloth was spread on the table and a bowl and spoon were in

place before a single chair. Apparently, Uncle Peter had been preparing an invalid's lunch when death crossed his threshold.

Through the open door in the partition he saw, lying on a cot—which evidently the habit of the trail preferred to a bed—the still form of the old forty-niner. Entering, he laid his hand on the breast and felt no flutter. The body was still warm. He drew the lids over the staring eyeballs and the ghastly effect was gone from the face, kindly, intelligent, and wan from illness. The impress of the fingers which had strangled the failing life out of the body showed faintly on the throat. On the collar-bone was an abrasion which might have been made by a thumb-nail, but otherwise no sign of any struggle.

A quarter of an hour ago Uncle Peter must have been alive. Who else in that time except Kimball could have been in that isolated house? Either Kimball was the innocent victim of circumstances, whose logic fastened guilt on him, or else he was, indeed, an actor who had played an inconceivably diabolical part. All Walker's admonitions about Kimball were recalled. Why had he wanted to drop outside the grove and hurry on ahead? How easy it would have been for him to return saying that the old man had not forgiven him after all!

Yet, had the murder been committed after their arrival, would not the old man have shouted when he saw the hands coming to his throat? Or, knowing that no help was at hand, would he have been silent from hermit instinct, used to relying on his own resources? Rodd had heard no sound; but his friends told him, he recalled, that he had neither eyes nor ears for anything when inspecting his machine. And the telegram? He recollected its contents distinctly. Why, when Uncle Peter was in a friendly mood, should Kimball have killed him, without even time to develop a quarrel having elapsed? But the telegram might have been spurious, a doctored blank taken from a railroad station to secure the use of the *Falcon* and at the same time proving absence of motive.

He lifted the bony, withered hand which had fallen to the floor and laid it beside the body. Pity for that lone, friendless hermit, living the harmless life he chose, struck him aflame with determination to trace home

the facts as he hastened out to find Kimball standing on the same spot in the same miserable attitude.

"How do you explain this?" Rodd demanded.

The piercing, resolute question roused Kimball tumultuously out of his stupefaction into a wild appeal.

"You've got to take me away from here back to Reno!" he cried, as one who sees and thinks of only one thing—escape. "It's terrible, but don't you see what will happen if they find me here—when everybody knows I've killed one man already? They'll say I did it for his money! Come, Mr. Rodd, for God's sake, do!"

Could this abject being be the same one who had been so fearless in the gap? The new aspect was unpleasant to Rodd; who shook his head decidedly.

"No. It is self-conviction to run," he said.

As Kimball saw that he was tossing gusts of imploring words hopelessly against granite, he seemed to go insane in a second's time. He drew his revolver.

"Yes, you will take me—you will—or——"

Rodd, unarmed and in the other's power, looked at the barrel pointed at his head curiously. It was rigidly held. Then he caught himself smiling. His sensitive humor could not take the display seriously. Kimball still seemed to him a boy, overwhelmed by desperation, incapable of deliberate crime.

"If you kill me you'll get away—but with two murders to your account, I fear," he said. "At least, there'll be no doubt of your guilt in the second."

Kimball's glance wavered in a contest with steel-gray eyes, chilling and amused in ridicule.

"You'd better put up the gun. We are losing time," Rodd added, in a fatherly way.

Kimball's arm dropped to his side as he collapsed with a long-drawn breath like a sob.

"I—I—this is the meanest, most cowardly thing I've ever done. It about fits me for hanging. I went out of my head! I—I couldn't have shot you, Mr. Rodd," he said, chokingly. And with that he flung the revolver far across the yard. "I didn't kill him—I didn't—but everybody will be—"



"There! There is the murderer!" he cried.

lieve I did! Yes, I saw that you believed I did when you came out of the house! Everything's against me!"

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Rodd.

"No one, unless it is my—" and it seemed as if his lips were about to frame the word "cousin" when shame stopped him. "No one!" he concluded. His gaze wandered away to the tops of the poplars helplessly:

"We'll search the grove!" said Rodd, angry at the delay. If they found no traces there, he proposed to see Kimball in the hands of the ranch manager and with the *Falcon* scan the breadth of the treeless plain, where it was as hopeless for a man to hide as a fly on a bare table-spread. "Come, you go that way and I'll go this," he was saying, when he was interrupted by a quivering shout of discovery from Kimball.

"There! There is the murderer!" he

cried, pointing to the sky, where Rodd's glance, following the trembling finger, saw, some five miles away, a cubical, winged object.

If Kimball were right, how sure this man on the wing must have been of his plan! He had no companion to dispute the alibi which a few hours' flight would establish.

"But why didn't we see him when he rose?" Rodd asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he dropped on the edge of the grove and hid his machine and was getting away while we were in the house," said Kimball. "But, Mr. Rodd, if you'll chase him I promise to be here when you come back!"

There was not a moment to spare. The other aeroplane was proceeding at a terrific pace, while the *Falcon* had yet to gain momentum. Should the shimmer from the friction of two air-currents meeting, or any one of many in the category of slight atmos-

pheric disturbances veil it from sight, pursuit was out of the question. It would leave no track, no clew in its flight.

"Good! I agree to that!" Rodd said, without looking to see the effect of his words as mechanically, regardless of the shock of taking the air with dangerous abruptness, he gave the *Falcon* all her power and set his gaze unremittingly on a fly on the blue wall of the sky. As he heard the swish of the branches against the runners and the leaves whipping the planes, he knew that he was safe above the poplars, with a fair field. Give him five minutes' clear vision and the race must be his. Was not he in the *Falcon*, the speediest of her kind, which had once seen the sun set on the Golden Gate the evening of the second day after seeing it rise over New York harbor?

Awakening surprise warned him that the fox as well as the hound was fleet. Some minutes elapsed before he could honestly convince himself that he was gaining at all. That speck, keeping steadily to a course parallel to the range, took winged shape again. It grew to the size of a man's open hand; and then, in vexation and amazement, Rodd could not deny that it was growing smaller. Yes, the *Falcon*—his *Falcon*—was falling behind some unknown leader of the plains.

"No amateur is in charge there," he thought, after he had risen to see if the going were better a hundred feet higher, only to be disappointed in his hope.

He knew that one of his professional rivals was in the West. Had the fortuitous passing of a racing biplane given Kimball a cloud-sent excuse for escape? Was he already, his six-shooter back on his hip, hastening to the distant cover of the foothills, while Rodd had been despatched on a fool's errand? He still believed in this youngster in his gay cowboy rig, with his chunk of quartz and his artless story of Mother Ryan.

The stimulus of mystery was whipped by the sport of battle in an arena of halcyon calm, broken only by a slight drift toward the mountains. With the meter reading one hundred and eighty miles an hour, the *Falcon* shivered like the rim of a struck bell from the impact of the air whistling through the frame and sissing along the planes. Rodd's clothes were held as tight as plaster against his flesh; his eyes were straining be-

hind the two little glass plates of the face shield.

"Splendid!" he cried, in a tribute of Hellenic admiration. "Oh, that is it!" he breathed later, as, with a lurch, the *Falcon* caught a swift current from a defile which the adversary had been riding for several minutes.

The speck spread to the size of a sheet of note-paper. As it broadened into the lateral sides of a parallelogram enclosing the blots of driver, gasoline tank, and motor, he recognized the familiar build and knew he was pursuing a machine of his own make whose speed was a compliment to the *Falcon* as a model. Five hundred, four hundred yards he lessened the distance, and finally the paradox to the eye of how one line could remain so firmly above the other was explained by the framework of the rods developing out of the picture.

As he saw his rival turn his head in inquiry, Rodd waved his handkerchief as a hail, with no answer except unslackened pace. This made him think that Kimball's theory was correct. The amateur of the desert, he knew, with a field free from obstacles, developed a speed and a daring for long distances rarely given to those who, under the advisement of weather-bureau signals, followed the safely charted touring courses of the East. But more likely some professional, having accepted a challenge, was not yet minded to yield himself beaten. And now the *Falcon's* guiding planes were dangerously near the circle of a varnished propeller's light, which was their goal.

"How am I to capture him?" Rodd asked himself.

Aerial gymnastics were not yet so far advanced that an aviator might be plucked from his seat in the fashion of an eagle who picks up a titbit in his talons. The pursuit might have to continue in the hope that it would not be his own stock of fuel which was exhausted first.

"At all events, I can have a closer look," he thought.

As he prepared to change his course in order to bring the *Falcon* abeam, the man, after a quick, apprehensive, backward glance, abruptly tilted his planes and swung for a broad opening in the range. Instinctively, Rodd reduced his revolutions and shouted a call of warning, lost in the hum of the motors.



So they faced each other in menacing silence —Page 177.

The valley which they entered had the fair prospect of a lure. A forest sweep of cushioned green softened its rugged bottom and the lower portions of its steep, irregular slopes. At first Rodd, still hoping to signal the man of his danger, aimed again to run alongside; but he had lost a good deal of distance in slowing down. When he had closed up the interval the eddies outside of the main draw, which they rode at ever-increasing pace, were too uncertain to permit the manoeuvre in that path becoming narrower and its walls higher and more precipitous with every turn. Like a mad shadow of conscience in pursuit of the shadow of a mad spirit, the two planes rounded a monstrous sugar loaf of rock, opening the door of vision to the end of a cyclopean blind alley enclosed by two snow-capped peaks, with a vast white apron in the lap between them.

Opposite the valley's mouth, as Rodd remembered, on the relief map at the central station was the one word "avoid," and over

the peaks the meagre but all-sufficient reference "terrific cat's-paws," taken from the Butte assistant's report of a superficial examination charting the spot as out of the question for trans-range navigation.

"He will see what he is in for. He will stop," Rodd thought; and slipping aside the face shield, which disturbed him in any emergency, he saw that the other, in magnificent, unreasoning desperation, with unslackened motor, was rising with a view to passing straight over the ridge.

Tremulous with its mighty speed, the rival machine flew above the glacier. One second it was an obedient, trained servant answering to the human will with uncanny simulation of human nerves, and the next a bit of tissue-paper caught in a draught. The churning vortex into which it shot broke the main rods as you snap a dead twig between your fingers, whirled cloth and metal into what seemed a spinning ball, and, with a final fling of centrifugal power, discarded the plaything of its havoc.



Drawn by F. C. Yeh

He glanced toward that dark object falling through space.—Page 17.

The wreck, with torn planes fluttering, fell through the calm, frigid lower stratum radiated by the ice. For the safety of this stratum the *Falcon* dove, as Rodd saw driver and débris half buried in snow.

The man came up like a diver and clambered precipitately on all-fours out of the drift which had broken his fall. Apparently he was uninjured, for he began flailing his body with his arms to start the circulation. As Rodd landed, he, too, stretched limbs numbed with cold. Then a swift survey of the situation made him think very fast. The adversary was tall, powerfully built, with a bull-dog neck and a heavy, florid face. His attitude explained his haste to get firmer footing and an advantage of position. It was one of alert inquiry and physical readiness for any crisis, half threatening.

He thrust his hand suggestively into his wind jacket toward the hip. The look which he gave the *Falcon* expressed his sinister thought. Here was the one vehicle of escape for both men from starvation in mountain wastes. They might go together, or one might go alone. If, indeed, this giant had strangled old Peter Hallowell, ridicule would not stay his trigger finger as it had that of Kimball. So they faced each other in menacing silence, Rodd wishing for the first time in his life that he was not unarmed. He must depend on another weapon, and he spoke first, his ear consciously testing his words to make sure of their good humor.

"Well," he said, "it certainly was a great race."

"It was," answered the other dryly, equivocally, as the crackling of ice-sheathed twigs.

"When you started up here," Rodd continued, "I had to accept your challenge." The man did not answer; he was still grave and watchful. "You are a wonderful driver. I never saw anything better," Rodd persisted, feeling the deceit of his part, but determined to play it none the less thoroughly. "The *Falcon* can soon be out of this and there's a vacant seat for you," he concluded, genially nodding toward his machine. This brought his features in sharp profile, which the man identified in a flash of association with portraits in the press.

"You're Danbury Rodd, aren't you?" he

exclaimed, as if that explained the whole proceeding. From all he had heard, it was like Rodd to chase another aeroplane or do any wild thing that came into his head. "I told your works to give me the latest thing and spare no expense—that's my motto—and 'twas worth the cost to give you the run I did." He came forward with impressive cordiality, hand extended.

Rodd found it disagreeable to take that hand. He was reminded of the marks on Uncle Peter's throat, without any conclusive reason yet, as he warned himself, for thinking that this high-living, extravagant type was guilty of anything worse than reckless love of contest.

The man joked about his accident with easy-going fatalism and good-fellowship, while he assisted in drawing the *Falcon* to the edge of the glacier, where she made her start in a dead space and at an angle from the valley to avoid the draw.

"You seem to know instinctively where the good going is," he said, as they rose safely into a calm area, high over the peaks.

Rodd now felt the confidence and stability of the air, which was his element, while glaciers and revolvers were not.

"You have my name, but I don't think I have yet the pleasure of yours," he remarked with a smile, when he could divert his attention for an instant from his machine.

"George Avery. I'm a mining promoter from Butte," the man answered, so promptly and naturally that he had either prepared himself for the question or Avery was really his name.

"When I picked you up," continued Rodd, "you were just past a little white ranch house, set in a grove of poplars, quite isolated on the plain."

That gentle approach to the cause of their mad race seemed to awaken no suspicion of its object in his passenger.

"Tidy place," came the easy comment. "I was going so fast I just had a glimpse. In fact, I was rushing to Butte to get hold of a big mining proposition I'd heard of by wire before another fellow had a chance to land it. Could you take me there, as a great favor? It's not much farther."

"Having delayed you, I certainly ought to be willing to run an hour out of my way to take you to your destination. But we will wait till we reach the plain before changing course," was the answer; and then

back to the mutton with, "you know, I had an idea you rose from the edge of that grove of poplars."

Rodd was casual but watching closely for the effect of his words. There was no discernible flicker of self-consciousness in the man's face as he returned:

"That's funny. I was sailing low and rose just then, I guess. I've often been fooled in that way myself when watching a bird. Optical illusion, they call it, don't they?"

"Either he is a perfect genius in self-control or no more related to old Peter Hallowell than I am!" Rodd thought. His repugnance to Avery, which seemed as inherent as his attraction to Kimball, was one thing impelling him straight to the point.

"I stopped at the ranch. I went inside the house," he said. Their elbows touching, he felt the other's frame shiver and saw a glaze in his eye, though those immobile features were still graven as an Indian's. "I found an old man dead and his body still warm," Rodd continued, "and I followed you on suspicion of murder."

The man broke into a laugh, a prolonged, roaring laugh.

"Mr. Rodd, I've heard about your practical jokes," he said between the convulsions of his amusement. "Chasing *me* for murder! That's a good one! You're all right!" and he slapped Rodd on the knee boisterously. "I've got something to tell the boys at Butte."

But Rodd had in mind that tremor which had been like the tautness of suspense set aquiver with a blow.

"No, as a matter of duty I am going to take you back to the ranch. Somebody who is waiting there thinks that you are George Prather, and he can identify you if you are," Rodd proceeded, thinking it best to keep Kimball's name in the background for the present.

The man winced. He regarded Rodd with a hard stare of inquiry, while he seemed to be thinking volcanically under the repression of his will. Gradually his expression grew soft. His words were softer.

"Yes, Mr. Rodd, I have been deceiving you," he began, as if asking for a full hearing before judgment were passed. "My name is George Prather. When I went to see my uncle to-day I found him dead in his bed. I have a cousin, a worthless young

desperado, who was disinherited after killing a man in cold blood. He is bitter against me, and I have many enemies, as success always has. As I was the dead man's sole heir, I knew what they'd say. I knew I could prove myself innocent, but my business affairs were such that I couldn't stand the scandal. Probably I was a fool—at any rate, I followed my first impulse. I fled. Come, now, keep my secret!"

He slipped his hand back onto Rodd's knee ingratiatingly, and Rodd noticed through the loose glove the imprint of a large diamond. Its facets might explain the abrasions on Uncle Peter's collar-bone.

"Uncle Peter did not die a natural death. He was strangled—and you know how a single thumb mark can prove guilt," Rodd hazarded.

Prather's shoulders fell in. His head sank between them, but only for an instant. With an effort he threw it back, his jaw well forward and working nervously as he regarded Rodd dumbly.

"So help me," he said at length, with forced steadiness, "here is the whole truth! I had a big stake. There were millions ahead if I had something to tide me over. My uncle had money rotting—yes, rotting in the bank. I went to him for help. I found he had been spying on me. He exasperated me with his senile, quavering remonstrances, and we quarrelled. He told me he proposed to disinherit me—I could go smash and be damned.

"When I thought of that worthless, brainless gun-player Kimball getting all that wealth to spend on gold spurs and his friends, and when I saw the whim of the old man's dotage—and I'd depended on him—standing between me and all my plans, I went mad. I shook him as you would a child that drives you into a temper, and the spark of life went out of him. He was dead there before my eyes—dead a few days before he would have died, anyway. And that money was mine by right—by the right of having expected it; by the right of knowing how to use it. Big fortunes have been built on worse deeds than this! The thing is done. Uncle Peter is dead. Nothing can recall him to life. As a man of the world to a man of the world, I ask you not to let a fit of anger that blew out an expiring flame be my ruin!"

He was eloquent, after a certain ghastly fashion, in his appeal. Rodd listened grimly and carefully, but he drew away from the speaker in natural revulsion, convinced that the second version was no more honest than the first.

"No," he said. "We are going back to the ranch."

"We'll see!" Prather ripped out.

His savage look spoke the same message—"It's you or I"—that it had on the glacier, as with one hand he tore open his wind jacket and with the other seized his revolver.

Mindless of everything except to disarm his adversary, Rodd catapulted his whole weight toward Prather's wrist. The *Falcon* rocked with the struggle which pitched both out of their seats. Rodd fully expected that she would turn turtle, but miraculously the vacillating centre of gravity of their combined weight did not completely overthrow that of the machine. He felt the pressure of the strong hands getting a grip of his neck, protected by his military collar. He felt his breath going; he saw red waves blotting out the landscape; and crushing the wrist into the angle between two braces, he forced the fingers open and a glittering streak fell from their grasp. With a twist of his body in his effort to escape strangling, he shook himself free, and on his knees, gasping, he met the glare of the man prostrate on the foot-rest under him. Then he realized that one or the other had struck the lever of the lifting plane and the *Falcon* had been steadily rising.

"Now you will come without any further resistance," he said, watchfully.

The flush of conflict passed out of Prather's cheeks. His lips were two gray lines, his nostrils pumping with exhaustion. The pupils of his eyes centred in a stare at a Nemesis which he would deny and yet could not.

"No! My God—to think that you, the one man who could catch me, should have happened along!" he breathed tensely. "No! To face that and bankruptcy? No!"

He closed his eyes, and with a sudden wrench of anguish, in which desperate bravery seemed to flaunt desperate fear, before his purpose was designed, he threw himself free of the framework.

Rodd extended a saving hand to the empty air. He glanced toward that dark

object falling through space, two thousand feet above the peaks, and looked away in horror, and looked back again to see a thing scarcely larger than a ball strike on a shelf of rock and bound out of sight in the depths of the gorge. Already his rapid flight had carried him far past the spot. There was no place to land if he should return.

A statue with mechanical arms and legs, he drove the *Falcon* back to Bubbling Water. When he lighted in the yard there was no sign of human life. The water of the spring was flowing merrily; the cat had changed its position to the walk to get the benefit of the slant of the descending sun. Had Kimball broken his word and fled? If so, it was without his revolver, which lay where he had thrown it.

Entering the house, Rodd saw him sitting beside his uncle's body; and as he looked up in inquiry and rose to his feet with a certain sober and becoming dignity, Rodd, fond of proving his faith in human nature, decided suddenly to gratify his interest in this young man by a supreme test. So he said, with an assumption of weariness:

"A wild-goose chase of five hundred miles to find that the man's name was Avery."

Kimball did not avert his steadfast gaze from Rodd at the news. In his transparent way he showed his realization of its meaning to him. Then he stiffened.

"When I saw Uncle Peter lying dead I was struck dumb," he declared, his voice trembling with a new quality. "When I found his body still warm, the thought that I should be accused staggered me. That reputation which I had hoped to live down would be all against me. Instead of having him forgive me, I should be known as his murderer. I turned a selfish coward. I went out of my head and rushed into the yard, not knowing what I said or did. But now I guess I'm out of the Nick Carter and the kid stage for good, and I'm ready to give myself up. I know I am innocent, even if I can't prove it."

"That and more than that is proved," Rodd said beaming, as he put his hands fondly on Kimball's shoulders. . . .

Kimball listened without comment to the account of Prather's death, and after a silence he observed sadly:

"The hard part for me is that Uncle Peter never understood how I had been making good these last few months."

But Uncle Peter had many strings to his bow. An unfinished letter asking his lawyer to come to Bubbling Water—news of which may have brought Prather in haste on his last errand—to draft a new will was found among his papers. “I know something of what is going on outside my garden even if I am a hermit,” he wrote in part, “and I have news about young Ed to take the ache out of my chalky old bones. I always did like him, and I ought to have known he would get over his coltishness. While the good George has been plunging and gambling, I find that Ed has been right out in the hills looking for gold, which is

about the straightest-out, cleanest kind of man’s work I know of in this shifty world.”

Kimball’s happiness over this was not alloyed by the discovery that the first will, which gave all to Prather, and in event of Prather’s death to charity, must stand in the law.

“Haven’t I Uncle Peter’s forgiveness for a legacy? Haven’t I my mine—my mine that I found myself?” he said in answer to a suggestion that he make a contest; and this led Rodd, when he told the story to Walker, to remark that there were worse obsessions than fondness for chased gold spurs and ornate Mexican saddles.

TWO SONNETS

By Antoinette Rotan Peterson

TAORMINA

THE ancient town hangs up a crag’s steep breast,
Between the tideless, shimmering, jewelled sea
And many colored sky of Sicily,
As some old griffin crouched might rear his crest
Of wrinkled scales and look toward the wide west,
Where, big in flaming, golden apogee,
Beyond far fields of pale rose almond tree,
The sun leaves Ætna and the world to rest.
On the Greek theatre night falls; old wars,
Dim glories gone, and far-off pagan woe
Flit through the wanderer’s dream; now come the stars
To watch the magic mountain weave and sow
His grape-bloom mist, and hide his lava scars,
And veil his head in amethystine snow.

RAVELLO

A TURQUOISE sea curves rippling round the bays;
Beyond Salerno, where the white walls shine,
The distant line of azure Apennine
Melts into cloud and swims in opal haze;
Warm sunlight floods the nearer hills and ways
And hollow wreaths of velvet shadow twine—
Flung down like purple lees of spilled-out wine—
Staining the young spring’s tender leafy maze;
The church bells peal and chime from all around
Brimming the valleys full of quivering sound;
High up an eagle soars on iron wing;
What does he feel in his fierce lonely heart?
Can all this beauty ever have a part
In him or touch with peace so wild a thing?



Copy, No. 1019, by Frederic Remington.

The Luckless Hunter

FREDERIC REMINGTON: A PAINTER OF AMERICAN LIFE

By Royal Cortissoz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. REMINGTON'S RECENT WORK

THERE are anecdotes in the history of art, episodes, or fragments of talk, which in illustrating the point of view of an individual also throw light upon whole "movements." It has been told of Ingres that when, in the streets of Rome, he detected the approach of some crippled or otherwise repulsive mendicant, he would cover his eyes with his cloak, and sometimes, if his wife first saw the unwelcome apparition, she would endeavor with a swift

movement of her shawl to save the artist from the sight of ugliness. The story is eloquent of both the strength and the weakness of a temperament known to every age. Again, you may find the key to all poetized landscape in that famous letter of Corot's beloved of painters as an authentic expression of the artist's mood, though, as a matter of fact, he did not write it. "The night breezes sigh among the leaves . . . birds, the voices of the flowers, say their

prayers . . . the dew scatters its pearls upon the velvet sward. . . . The nymphs are afoot." There you have the outlook of the painter whose naturalism may be unimpeachable, but who sees visions and dreams dreams.

The leading motives in the art of the present generation have been crystallized in the epigrams of more than one spokesman. Amongst the terse and luminous observations of the modern Belgian master, Alfred Stevens, who dedicated his precious "*Impressions sur la Peinture*," by the way, to Corot, there is one to which probably every artist would be quick to subscribe—"L'exécution est le style du peintre." A kindred affirmation is that which Whistler made with reference to the greatest of his portraits. "Take," he said, "the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an 'Arrangement in Grey and Black.' Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" I suppose there are no words held in deeper reverence than these to-day in countless studios. With them we may cite Whistler's tribute to Rembrandt as the high-priest of art who "saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks." It is a potent gospel, in the right hands, but in it there lurks a certain peril for the artist who would separate what Rembrandt *saw* from what he *felt*, and in exalting the powers of the hand and the eye would disdainfully ignore those of the soul. The stuff of life as well as its appearances has a place in art. "One is never so Greek," said Millet, "as when painting naively one's own impression," but he said an even more suggestive thing when, in a letter to Sensier, he spoke of the weird things to be found by the imagination in "the song of night-birds, and the last cry of the crows," and then added: "All legends have a source of truth, and if I had a forest to paint I would not want to remind people of emeralds, topazes, a box of jewels; but of its greennesses and its darkness which have such a power on the heart of man."

These words of Millet's I take as testimony to a truth which endures despite the hypothesis, often so brilliantly confirmed, that "subject" does not count. Perhaps

not, but Nature and life go on counting, sometimes to an extent which makes the appraisal of an artist in the dry light of technique the sheerest pedantry. There are artists who are "formed" by their experience of life quite as much as by the discipline of the schools, artists from whose subtlest touch the savor of "subject" is inseparable. Such a type is Frederic Remington. It is impossible to reflect upon his art without thinking of the merely human elements that have gone to its making, the close contacts with men and with the soil in a part of our country where indeed the atmosphere of the studio is simply unthinkable. He takes one away from the studio and its convenient properties if ever a man did, and saturates one in a kind of "local color" which has its sources far beneath the surface of things seen. One of the books he has written in the intervals of making pictures is called "*Men with the Bark On*." It is a happy phrase, pointing to a reality which is surely not peculiar to the West, but which just as surely preserves there a compelling raciness little known in the East, if known at all. This is not the place in which to embark upon a long analysis of American social conditions with special reference to Western traits, but I must pause for a moment on the particular value of those traits in American painting.

In the search for the picturesque the artist is scarcely to be blamed if he makes much of costume. There are sketching grounds in Holland, in France, and in the South whose popularity is legitimately enough to be referred to the dress of the people. But the step from these places to a room at home, well stocked with clothes and accessories brought from abroad, is fatally easy, as is the step from contemplation of one of Whistler's masterly "*Arrangements*" to the hopelessly factitious portrayal of a lay-figure, some draperies, and a meaningless background. That both of these infertile transactions have been not infrequent in American art has been due to the fact that in the pageantry of national life we have seemed to be starved. The social graces, or rather their trappings, went out with the Colonial period, when we were still taking our cue in artistic matters from the eighteenth century English school. By the time we had begun to find ourselves the frock-coat had come in, with the ineffable trou-



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The Winter Campaign.

sers and top-hat belonging to it. Costume as costume thereafter, and for a long period, only had its chance in some such pictures as those reconstructions of Puritan life which George Boughton was wont to paint. We did the best we could with our homespun material. Eastman Johnson and Winslow Homer extorted some not unpicturesque effects from every-day life in America. Professor Weir, in the sixties, anticipated in his foundry interiors that discovery of types and scenes of labor which has of late been getting itself recorded in our exhibitions. But throughout the transitional period which has not, perhaps, even yet come to a close, we have been much occupied with technical problems, and, under the influence of the Parisian school, we have, on the whole, neglected the life at our doors. As we begin to recognize it we are learning, fortunately, that the question of costume is not, after all, so prodigiously important. I think Mr. Remington hit upon this truth a number of years ago. At all events when he went West and found picturesqueness he did not find it or make it an affair of Indians in war-paint and feathers.

Before Olin Warner made his remarkable series of Indian portraits in relief the American artist who used the red man as a model at all was, with few exceptions, disposed to make him a romantic figure after the literary fashion of Fenimore Cooper, or to invest him with a somewhat theatrical significance. Pieces with the simple sincerity of J. Q. A. Ward's "Indian Hunter" were rare. Warner's reliefs signalized a newer and saner conception of the one intensely picturesque type that had been left to us all along and that we had foolishly sought to conventionalize. When Mr. Remington's opportunity came he faced it from this sculptor's point of view. He became interested in the Indian, I gather, because he became interested in life, the active, exciting life of the plains. The Indian appealed to him not in any histrionic way, not as a figure stepped out from the pages of "Hiawatha," but as just a human creature, sometimes resplendent in the character of a militant chief, sometimes unkempt, ill-smelling, and loathsomely drunk, and always the member of a strongly individualized race, having much to do with guns and horses. It would be stupid to be ungrate-

ful for the Indian pictures which have happened to be idealized and have made the red man seem an exotic if not a legendary personage. Occasionally they have been very good pictures, as witness several of those painted by George de Forest Brush. But the tendency, the right tendency, has latterly been all in the direction which Mr. Remington from the start has followed.

He was an illustrator when he began, a "black-and-white" man, and, as it has turned out, he could not have had a better preparation for his work as a painter. For one thing it fixed his mind on the fact, and trained him in the swift notation of the movement which lies somehow at the very heart of wild Western life. Just as the cowboy, in the midst of a hurly-burly of cattle, shouting to his comrade words calling for instant action, has no time to employ the diction of Henry James or Gibbon, so the modest illustrator must use a rapid pencil and leave picture-making to take care of itself. He must get the truth. Other artistic elements must come later. I cannot think of Mr. Remington as strolling out upon the prairie with stool and umbrella and all the rest of an artist's paraphernalia, nor can I see him in my mind's eye politely requesting Three-Fingered Pete or Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses to fall into an effective pose and "look pleasant." I see him instead on the back of a mustang, or busying himself around the camp-fire, or swapping yarns with the soldiers at a frontier post, or "nosing round" amongst the tribes. It does not much matter, in a sense, whether or not he put immortal things into his sketch-books during those first campaigns of his. For my own part, I do not believe that they have the smallest chance of lasting, save as so many documents. The important thing is not that he failed to draw beautifully, which is precisely what he failed to do, but that he got into a way of drawing skilfully and cleverly, so that he put his subject accurately before you and made you feel its special tang. His success was due not only to manual dexterity but to his whole-hearted response to the straightforward, manly charm of the life which by instinct he knew how to share. I make a great deal of this out-door mood of his, this sympathy, because it reacts to this day upon the purely artistic qualities of his work. Let us glance for a moment at a



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The Gossips.



Copyright, 1911, by Frederic Remington.

The War Bridle.

bit of his writing, the opening sentences of a brief Western story:

"The car had been side-tracked at Fort Keogh, and on the following morning the porter shook me, and announced that it was five o'clock. An hour later I stepped out on the rear platform and observed that the sun would rise shortly, but that meanwhile the air was chill, and that the bald, square-topped hills of the 'bad lands' cut rather hard against the gray of the morning. Presently a trooper galloped up with three led horses which he tied to a stake."

In choosing a passage from one of his half-dozen books I have purposely avoided anything in the nature of a "purple patch," though, to be sure, that form of indulgence is foreign enough to his taste. It is just for its directness and close-packed simplicity that I have made the foregoing quotation, just to show that he knows how to make an

absolutely clear descriptive statement. Simple as it is, almost to the point of baldness, does it not convey a sharp and vivid impression? I should like to go on to speak of his writings, which are full of entertainment and are of positive value as reflections of a life that is rapidly disappearing, but I must go on to show how, as he has written, he has painted, simply and truthfully. He had, of course, to pay the penalty of the artist who turns from illustration in black and white to work in color. For a considerable time his pictures were invariably marked by a garishness not to be explained alone by the staccato effects of a landscape whelmed in a blaze of sunshine. I have seen paintings of his which were as hard as nails. But then came a change, one of the most interesting noted in some years past by observers of American art. Mr. Remington suddenly drew near to the end of



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The Hunters' Supper.

his long pull. He left far behind him the brittleness of the pen drawings which he once had scattered so profusely through magazines and books. His reds and yellows which had blared so mercilessly from his canvases began to shed the quality of scene-painting and took on more of the aspect of nature. Incidentally the mark of the illustrator disappeared and that of the painter took its place. As though to give his emergence upon a new plane a special character he brought forward, in an exhibition in New York, a number of night scenes which expressly challenged attention by their originality and freshness. Since then he has made another exhibition only to deepen one's sense of his broader and stronger development. It is this latest exhibition which has supplied the pictures reproduced in the present article.

Two aspects of his ability as a painter of

life were brought out in sharp relief by this collection of pictures—his authentic interpretation of the Indian, and his fidelity to things as they are amongst our soldiers and cowboys as against what they seem to be under the conditions of a Wild West show. His picture of "The Gossips" is, I think, one of the handsomest and most convincing Indian studies ever painted. The scene is set in a grassy landscape divided across the centre of the canvas by a still stream. This river reflects the rich yellow glow that fills the sky, and elsewhere there is naught save masses of tawny reddish tone. The landscape by itself possesses a kind of lonely fascination. The primitive tepees, darkly silhouetted against the sky, have the appearance of natural growths befitting the two mounted figures that fill the centre of the composition. These figures bring us back to his reliance upon life, upon the real thing.

Looking at his gossips we feel that thus do the Indians sit their ponies, that thus do they gesture. Mr. Remington makes no use of feathers here or beads, nor is it the "noble red man" that he portrays. He gives us just the every-day tribesman, mayhap worthy of his heroic forbears, mayhap deeply tinctured with rum, and full of small tattle about affairs on the reservation and the unamiable practices of one of Uncle Sam's agents. It is another page from the familiar life of a people, and it is in that character that it speaks to us with genuine force. But enriching its historical value and its human poignancy is its beauty as a painted picture. I have spoken of Mr. Remington's necessary

indifference to the strictly pictorial motive during his earlier experiences as a draughtsman. It is interesting to observe that as he went on to handle this motive he familiarized himself with it, little by little, and with an unchanging faithfulness to the free, natural gait of open-air existence. Hence there is to-day nothing about a composition of his to suggest a carefully built-up scheme. He fills his space pictorially, with a due sense of balance, and so on; but he preserves an impression of spontaneity, of men and animals caught unawares.

I say "men and animals" advisedly, for if there is one thing more than another which Mr. Remington's paintings make



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The Love Call.



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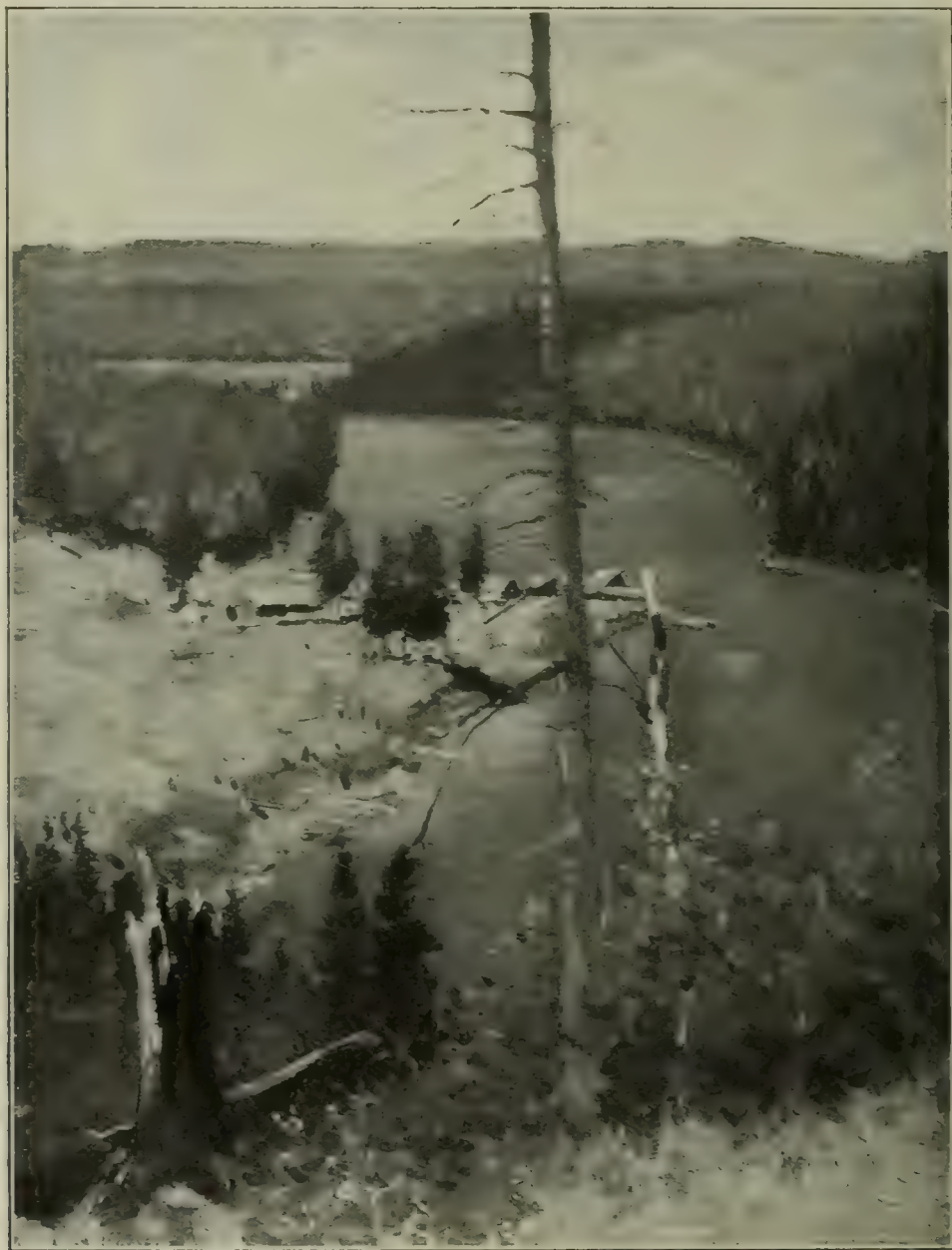
The Outlier.

you feel it is that on the plains white men and red go, so to say, on four feet. I would not call them centaurs because the associations of that word are subtly in conflict with the emotion at the heart of this painter's work. His men and his horses are emphatically of a practical, modern world, a world of rough living, frank speech, and sincere action. I recall, in passing, a picture of an Indian upright beneath a tree, and sedately piping to a maiden whom we

are to imagine dwelling in one of the tepees not far distant. "The Love Call," as it is entitled, is, if you like, a romantic picture, an idyl of the starlight, but I confess that I cannot dilate with any very tender emotion in its presence. There is nothing languishing about this lover; he carries his pipe to his lips with a stiff gesture. In his ragged blanket he is essentially a dignified, not a sentimental image. It has not occurred to Mr. Remington to make his model "pretty"

or in any way to give his painting a literary turn. He has busied himself with his tones of gray and green; he has sought to draw his figure well, to realize, for example, the arm concealed beneath the blanket. For the rest his purpose is simply to paint an in-

through the eyes of Landseer to see in them traits that are individual and even touching. There is about the ponies in this picture a curiously strong suggestion of the patience with which beasts of burden await the pleasure of their masters. They are



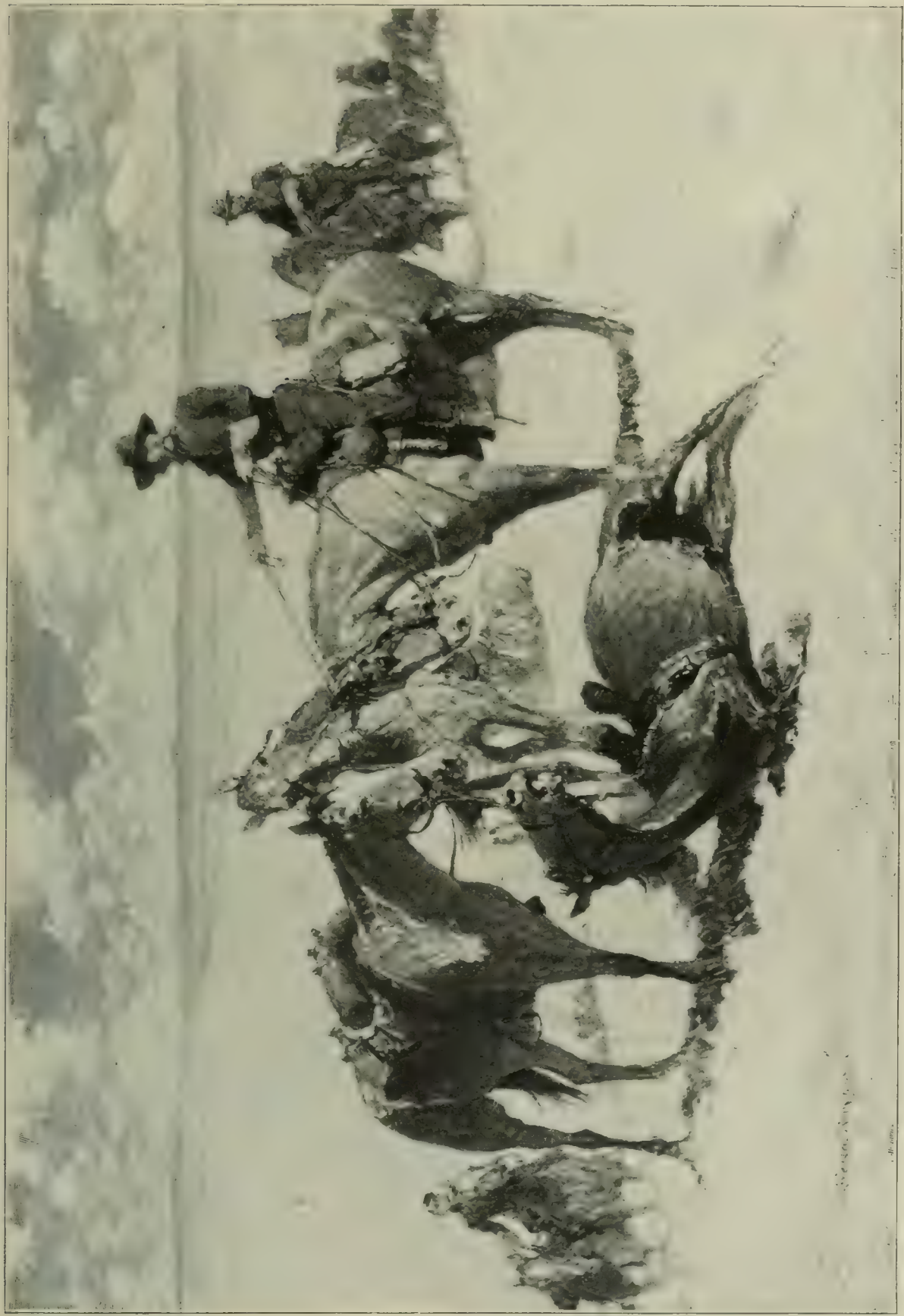
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The Moose Country.

teresting landscape, enlivened by the right figure, and to paint it well. Never was a picture bearing so poetic a title more realistically produced. The note of intimacy that he strikes rests upon the firm basis of common things. Returning to his mounted figures, consider again for a moment the picture of "The Gossips." One does not need to humanize animals or to look at them

full of "horse character," and in this respect the touch given by the little foal is perfect.

Again and again Mr. Remington brings out the interest residing in this factor in Western life and adventure. I hardly know which is the more moving in his picture of "The Luckless Hunter," the stolidly resigned rider, huddling his blanket about him against the freezing night air, or the



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Among the Led Horses.

tired pony about which you would say there hung a hint of pathos if that were not to give, perhaps, too anecdotic an edge to an altogether natural episode. Wherever he finds them Mr. Remington makes his horses stand out in this way as having something like personality. They are lean, wiry, and mischievous animals that he paints in such pictures as "The War Bridle," "The Pony Tender," "The Buffalo Runners," and "Among the Led Horses." You observe them with a certain zest. They move as though on springs. Their heels play like lightning over the earth. You feel them hurling themselves along in the hunt, going nervously into action to the crack of bullets, or struggling not unthoughtfully with the cowboy who would conquer their trickiness. It all makes an exhilarating spectacle, and these pictures are filled besides with keen, dry air and dazzling light. The joy of living gets into Mr. Remington's work. Decidedly you cannot think of it as something apart from his art. It is his distinction that he has made the two one. Partly this is due to the unfailing gusto with which he throws himself upon his task, the kindling delight he has in his big skies and plains and his utterly unsophisticated people; but a rich source of his strength lies in nothing more nor less than his faculty of artistic observation.

Under a burning sun he has worked out an impressionism of his own. Baked dusty plains lead in his pictures to bare, flat-topped hills, shading from yellow into violet beneath cloudless skies which hold no soft tints of pearl or rose, but are fiercely blue when they do not vibrate into tones of green. It is a grim if not actually blatant gamut of color with which he has frequently to deal, and it is not made any the more beguiling by the red hides of his horses or the bronze skins of his Indians. In past times he has made it shriek, and, even now, he finds it impossible to lend suavity to so high a key. But that, of course, is precisely what no one would ask him to do. What was needed was simply a truer adjustment of "values" and an improvement in the quality of painted surface, and, in these matters, his high-pitched studies show that he has made substantial progress. They still make you blink, but they leave a truer impression, and that Mr. Remington has a far firmer grasp upon the whole problem of illumination is shown

by the night scenes to which I have already alluded. These are both veracious and beautiful, and, as I have said, they exert a very original charm. If it were not that repetition is so destructive of originality one might wish that he would go on for a long time painting only the night. He knows how the light of the moon or of the stars is diffused, how softly and magically it envelops the landscape. I find what I can only describe as a sort of artistic honesty in these nocturnal studies of his. He never sets out to be romantic or melodramatic. The light never falls ingeniously at some salient point. Rather does one of his pictures receive us into a wide world, the boundaries of which, brought closer by the darkness, are still kept away from us by a cool, quiet, friendly gleam. Especially noticeable about the night, as he paints it, is the absence alike of anything to suggest an artificial glamour and anything indicative of heightened solemnity. The scene is wild, but it wakes no fear. One is close to the bosom of nature, that is all. The beauty of the painter's motive, too, has communicated itself to his technique. His gray-green tones fading into velvety depths take on unwonted transparency, and in his handling of form he uses a touch as firm as ever and more subtle.

In one of his night scenes, "The Winter Campaign," we have not only the qualities which have just been traversed, but an exceptionally good illustration of that truthful painting of the white man in the West which I have mentioned as constituting an important aspect of his art. The military painter has ever been prone to give ear to the music of the band. How can he help himself? History invites him to celebrate dramatic themes. The lust of the eye is bound to lure him where the squadrons are glittering in their harness and the banners are flying. Even when he has but a single figure to paint he must, as Whistler once said to me of Meissonier, "put in all the straps and buttons." That way lies disaster sometimes. It was of a military picture by Meissonier that Degas remarked that everything in it was of steel except the swords. One antidote to the artificiality fostered by too great a devotion to a handy wardrobe and a multitude of "studio fixings" lies in the simple process of roughing it with the forces. It is to be gathered from Mr. Remington's books that he has forgathered



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The Buffalo Runners—Big Horn Basin.



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The White Country.

with the troops as he has ridden and dwelt with the cowboys, but, if we had no other evidence on this point, we would know it well enough from such pictures as "The Winter Campaign." It is an admirable piece of painting, beautifully expressing the night cold and the mysterious gloom of the forest, and reproducing with positive clairvoyance that indescribable bond which unites the men and their horses around the comfortable glow of the camp-fire. Here once more I would emphasize the fusion of substance and technique. The spirit of the subject is superbly caught, but, equally with this achievement, you admire the adroit management of light and shade, the modeling of the bodies of the horses, the skilful painting of textures, the good drawing both in the trees and in the heads of the men, and the soundly harmonized scheme of color. This painting alone would stand as a record of the kind of life led by our men on duty in the West, and as proof of Mr. Remington's gift as a painter.

He is, then, both historian and artist, and the more effective in the exercise of both

functions because he has, when all is said, painted merely to please himself. Long and close acquaintance with Western life has, of course, stored his mind with lore. Doubtless he could be dogmatic, if he chose, on the minutiae of military regulations and accoutrements. Indian folk-tales are familiar to him and he can be legendary if he likes as well as realistic. The full-blooded brave and the half-breed, the square cattle-puncher and the "bad man" have all shown him their qualities. I do not remember the squaw and her papoose as figuring to any extent in his compositions, but probably he has observed them to such good purpose that he could draw them with his eyes shut. And yet, surveying the body of his work, one does not see that it has been systematically developed, deliberately made exhaustive. One comes back to the artist who has been an historian almost as it were by accident. The determining influence in his career has been that of the creative impulse, urging him to deal in the translation of visible things into pictorial terms. He has had enormous energy, which has overflowed in

more than one direction. Allusion has been made to his books and illustrations. He has been, too, a fairly prolific sculptor, modelling a number of equestrian bronzes, amazingly picturesque and spirited. Of late he has given more study to landscape,

tone. The picture is subtly filled with atmosphere. It is as though the painter had been stirred by a new emotion and had begun to feel his way toward a sheer loveliness unobtainable amid the crackling chromatic phenomena of the West. The old



The Cowboy erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Modelled by Frederic Remington.

and in the northern country, both in winter and summer, has made divers small sketches of uncommon merit. In one of these, "The White Country," a spacious scene is treated in simple, broad masses that disclose a striking power of generalization, and, what is more, there is a very delicate and personal touch apparent in the handling of *nuances* of white and russet

clearly defined range of "local color" is not enough. He would refine and, in refining, transform the notes in his scale. In doing this he unfolds new ideas and unsuspected resources. The little landscape fits naturally into one's conception of this American painter. It suggests a talent that is always ripening, an artistic personality that is always pressing forward.



THE LITTLE BOOKWORM

By Margaret Chase

WHEN shall I be the *really* boy,
My inside self? I seem to *feel*
Just like Prince Hal, and Ivanhoe, Paul Jones, and Bolingbroke.
But they have "fearless bearing"—toy
With sword or rapier as they deal
Orders and oaths and passwords out and scent the battle smoke.

I straighten up like them with pride
So keen, and quick, and kind of *high*
When I read what they say; my voice feels strong, my eyes can see
Miles in the distance! But outside
I'm only nine and kind of shy.
Both my front teeth are getting loose, and I still look just—me.

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

By Atkinson Kimball



MISS AINSLEE rose from her chair on the piazza as Warren Dudley came up the steep wooden steps. The piazza was enclosed with wire netting, as were most of the piazzas in Cranston, New Jersey.

"Get in as quickly as you can," she said, tapping the screen door here and there before she opened it a conservative distance. "The animals are yammering at the bars, and howling for their evening meal."

Warren Dudley squeezed his rather portly figure through the narrow space, and Miss Ainslee hastily closed the screen door.

"How are they?" he said.

It was evident from the anxiety in his face that he did not mean the mosquitoes which had already settled back on the door, and had begun to explore the netting with their needles. He had taken off his straw hat and was fanning himself with it. Miss Ainslee pushed a deep wicker arm-chair toward him, and sat down in the chair from which she had risen.

"Dr. Hinton is upstairs now, so that you will soon have the very latest bulletin; but so far as I can judge, they are both about the same. They are held *in statu quo* through their anxiety about each other. Frederick will not stop worrying about Eloise long enough to get well himself; and Eloise only stops worrying about Frederick long enough to get in a little worry about the new baby and Helen and Dorothy. If they would think of themselves for a while; it is my opinion that Eloise would begin to get along as well as could be expected, which she isn't; and that Frederick's temperature would soon go down instead of up; and the nightmare of a possible operation would no longer hang over him. But then," Miss Ainslee wound up with an air of resignation, "you might as well expect those mosquitoes to change their natures as to hope that what is called a happily married couple will ever have an independent, individual thought."

"Well, if they are no worse——"

With this hopeful inconclusion Warren Dudley leaned back in his chair and looked at Miss Ainslee with the interest and amusement which he felt in spite of his anxiety for his friend, Frederick Curtis. Since Curtis had developed appendicitis, a week before, Dudley had come over from New York every evening to see how he was getting on. That this obligation of a daily call should coincide with Margaret Ainslee's visit to her old friend, Mrs. Curtis, would once have seemed to Dudley the working of a special Providence in his behalf. Twelve years before, when he was in his early twenties, he had been so much in love with Miss Ainslee that it is doubtful if he would have seen either the egoism or the humor of considering the serious illness of his friend as the foreordained means of a meeting with her.

Miss Ainslee had, however, refused to marry him; and had remained in Ohio to teach school while he had gone east to make his fortune, equipped with an almost intolerable burden of unhappiness. He hadn't made the fortune, but he was no longer unhappy; and he had met Miss Ainslee for the first time after so many years with the mild, archæological interest of a man who analyzes a past attachment in the present light of an unprejudiced view of the woman. He had seen her, now, every day for a week, and he had the satisfaction of finding that, even in his very young manhood, he had not been without discrimination. Miss Ainslee, it seemed to him, was an admirable and interesting woman. He liked to think that there had been sound reasons for his love almost as much as he liked to consider that now there was no love in his reasons. It amused him to find that she still felt the antagonism toward marriage which had proved so fatal to his early hopes, and it pleased him to see that she could still express this antagonism with no effect of acidulous spinsterhood. Her opinion of the mutual subjugation of the Curtises had for him rather the charm of a girlish rebellion against the fate of her sex.

"How conservative you are, Margaret," he said, smiling at her.

"I! Conservative?" Miss Ainslee involuntarily threw up her head and lifted her brows.

Dudley's smile deepened.

"Oh, I'll grant your *views* are radical enough, but to hold the same views for twenty years is certainly conservative."

"Twenty years! I *am* too conservative to accept *that* without a demur."

"Well, I'll acknowledge that you are as conservative about changing your looks as you are about changing your views."

She bowed ironically. Her blush bore out Dudley's opinion of her girlish appearance.

"If I *had* changed my views of marriage," she said, "my visit to Eloise, this summer, would cause me to revert to them with renewed ardor. Eloise is a lost soul. She hasn't a single thought outside her family and her home. She has unusual talent for music, and she was ambitious before she married. But now she never touches the piano except to dust it. She used to read books, real books, not current literature, and she had ideas on what she read; but now she is no more capable of harboring an abstract idea than she is of having a selfish thought where Frederick or the children are concerned. She's as good as gold, and I love her; but she's as primitive as a cave-dweller. That is what marriage has done for Eloise."

"It's a terrible arraignment," said Dudley, "but Eloise strikes me as happy."

"Oh, she's *happy*! That's the worst of it. She has no conception of her degradation." Miss Ainslee laughed at her own vehemence. "And Frederick is happy, too, but I know you wonder that he should be. You would die in six months if you had to go back and forth, every day, between New York and Cranston, New Jersey. Even the few days that you have been coming since Frederick has been ill have begun to tell on you."

"Yes, I am waning." Dudley cast a glance of mock pity over his long person, which bore easily the additional weight that his thirty-six years were beginning to place upon it; he looked at his companion with a quizzical smile. "What are you trying to do? Make me thank you for throwing me over?"

Miss Ainslee got up and went over to the end of the small piazza where a honeysuckle had been trained on a trellis to in-

sure at least privacy of sight; the next house was so close as to render privacy of sound a matter of careful modulation. She stood with her back to Dudley.

"You know that I am not," she said without turning. "When a woman is frank, a man always looks for her second intention. I don't suppose that men and women will be able to talk together like simple, sincere human creatures until men wake up to the fact that some women, at least, have ceased to consider marriage the be-all and end-all of their existence."

"My dear Margaret," Dudley eagerly expostulated, "I know that the higher education of women in general and your own sweet girl undergraduates in particular are the only sky-scrapers on your sky-line."

Miss Ainslee turned with a smile and came toward him. Her smile was very pleasant, and softened the rather firm lines which her mouth had in repose. Her figure was straight and slender, but without the flexibility of girlhood. There was the subtle stiffness and primness in it often noticeable in unmarried women in their early thirties; but, in the favoring twilight of the July day, she looked young and pretty as she paused in front of her companion's chair, and fixed her frank, smiling eyes on him.

"I wonder," she said, "what are *your* topless towers of Ilium."

Dudley rested his head on the back of his chair and looked up at her. He had a long, rather heavy chin and a high, slightly narrow forehead with a delicacy in the modelling of the temples. Everything about him, from the way his cravat was tied to the shape of his low shoes, had distinction without foppishness. It was plain that the cut of his clothes was a matter of thought, his own thought, not his tailor's; for, although they were evidently fresh from the latter's hands, they were not of the latest fashion.

"I haven't a single tower left, topless or otherwise," he said. "My life consists of doing things I don't want to do so that I may earn money to do things I *do* want to do, or rather, do things which I am *used* to doing, for I find that what were predilections when I was younger are mere habits now. The only thing that could make my life more intolerable would be to change it in any particular."

They laughed together at his paradox. Miss Ainslee's laugh ended in a faint sigh.

"Ideals, or no ideals, time tells on us all. It has with me. Sometimes, lately, at the close of a hard day, I have caught myself hating my work, hating even my sweet girl undergraduates; and I know that, next winter, when I am abroad, striving to gain the degree which marks the height of my ambition, there will be times when I shall hate that, too."

They were both silent for a moment, and then Dudley said, with a vague gesture of his hand toward the restricted view commanded by the piazza, "Do you suppose that Fred ever, at the close of a hard day, hates this?"

She took in the suburban street; its new, wooden houses in every diversity of bastard architecture, each on its little plot of ground, with its new, little shade-trees at the curb.

"No," she answered, "Frederick dotes on it. The harder the day, the more he dotes. As I remarked before, Frederick is happy; but *you* can't understand how he can be."

"Do I show my perplexity as plainly as that?" Dudley laughed. "Do sit down, Margaret, or I shall have to get up, and I don't want to. To tell you the truth, to speak as a simple, sincere, emancipated male to a simple, sincere, emancipated female, were I Fred, or ninety-nine out of every hundred married men I know, I should die of remorse and terror. To speak with the frankness of the ideal man of the future, I *am* thankful, my dear Margaret, that, in my callow youth, you turned me down."

He pressed his hand against his left side with exaggerated gallantry and bowed stiffly from his hips. Miss Ainslee returned his bow. He could not make out, in the gathering dusk, whether she were nonplussed by his immediate practice of her theory.

"The temerity with which men rush into matrimony appalls me," he went on. "They acquire a wife and children and a suburban home on a salary barely sufficient for a bachelor. Their salary is the only thing between their family and the poor-house, and that is dependent on their usually not over-robust health. Most people think that bachelors don't marry because they are too selfish to cut out any of the luxuries that have crystallized for them into necessities; but the real reason is that bachelors have a

true realization of the responsibilities and obligations of the married state. In fact," he ended with a change of tone as if he were a bit embarrassed at having spoken with so much feeling, "bachelors are the only angels extant."

It was plain from the way he had spoken that he had a special case in mind; and Miss Ainslee, being a woman, felt no trepidation in immediately plucking the personal from the general in which a man prefers to discuss his fellow-men.

"I can see that you are very much worried about Frederick," she said.

"Yes," he assented, "I am. I am afraid that poor old Fred, upstairs, flat on his back, staring a possible operation straight in its grisly face, is getting an awful dose of the remorse and the terror of being married. I know that he has a cheerful picture of his family walking over his grave to the poor-house, Eloise with the new infant in her arms, and the two other children clinging to her skirts. He varies this vision by having Eloise die, too, while the children go to an orphan-asylum. Of course, his temperament keeps mounting."

Warren Dudley suddenly got up and began to pace the piazza.

"Would it really be as bad as that if anything *should* happen?" Miss Ainslee asked with the literalness of her sex.

"Perhaps not, exactly." Dudley paused before her, and looked down at her slim figure, which seemed to hold in its white, crisp draperies the last light of the summer day. "But it would be bad enough. He and I get about the same munificent salary from Fields, Weldon and Company, and I just manage to make the two ends of mine meet around my rooms, my clubs and my books; so I don't imagine that Fred, with a family and a home to keep up, has saved very much for a rainy day. There is a policy on his life, of course; but there's a mortgage on the house. And there you are."

He turned away and began again to pace up and down.

"Oh," cried Miss Ainslee, springing up and standing straight and rigid, "it can't be as bad as that. There must be some way to help. And, anyway, Frederick isn't any worse than he was. There, at last, is Dr. Hinton," she added as steps were heard in the hallway.

She went quickly to him as he came out

of the house with the evident desire in his decisive "good-evening" of getting off the piazza without any parley.

"Oh, doctor," she asked, "how is Mr. Curtis now? Mr. Dudley, please light the hall light."

In the flare of the gas she tried to read her answer in Dr. Hinton's pale, weary mask. He had stopped at her question with the controlled impatience of a physician. He gave Miss Ainslee's anxious face a quick look, as if to estimate her nerves, before he replied.

"I have sent for Dr. McNaughton. I wish to consult him."

"Then you *are* going to operate? Dr. McNaughton is a surgeon, isn't he?"

"You rush at conclusions, Miss Ainslee." Dr. Hinton smiled faintly. "Dr. McNaughton is a surgeon; but a consultation does not necessarily mean an operation. I shall return in about an hour with Dr. McNaughton. I am going to meet him at the Jersey City ferry with my auto to save time. Good-evening."

He ran lightly down the steep wooden steps. Miss Ainslee turned on Dudley.

"He *is* going to operate," she affirmed almost angrily. Her tone seemed to accuse him, together with Dr. Hinton, of an evasion of the truth. "And it will *kill* Eloise."

"Perhaps," Dudley said with ironic bitterness, "since the operation is on Fred, he can manage to die, too. Of course," he added, "Eloise must not be told about the operation."

"Told! Of course, no one will *tell* her! But she'll know of it, just the same. She probably knows of it already. She and Frederick have a sixth sense, born, I suppose, of that terrible, conjugal interdependence; and they can read each other's thoughts and feelings without a word, or even a glance, passing between them. They only talk to each other because it is customary, not because they have to for the sake of communication. Nevertheless, Eloise will try to get it out of me. She'll try to make me tell her what the doctor said. Here comes her messenger now."

A rapid, light step had been heard on the stairs.

"Are you out there, Aunt Margaret?"

A girl stood in the doorway, peering into the comparative gloom of the piazza. Her figure was silhouetted against the lighted

hall. The short dress, long, thin legs, and narrow shoulders were those of a child of about twelve, shooting rapidly out of girlhood. Miss Ainslee went to her, and, putting her arm about her, drew her out on the piazza. The girl's head came well up to Miss Ainslee's shoulder.

"Mother wants to see you, Aunt Margaret."

"My prophetic soul!" cried Miss Ainslee with a nervous little laugh. She bent her head and kissed the girl's cheek with sudden vehemence.

"And don't you want to see your Uncle Dudley, Dorothy?" Warren came toward the intertwined figures and held out his hand to the child.

"Oh, how do you do?" She put her hand in his with a shy, pretty, grown-up air. "I'd like to see you, but papa wants to see you, too. The nurse said he might."

The nurse was waiting for Dudley at the door of Curtis's bedroom. She was of middle-age, with a short, compact figure, and a shrewd, kind, tolerant expression similar to that often seen in the faces of women who have risen to places of authority in some religious sisterhood.

"Do not stay long," she said. "Mr. Curtis must have a chance to rest before the physicians return."

She stepped aside to let him enter. Her clean, stiff uniform rattled slightly as she went down the stairs.

Curtis's bed had been pulled out into the middle of the room, so that he could get the benefit of any breeze that might find its way in through the two small dormer windows. The room was still hot with the stored-up heat of the day. A gas-jet, turned low and shaded by a piece of paper fastened against the globe, added its increment to the heat. Curtis moved his head on the pillow and looked toward the door.

"Is that you, Warren?" he asked. "Come in and make yourself uncomfortable. Excuse me for not rising to greet you," he went on, as his friend came to his bedside and took his hand.

"Well, old fellow," Dudley said, "you chose good weather to take a vacation. The city has been fiendishly hot to-day."

The firm pressure of their hands and the earnest encounter of their eyes expressed the deep friendship neither man could have put in words without embarrassment.

Curtis looked very long and thin under the sheet. His dark eyes seemed abnormally large and sunken from the pain he suffered; they were bright with the fever that glowed in two round spots, high on his cheeks.

"It's not exactly the Arctic regions here," he said. "They keep me packed in ice, but the only effect obtained is on the ice. *That* melts. Sit down, Warren." He motioned toward a chair at the side of the bed. He waited until Dudley was seated before he said, in a different tone, "I guess I'm up against it. The ice didn't do its duty and relieve the inflammation, so the surgeon is going to do his. Dr. Hinton didn't want to operate because I have a bad heart, and there is danger that it wouldn't weather the ether. The operation may be successful, but I may never come to, to know that it is." He smiled feebly at his joke.

"But you don't know that they are going to operate," Dudley protested, "and if they do, it isn't a foregone conclusion that your heart will give out."

"Oh, my dear Warren, don't try to cheer me up. I'm not afraid. I'm not borrowing worries. But I've got to face possibilities as if they *were* foregone conclusions. I've got to pretend that I'm going to *die*, so that I can figure out how Eloise and the children are going to *live*, afterward."

He made a fist of his hand and struck it against the open palm of the other with a nervous emphasis that one could see was characteristic of him. He winced with the pain of the involuntary gesture and let his arms fall at his sides.

"I have five thousand dollars' insurance," he added after an instant. "I took it out the year I married, and it has taken about all we could save to pay the premiums. What I did manage to save, over and above that, I put into this house. I figured that the interest on the mortgage and taxes wouldn't be any more than rent. Well, they aren't; but the question is, how can Eloise keep up the interest and pay the taxes and run the house and educate the children on the income from five thousand dollars? Ever since I knew I had appendicitis I have asked myself that question; and the answer I have had to give has made me suffer more than the old, prehistoric remnant in my side has."

He lifted his hand and pressed it tight over his eyes as if his imaginings had sud-

denly taken visible and terrifying form and he wished to shut them out.

"Warren," he spoke without uncovering his eyes, "don't ever marry. I used to pity you because you weren't married; I even thought that I was better than you, somehow, because I was a husband and a father. But I've been a knave and a coward. I've seized upon the greatest happiness a man can know; the woman I love has been my wife and has borne me three children; and now I go out of the world and leave her to pay for it all. Why, a drunken brute who deserts his family is no worse than I am. I knew that Eloise would be almost penniless if I should die; but I put the thought behind me and went on being happy. I told myself I wasn't *going to die*."

A tear ran down his thin cheek. Dudley got up and went to the bedside and laid his hand reassuringly over the hand which lay outside the sheet.

"And I tell you, my dear man, that you are not going to die; but if it will make you feel any more comfortable, we'll talk as though you were going to die. You wanted to tell me just how things stood, didn't you, so that I would be in a position to advise Eloise? Well, it seems to me that the thing to do is to sell the house and add the money to the insurance. It ought to make a tidy little income."

Dudley's soothing tone seemed to irritate Curtis. He drew his hand away, uncovered his eyes, and looked up with a certain fierceness.

"That sounds very fine," he said. "But who will buy the house, and what will they pay for it? They won't pay what *I* did, nor near it. I bought when Cranston had its boom; now the boom has gone on to the next town and people want to buy there, not in Cranston."

He closed his eyes wearily. The factitious strength his fever had given him was almost exhausted.

"This is what Eloise must do," he went on after a moment in a monotonous tone, "and I want you to help her do it. She knows as much of business as the new baby does. She must sell the house for what she can get. She must sell the furniture. She must go back to Ohio and board with her mother. *I* have no relatives who could help her; and her mother is so hard up that

Eloise's money would help *her*. That is the only cheering thought, to a proud soul, in the whole affair. Eloise's mother lives in a country town. The children will receive the superior education a country town affords. And that's all."

Curtis paused with an air of dreary finality. Dudley looked down at him without speaking, and the two friends gazed into each other's eyes as they had when they greeted each other. Dudley's long, heavy chin began to quiver, but he forced a smile as he said, with an attempt at lightness, "I don't suppose that you have settled what is going to become of *me* without you. You know, I've got sort of used to having you around."

Curtis smiled back at him and held out his hand.

"Dear old Warren," he said.

A rustling of skirts was heard in the hall; both men looked at the door, expecting to see the nurse, but it was Miss Ainslee who entered. Curtis lifted himself half-way up in bed as he saw her and then sank back with a moan of pain.

"Eloise!" he cried, "is anything the matter with Eloise?"

Miss Ainslee went quickly toward him, and Dudley stepped back to let her have his place beside the bed.

"The only thing the matter with Eloise," said Miss Ainslee, smiling down at him, "is that she is getting well too fast. The nurse and I had a strenuous half hour persuading her that she wasn't quite chipper enough to come up here to see you. She finally compromised upon having *me* come up to see you. I come freighted with messages."

"Then she knows about the operation?" There was a queer mixture of anxiety and relief in Curtis's tone. "The nurse told her?"

"No, nobody told her; but you know what Eloise's intuitions are. Her intuitions also extend to your and Warren's confab. She seems to have had a foreknowledge of why you wanted to see him, and what you have said to him."

Miss Ainslee paused. Her smile became rather fixed, and Dudley could see that she was overwrought and nervous.

"It's too ridiculous, my dear Frederick," she went on, "to have to talk to you as though an operation for appendicitis were as conclusive as the guillotine; but the

messages I bring you must be delivered with that as a premise. Not," she interpolated hastily, "that *Eloise* believes that; but she says that *you* do, and that you are worrying about what will become of her and the children; and she wants me to tell you that this is what will become of them: they will go to Ohio and live with her mother and be the wealthiest folks in the town, with the money from the sale of this house and the life insurance. She says that the real country is the only healthful place to bring up children; but, since Dorothy is so nearly out of childhood," Miss Ainslee hesitated; then she added, with an elaborate attempt at the casual, "Eloise says that I am to take Dorothy and bring her up in the classic atmosphere of my school."

She finished speaking, but Curtis made no reply. He drew his eyebrows together in a puzzled frown.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you are going to *adopt* Dorothy? That Eloise feels that she must *part* with one of our children?"

Miss Ainslee smiled back bravely into the sick man's face. Dudley turned to one of the small windows. Across the street a man was watering his tiny lawn and the road in front of his house. A warm, moist, dusty smell filled the air. Children's voices rose in an ecstatic squeal of delight and excitement as the man evidently made a feint of turning the hose on them, too.

"Oh, adopt is an ugly word," Miss Ainslee said, still trying to carry the scene off lightly, "and so is part, and they are both so over-expressive. Dorothy is merely going away to school earlier than she would if she could continue to enjoy the advantages of Cranston's public schools. Eloise can have her during the vacations. I shall not be greedy. I shall be generous with Eloise."

Curtis threw out his hand with one of his sudden gestures.

"There," he said, "you feel that Dorothy half belongs to you already; you speak as though you had the right to give or withhold the child from her mother. And she *would* belong to you," he went on bitterly, "you would have her to watch over and help and advise during all those wonderful formative years of her youth that Eloise and I have planned for a hundred times. Eloise could spare either of the other children better than she could Dorothy."

Miss Ainslee broke into a shaky little laugh.

"It is too ridiculous to talk with the assumption that you are to be cut off in your prime. I refuse to do it any longer."

Dudley moved away from the window to the foot of the bed. He felt that he was now seeing in Curtis the reverse of the medal. Curtis's supreme unselfishness in preparing for death with no thought of himself was balanced by the blind selfishness with which he considered only his wife and his family. He seemed to have no idea of the sacrifices that Miss Ainslee would have to make to take the child. Dudley saw that in her brief talk with Eloise she had put aside her dream of studying abroad, and that she stood willing to give up, for Dorothy, her time, her money, her ideals. He looked at her slight figure and the delicate curve of her cheek as she stood with her head lowered and averted from Curtis; he could see the thin, fine corner of her mouth; her lips were trembling.

Suddenly he felt an overmastering desire to help Margaret Ainslee, to shield her, to give her whatever she desired. It did not seem that he could bear to have her sacrifice her slightest dream, her most unimportant ideal. If she wanted a foreign degree, she should have it. He stood, for an instant, glaring before him with the intensity of his thought; then, his face lighted up, his eyes glowed as he turned them on Curtis.

"Fred," he said abruptly, "if this house could be sold for what you paid for it, could Eloise afford to bring up all three children?"

Curtis rolled his head wearily on the pillow.

"Oh, I suppose so; but it can't be sold for that."

"It can, and it shall be."

Curtis looked at him in astonishment.

"I want to buy it," Dudley added, "and I won't be forced to pay a cent less than you paid."

Curtis smiled wanly.

"*Et tu*, Warren," he said, with a tenderness not unmingled with bitterness. "Why don't you adopt one of the children, instead? It would be a more lasting charity to Eloise."

Dudley saw that in making his eager offer he had reckoned without his friend's pride; and he as eagerly began to try to soothe the sick man.

"But you're all wrong, Fred. I wasn't thinking of you at all. I don't want to buy the house for your sake. Of course," he added, "I'm glad if my taking it would help you, but, honestly, I was thinking only of—" He stopped, and a deep flush spread over his face as he realized how nearly he had come to dealing Miss Ainslee's pride an even harder blow than he had dealt his friend's.

He had not looked toward her, but he was aware that she had turned around when he announced his desire to buy the house; and he felt that she was gazing at him intently. He now glanced quickly toward her to see whether she had any suspicion of what he had come so near revealing; but her face expressed only the exalted admiration with which women contemplate a Don Quixote when he is not too closely related to them. He wound up confusedly, "I want the house for myself. I want to live in it."

Curtis, at his stammered explanation, turned from Dudley to Miss Ainslee, from his flushed, embarrassed face to her soft, approving eyes. This inspection seemed to afford him a certain inspiration which momentarily diverted him from his own troubles and lighted his face with sudden pleasure.

"Dear Warren," he exclaimed, attempting to sit up and falling back again with an involuntary groan, "if *that's* what you want the house for, of course you may have it. Well, I *am* pleased. I congratulate you both. You're both good fellows, only I must say that you've been a pretty pair of idiots to wait all these years. Does Eloise know?"

He turned to Miss Ainslee. She was staring at him as if she believed he had become suddenly delirious. Then, comprehending what he thought had taken place between Dudley and herself, she began to blush and hated herself for blushing. If she had looked at Dudley, she would have seen that he was blushing with even greater thoroughness, but he wasn't aware of it; it is only a woman who can feel deeply and at the same time be conscious of the external manifestations of her emotion.

"You're all wrong, Fred," he hastened to save Miss Ainslee the explanation, "there isn't anything to tell Eloise. Nothing has happened. Nothing will happen. I got over that long ago; and, as for Margaret, she never had it to get over."

He realized dimly through his embarrass-

ment that, considering Miss Ainslee's presence, his expression of his state of mind was neither tactful nor chivalrous, but he was thinking only of setting Curtis right. This he had evidently brought about. Curtis had been set right, with the effect that everything again seemed wrong.

"Well, then," he said, "I guess you won't have much use for this house. I wish you'd call the nurse," he added, turning his face into the pillow.

"But I *do* want the house, Fred," Dudley was beginning again lame—when Miss Ainslee interrupted him. She was not blushing now, but was rather pale and very composed.

"Frederick," she said, "you *did* guess right, only I asked Warren not to announce our engagement for a few months; and he has loyally carried his promise too far."

She could see, out of the corner of her eye, that Dudley was transfixed with astonishment. Curtis turned his face toward her, but he was too tired to feel as much pleasure in her positive statement as he had in his own surmise.

"Well, I am glad," he said. Then he added, "I guess it was going rather too far not to tell me now. You might not get another chance."

He smiled faintly at Dudley.

"Yes," Miss Ainslee rushed on, "and I want you to feel that, if anything should happen to you, your house will be bought by your nearest friend."

"All right," agreed Curtis somewhat wearily. "Of course, I know it's friendly charity, in a way; but I'm too relieved and too tired to be very proud. And the house is as good a one as you'll find for the money. I've put in a lot of improvements since it was built. Eloise says that it is the most conveniently arranged house she ever saw." At the mention of his wife's name he realized that this convenient arrangement would probably become the housewifely joy of another woman. "I guess you had better call the nurse now," he said.

He held out his long, thin hand to Miss Ainslee and to Dudley in turn.

"You've made me feel as comfortable as I *can* feel," he assured them; but he let his hand fall so dead against the sheet after the warm pressure they gave it, and looked so pale and tired, that they were fearful and turned to the nurse, as she

came into the room, to see what she thought of her patient.

She went quickly to the bedside and pressed her fingers on Curtis's wrist. His eyes closed as if in answer to the firm, light touch. After an instant she looked toward Dudley and Miss Ainslee, who had been waiting in the doorway for some word from her. She motioned with her head for them to go out.

"He'll sleep now," she said, and they were forced to content themselves with this.

Warren Dudley followed Margaret Ainslee down the stairs in silence and out on the piazza, where she remained standing as if she expected him to take his leave; and he said, rather awkwardly, "I think I'll stay to hear what the doctors say," and she answered, "Of course"; but made no motion to sit down.

He wanted to thank her for helping him out of his dilemma, and he knew that she must be expecting him to do so; but he could not find words to do it simply and naturally as he could have done, earlier in the evening, before he had had anything to thank her for, anything, that is, except the great boon, for which he *had* expressed his gratitude, of turning him down in his callow youth. Now, when, for the sake of poor Curtis's peace of mind, she had pretended to take him up again, the mere sound of the words in which she had enlightened the sick man, the proud sincerity of her attitude as she had spoken, and Curtis's pleasure and congratulations had made it, for an instant, seem a reality; and, in that instant of pretence, he had learned the truth about himself. The last thing for which he would ever thank Margaret Ainslee again would be for turning him down. Not that he contemplated going through that ordeal once more, if, in the present tumult in his mind, he could be said to contemplate anything. He knew too well what she would say, and he did not believe that the pain of hearing her say it would at all be balanced by the barren pleasure of telling her that he loved her.

He gazed for a moment at the back of her head as she stood, a few feet from him, looking through the wire-netting into the street, where there was now nothing to see. The man across the way had stopped watering the road, and the children had gone into the house.

At length he said, "I want to thank you for coming to my aid when I got into that corner with Fred."

She gave a short little laugh, and answered without turning round, "Oh, *you* needn't thank me. I didn't do it to help *you* out of a corner. I did it for poor, distracted Frederick."

"Oh, of course, of course. I know that; but it was so quick-witted and courageous and fine that I must thank you. Most women are so prudish that they would have let Fred die on the spot rather than say that they were going to marry me."

"Well, you see, some one had to be quick-witted," she said, "and I would have announced my engagement to Satan himself to make Frederick feel more comfortable. It was the obvious and sensible thing to do," she continued more seriously, "but a woman is thought unusual, I suppose, when she does the obvious and sensible. Now, if a *man* had announced his engagement to you, you wouldn't have thought of thanking him."

"Indeed I should not," Dudley said with emphasis, and they laughed together rather nervously. Then he added, "Anyway, you'll have to let Fred thank you if, by making him feel comfortable about the future of Eloise and the children, you have happened to save his life."

At this, Margaret Ainslee whirled swiftly around and faced him.

"Oh," she said fiercely, "how *could* you force me to say that I was engaged to you? *Why* did you leave it for *me* to say when you saw what Frederick thought? If he gets well, I shall never hear the last of it to my dying day. He will tease me unmercifully. And of course he will tell Eloise."

Suddenly she flung herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Poor Dudley, bewildered by this sudden transition, shocked at the sight of her emotion, stood helplessly looking down at her. He was at a loss to know what to say to comfort her, but he finally brought out, "But Eloise won't tease you. She'll be so grateful to you."

"Oh, *she'll* pity me," she spoke even more fiercely, "*she'll* think I did it for *your* sake because I *cared* for you. Oh, why *didn't* you do it yourself?"

If Dudley had been a married man for as many years as he had been a bachelor, he would have known that the strength

and calmness with which some women go through an ordeal usually deserts them when there is no longer anything to go through with. If nerves have been screwed up, it naturally follows that they must uncoil with more or less resultant jangling; and a philosophic husband learns to stand by in silence until the vibrations cease. But Dudley was not a husband of any kind. He was a lover who saw the object of his affections dissolved in tears at the mere possibility of seeming to care for him. He saw, by this token, that he would have to give up whatever hope he might have cherished. By the sinking of his heart, Dudley knew that he *had* hoped, and that, for the second time, Margaret Ainslee would make him miserable. This fresh grip of an old pain made him feel sudden anger against the cause of it.

"There is the cheering thought," he said, "that Fred may die, and then he can't tease you. He probably will not, in that case, have a chance to tell Eloise the glad tidings. But if he should pull through, and you should, in consequence, have to suffer the degradation of a supposed adoration of me, you can prove conclusively to Eloise that her suspicion is untrue, by telling her that I told you, here, to-night, that I loved you; that I asked you to marry me; and that you refused me."

He paused, but she made no sign that she had heard him.

"If," he went on, "after this proof, you still perceive a gleam of pity in her eye, you may tell her (and this will strike her nearer home) that I wasn't thinking at all of her husband when I offered to buy this house. I was thinking of you. I wanted to fix it so that you would not have to take Dorothy and lose your degree. Tell her that I was not trying to help my old friend to face death with a little more peace in his heart; but that I was trying to make it possible for a woman to gratify a barren ambition."

Miss Ainslee took her hands from her face and got quickly to her feet. Dudley could see that she held her head high, but he felt, rather than saw, in the dim light, that she was very angry.

"I am sorry," she began, her voice trembling with the tears she had just shed, and with her anger, "to be forced to tell you that your chivalrous sacrifice for my sake was entirely misplaced. I should much

rather have Dorothy than study abroad, to gratify my barren ambition. I felt glad, in spite of my sympathy for Eloise, to think that I might have her child to bring up; and I felt sorry, in spite of my pity for Frederick, when your noble offer took away my chance of having the child. And I am even sorrier," she continued, her irony losing much of its force because of her trembling tone, "to have to tell you that your other and greater offer is equally futile. I am doubtless capable of many unwomanly things, such as a desire to advance and perfect myself in my chosen calling; but I am not capable, in order to save myself embarrassment, of letting Eloise think that I have received and refused a proposal of marriage from you. Nevertheless, I thank you for your gracious permission. It was a brave thing, too. Did you stop to think that I might take your offer in earnest and accept before you had time to refuse for me?"

For an instant, Dudley, filled with his own turbulent emotion, did not comprehend how she had misinterpreted his feeling; but when he realized that she had taken his angry pain for contempt, his anger was swept away on a wave of contrition and love.

"Margaret," he cried, "I am in earnest. I was never more in earnest in my life, not even twelve years ago, out there in Ohio. I thought then, when I went east, that I cared more for you than any one ever did before for anybody; but I know now that I care more than I did then. I didn't mean to tell you this. I knew that it wouldn't do me any good if I should, and it would only pain you. But I must have had a faint hope; for when you showed how you hated the thought that Eloise might imagine you cared for me, I knew, by the utter desolation which seized me, that I *had* hoped; and in my misery, I *had* to speak, I *had* to pain you. I know that I was a coward to do it. My hopelessness and wretchedness is my only excuse. Now, do you believe that I love you?"

She had turned from him as he spoke, and stood with her head averted. She did not answer him for a moment. Then she said, with an evident effort, "Yes, I believe you. I am sorry I spoke to you so. Please forgive me."

"Oh, I forgive you *that*," he said rather bitterly. "I love you so much that I can even forgive you for not loving me."

She remained silent, and he went on, "Having said everything that I had no business to say, I'll go home. You were tired, and I have succeeded in tiring you more. So long as Fred is ill, I shall have to be here every day; but I promise not to speak to you again of the way I feel. Good-night."

"You had better stay until the surgeon comes," she said. "You might be needed."

"Yes, I'll stay, of course. I had forgotten poor Fred for the moment."

She sank into the chair he placed for her. Neither spoke, and it was with evident relief that Dudley exclaimed, "There they are," as an automobile rushed through the deserted street, and stopped, panting, before the house.

In the light from the hall, the surgeon, who had slowly followed Dr. Hinton's nimble figure up the steep steps, was revealed as a tall man, fat to the point of grossness.

Dr. Hinton said to Miss Ainslee, "We may go right up?"

Without waiting for her answer, he led the way into the house. The surgeon did not seem to be aware that there was any one on the piazza, nor even that his colleague had spoken. He gazed straight ahead through the open door at the flight of stairs going up at one side of the hall. He gave a sigh, that was almost a groan, as he began the ascent. His large, white hand with its puffy fingers slid slowly up the banister.

"Well," said Dudley, as the two physicians disappeared on the floor above, "I guess they'll have to revive Dr. McNaughton before he can look Fred over. He's the figure of a butcher rather than a surgeon. It does not seem as if so fat a man could be as deft as he is said to be."

"Yes, he's very fat," Miss Ainslee answered absently.

Dudley had promised that he would not speak to her any more of his feeling for her. This promise, after they had reseated themselves resulted in his not speaking to her at all. If he couldn't speak of the way he felt when, in her presence, he seemed to be all feeling, he would have to remain silent. He was not capable of making conversation when his brain was in such a state. Miss Ainslee, for her part, said nothing. She sat with her head bent, her hands lightly folded in her lap.

Presently, however, she spoke.

"Weren't you in earnest, then," she asked, as if the train of thought which she had been following had brought her to the question, "when you thanked me for not marrying you years ago? You seemed in earnest. You seemed to have a terror of the responsibilities of a married man. And yet——"

"And yet," Dudley caught her up, "I asked you to marry me. I was in earnest. If I were in a state of mind, now, to consider marriage philosophically, I should say the same things, I should have the same terror. But when a man is in love, he can't look upon marriage as an institution. All it means to him, then, is having the woman he loves for his wife. The only terror in the world, then, is her refusal to marry him."

"It seems to me that you ceased very suddenly to be a philosopher."

"You mean that I seem to have become a lover only within the last hour or so? I don't think that I've been out of love with you for twelve years past. I've only made myself believe that I was; and, to-night, I realized that I had never got over caring for you, and never would. But why do you make me say these things to you? It affords me more pain than pleasure, I assure you. It can afford you neither."

"I want to be sure," she said slowly. "I want to feel sure that you will not become the philosopher again by to-morrow."

"And I wish to Heaven that I might. What good can it do you to be sure that I shall be actively unhappy all my days? You are not a vain woman."

She continued to gaze at her hands, folded in her lap.

"No, I'm not vain."

Something in her tone made Warren Dudley's heart beat faster with sudden hope.

"Tell me, Margaret, did you mean it when you said that you would rather have Dorothy to take care of than get your degree abroad?"

"Yes, I meant it. I think that Eloise, ill, facing her husband's possible death and her consequent comparative poverty, with three children to bring up, is a happier woman than I have ever been."

He forced himself to continue his catechism calmly.

"But, according to your theory, Eloise has lost her individuality, her freedom; has buried her talents; is as primitive as a cave-dweller. Have you changed your mind about her?"

"No, I haven't changed my mind about her; but she's happy." Miss Ainslee lifted her head, and looked at her companion. "The rest doesn't seem to count."

Dudley came close to her chair. He tried to read her face in the dim light.

"Would you be happy in Eloise's place?"

"No," she smiled faintly, "but I think that I should be happy in my own place."

"Do you mean——" he began. He finished his question by taking her in his arms; and she answered him by staying there with no protest other than a murmured, "Oh, we ought not to be happy when Fred and Eloise are in such trouble."

"I don't believe," he said, "that love ever waits until all things are meet and fit. If it did, no man would ever propose, no woman ever marry. Love seizes upon its fulfilment as the only right thing in the world. The meet and the fit must follow, if they can. If Eloise and Fred had waited for perfectly clear sailing, they wouldn't be married yet."

She drew away from him.

"Oh, we must not marry. I could not bear to have you ever suffer the agony of mind that Frederick has had to endure. You said that you would die of remorse and terror if you were any one of ninety-nine out of every hundred married men you know."

"And now," he answered, drawing a chair beside hers, and taking her hand in his, "I'll die if I'm *not* one of the ninety-nine. But I intend to be the hundredth man. Of course, I take my chances with the others. I realize that I might, some day, lose my health, my position, my money, my life; and leave you destitute. I know that I might lose you, when it seems that I cannot live without you; but these are chances every man who loves must take. If he didn't have to, things wouldn't balance; there would be too much unalloyed happiness in the world; or, perhaps," he added thoughtfully, "there wouldn't be so much."

They sat in silence for some moments, then he said, "How are you going to reconcile yourself to the loss of your independence and individuality and all that?"

"Oh, my independence and individuality!" she exclaimed disdainfully. "I don't believe that there is such a thing in the world as independence. If a man does absolutely as he pleases, then he's a slave

to himself; and if he does as some one else pleases, then he's a slave to the other person; but, somehow, if he loves the other person, that slavery sets him free. That sounds esoteric, doesn't it, but it's just plain, everyday human nature. As to my individuality, the only trouble is that I shall always remain the same person, in any circumstances. I don't cherish my individuality as I used to, for I realize, now, that I can never lose it; and I'd rather like to, sometimes."

"Thank Heaven, you can't lose it," Dudley said. "But, Margaret, are you sure that it is not this weariness of your life and yourself which makes you willing to marry me? Are you sure you care for *me*?"

"You dear, old goose!" she answered, "can't you *tell*?"

This evidently struck Dudley as conclusive proof, for he said nothing more until he asked that inevitable and thrilling question which, since the world began, has agitated the bosoms of lovers with sweet tumult.

"When did you begin to care for me?" he said.

"I don't know when I *began* to care, but I know when I *realized* that I did. It was when you assured Frederick that you had got over caring for me."

A few minutes later, Dr. Hinton's light step and Dr. McNaughton's heavy one sounded on the stairs. Miss Ainslee rose quickly, and went into the hall, and Dudley followed. Dr. Hinton smiled as he saw her.

"You see I was right, Miss Ainslee. This consultation, at least, did not mean an operation. Dr. McNaughton thinks that Mr. Curtis will pull through without his help. The nurse tells me that he seemed to have something on his mind which he wished to talk over with Mr. Dudley, so she let him have his say. It seems to have done him good."

The surgeon paused on the lowest step, and bowed to Miss Ainslee. His eyes looked very small in his large face, but very keen.

"The patient's temperature," he explained, "is a quarter of a degree lower than it was when Dr. Hinton saw him earlier in the evening. We infer from this that the inflammation of the appendix is being re-

duced. Owing to the condition of the patient's heart, we shall not operate although, in most cases, it is the safest thing to do."

"You mean," cried Miss Ainslee, "that he may have another attack?"

"He may, and he may not. He must take his chances. At least, he will recover this time. And, anyway, my dear young lady," added Dr. McNaughton, with a sort of philosophic gallantry, lowering himself with the aid of the newel-post from the lowest step to the hall floor, "are not all of us taking chances all the time?"

Miss Ainslee turned to Dr. Hinton.

"Did you see Mrs. Curtis? Did you tell her that an operation was not necessary?"

"Yes, I told her. I left her weeping as though her heart would break. I wish you women could only learn to bear up under happiness the way you do under unhappiness." He crossed the piazza, and flung open the screen-door. "Come, Doctor, we'll make record time to the ferry through these empty streets."

"You see *I* am taking one of my chances now," Dr. McNaughton called back, as the automobile started at a bound down the quiet road.

"Thank Heaven," said Dudley huskily, when the physicians were out of sight, "that poor, old Fred has some more chances *to* take."

"If he had died," said Miss Ainslee, "I could never have forgiven myself for having been happy to-night. It was horribly selfish."

"Do you think, then, that it was selfish of Fred to continue being *unhappy* when he believed that we were engaged and, therefore, presumably happy?"

"But *he* was thinking about Eloise and the children."

"And *we* were thinking of each other. I suppose," he added, "that love is almost as selfish as it is unselfish. It's a sort of intensive cultivation. I can manage to love only one other human creature better than I love myself. Do you despise me for such exclusiveness?"

"I am very much afraid," she answered, holding out her hands to him, "that I love you for it."

GREAT ACTING AND THE MODERN DRAMA

Walter Prichard Eaton



THE greatest influence on opera during the nineteenth century was exerted by Richard Wagner; the greatest influence on drama by Henrik Ibsen. Both men worked, in a sense, for the same end, the one for musical truth, for the perfect correspondence of score and text, the other for dramatic truth, for the perfect correspondence of incident and character. Opera since Wagner has continued to demand of its interpreters the finest musical talent, and a degree of dramatic skill undreamed of in the days of Handel, Mozart, or even the early Verdi. But the drama since Ibsen, on the contrary, seems to demand ever less of its interpreters, until at the present time great acting, even moving acting, is rare on our stage, and on all sides we hear the shrill complaint, "There are no great actors any more."

What is the reason for this?

Perhaps there is no single reason sufficient completely to explain the fact. But there is one reason that stands up above the others, and that, in a measure, may be said to include some of the others. It is a simple reason, too. Great actors can only be made by training in great parts; great acting can only be felt and yielded to when its spell is put forth in great rôles. There are, practically, no great parts in modern drama. We have no great actors apparent in the new generation of players because we have no training school for them; we see no great acting because we see no great parts performed. Milton could not have been Miltonic on a lesser theme than the fall of the Angels!

The condition of opera was improved by Wagner because the base of opera is music, and that base remains through every change of emphasis or style, in text or interpretation. It is no less the base of Strauss's "Salome" (in spite of certain critics!) than of Mozart's "Magic Flute." Every step toward a closer correspondence of score and text, toward the elimination of "costume concerts" and the

substitution of significant acting, was yet taken on this base of music. Ultimately, as much to-day as one hundred and fifty years ago, the appeal of opera is a musical appeal; it is to the sensuous ear, however much it may now be re-enforced by an appeal to the intelligence. Once opera required singers to interpret it; now it requires singing actors. But the song element remains the basic one.

In the drama, however, the sure base of a sensuous charm, or essentially poetic appeal, does not inevitably exist. In certain kinds of drama it is found to a large degree; in certain other kinds it is not found at all. One of the latter kinds is, as a rule, the modern prose drama of contemporary life. Ibsen and the modern dramatists have worked to make incident and character correspond, to eliminate artificiality of plot, and the "situations" which are devised arbitrarily because the actor must have his chance to shine, not because the character the actor is playing would naturally bring such situations about, or is significantly affected by them. These "situations" corresponded to the arias and coloratura passages of the older operas. One of Modjeska's great performances was of Adrienne Lecouvreur, a part that was set in a drama as preposterous as any of the older operas, and, unless greatly played, as incapable of giving pleasure as is the mad scene in "Lucia" when not greatly sung. In the stern elimination of any but truthful, logical and significant situations, in the stern suppression of "emotional scenes" for their own sake, when such scenes do not arise naturally from the character and explain the intellectual message of the play, Ibsen and the modern dramatists have forged a technique which is capable of setting forth contemporary life on the stage as truthfully and plausibly as in a novel, of teaching by inference an ethical or political or even philosophic lesson, of making the drama seem in the eyes of thinking men and women a more serious and important thing than it has been, in English, at least, for more than a century.

And in doing this, the dramatists have done well. But they have inevitably done it at a tremendous sacrifice. The size of this sacrifice is measured by the difference between Charlotte Cushman and Maude Adams, between Edwin Booth and William Faversham. They have done it at the sacrifice of great acting.

And that is because the modern prose drama of contemporary life, in throwing over the old absurdities of plot and incident, the old pack of situations devised to put the player into a state of emotional frenzy, by placing the emphasis on the intellectual drift of the drama and its truth as a picture or lesson, has thrown over poetry as well, and great characters. Many of the old dramas had no real poetry, and many of their "great" characters were not great at all, but merely went through the motions of greatness. "Virginius" is not great, and certainly is not poetry, though vanished giants of the stage, such as Macready and Forrest, achieved, we are told, astonishing emotional results in it. Richelieu is not a great character, but one so placed in a tricky melodrama that a great player can make him seem so. Mr. Sothorn in this part does not satisfy the older critics, who once saw Booth's magnificent Cardinal. But Mr. Sothorn's very failings show the real weakness of the character. But there were poetic dramas in the past, and there were great characters set upon the stage and engaged in doing great deeds, even outside the works of Shakespeare. It is because the modern dramatists have found no poetry and no greatness in modern life that they have lost such a firm base as that upon which opera still rests; and, as a consequence, great acting seems to have perished for want of a soil to grow in.

Ibsen himself created two poetic plays, containing two characters of such range and depth as to deserve the adjective great—"Brand" and "Peer Gynt." But as he developed, as his plays became closer pictures and more direct commentaries on his day and generation, his characters shrank, at times almost into meanness. It requires, of course, a sure technique and very genuine talent to play "Hedda Gabler." But no genius was ever so flaming as to make that character great—nor would it then be Hedda Gabler! It requires a touch of eerie poetry to play "The Lady from the Sea"—

but no genius was ever so flaming as to remove from her the taint of nerves, the modern blight. The most effective of Pinero's characters is probably Paula Tanqueray. She has been played in all European languages, by the finest actresses of recent years. But, played by the best of them, Paula remains a study; pitied, perhaps, at times; observed with interest always; but always essentially small, mean, a trifle cheap. Mr. Jones has never created a great character. In his most poignant moments, as in the third act of "The Hypocrites," he gets his largeness of effect by carefully wrought suspense—a perfectly legitimate dramatic effect, but one that does not require supreme, or even great, acting to illumine. Mr. Barrie is the wisest, the most nearly poetic, the most charming of present authors writing for the English-speaking stage. And yet Mr. Barrie has never created a great character. Occasionally he has come perilously near it; "Peter Pan" trails a shadow of the things that never die. Mr. Barrie, it will be noted, least literally renders life about him, works most from the inner vision. That is why he is most nearly a poet, lays hold on the things that are most lasting, comes closest to resting his work on a firm basis of enduring charm. But, though whimsical and sound, he is surely not ample. He misses the sheer size we demand of greatness.

Of recent successful plays in America, the one which has been most popular of all, which has given the widest scope for acting of a purely virtuoso sort, and for emotional response from an audience, is "The Music Master." And that play is, curiously, the least modern in content, the most old-fashioned and far-away from the new spirit in drama. It is a "one part" play; it is a series of arias and emotional coloratura passages for David Warfield. Yet it has swept the entire country, by virtue of just that fact—because it does give an opportunity for ample acting, which is amply met by the player. It has shown that we do not want acting to be a lost art. The "Witching Hour," however, has no great part, hence no opportunity for ample acting; it succeeds by its intellectual message. "The Lion and the Mouse" had no great part; it succeeded because of its political drift. "The Great Divide" and the same author's new play, "The Faith Healer," tremble on the verge

of poetry if not greatness. To suggest convincingly the soul struggle of the former play surely requires a capacity for poetry in the players, and must react to their development. To suggest the inner fire and force of "The Faith Healer" will surely require a touch of greatness of the actor essaying the rôle. The character is no mere Kentucky gambler of "The Witching Hour": he is a Savonarola of the Plains. But Mr. Moody, the author of these plays, has previously been known as a poet, and though now working in prose, obviously he is working more from an inner vision than a photographer's sense.

Farce and frivolity the stage has always had, and always will. We need not consider that now. Some of our vanished giants appeared in rubbish. William Warren played parts in his day which George M. Cohan would have blushed to devise, and Garrick was not always great. But a careful consideration of the seriously inclined plays of the present generation in America, or elsewhere, cannot fail to show that what we have gained over the past in truthful reflection on the stage of actual life about us we have lost in the majesty of the characters depicted, in the depth and intensity of the emotions portrayed. And consequently our players have lost the force and sweep and power the older actors were obliged to develop to play the older parts. Charlotte Cushman's "Lady Macbeth" had an emotional appeal and an ample sweep of imagination incomparably greater than Maude Adams's "Lady Babbie," because it was a successful embodiment of a vastly greater rôle. But it would not have been successful had Miss Cushman been trained in no wider nor deeper range of parts than Miss Adams has. Salvini's performance in "La Morte Civile" was tremendous in its overpowering emotional effect. The audiences used to gasp and sob. But if he, like David Warfield, had played in only four dramas in his entire career, or, like scores of promising actors of to-day, had never had a chance to play a big part in his life, a part with the weight of poetry behind it and varied and ample emotional expression, Salvini would never have torn the breasts of his audiences as he did. Indeed, it will be noted that E. H. Sothorn did not attempt "Dundreary" till he had played "Hamlet." Even for sus-

tained comedy a severe training is required. And it will be noted that most of the players on our stage to-day who possess power and amplitude—Miss Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner, for example—have had long schooling in large parts, beginning in "the old school."

But all this does not mean that progress consists in going backward. It does not mean that the way for a modern actor to demonstrate his greatness is to play "Virginius," or for an actress is to play "Adrienne." It does not mean that the way for a modern playwright to create great opportunities for the players is to devise elaborate emotional arias for them, nor that the way for him to be poetic is necessarily to twist good honest prose back end foremost into blank verse. That would mean to lose all that the drama has toilsomely gained; that would be reversion, not progress.

Some of the modern emphasis in stage entertainment on the intellectual message of the play, rather than the emotional effects of the actors, is doubtless ephemeral, a passing fashion. The success of "The Music Master" shows that. But much of it is real and lasting, and a great gain. Were the choice between "King Lear" and, let us say, "The Witching Hour," who would hesitate to choose? But it isn't. Shakespeare does not "abide our question." He is for all time, for all ages, all fashions, like Sophocles and Molière. Rather is the choice between "Virginius," or "The Iron Chest," or "Adrienne Lecouvreur," or "Caste," and "The Witching Hour." And shall we hesitate? We must keep fast hold on our truthful drama of contemporary life, with its intellectual drift, its "criticism of life," its message to the head as well as the emotions. Nobody will care a hundred years hence what we thought about old Rome or lands of mythical romance. But what we thought about the problems of the hour will be history.

Progress will come, the restoration of great acting and of poetry will come, when our modern dramatists discover greatness and poetry in contemporary life, when the representation of great emotions is demanded of the actors not as a "stunt" in an unimportant or false story, but as a logical outcome of an important and truthful story, as the natural expression of great men and women. Nobody cares much to-day—and

who can be blamed?—about the emotions of old Virginius and his impossible offspring; nor can anybody raise a tear for Adrienne Lecouvreur in her pasteboard world. But some of us could care very much about the emotions of a great American in the face of a great modern crisis. We hear of tremendous, fabulous fortunes, for example, and we fancy the men who amassed these fortunes must be men of power, of a certain kind of greatness, if not the finest kind, if not of moral greatness. Yet we see one of them depicted in "The Lion and the Mouse," with nothing great about him. The author has failed to grasp his opportunity. There was a touch of sinister greatness, possibly, about the copper king, Samson, in M. Bernstein's play, but in America we saw the character entrusted to an actor who had never in his life played a part that fitted him for the representation of greatness, and the effect was, for us, quite lost.

Kipling sighed for a man "like Bobbie Burns, to sing the song o' steam." We may well sigh for a dramatist to write the play of steam, or of electricity, or Wall Street, or Socialism, or Labor Unions, or the increased cost of living. Swinburne died recently, and we mourned the last of the poets. Irving and Coquelin died, and we mourned the passing of the actors. But somehow the rest of us go ahead thinking

the same old thoughts, and feeling the same old thrilling pangs, and doing, now and then, the same old brave, foolish, ideal deeds. We are still the raw material of drama. And there is no tariff.

In their preoccupation with modern people and modern problems, then, a preoccupation inevitably conditioned by the change in dramatic standards, if they would once again fertilize the soil for great acting and acting touched with the glow of poetry, the dramatists must find great modern people to depict, set them great problems to wrestle with, and endow their lives with an inner gleam of charm and beauty. It is not enough for our actors to return to "the classic repertoire." A good deal of that repertoire the new generation does not want. And, to insist that our actors return to it for their training, is surely to crush out present and future playwrights, to block the wheels of progress. Great acting in the future must be developed by the plays of the future. And already there are hints that such acting may be so developed. There is something epic about "Magda." There was nothing small about Mrs. Fiske's "Tess." Mr. Moody has stirred the breath of poetry on our stage, and out of the ample places brought an ample man. What our stage needs is playwrights of greater and nobler imagination. What our actors need is a chance.

OF TRANSIENT BEAUTY

By Sophie Jewett

ROSE-FLOWER and flower of grass and flower of flame
 Drift to the Beauty whence their beauty came;
 Fainter are they, more brief than this June wind,
 Yet for the impalpable grace they leave behind
 The years may fashion an immortal name.



Seattle's present waterfront.

Looking in a north-easterly direction from the end of one of the piers, showing Sound and Coast shipping in the foreground and the upper business district in the background

THE PROGRESSIVE PACIFIC COAST

By Henry T. Finck



ALIFORNIA has for many years benefited by the fact that it is the best-advertised State in the Union. Portland's Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905 did much to make the resources and attractions of Oregon known to the world, and the Alaska, Yukon, and Pacific Exposition in Seattle last summer induced many thousands more to listen to the call of the West; indeed, the railroads and hotels could hardly handle the throngs of visitors. Quite apart from these expositions there are indications that the exhortation, "See America First," so dear to Western editors, especially those of the Pacific Slope, is making its appeal to a greater number of persons every year, at least in its modified form, "See America - Also." For my part, after touring Europe nine times and the Pacific Slope nearly as often, I usually make it a toss-up which to visit next, and I know others who feel the

same way. Then, again, I know no European country which is so interesting to watch as our Pacific Coast States are. "See us grow!" they all exclaim proudly; and certainly it is fascinating to observe the many changes going on—the rapid progress in city building and in diverse agricultural, horticultural, commercial, and industrial activities, of which this article purposes to give a glimpse.

One of the main advantages of Europe over our land of magnificent distances has consisted hitherto in the superior facilities for getting access to things worth seeing and studying. But in this respect, also, we are progressing rapidly. Take the Grand Canyon for an instance. Twenty years ago, when I wrote my "Pacific Coast Scenic Tour," the only place from which this sublime region could be reached without an explorer's outfit was the Arizona village, Peach Springs, whence there was a primitive road down to the Colorado River.



The New San Francisco from the top



Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.

On the site of the old Fair residence on Nob Hill.

The view here, however, gave but a very faint idea of the grandeur of the Canyon. In 1893 I found a stage route from Flagstaff to one of the finest points on the Canyon; but there was only a tent hotel and the round trip involved two whole days of staging. At present a branch railroad of the

the early explorers who perished of thirst in sight of the turbulent, inaccessible river a mile below them, or fell into the hands of Indian scalpers. We have all the pleasures with few of the discomforts and none of the dangers of former times.

With all our modern improvements, in-



of Merchants' Exchange Building.

cluding electric fans at each end of the Pullman, the railway ride across the Arizona desert is still a trying experience; and somehow it doesn't make us feel any cooler if we conjure up visions of those who, in the golden age, toiled across these arid regions gee-hawing their ox teams.

Soon after crossing the Colorado River and entering California there is occasion to admire the changes made in the last two decades. The Mojave Desert is still the domain of alkali, sage brush, and yucca-palms, but there is a large and yearly increasing number of oases, illustrating the miracles wrought by artesian wells and mountain-stream irrigation. In this desert, millions of dollars' worth of wheat, alfalfa, raisins, fruit, and vegetables are now raised annually; and what is true of this



The rebuilt Market Street, San Francisco.

region holds for all California. It has been proved abundantly that Major J. W. Powell was right when he declared that there is probably no acre of land anywhere, the productive capacity of which cannot at least be doubled by scientific irrigation.

The true Californian has unlimited con-



From a photograph, by George R. King.

The Gateway, Hetch-Hetchy Valley.

fidence in this method of applying water when and where it is needed. "Irrigation is not a substitute for rain," William E. Smythe declares haughtily. On the contrary, "rain is a substitute for irrigation, and a very poor one!" But one must know how to apply the moisture, and how to aerate the soil after it has been applied. In these things great progress has been made since irrigation began in California, half a century ago, at Anaheim, and the end is not yet; on the contrary, irrigation is still in its infancy, and there is perhaps little exaggeration in the boast that the national irrigation plans involving the Colorado River in the south and the Sacramento in the north will, when carried out, equal the British works on the Ganges and the Nile. The social aspect of the question also has not escaped attention. "Irrigation means small farms; small farms mean near neighbors; and near neighbors imply high social advantages." The days of the big ranches are past, and apart from the writers of romances, few have occasion to regret them.

When it was found that, with the aid of ditches, acres of valueless cactus lands could be transformed into marvellously fertile vineyards and vegetable gardens, walnut and olive orchards, lemon and orange groves, an era of feverish real-estate speculation followed which raised prices to fabulous figures. The inevitable reaction came; but valuations which were a gamble at that time have now been made actual by the natural development of the last two decades. Los Angeles has become the terminus of four transcontinental lines, which vie with one another in adopting the latest methods of distributing California products all over the United States. Of oranges alone, about thirty thousand carloads are despatched every year. But figures are less interesting than glimpses of the progress made in the handling of the huge crops. It has been found quite recently that losses through decay of oranges *en route* can be reduced five to twenty-five per cent. by pre-cooling the fruit. The Southern Pacific Railroad, has, at Colton, Cal., a plant with a capacity of



From a photograph, by George R. King.

Falls in the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne just below Tuolumne meadows.

two hundred and fifty tons of ice a day, which is manufactured on the spot. For the purpose of pre-cooling, a building has been erected large enough to hold a train of thirty cars. The building is nearly air-tight, the temperature is reduced to forty degrees, and the warm air coming from the fruit in the opened cars is removed in pipes. After twenty-four to thirty-six hours the train is ready to be started eastward. The Santa Fé has a plant of similar size, which will be ready for operation this season.

The variety of orange known as the Valencia stands long-distance shipment better than other kinds and is therefore to some extent superseding the seedless navels, which, for a time, almost monopolized the market. This is true, however, only in certain regions; in others, the navel holds its own. Californian progressiveness is displayed at present particularly along this line of ascertaining what variety of fruit or other product is specially adapted to this or that locality. In the old days the natives used to boast that "everything grows in Califor-

nia." This is not far from the truth; one of the most amazing things about this astonishing State is that nearly all the crops raised in the extreme south of it will grow also at its other end, seven hundred miles north. But there are differences in the results, depending not only on north and south, but on altitude, proximity to sea or mountains, nature of the soil, etc. Where oranges or lemons flourish, apples, cherries, and peaches are not at home. Apricots do not like the foot-hills, where pears and plums are happy. Raisins and dessert grapes crave the warm interior valleys, whereas dry table wines secure a better bouquet in the cool bay counties or the foot-hills. Often a distance of a few miles makes the difference between success and failure.

Much progress has been made in the last two decades in thus ascertaining what locality is particularly well suited for this or that crop, and it is obvious that ultimately this process of differentiation will prove as beneficial and profitable as the resort to irrigation. The old way was to trust to

luck and rain. The new way is to use one's brains. Farmers of the happy-go-lucky kind, who do foolish things because their fathers and grandfathers did them, seem not to exist in California. Everybody tries to be up-to-date, or ahead of others in applying business principles to agriculture and horticulture. It is owing to this method, quite as much as to soil and climate, that fruit-growing has become the principal in-

California this danger is now averted by growing dwarf trees, the foliage of which hangs to the ground and thus protects the trunk, the sensitive part of the tree. Picking of the fruit is also made easier by this recent change in the type of tree.

Last summer young orange-trees were in such demand that the nursery-men could not fill their orders. The same was true with regard to the fast-growing eucalyptus,



Stanislaus Power Development, in the Sierras, California.

Stanislaus Power Development, in the Sierras, California.

Wood-stave pipes six feet in diameter are used to convey the water from the Forebay dam to the steel pressure pipes which have a fall of 1.4 feet to the power house. The impact of this water on Pelton wheels drives four large electric generators, producing about 40,000 horse-power. The transmission line to San Francisco is 130 miles long.

dustry of this State. And with true California generosity and hospitality these men are ready to impart the secret of their success even to rivals. Last summer a delegation of some fifty orange-growers from Florida visited the orange belt under the guidance of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, for the purpose of studying the methods of growing, picking, handling, packing, and shipping the fruit; and what they saw was in some ways a revelation to them. To give only one detail: in Florida the orange-trees have been repeatedly killed by frost. In

some varieties of which are being planted by the millions, partly for fuel, partly to supply the tree-shade, the lack of which is one of the drawbacks to life in Southern California. Another drawback used to be the dusty roads, but these, fortunately, are being fast eliminated. Here, again, the Californian has emancipated himself from the coy and fickle rain. Petroleum enabled him to do it; it is so abundant and cheap that all streets and most country roads are oiled regularly, so that even an automobile going at forty or fifty miles an hour cannot



Courtesy of Sanderson & Porter, Engineers.

Canyon of the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus River.

Showing the wooden flume, ten feet wide by six feet deep, which conveys the water twelve miles to the Forebay reservoir of the Stanislaus Power Development.

raise the dust, while railway travel has been deprived of its chief terror.

California's production of petroleum is now some fifty million barrels a year; which is about a quarter of the whole country's yield. That it is not particularly suitable for illuminating does not worry anybody, for nearly every house, in villages as in cities, has its electric lights. For fuel it is the best oil known, and fuel—cheap fuel for railways, homes, and factories—was what this region needed more than anything else; its

the number of clerks grew from 90 to 307; that of branch offices from 18 to 60; that of letter-carriers from 60 to 235. Business streets have assumed a surprisingly metropolitan aspect; the shop windows rival those of the largest Eastern cities in beauty and lavish display of wealth; and many of them, with their jewels and curios, are as obviously intended for the eyes of tourists as those of Interlaken or Lucerne. The city has gained in beauty as much as in size; the residence streets also having assumed



John Burroughs, Charles Keeler, Henry T. Finck, and Luther Burbank.

From a photograph taken at Mr. Burbank's home, Santa Rosa, Cal.

cost is only a quarter that of coal. The supply, moreover, seems inexhaustible, the amount of it underground at Coalinga alone having been estimated by the United States Geological Survey at 2,850,000,000 barrels. Without this oil, Los Angeles could never have become a manufacturing city.

The city of Los Angeles is perhaps the most remarkable illustration of progressiveness on the whole Pacific Coast. In 1880 the population was about 11,000; ten years later it was a little over 50,000; in 1900 the number was 102,479, and now it exceeds 300,000. Post-office figures—I have them from the postmaster himself—illustrate this growth. From July, 1900, to July, 1909,

a new and most pleasing aspect through the abundance of picturesque low bungalows, an adaptation, with many varieties (a book with two hundred and twelve illustrations tells all about them), of the cosy homes of India. Here and there the Spanish influence is seen in elegant residences built around Andalusian patios. Nearly every house has its lawn, with flowers of many kinds, yet hardly as many as might be expected in this clime, where every ornamental plant luxuriates. It is to be hoped that the monotonous rows of common red geraniums—we saw miles of them—are a passing fad.

There was a time when those who knew Los Angeles best held that Los Diablos



Mount Shasta—elevation 14,380 feet.

would be a more appropriate name for the town. All that has been changed. The native element has improved, and the visitors from the East and Middle West who find the climate, the out-door life, the sunshine, the exhilarating air and cool nights, the abundant flowers and fruits (cantaloupes were ten cents a dozen last August!), and the varied scenery so delightful that they decide to remain, are usually of a superior class. A few years ago it was shown that ninety per cent. of the voters of this city were from the East. These people brought their culture, their love of the arts (including music, in which Los Angeles is said to excel even San Francisco), and their reading habits with them. The local library stands first in the country in its per-capita circulation, and it has in Mr. Charles F. Lummis not only a scholar and a specialist in Western lore, but a man whose experiences in roughing it gave him a mechanical ingenuity that has enabled him to devise a number of practical conveniences which librarians in other cities are eagerly adopting.

On the top of Mount Wilson—"the enchanted mountain"—where we had the privilege of watching the Carnegie astronomers take photographs of the sun, we met, one evening, a man who, gazing at the lights of Los Angeles, dimly visible below like a nebula, declared that while the metropolis of Southern California might be, as it is so often called, a city of homes, it has no real home life, everybody being out-doors, roaming the streets till late at night. But is home life necessarily life between four walls? The Germans are a home-loving people, but do they not take every chance their climate allows to eat and spend their evenings out of doors? The Californians are tempted by their mild climate to spend most of their time out-doors, and on Sundays and holidays many happy thousands of them may be seen at the seaside resorts, which have grown amazingly in the last ten years in size, number, and accessibility by rail or trolley. The new-comers soon have the stamp of this perennial out-doors life impressed on them; it improves their spirits,



An orange-grove, Riverside, California.

and their health—longevity is a specialty of this region; and it imparts to them some of the characteristics of the gay, light-hearted, flower-loving Mexicans who formerly dwelt here. We cannot conceive of anything in the Eastern cities just like the flower festivals of Los Angeles and Pasadena, in which adults participate just as children do in the May outings in New York's Central Park.

There is also an economic aspect to this constant life in the open air. It increases the vigor and endurance of laborers. A. J. Wells has collected figures which show that "the average yearly output of each workman in California is nearly twice that of Connecticut, one and three-fourths that of the United States." Much of the Pacific Coast's progressiveness must doubtless be attributed to this factor.

By annexing San Pedro, last August, Los Angeles became a seaport town, competing for its share of the Oriental and other Pacific Ocean trade. The national Government has already spent millions on improving this harbor, and a great future is predicted. To annex a town and harbor twenty-two miles away may seem a daring feat, but it is a mere trifle to the project of making Cali-

fornia's highest snow peak—over two hundred miles away—contribute to the welfare and wealth of Los Angeles. A few years ago the startling fact was revealed that all the available sources of water had been utilized, and that this city must be abruptly arrested in its rapid growth unless an unlimited supply of pure water could be obtained. Such a supply the engineers failed to find anywhere nearer than two hundred and thirty miles, at Owens Lake, which is fed by the glaciers and snow fields of Mount Whitney. Here was water enough to provide four hundred million gallons a day—sufficient for a city seven times the present size of Los Angeles, but it would cost over twenty-three million dollars to bring it down. The city, by a vote of fourteen to one, promptly issued bonds to the requisite amount and the stupendous project is now being carried out. The sum invested is large, but there will be water enough to irrigate all of Los Angeles County, and the sale of this and of the electric power obtainable will more than pay the interest.

San Francisco also needs more water, and also seeks to get it in the Sierra Nevada; but whereas the Owens River project and Portland's Hood River supply are unmixed

blessings, San Francisco's plan to annex the Hetch-Hetchy Valley is an unjustifiable attempt to help a city to water at the cost of the whole nation. The Hetch-Hetchy is a valley which, in the opinion of some, including the eminent landscape painter, William Keith, surpasses even the Yosemite Valley in picturesque beauty and charm. It is, in fact, in many respects, a duplicate of that valley, having counterparts of the Bridal Veil, Yosemite, and Vernal Falls, of the Merced River, of El Capitan and other cliffs rising precipitously to over half a mile above the floor of the Valley, which is one of Nature's masterworks in flower, park, and landscape gardening.

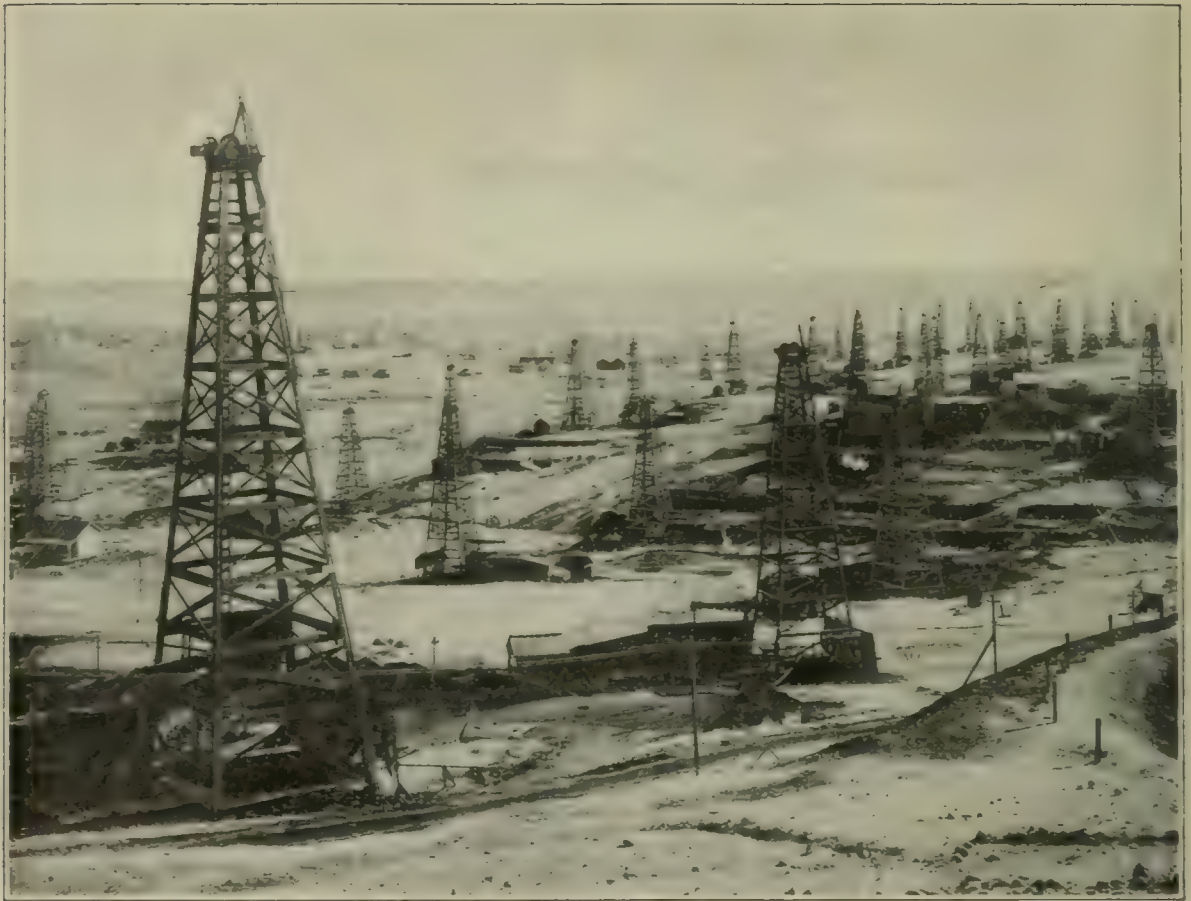
This sublime valley the San Franciscans are endeavoring to ruin by building a dam which would submerge the floor one hundred and seventy-five feet, changing it to a lake! Against this project John Muir, who has, with patriotic foresight, worked so hard in behalf of our national parks, exclaims in righteous indignation: "Dam Hetch-Hetchy! As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches,

for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man." The project, if carried out, would not only ruin Hetch-Hetchy, but a part of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. "The sublime canyon way to the heart of the High Sierra would be hopelessly blocked." In fact, if San Francisco got its drinking water here, the whole valley of the Tuolumne would have to be closed to visitors and campers for sanitary reasons; and this would mean the exclusion from one-half of the Yosemite National Park of the people of the United States, for whom it was created!

It would be hard to make such a sacrifice if it were actually imperative, which it is very far from being. Col. W. H. Heuer, U. S. A., engineer and chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federated Water Committee, states that the city's present sources "can be increased by additional dams and raising some existing dams, so as to supply considerably more than one hundred million gallons per day, or more than enough to supply the wants of San Francisco during the next forty years, and at



Spring Street, Los Angeles.



An oil field, Bakersfield, California.

reasonable cost." Prominent experts have named thirteen other sources from which the city can obtain an abundant water supply. Some of these are in the same mountains as the Hetch-Hetchy, and their pure water could be brought down at much less cost.

These indisputable facts show that there is absolutely no justification for the proposed grab. Congress will be called upon to decide whether the Yosemite National Park is to belong to the Nation or to one of its cities which happens to covet it. San Franciscans cannot afford to alienate the sympathies of all nature-lovers in the whole country by persisting in their unreasonable demand that the country make them a present of its grandest park. Enough, surely, was done by the Nation for this city when it donated more than ten million dollars after the earthquake and fire.

At present the Hetch-Hetchy is almost as difficult of access as the Yosemite was a few years ago, when the return trip included three whole days of staging. But it will soon be made accessible, for it is already badly needed, to receive the Yosemite over-

flow. The completion of the railway to El Portal, the gate of the Park, leaving only twelve miles of staging to the Valley, has enormously increased its popularity as a summer resort. Last June we found, beside the hotel, three camps, each with tent accommodations for about two hundred persons, and each crowded to its capacity. Day and night trains (with sleepers for Los Angeles and San Francisco) are run by both the Santa Fé and the Southern Pacific, whose superbly illustrated folders bear witness to the fact that Californians are supreme in the art of advertising their vaunted scenery in the most alluring style.

It is because of this very characteristic that one wonders there can be the least opposition to the strenuous efforts of John Muir and his helpers to keep this world-famed scenic marvel intact. Mr. Muir has written books on the mountains of California and on our national parks; he has spent most of his life in them; he knows better than any one else what irreparable loss the proposed vandalism would mean. He is one of the two biggest of the California



Morrison Street in Portland, Oregon.

The Post-office and the Portland Hotel are partly shown on the left

lions. The other is Luther Burbank. We were so fortunate as to see both in their lair, thanks to the California poet, Charles Keeler, whom we met while visiting Charles F. Lummis in his quaint, self-built, museum-like stone residence in Los Angeles. Mr. Keeler is known as "Charlie" to everybody who is anybody on the Coast; he is so companionable, so helpful, so self-sacrificing; at the great fire he was one of the most strenuous and indefatigable fighters. He was a member of the Harriman Expedition to Alaska, during which he described the birds and became an intimate friend of John Burroughs and John Muir. He had to hasten back to San Francisco, as Mr. Burroughs, returning from Hawaii, was to be his guest; and he kindly invited us to join the party in visits to John Muir and Luther Burbank.

Mr. H. H. Hart, the oil-magnate, and his genial wife, who have stories of their adventures in the Alaska gold-fields that would make the fortune of a magazine, took us into their spacious steam automobile, and thus we descended upon Mr. Muir, at his home in Martinez. As he was living alone,

we took along some well-filled lunch baskets, and thus we picnicked on the piazza, the two naturalists sitting together in a corner, calling each other John, and indulging in reminiscences of various lands. Then our host took us in-doors and showed us the botanic, mineral, and photographic treasures he had gathered. When I asked him if I could, at that season, visit the Hetch-Hetchy from the Yosemite in two or three days, he exclaimed, "Oh muggins! You talk like a tourist!" but forgave me when I explained that I had to finish a book before the end of the next month. He talked about that valley, about the petrified forests of Arizona, about his wanderings in Alaska, Australia, India—every word worth printing—and showed us, among other things, a picture of a deodar tree in India, which had "room in its branches for the whole Sierra Club." John Muir studies trees as a novelist studies human types. "I have seen trees making all sorts of bowings and wavings in different kinds of wind," is one of the memorable sentences I recall.

To our great regret, as well as his own, a



Crater Lake, in the Cascade Mountains, Oregon.

The diameter is about five miles, and the lake has no known inlet or outlet.

literary duty which had to be done at once prevented Mr. Muir from joining us, the following morning, in our expedition to the home of Luther Burbank at Santa Rosa, some fifty miles north of San Francisco. Here we had the pleasure of spending several hours with the man who ranks with Thomas Edison as one of America's two greatest inventors. "The day will come," Mr. Burbank once wrote, "when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers." This ideal of modern manliness he himself has tried to live up to for more than three decades, and some of the results of his ingenuity and perseverance we were privileged to see and taste.

"I am afraid we are taking your time," said Mr. Burroughs after our host had entertained us for some time in his reception room, telling us of his aims and achievements. "On the contrary, you are giving me yours," replied Mr. Burbank; and presently he took us out into one of his experimental gardens, where we saw flowers of exquisite new colors and gorgeous size

that made us feel like Parsifal in the enchanted garden; and we tasted berries and fruits that were more luscious than any that mortals have eaten since the Garden of Eden was destroyed; among them a white strawberry that seems to be fruit and sugar and cream all in one. Here was proof on all sides that plants are, indeed, as the maker of this garden claims, as plastic as clay, and that they can be "moulded into more beautiful forms and colors than any painter or sculptor can ever hope to bring forth." And the Burbank plants have no thorns; his cactus and his blackberry vines are as smooth as velvet.

Mark Twain defined cauliflower as "cabbage with a college education." Luther Burbank is giving a college education to hundreds of fruits, vegetables, flowers, and trees. He removes thorns, seeds, and poisonous qualities, enables plants to resist frost, accelerates the growth of trees, trebles the size of fruits and flowers, varies the colors and intensifies the fragrance and flavor. Like other artists, he likes to know that you really see and feel what he has



Floating logs on the Willamette River, Oregon.
Oregon's lumber interests are worth about sixty million dollars a year.

done; and nothing seemed to please him more than the proof we gave that we were actually familiar with his creations, by our comments on the improvements he had made in his crimson and crimson-and-gold *eschscholtzia* and wonderful shirley poppies since we last raised them, the previous summer, in our Maine garden. He carries on some three thousand experiments at once. In California he has found the most favorable possible conditions for "hastening new flowers and fruits into being."

Recent progress in various utilitarian and æsthetic ways owes much to him, and will owe much more to him in the future. Burbank and Muir the Californians of the future will have reason to revere as the ancient Greeks revered their demigods; Muir for his noble fight in behalf of the undisturbed grandeur and usefulness of the water-conserving forests and mountains; Burbank for opening so many sources of limitless wealth and new vistas of beauty.

San Francisco, after the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, had a grand opportunity to follow the example of Burbank and Muir

in combining beauty with utility. Some of the streets, at any rate, might have been built on easy contour lines instead of the monotonous parallels so ill-suited to this hilly site; but all attempts at this, or at widening some of the narrow business streets, or bonding the city for new parks and playgrounds, failed. Selfish interests prevented any concerted action, and the chance is lost. Yet it would be unjust to infer from this that Joaquin Miller was right when he wrote, long before this calamity, that "the heart of California, San Francisco, is comparatively without heart, loyalty, or love of home." Surely history records no more remarkable display of loyalty and love of home than that which impelled the victims of this catastrophe to begin rebuilding before the ashes were cold, and to rebuild at such a record-breaking rate that the prediction made by both David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler, that in five years San Francisco would be herself again, seems likely to come true. We found piles of calcined bricks, fire-twisted masses of iron, ashes, and weeds, and ruins still in many places where splendid

buildings had stood; but the business streets were being restored rapidly by the erection of rows of structures finer and more substantial than those that had been destroyed. Naturally, the first buildings to go up were houses of commerce, and as regards these the charge cannot be made that beauty is being ignored. The public buildings will come later, and the thousands of families that moved to temporary homes in Oak-

and most precious of inspirations—the inspiration of things to do and things undone, the inspiration of big jobs.” I believe, also, that the civic loyalty and activity thus stimulated have awakened the inhabitants from their dangerous indifference to the startling gains of the rival coast cities, particularly Los Angeles and Seattle. The San Franciscans are on the run again, and are likely not only to recover lost ground but to fight hard



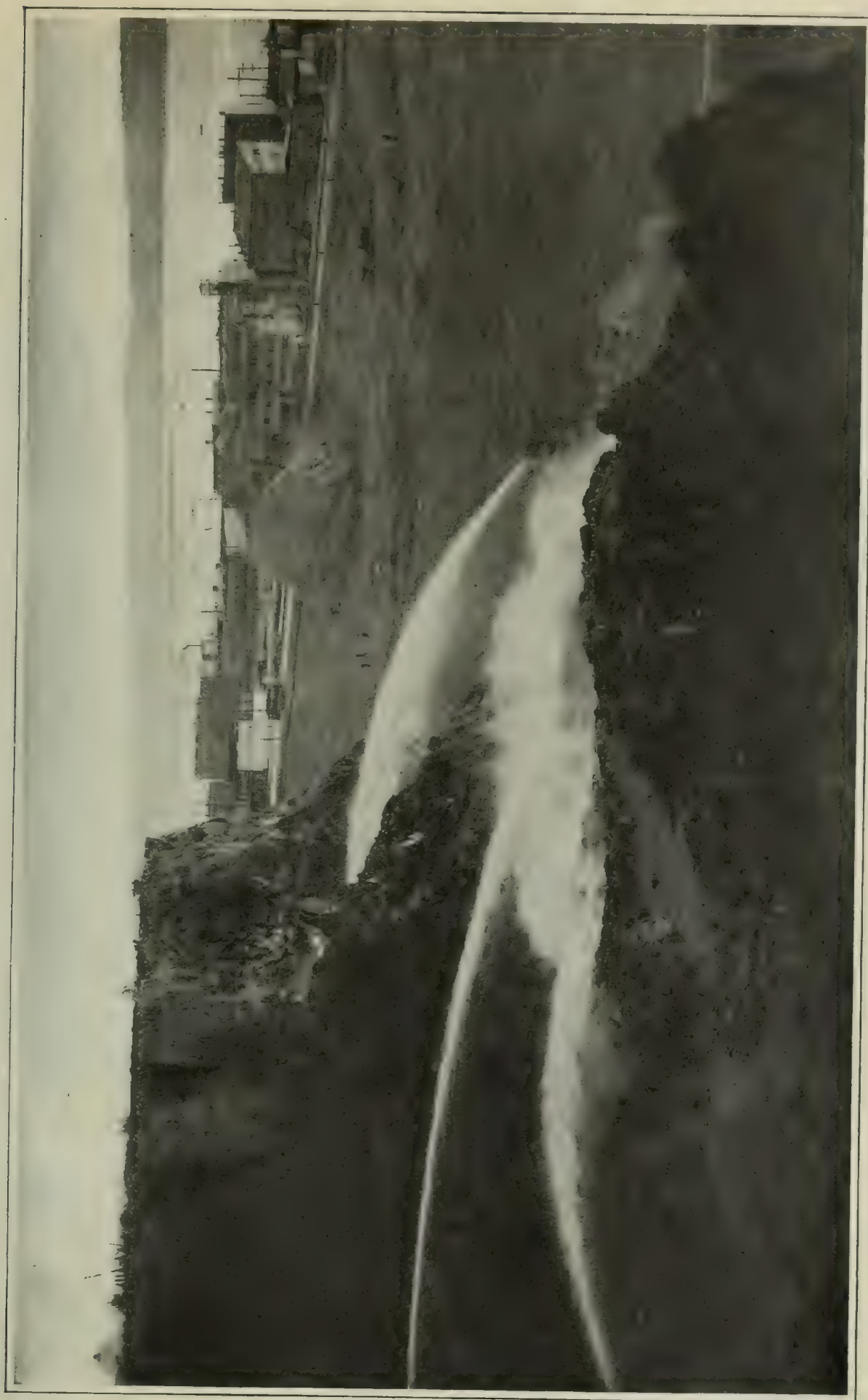
Mount Hood from the north, elevation 7,000 feet.

land, Berkeley, and other cities that may some day be included in the Greater San Francisco, are returning gradually.

Progress in San Francisco must for a few years longer mean getting back to the point where it was before the fire. Not entirely, however; in the long run that disaster may prove to have been a blessing in disguise. The city has got rid of many old buildings that were a menace and an eyesore; and the lesson has been learned that it is not the shanties but the tall modern buildings that best withstand earth tremors. Huge tanks are being erected in various quarters, with an arrangement of pipes which, in case of another earthquake, will not leave the city at the mercy of flames. The task of rebuilding a metropolis has given San Franciscans what Professor Joyce calls “the best

to keep what they had, especially the lion’s share of the Oriental trade.

In the attitude toward the Orientals themselves it seemed to me that there was an improvement, not only here but all along the coast. In Portland they tell you without resentment that there are thirty Chinese voters, American-born. In Seattle, during the Exposition, when all the resident Chinese paraded the streets with their one hundred and fifty foot dragon, I heard not a jeering word from the thousands of onlookers. It is one of the characteristics of the Pacific Coast that men are judged solely by what they are individually; the laboring class is the one which chiefly benefits by this attitude, yet it has retaliated by showing the most unreasoning prejudice against workers from the Orient, condemn-



Several streams at work excavating one of the highest portions of Denny Hill, Seattle.



Washington Hotel, Seattle, in 1906.*

ing them, not as individuals but as a class. There are indications that they are feeling a little ashamed of their dog-in-the-manger attitude. As for the others, they always maintained that California, Oregon, and Washington need the Chinese and Japanese for workers in orchard, vineyard, market-garden, and kitchen. At present, in all the coast cities, the Chinatowns are mere shadows of their former selves. A California poet wrote after the fire:

"And never again in a white
man's town
Will a Chinatown be born."

It would be a pity were this so. San Francisco, in particular, needs her old Chinatown back again, for local color,

* These pictures show the progress of what is known as the Denny Hill regrade and also what is being done in Seattle to lay the foundation for one of the great cities of the United States. The old Washington Hotel, in 1906, stood on top of Denny Hill, facing Third Avenue. This photograph and the one made in 1908 were taken from practically the same point on Upper Second Avenue. The excavation, from the summit of the hill on which the old Washington stood to the foundation stones of the new building erected from the Second Avenue level, was 108 feet. Farther back on this same hill, on another contract not yet completed, the excavations are as deep as 130 feet.

for the sight-seers. Even now "seeing Chinatown" is what no visitor neglects; and it is worth seeing because of the magnificent Oriental bazaars that have been rebuilt; but one misses the Cantonese side streets, the blind alleys, the numerous smaller shops, and the theatre, the rebuilding of which has been retarded by the craze for moving pictures. There are plenty of guides to show you Chinatown in its diverse aspects, but it is a special show-route, not the real thing it used to be and ought to be soon again.

A fast train running from San Francisco to Portland in twenty-seven hours was an



Washington Hotel, Seattle, in 1908—the higher building to the right.

important innovation last summer. Sight-seers who are not in a hurry will avoid it, however, for it does not stop at Weed, whence a branch road was opened last June to the Klamath Lakes. On this route we enjoyed grander views of Mount Shasta than on the main line, and it is by way of the Klamath Lakes that Crater Lake, Oregon's greatest scenic wonder after Mount Hood, is now most easily reached. When

this branch line is extended to Eugene, there will be a station near Crater Lake.

In the matter of railways, Oregon is the most backward State in the Union; its de-

velopement has been shamefully retarded by the lack of them. There was great excitement last summer when it was learned that J. J. Hill had taken steps to build the railway (projected by Henry Villard thirty years ago!) from The Dalles on the Columbia River down through central Oregon. Greater still was the excitement when it became likely that the Harriman company would resent this invasion of its Oregonian monopoly by also building an Oregon Central line. There is room for both; they will soon have all the freight they can handle; for the resources of this part of the State—of the whole State in fact—have only begun to be tapped. With an area of 96,699 square miles, Oregon has to-day a population of under 600,000, while ten times that number might find happy homes here.

The boundary line is well chosen. As you

cross the Siskiyou Mountains you realize at once why Joaquin Miller, coming from California, called Oregon "The Great Emerald Land." Green grass and other vege-



Great Northern docks, Seattle.

Showing both American and Japanese trans-Pacific Liners.

velopment has been shamefully retarded by the lack of them. There was great excitement last summer when it was learned that J. J. Hill had taken steps to build the railway (projected by Henry Villard thirty years ago!) from The Dalles on the Columbia River down through central Oregon. Greater still was the excitement when it became likely that the Harriman company would resent this invasion of its Oregonian monopoly by also building an Oregon Central line. There is room for both; they will soon have all the freight they can handle; for the resources of this part of the State—of the whole State in fact—have only begun to be tapped. With an area of 96,699 square miles, Oregon has to-day a population of under 600,000, while ten times that number might find happy homes here.

The boundary line is well chosen. As you

tation delights the eye in every direction, and the ferns and vines and shrubs and trees retain their green throughout the driest months. If California is a paradise in winter, so is Oregon in summer. The contrast is great and pervasive. Equally great is the contrast between the inhabitants. California was peopled by gold hunters, Oregon by home seekers. These home seekers found what they wanted and, like the lovers in the last chapter of an old-style novel, lived happily forever afterward, oblivious of the rest of the world. A young man told me last summer that one day, while the Lewis and Clark Exposition was in progress at Portland, he took a drive in the country and came across a farmer who had a wagon-load of superb pears. "What are you going to do with those Bartletts?" he asked, and the farmer replied, "Goin' to feed 'em to the cows."



From a photograph, copyright 1901, by W. F. Romans.

Mount Tacoma (14,529 feet), the highest peak in the United States proper.

This view shows the peak from Seattle, with Lake Washington in the foreground.

There was the genuine typical attitude of the old Oregonian! The young man took a few boxes of those pears to Portland and got a medal for them. Within a few years the world has given to Oregon gold medals for the best apples and pears and other products. It would have given these medals several decades ago as gladly as now, but the Oregon man did not ask for them. While the adventurous, hustling descendant of the California gold hunter was making fortunes in minerals, cereals, oranges, raisins, prunes, wine, petroleum, the Oregonian raised the best apples and other fruits in the world, ate what he could, sent a few to San Francisco, and gave the rest to the cows and pigs. The sudden fame of the Oregon apple seems to have awakened him from his lethargy. Then came the Portland Exposition, and with it began a "boom"—the first real boom Oregon has ever had. It was as if the State had only just been discovered. Stories of its mild climate, of the fortunes easily made with hops or fruit, spread, and now the six rail-

roads terminating in Portland can hardly handle the incoming crowds, while the value of land has been doubled and trebled.

Portland itself gives the most vivid impression of this sudden and startling progress. I remember the time when a weekly steamer from San Francisco and a daily stage were the only communication Portland had with the rest of the world. Last summer there was a train every fifteen minutes of the day, and the Union Station presented as busy an aspect as the Grand Central in New York. Portland is no longer the commercial head-quarters of all the Northwest, as it was before Tacoma, Seattle, and Vancouver were built; yet it grows faster than it did in those happy days. As a healthy boy outgrows his clothes, so it has, within a few years, outgrown its public buildings and its bridges. A larger post-office will have to be built, though the present one is among the stateliest buildings in the city. There was an increase of 24 per cent. in the post-office receipts last September over those of the same month in the preceding year.

In 1905, the year of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, the bank clearings for the third week of August were \$3,314,004. For the same week last year they were \$7,017,424, a gain of more than 110 per cent. in four years. In the building activity of last August there was a gain of 28 per cent. over that of the preceding August. The present population probably exceeds 200,000. In the scattered suburbs there is much that (as we heard a woman say in the cars at Klamath Falls) "looks awful preliminary, as Jim says"; but the city itself has preserved that settled, refined, dignified aspect which has always distinguished it. It has grown more beautiful too. Since it began to have its annual flower festival it has become known as the "Rose City." One might properly call Oregon the Rose State, not only because cultivated roses grow so rankly and all the year round, but because wild-rose bushes attain dimensions unknown elsewhere. They are among rose bushes what the California sequoias are among the world's big trees. The climate does it—a great climate! I was in Oregon seventy-one days last summer, and if I could have regulated the thermometer to suit myself, I should not have touched it three times! A night's sleep in Oregon is worth a week's vacation in the East.

Commercially, the biggest things in Oregon, the things which built up its wealth, are salmon, fruit, and lumber. Formerly it was wheat, in place of fruit, but wheat growing shows a decrease, as it does in California, and for the same reason: the wheat land, given up to fruit or hops, will yield twenty times as much money. In salmon there has been a retrogression of late, but simply because the foolish Columbia River fishermen killed the fish which laid the golden eggs. As soon as the law is enforced, the salmon will again be as plentiful in the Columbia as they were last summer in the neighboring State of Washington, where all records were broken, thousands of tons escaping the cans because the fishermen, working twenty-four hours a day, could not trap or net them. In a good year like that, the salmon catch is worth seven million dollars to Washington.

What their trees are worth to these two States is almost incredible; the figures give one a dizzy feeling. To Oregon alone its timber interests are worth sixty million dol-

lars a year. There are now standing in this State three hundred billion feet of merchantable timber which, at the present rate of cutting, would last one hundred and twenty years. According to the State Board of Forestry, the commercial value of Oregon's standing timber is three billion six hundred million dollars, a sum in excess of the total amount of money in currency in the United States at present. Great progress has been made in recent years in eliminating wasteful methods of lumbering and in fighting forest fires; in 1908 there were one hundred and eighty fire wardens in the State, and there was a noticeable decrease in the number of great fires.

The inhabitants of the Emerald State are at last beginning to realize the value of their trees. This implies a great change—an aspect of Oregon psychology on which it would be interesting to dwell. To the early settlers in this State trees were hated obstacles. These pioneers needed clearings to plant their vegetables and wheat, and the trees had to be exterminated laboriously. Some of the older men still harbor the hatred of the firs thus acquired; they cut them down on trivial pretexts: "they might fall on the house during a storm," "they shade the fruit-trees." Even shrubs are included in the carnage, because of this inherited passion for "clearings." A Portland lady who owns a cottage on the coast told me that one day, when she returned to it, she was horrified to find that a neighboring farmer, who felt under obligations to her, had cleared away all the brush surrounding it, mostly wild-rose bushes. "They were real pretty, too!" he said to her by way of emphasizing the nobility of his deed!

Altogether too much liberty is allowed farmers in burning up their "slashings" during the summer months; not only because these home-made fires often spread to the forests, but because they create a dense smoke which for weeks completely obliterates the glorious mountain scenery. Mount Hood is to Oregon, and especially to Portland, what Fuji is to Japan. It unites beauty with grandeur as perhaps no other mountain does except the Swiss Jungfrau; yet, together with the other snow peaks visible from Portland Heights, it cannot be seen for weeks at a time in summer, except by going up to Government Camp on the south side, or to Cloud Cap Inn on the north

side. Here one is half-way up the mountain, and its snowy cone is above the smoke. From this inn one also gets superb views of Washington's great isolated snow peaks—St. Helen's, Adams, and the stupendous Mount Tacoma. We saw these, last September, floating like polar islands on an ocean of smoke, and had to confess that even the world-famed Yosemite has nothing equal to this in grandeur.

Yet how few know anything about this, the real Switzerland of America! It has not been advertised, not been made accessible as the California view points have. The Oregonians and Washingtonians are just beginning to wake up to their duty in this respect. It is significant that the official book on the State of Washington distributed at the Seattle Exposition, after dwelling on the State's marvellous resources, exclaims that "still its crowning glory is its matchless scenery." Some day this may prove true even from a utilitarian point of view. The billions of fishes—among them ninety-five edible kinds—may be exterminated; the one hundred and twenty billion feet of timber may be cut down or devoured by flames; insects may destroy the hops and orchards—including that tree at Lexington which bears one thousand five hundred pounds of Royal Anne cherries in a year; but the scenery—including the fiords and peaks and glaciers of Alaska, to which Seattle is the gateway—will remain forever; and knowing as I do the glories of this region, I do not hesitate to predict that within a few decades the summer climate and scenery of this North-west will be a source of revenue second to none. Recall what her climate and scenery have done for California; and think of the some sixty million dollars which Switzerland derives every year from her scenery and her summer climate!

The most notable instance of recent progress from this point of view is the construction of the government road up to Paradise Valley, some five thousand five hundred feet up the south side of Mount Tacoma, whence one gets unspeakably grand views of its snowy slopes and summit. The famous road expert, Mr. Samuel Hill, whom we were so fortunate as to meet here, showing Earl Grey that we have something to beat even his Canadian Rockies, has glorious plans for a road encircling the whole mountain, showing it from every point of

view. It will be the grandest road in America, for Tacoma is our grandest mountain.

Obviously, the grandest mountain in all America should be all American. Let us call it Mount Tacoma, not Mount Rainier. Tacoma is its original American name. Most of the Indian tribes living within sight of it, among them the Puyallups, Nesquallis, Yakimas, and Klickitats, called it "Takhoma," "the mountain." When Captain Vancouver "discovered" this peak, in 1792, he referred in his diary to "the round snowy mountain . . . which, after my friend Rear-Admiral Rainier, I distinguish by the name of Mount Rainier." He did not know its Indian name and probably would have ignored it if he had known it. But one of the chief aims of our mountain lovers and clubs now is to restore aboriginal names wherever possible. This alone ought to settle the matter in dispute; but in the present case there are strong personal reasons why the original name should be retained. To say that Mount Tacoma has thirty-two thousand five hundred acres of ice and snow; that it covers, with its foot-hills, three thousand square miles, or twice the area of the whole State of Rhode Island, is to give but a faint idea of its massive grandeur. From sea level it rears its head into the clouds three miles above; and though fifty miles from Tacoma, sixty from Seattle, so huge is it that it seems to be only ten miles away and dominates all the landscape. To have such a mountain named after one is an honor indeed. Does Rear-Admiral Rainier deserve that incomparable honor *at our hands*? Should *we* bestow it on a man whose sole claim to historic mention is that he was a British naval officer who fought to prevent the American people from securing their independence, and fought so hard that he was advanced to post rank?*

If American patriotism did not suffice to answer that question, the American sense of humor would. I make another prediction. Rear-Admiral Rainier will, within a decade, share the fate of the pro-slavery Governor Bigler of California, whose name was imposed for a time on the beautiful lake called Tahoe by the Indians; and of the Earl of Sandwich, after whom, for a number of years, our Hawaiian Islands were named. Return to the aboriginal

* See the details in Prof. E. S. Meany's "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," pp. 99-101.

name in all these cases is in the direct line of progress.

The restoration of the right name will be hastened by the fact that the city of Tacoma, which was named after the mountain (the whole State would have been called Tacoma if President Roosevelt could have had his way), is the gateway to it and issues the railway folders. The growth within the last ten years, of this city—which is distinguished for its splendid harbor; its stately streets, some a hundred feet, none less than eighty wide; and a site and environment pronounced by Henry Irving the most beautiful he had ever seen—would be pointed at as a wonder were it not overshadowed by the still greater growth of Seattle, which had the advantage of being nearer Alaska. The Seattleites do not blink the fact that it is to the Alaska trade chiefly that they owe the size of their city, containing now over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The name chosen for their exposition—"Alaska-Yukon-Pacific"—proclaimed that fact loudly. The main incident of the exposition was the unveiling of a monument to William H. Seward, who foresaw the value of Alaska when others called it "Seward's Folly" because the enormous sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars had been paid for it at his instigation. He guessed its value as a source of furs and fish, but he would have been as astonished

as his opponents had any one foretold that the total wealth production of Alaska in thirty years (from 1880) would exceed three hundred million dollars, and that in the twentieth century the annual value of canned salmon alone would be ten million dollars, while the yearly gold production would be three times the amount of the purchase price. And Alaska already has more than three hundred miles of railways.

At the opening ceremonies of the Seattle Exposition President James J. Hill truly remarked that the growth resulting from the building of new railways is like that which follows the introduction of irrigation. In railroad building the North-west at present leads the country. There is also ever present the inspiration of other big jobs. The building up of an Oriental trade in the face of much competition is one of these. Another was the bringing of electric power forty miles from the Snoqualmie Falls. The most astonishing of them is the levelling of the hills on which the city is perched, a process which involves the removal, it is claimed, of more ground than any other modern undertaking except the Panama Canal. There is something truly inspiring in such energy. The middle-aged man feels in the first flush of youth again, eager to throw off his coat, put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his share in helping along this splendid progress.

THE WISDOM OF NATURE

By Maurice Francis Egan

THE death frost lies where late the roses threw
 A thousand petals on the soft June grass,
 And o'er the lawn dark spectral shadows pass
 Of naked boughs where clover-blossoms grew;
 The thrushes' nest is empty;—swift winds strew
 The straws to right and left;—from that green mass
 Of box and arbor-vitæ sounds,—alas!—
 No happy note,—gone is the rustling crew
 That peopled there. O what is Death to thee,
 Thou ceaseless Nature?—ocean calls, I go
 To lie beneath with many helpless men,
 Yet ripples laugh, new waves rise merrily;—
 Death may not dim thy morn's recurrent glow,
 For well thou knowest it means Life again.

GEORGE CABOT LODGE

By Edith Wharton



IT would be impossible, I think, for any friend of George Cabot Lodge's to write of the poet without first speaking of the man; and this not only because his art was so close to his life, but also, and chiefly, because, to those near enough to measure him, his character, his temper, the "virtue" in him, made his talent, distinguished as it was, a mere part of an abounding whole.

Abundance—that is the word which comes to me whenever I try to describe him. During the twelve years of our friendship—and from the very day that it began—I had, whenever we were together, the sense of his being a creature as profusely as he was finely endowed. There was an exceptional delicacy in his abundance, and an extraordinary volume in his delicacy.

All this, on the day when he was first brought to see me—a spring afternoon of the year 1898 in Washington—was lit up by a beautiful boyish freshness, which, as the years passed, somehow contrived to ripen without fading. In the first five minutes of our talk he gave himself with the characteristic wholeness that made him so rare a friend: showing me all the sides of his varied nature, the grave sense of beauty, the flashing contempt of meanness, and that large spring of kindly laughter that comes to many only as a result of the long tolerance of life. It was one of his gifts thus to brush aside the preliminaries of acquaintance and enter at once, with a kind of royal ease, on the rights and privileges of friendship; as though, one might think, with a foreboding of the short time given him to enjoy them.

Aside from this, however, there was nothing of the pathetically predestined in the young Cabot Lodge. Then—and to the end—he lived every moment to the full, and the first impression he made was of a joyous physical life. His sweet smile, his easy strength, his deep eyes full of laughter and visions—these struck one even before his look of intellectual power. I have sel-

dom seen any one in whom the natural man was so wholesomely blent with the reflecting intelligence; and it was not the least of his charms that he sent such stout roots into the earth, and had such a hearty love for all he drew from it. Nothing was common or unclean to him but the vulgar, the base and the insincere, and his youthful impatience at the littleness of human nature was tempered by an unusually mature sense of its humours.

I might pause to speak of the accomplishments that made his society, from the first, so refreshing and animating: for he was an admirable linguist, a good "Grecian," a sensitive lover of the arts, and possessed, on the whole, of the fullest general "culture" I have ever known in a youth of his age. But even as I number his gifts I see how suffused they were for me by the glow of his beautiful nature, and how little what he knew ever counted in comparison with what he was; unless it be exacter to say that it counted precisely in proportion to what he was. At any rate, his attainments did not, even in those days, single him out as much as his unusual gift of sympathy, and the range of his response to the imaginative call. As his voice—that beautiful medium of fine English speech—could pass from the recital of Whitman or Leconte de Lisle to the vivid mimicry of some exchange of platitudes overheard in street or train, so his mind flashed through the same swift transitions, and the boy who was dramatizing the broad humours of a *tournee de Montmartre* would break off to tell how, at the end of a summer night in London, he had gone down to await the dawn on Westminster Bridge,

"When all that mighty heart was lying still."

One is accustomed, in enjoying the comradeship of young minds, to allow in them for a measure of passing egotism, often the more marked in proportion to their sensitiveness to impressions; but it was Cabot Lodge's special grace to possess the sensitiveness without the egotism. Always as

free from pedantry as from conceit, he understood from the first the give and take of good talk, and was not only quick to see the other side of an argument but ready to reinforce it by his sympathetic interpretation. And because of this responsiveness of mind, and of the liberating, vivifying nature from which it sprang, he must always, to his friends, remain first of all, and most incomparably, a Friend.

It was in the year of our meeting that "The Song of the Wave, by George Cabot Lodge," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons. When this earliest volume appeared, the young author (who had taken his degree at Harvard in 1895), had but lately returned from Paris, where, in close comradeship with his friend Joseph Stickney, he had spent two years in linguistic and historical studies at the Sorbonne.

Perhaps, if measured with his later works, the most distinctive thing about "The Song of the Wave" is its title. All his life long, George Cabot Lodge was a lover of the sea.

"Come, said the Ocean, I have songs to sing,
And need thine utterance."

This is the voice of his "call," to which henceforth he always lent a yearning ear, and which was soon to find a more individual utterance in "The Greek Galley," the best poem of his second volume (published in 1902), and to break into its fullest expression in the beautiful "Tuckanuck" sonnets of "The Great Adventure" (1905). The sea was no mere symbol to him, nor his love of it a literary attitude. Living from childhood on the rocky New England coast, and spending long weeks of his dreaming studious youth on the lonely beach of Tuckanuck Island, off Nantucket, he had as close a kinship as Whitman's with the element he sang, and sailing and swimming were the forms of exercise in which he most delighted. The sea is a great inspirer of song, but she has been sung so often and so long that she may be pardoned for sometimes repeating an old refrain in the ears of her new lovers. It was inevitable that George Cabot Lodge, like other young poets, should pass through the imitative stage of which his first three volumes give occasional proof, and equally inevitable that the voices of Whitman and

Swinburne should be those oftenest heard in them. "N'écoute pas"—Gounod once wrote in a letter to a friend—"N'écoute pas ceux qui te disent qu'il ne faut pas imiter les maîtres, ce n'est pas vrai; il ne faut pas en imiter un, mais les imiter tous. . . . *On ne devient grand maître qu'à condition d'être le parent des autres.*" And the same argument is put more forcibly in Goethe's cry to Eckermann: "Originality? What do people mean by originality? From the moment of our birth the world begins to react on us, and the only thing we can call our own is our energy, our power, our will"—in other words, our reaction on the world.

The first opportunity to test himself in this respect came to Cabot Lodge, as it comes to so many, through a private grief—the death of his friend Stickney; and in the sonnets commemorating this loss his verse first sounds a distinctly personal note.

The one beginning:

"At least," he said, "we spent with Socrates
Some memorable days, and in our youth
Were curious and respectful of the Truth,"

has a gallant ring of young defiance, but a more sustained level of beauty is reached in "Days."

"Still on his grave, relentless, one by one,
They fall, as fell the mystic, Sibylline
Sad leaves, and still the Meaning's secret sign
Dies undeciphered with each dying sun—"

To wrest from life the secret of that meaning was the problem that haunted Cabot Lodge; and the insistency with which his verse reverts to it is saved from sameness only by the varied notes it wrung from him.

He had already, in the year preceding the publication of "The Great Adventure," attempted to give the subject an ampler and more philosophic expression in the long dramatic poem called "Cain." In this volume his fine sense of rhythm finds its first large opportunity, and the blank verse is of a variety and an *envergure* remarkable in a first effort of such length. Nevertheless, intellectually and imaginatively he traversed a great distance in the year between "Cain" and "The Great Adventure," and three years after the latter book he brought out another dramatic poem—"Herakles"—in which the image he had so patiently

sought to shape emerged at length from the marble. The theory that the artist should sacrifice much to produce little—the “sculpte, lime, cisèle” of Gautier—seems sometimes to be confused with the notion that abundant production is proof of mediocrity. Mediocrity, alas, is often fertile; but so, almost always, is genius. Taken by itself, abundance, in the sense of capacity for sustained expression, is a hopeful sign; and it is well that a young poet should measure himself with a long task. Cabot Lodge, in “Herakles,” certainly proved the value of the effort. It freed him from the tendency to draw all his effects from his inner experience, and roused him to a perception of dramatic values. The subject he chose was magnificent: the labours of Herakles, like the “passive resistance” of Prometheus, offer an inexhaustible theme to the poetic imagination. A page from Diodorus Siculus sums up the argument; but the author, indifferent to archæology, uses the legend as the symbol of the long labour of the soul of man, “dissatisfied, curious, unconvinced at last,” and ever, in Goethe’s phrase, going “forward over graves.”

As regards the growth of Cabot Lodge’s art, perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume—aside from the more complex harmony of the verse—is the drawing of Creon’s character. Hitherto the poet’s personages had been mouth-pieces, but in the Theban King he created a man, and the ease with which he “exteriorized” Creon’s good-humoured disenchantment and tolerant worldly wisdom gave promise of a growing power to deal with his themes objectively. This promise is reaffirmed in “The Noctambulist,” one of the long poems of “The Soul’s Inheritance,” the volume to which Cabot Lodge had put the finishing touches just before his sudden death. The protagonist of the poem is not, like Creon, a character antithetical to his creator. He is a version of the poet’s own personality, but a new version, and one rendered *from the outside*. This power of dissociation, and the ability to project one self far enough for the other to focus it, is the very mainspring of the dramatizing faculty; for to draw one’s neighbour is a much easier business than to draw *one’s self as seen by one’s neighbour*.

The Noctambulist is he who, having

“been all the rounds of repetition” in “the same old adventure of the mind,” has reached the point when

“Swift as passion, brutal as a blow,
The Dark shuts down. . . .

And, O, the truth

Is terrible within us!—for at last

We touch our bounds—we fill, in every gyre,

In all its pearly mansions, wondrously,

Up from what blind beginnings, long-evolved—

The unfinished shell of our humanity.”

He has reached that point; has felt—

“Walled round and prisoned in the senseless
dark—

How little we are free! . . .”

And has gone on to the farther discovery that

“The Night is best!—for only when we fill

The total measure of our human ken,

And feel in every exercise of being

The bondage of our fixed infirmities,

Are we assured that we, in every cell

And nerve, respond to all life’s whole appeal,

Known and unknown, in sense and heart and
brain. . . .”

This is the writer’s maturest conception of life, and his verse rose with it in an ampler movement. Such memorable passages abound in “The Noctambulist,” and in its harmony of thought and form it remains perhaps the completest product of Cabot Lodge’s art.

An increasing beauty of versification marks this latest volume. His was not the lyric muse. He “knew to build the lofty rhyme,” and the measured pace of blank verse, and the balanced architecture of the sonnet, best fitted the expression of his reflective and discursive mind. It is indeed a defect of some of his earlier verse that it deals too exclusively with general ideas expressed in abstract terms; but with the rounding of his nature he had grown more sensitive to the appeal of the visible world. The awakening of this sense expresses itself in “Unison,” another poem contained in the last volume.

“So, in the mind’s resolute unity,

All powers and phases of the natural world

Showed the one urge within, and we discerned

In the rich tissue of apparent things

The secret sense which is not theirs but ours.”

The quality of the last lines shows to what degree his verse was in process of being en-

riched by this sensibility to external beauty. Already it had given him not only new images, but a new simplicity and directness of phrase. The lines:

"The mountain rose in power beneath our feet,
Vestured in basalt *and the endless grass*"

have a concreteness and a colour undiscov-
erable in his earlier volumes. And a higher
simplicity is reached in the poem called
"Strength and Solitude."

"We have laid down our ear to the dumb sod—
We who are man and mortal as all things,
And more and yet not otherwise than they—
We have laid down our ear and heard the earth
Of graves and the innumerable grass
Whisper to us. . . ."

Here the beauty of visible things speaks no
longer in images, but directly, without need
of interpretation, in that fusion of thought
and sense which makes the magic of poetry.

From the first, Cabot Lodge had shown a
preference for the sonnet. Its structural
severity appealed to his sense of form, and
to the seriousness of his poetic mood. In
every volume from the "Poems" to "The
Soul's Inheritance," he gave this shape to
some of the best expressions of his thought;
and, as with his blank verse, so in the metric
of his sonnets, the beauty of form grew
with the growing richness of content. All
through the sonnets there are fine passages,
such as:

"O Memory, Lord of broken and broadcast
Fragments of life, like scattered Cyclades
Set in the dark illimitable seas
Of Time——"

and

"May we . . . discern how earth and sky and sea,
And love and life and death and destiny,
Are wrought of one eternal element,
Quarried in dim deep strata of the soul,"

and single lines of insistent beauty, like the
picture of Love:

"With eyes of silence and with lips of song,"

and the magnificent apostrophe to Silence:

"Lord of the deserts 'twixt a million spheres."

As his work progressed, the scattered
graces were more often knit into a homo-
geneous whole, and one comes on sonnets
of such completeness as "Questions,"
"Only the Dark!" or "Cor Cordium"—
the latter marked by a beautiful inversion
of the familiar sea-shell metaphor:

"Then, as it were against the inward ear,
We hold, in silence, like a chambered shell,
The dazed one human heart—and seem to hear
Forever and forever rise and swell
And fail and fall on Death's eventual shore,
Tragic and vast, Life's inarticulate roar!"

In "The Soul's Inheritance" each of the
longer poems leads up to a stately portico of
sonnets, in whose intercolumniations the
gravely moving pentameters lose themselves
like the garlanded figures of some Greek
procession. Almost all these sonnets are
fine; and it is at once tragic and consoling
for those who loved him and watched his
progress with a jealous care, to note that
the latest are the finest. Intellectually and
plastically, he was nearing completeness in
this form of verse; and how close he had
come to it such a poem as this remains to
prove.

"Earth, sea and sky are not as once they were
To us: there is no aspect of all things,
No pulse of heart or brain, no whisperings
Of truth's grave music to the inward ear,
Unaltered or unglorified: the mere
Being of life, intense as song-swept strings,
Is like a breathless sense of soaring wings
Loosed in the spirit's boundless atmosphere! . . .
We are not as we were! Our feet have ranged
The summits of imperishable hours;
Life is a lordlier hope; and we, estranged
In secret and at heart from all control,
Walk in the wide new futures of the soul,
Charged as with incommensurable powers! . . ."

To part with him on this note is to pre-
serve his image as it lives in the hearts
that cherish him. To the end he travelled,
seeking "new ranges for the feet of song,"
and one leaves him on a height, with his
face to the morning. For he, who had so
many gifts, had above all the gift of life;
and that is the best, since it gives all the
others their savour.

CHAPEL IN THE BARRACKS

By C. A. Price

I HEAR the fresh young voices rise
And sudden mists obscure my eyes.

For through the organ's drone and hum
Pulses and throbs the calling drum,
Loud rings the peaceful hymn, but still
Louder, to me, the bugles shrill.
Red-cheeked, clear-eyed, clean-limbed they stand,
They look the flower of the land,
Boys gathered here from East and West
To do America's behest,
And she in turn will send them forth,
East and West and South and North.
Their faces all from home are set,
Not memory holds them, nor regret;
Yet one in dreams shall fold his sheep,
One see again his father weep,
One on the playground's narrow stage
In mimic battle oft engage;
And as a child, unheeding, throws
Lightly to ground his just-plucked rose,
So, to the land that gave them birth
These toss their lives as little worth.

—And we, whose portion is to lift
From where is flung the priceless gift?

We set the task they but fulfil;
Theirs are the deeds but ours the will,
To build, to wreck, to save, to slay,
To pledge to-morrow for to-day,
To choose for guide the shine of gold
Or star our fathers knew of old!
And one shall lie in desert sands,
And one where dawn first lights the lands,
So shall they take their dreamless sleep
With none beside their grave to weep;
But shall our eyes at home be wet
With tears of memory—or regret?

Louder and louder calls the drum
Above the hymn: Come soldier, Come!



"She's just tryin' to reform him—that's what she's doin'."

THE LAMB IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CONACHER

IT was in the store, as he sat in the shadows, unnoticed, behind the big egg-stove, that Willie Calker first learned of the danger which threatened his happiness. Listening to Mr. Holmes and Mr. Killowill descanting on love and matrimony, he was finding much enjoyment in their philosophic comment on the motives of men and the minds of women, little dreaming that their vague allusions were to his mother and Mortimer Berry. Then he was rudely awakened to the truth.

Mr. Holmes began to laugh in his sardonic cackle. "It otter be a good thing for Willie to have a step-pa," he said, wagging

his head sagely. "What that boy needs is some un with a legal right to keep him down. He's too in'epen'ent, and I figger Mortimer Berry ain't so am'able as he sets up to be."

Willie Calker lost his delicate balance on the nail keg and, to the amazement of the habitués of bench and counter, came hurtling across the floor. Rising, he confronted them with face flaming and hands clenched.

"You hadn't otter speak that way," he cried, addressing himself angrily to Mr. Holmes. "My mother is not settin' her cap for Mr. Berry. She's just tryin' to reform him—that's what she's doin', and I know it."

Martin Holmes tapped the boy's shoulder playfully with his cane. "You're gettin'

all het up about nothin', sonny," he said in a soothing tone. "You couldn't have a nicer step-pa than Mortimer, and as for him needin' reform, him as can say so many texts, why that's redicklus."

Willie Calker pointed a threatening forefinger at the old man. "I'll bet you—" He stopped, for he realized the impropriety of making his mother the subject of a wager, and, moreover, as he recalled her casual re-

his feet, and pondering over the strange situation which had so suddenly risen in his life.

Willie Calker had always realized the possibility of his having a step-father, but the idea of his mother picking one out for him was new and startling. That he should have had no voice in a matter so intimately concerning him as the choice of a father was unfair, yet unavoidable; it was perfectly possible that his wishes regarding his



Pondering over the strange situation.

marks about Mr. Berry, giving evidence of her increasing interest in him, the odds seemed too heavily in the stranger's favor to allow much risk on a reckless boast. "It wouldn't be right for me to bet," he added quickly.

"And I wouldn't advise you bettin' nuther," snapped Lucien Killowill. "In fact, Willie, knowin' what I know about weemen, and observin' what I observe in Sunday-school and on your pyazza, it would be wrong, downright wrong, for me to take you up. But just the same——"

"Just the same, I'll have something to say about who'll be my step-pa," cried the boy defiantly.

Swinging his cap to his head, he pulled it down over his ears with a gesture of determination, squared his shoulders, and strutted out of the store. Away from the eyes and taunts of the company there, his bravado fled; he broke into a run and never stopped until he had reached the solitude of the meadows, where he lay in the shade of the alders, watching the creek gurgling at

step-father should be respected and very just. Yet his mother seemed to have no intention of consulting him. He did recall, one day at dinner, when she had asked him casually how he liked Mr. Berry, and on his giving expression to his opinion, she had sighed and cautioned him not to speak so disrespectfully of those of whom he knew so little. How different it would have been had she looked at him in that same way, carelessly, yet archly, over the top of her teacup and asked what he thought of Harvey Homer. He did know Harvey Homer, that wholesome, whole-souled giant, who sang tenor, barytone, and bass with equal facility, and was the surest shot in the valley. He knew him as a man to whom any boy would be proud to claim relationship. On many a crisp autumn day they had hunted together on the ridges, and to the lad there was no music like the deep-throated bay of the hound, the crackle of the brush, the riot of the wind and leaves; to him there was no well of wisdom like that from which he drank as he sprawled beside the noon-day

fire while Harvey, loquacious over his pipe, gave him of the riches of a wide experience. There was nothing in the world that Harvey had not seen; nothing in the book of life that he did not know. But when, forgetful in the play of his fancy, the boy would place his friend in a nearer relation, the subpaternal, carry him from the clearing on the ridges to fill the vacant place in his own home, to sit with him in the evenings untangling fishing-lines and loading cartridges, the delightful picture would fade away before the haunting presence of a wife and three children. Though without any unbearable pricks of conscience, he might consider with satisfaction the possibility of the sudden demise of Mrs. Homer, he found it hard to proceed mentally to a slaughter of the infants, and even with their mother comfortably disposed of, he realized that much as he might desire Harvey for a father, he would equally abhor such impedimenta as sisters. The very remote possibility of attaining Harvey Homer under satisfactory conditions made doubly hard the pressing danger of Mortimer Berry. Mrs. Calker was right when she declared that her son knew little of Mr. Berry. Indeed, no one in Six Stars knew much of him, for he had come there hardly a month before from Harmony, and Harmony lies over the mountains. A small man, and one so fastidious as he, could hardly be expected to meet a boy's approval, but the whole village was unfavorably impressed when on the Sunday after he had taken board at the Killowill's he appeared in church wearing a blue and white blazer and white tennis shoes; and of these early critics none was more severe than Mrs. Calker. She expressed herself very openly on a man given to such vain display, who sat all morning on the Killowill's porch sunning himself, and spent the afternoon pitching quoits with Mr. Holmes and his cronies. But a sudden reversal of her opinion was brought about when he joined her Bible class, and quickly proved himself the aptest scholar in a company ranging in years from seventeen to seventy. Did she ask "What did he then do?" Mr. Berry always had the answer, and so versed was he in the distances from Marah to Elim and from Elim to Jor-

dan, and in the problems of who begat whom, that he was soon established as a court of appeal, and it became the custom of the teacher to refer to him all disputed points, marking him thus as an example to be followed. Naturally, such favoritism did not heighten Mr. Berry's popularity with his fellows. Naturally, too, Mrs. Calker's good opinion of him increased when he abandoned quoits and became a regular afternoon visitor at her house. As outspoken as she had been in his disparagement she now was in his praise. Even Mr. Killowill's plaint that the stranger had not paid a dollar of board met with small sympathy from her. Ah! Mr. Killowill should rejoice in this opportunity to feed one of Heaven's sparrows! But Mr. Killowill did not rejoice. He retorted that not only was the sparrow feeding at his expense, but he was also comfortably ensconced in the best double room on the sunny side of the house, and was most insistent about not having to make his own bed and carry his own water.

It was this conversation of Mrs. Calker and Mr. Killowill that gave rise to the first surmises as to the real cause of her regard



There was nothing in the world that Harvey had not seen.

for Mr. Berry, and in several quarters there was soon evident an ill-concealed jealousy of the stranger, for the widow was a decided catch. The exact amount of her fortune was not known, but it was certain that it was built on the solid foundation of a pension of twelve dollars monthly, her husband having served through nine months of the Civil War and come to an untimely end while shooting wild turkeys. Mr. Berry's sole possessions seemed to be his amiable manners and his good clothes, and when there came to his view a means of support so clearly visible as a widow of property, when he joined her Bible class and abandoned quoits for her company, the cynical world was quick to charge him with mercenary motives. When Mrs. Calker in missionary meeting suddenly interrupted a discussion of the natives of Allabalarad to announce her intention of remaining true to the memory of her late husband, the cynical world was equally ready to aver that she would soon marry again. The only person in the village who had not some opinion or theory on the mind of Mrs. Calker, or the motives of Mr. Berry, was the widow's son, for he had been so occupied with fishing and shooting that he had viewed with blind complacency the stranger's invasion of the home piazza, little dreaming that he planned a permanent settlement there. The idle discussion of Mr. Holmes and Mr. Killowill had aroused him to his danger, and now he lay alone in the meadows searching the sky for some way to ward it off. The more he thought of the little man with his light blue eyes, his soft voice, his blue and white blazer, the deeper grew his aversion. The gorgeous coat became to him a sheepskin that hid the lion. He hated him and feared him, though from him he had met nothing but kindness. He saw now only condescension in the cheerful greeting, confidence of power in the jovial camaraderie, sinister motive in the deferential friendliness. Beat him, he must! But how? In vain he sought in the blue for an inspiration. A July day when the sun beats down from a cloudless sky so you can see the ether waving over the fields does not stir the blood to action, so he lay with body listless and brain whirring, for hours, till the medley of village supper bells called him homeward.

He ran in sheer desperation, an aimless

race, save that for the moment he forgot his troubles, and he never halted till he had hurdled through the garden and reached the kitchen steps. There he paused, for the wailing notes of the melodeon came to him, with his mother's voice as she sang her favorite song and his. It brought back to him their many long evenings together, as he sat curled up in the big rocking-chair watching her and listening. Confused with this picture rose the threatening figure of Mortimer Berry, and he wanted to run to her and invoke her by the memory of their long companionship, not to let anyone come between them—not even Harvey Homer. But there was in her voice a strange note that stayed him, a note more languidly sentimental than he had ever heard before.

"I never was worthy of you, Dooglas
Not half worthy the like of you,
Now all men beside seem like shadows,
I love you, Dooglas
Dooglas, tender and true."

The melodeon seemed to have caught his mother's mood, and the wailing interlude chilled his heart.* Full of fear, he tiptoed around the house and peered through the sitting-room window.

Mrs. Calker was at the little organ and close beside her, brilliant even in the twilight by the colors of his coat, sat Mortimer Berry, leaning forward and gazing at her in adoration. When her hands had wavered over the keys in a last feeble plaint, she swung around on the stool and faced him.

"It is beautiful," he exclaimed. "Do you know, Mrs. Calker, it always makes me a better man to hear you sing?"

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Berry," the widow returned in a hushed voice, and turning her eyes to the Rogers group in the distant corner, she let them rest there pensively.

Mr. Berry was persistent. "It does," he cried, slapping his knee in emphasis.

Mrs. Calker still avoided his eyes. "The world is so full of darkness," she said, "that those of us who have oil should keep our lamps trimmed and burnin'."

"If ever—" Mr. Berry waved a striped arm, "if ever a woman used her talents right you do, Mrs. Calker. Where would I be to-day, if it wasn't for your teaching? In the gutter—in the gutter."

Mrs. Calker could not imagine such a descent for the immaculate Mr. Berry. She

protested and, turning to the melodeon, touched a few soft chords.

"But you are so good that you cannot understand," Mr. Berry persisted. "You don't know how really bad a man can be. Why, there's not a commandment I haven't broke at some time or other. My poor old mother was killed by the way I carried on, and now, since you have brought me to see the light, I feel like I had murdered her." The striped arm waved again. "Sinnin', Mrs. Calker, was my speciality."

"But you never actually stole or did things they could put you in jail for," said the widow gently.

Mr. Berry quickly reassured her on that point. "You see I went in more for the wices, but now, as I look back, I realize it's a great deal worse to lead a man into swearin' and gamblin' and dancin', than just to steal his buggy whip. Oh, Mrs. Calker, Mrs. Calker!"

The memory of that evil past brought tears to Mr. Berry's eyes.

"You mustn't carry on so," said Mrs. Calker soothingly. "If ever a man repented and reformed you have."

"But how can I forget the homes I've ruined," returned Mr. Berry in a choking voice; "the young men I've led into wicked ways, the mothers whose hearts I've broke. Was it a wonder they drove me out of Harmony; that I came here an outcast?"

"You was guided to Six Stars," said Mrs. Calker.

"Yes, I was guided." Mr. Berry smiled feebly. "One day I came, mocking-like, to Sunday-school, and you taught me, and your teachin' changed my whole life. What I am to-day I owe entirely to you."

By adroitly juggling his chair, Mr. Berry brought himself still closer to the widow,

and now, as her hands hung listlessly on the keys and her face was turned from him, he began to speak in a clear incisive tone.

"What don't I owe to you?" he asked solemnly. "Think of it—a young man born with every opportunity, throws 'em all away and plunges into the depths till his name becomes a by-word for wrong in his walley. He is driven out. He wanders over the

mountain an out-cast, meditatin' evil. A guidin' hand brings him to a woman, and as he sets at her feet he learns how to live——"

"Oh, Mr. Berry," cried Mrs. Calker.

"He is overwhelmed with sorrow," Mr. Berry went on, unheeding. "He sorrows for his wasted past. He vows he will go back home and live it down—redeem himself—make his name blessed in the walley, but when the time comes for him to part, he realizes——"

"Oh, Mr. Berry!" And little was it to be wondered that Mrs. Calker protested. The striped arm was reaching out toward

her appealingly, and to avoid it she jumped the stool toward the distant end of the melodeon.

"He realizes that all his goodness depends on her, that she is his staff—his supportin' staff. Without her he must sink again—sink, sink."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Calker, just turning the corners of her eyes to him.

"He must." Mr. Berry slapped his knee. "She is a good woman, a noble woman, but, above all, a beautiful woman. With her his life would be an example. Without her——"

The threat was whispered over the widow's shoulder. She swung half around and looked at him, smiling faintly.

"It makes me very happy to think I've helped you," she said. "I have always



"But how can I forget the homes I've ruined."

tried to keep my light shinin', and it's nice to know that when you've been throwin' out the life-line so regular, some one has taken holt at last."

"I have taken holt," cried Mr. Berry. "Now what will become of me if you let go?"

Mr. Berry shuddered. Mrs. Calker studied the Rogers group.

"Will you let go?" came the appeal again, enforced by the outstretched arms.

The widow flushed furiously, and to hide her confusion began to strike random chords on the melodeon.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "I can't see you drowned again."

"And you won't, will you?" Hope rang in Mr. Berry's voice. "You won't ruin the life you've saved? You won't——"

"I hear some one outside," Mrs. Calker cried, springing from her seat and running to the window. Mr. Berry followed her. They heard the rattle of bushes and the beat of flying feet, and together they leaned over the sill, trying to pierce the enclosing darkness, but could see nothing. They called, and only a whippoorwill answered them.

The boy was gone. He had slipped around the corner of the house and fled down the village street. It seemed to him that he was homeless now, that he had been turned out into the night without even a refuge from the coming storm. For when he paused a moment at the store, hesitating, the words of Martin Holmes came back to him with his own idle boast, and he feared to face the taunts of his intimate enemies. He ran on, wanting to be alone, to sit in silent thought and bring order to the riot of his brain. Where could he? Not at home with his mother at the melodeon singing to the triumphant Mr. Berry. In the meadows? By the mill-dam? Darkness was closing in those favorite retreats of his, and they were haunted by giant shapes, none the less terrible because he knew them to be trees thrashing wildly in the wind. He looked out to them from the bridge; then turned back timidly, more ready to meet the jeers of the store company than to go on to unknown perils. His refuge proved better than he had hoped, for it was the supper hour, and, peering through the smutted glass of the door, he saw a solitary man within, a mysterious stranger in black,

black hat, black beard, black clothes, sitting by the stove, eying it critically as he smoked. At once the boy's thoughts turned from his own troubles to the identity, character, and history of this solemn person. How he had come to Six Stars was plain, for a strange horse and buggy were hitched at the rail. But why he had come, and why he was sitting thus in profound melancholy, alone, in the gloom of the store, was a mystery worth probing. His mood seemed akin to Willie's own! Had he been threatened with a step-father he could not have been more dejected; so the boy felt drawn to him. But knowing it to be bad manners to thrust himself directly on a stranger, he softly opened the door, tiptoed to the end of the bench, and shuffled along until he was beneath the sad black eyes.

They regarded him quietly but he got no word of greeting.

"Good-evenin'," said Willie pleasantly.

The stranger gave him a gloomy nod.

"Mebbe you mowt be from Pleasantville," ventured Willie, after a moment.

The other shook his head.

Willie Calker was not abashed, for he was accustomed to the difficulties of making acquaintances. Picking a stick from the scuttle, he whittled it contemplatively for some time, and then, looking up, remarked:

"Well, mebbe you mowt be from East Canaan."

A faint smile showed through the black beard, but the reply was a weary shake of the head.

"Well, mebbe you mowt n't be from Buzzard's Glory."

The stranger took his pipe from his mouth and gazed with reproach at his small inquisitor.

"You hadn't otter ast so many questions sonny," he said.

"I'm not astin' questions," was the retort in the pleasantest possible tone. "I'm just guessin'. I guess you are a drummer."

Now Willie Calker knew well enough that drummers were a resplendent folk who wore fine raiment, and that this gruff giant in top-boots was as far from them in glory as Solomon from the lilies. Moreover, he was perfectly aware that no drummer would linger near Six Stars when night was falling, but rather would press on to Pleasantville and the luxuries of the Eagle. Yet, not being able to learn directly any-

thing of the stranger's history, he hoped to glean a little by a process of elimination. This suggestion was quickly eliminated, a loud guffaw greeting it.

"Well, mebbe you've run away from home," Willie went on cheerfully.

This proved too much even for so phlegmatic a temperament. A great hand shot forward and caught the boy's knee.

"I might as well give in," the stranger said. "Barker is my name—Morris K. Barker. By profession I'm a drover, and as for runnin' away from home, show me the man who'd run away from Harmony."

Willie Calker shook himself free and, rising to his feet, cried excitedly, "Mr. Berry, he run away from Harmony."

"Berry—Mortimer Berry?" asked Mr. Barker, aroused now to a sudden interest in the boy.

"That's him," Willie answered. "He was so bad he was drove out of Harmony an outcast. He came here mediatin' evil. Wices are his speciality."

He got no farther, for Mr. Barker had him by the collar and was shaking him with vigor.

"See here, lad," the drover cried angrily, "be careful what you say. No Harmony man'll listen to Mortimer Berry being ill bespoke of. Why, he's a saint, he is, a perfeck saint. We call him our Sunshine—Sunshine Berry. Look at me. Where would I be to-day if it wasn't for his teachin'? In the gutter, I tell you, in the gutter."

"I didn't mean any harm," faltered the boy, wriggling himself free. "You see, he's goin' to be my father. You see, he—" Tears came to his eyes and he tried to fight them back with his fists.

"You otter be happy of it." Mr. Barker was touched and spoke in a gruff but kindly voice. "Why, sonny, I can't think of anybody I'd rather have for a father than Mortimer Berry. He is the sweetest character in our walley—a deacon in the church—lived up so to what he teaches he give away everything he had, everything his pa left him, every cent. And when he went off to make his fortune there wasn't a soul in Harmony didn't feel bad to see him go. And there's many a mother in our town a-prayin' he'll soon come home to be an example to her wayward son. He nursed us when we was sick, he preached to us when we was fallin', he cheered us when

we was sad. Could I drive into Harmony to-morrow with him a-settin' beside me on the buggy seat, I'd be hailed like the conquerin' hero comes."

The remembrance of Sunshine Berry and his virtues had changed Mr. Barker from taciturnity to garrulousness. Doubtless he would have run on from generalities to specific instances of Mortimer's good deeds, had he not paused for breath, and Willie caught him by the sleeve and began to draw him gently toward the door. The picture the stranger painted of Mr. Berry was as little pleasing to the boy as Mr. Berry's portrait of himself; but saint or sinner made little difference to him. He had heard his mother singing his favorite songs to another, and had he thought even of Harvey Homer, it would not have been untangling fishing-lines and loading cartridges but stretched out in his own big rocking-chair, with eyes closed, listening to the strains of "Dooglas." A while ago he had fancied himself ejected forever from that rocking-chair, and now had come this solemn man from Harmony, loving Mortimer Berry for his goodness, and arousing his dying hope. Perhaps his own vague yearnings, his silent protests, had turned to prayers as they rose heavenward, and this was the answer.

"Have you had any supper, Mr. Barker?" he asked, tightening his hold on the black sleeve and opening the door.

"Only a piece," the drover replied. He was beginning to draw back gently, finding that his small friend seemed to consider him in custody. "I only stopped to rest my horse, allowing that after the storm I'd drive on up the walley. I guess I'd better not——"

"You'll see Mr. Berry at our house," said the boy, giving the sleeve a persuasive tug.

That decided Mr. Barker. If there was one man in the world he wanted to see, it was Mortimer Berry, to tell him how much he was missed in Harmony, and to carry him a word of comfort and good cheer. So, without further resistance, he turned up his coat collar and suffered himself to be led forth into the rain. But Mortimer Berry did not reciprocate his friend's delight. What he was saying to Mrs. Calker when the door suddenly opened to admit the visitor matters little. That Mrs. Calker gave a muffled scream of embarrassment is of

more importance. She saw a stranger, a great ominous-looking man, standing in the doorway regarding Mr. Berry solemnly, whether with good or evil intent she could not tell, and her son was hidden from her by the mighty black bulk, which he was trying to move onward by quick importunate jabs.

"How could you!" cried the widow, rising in confusion.

"It's only Mr. Barker," came in Willie's reassuring voice. "He's come to supper and to see Mr. Berry."

Evidently Mr. Berry did not appreciate the attention, for he sidled to the distant end of the settee, yet he was not in time to avoid the embrace of his friend. Before he could speak he was lifted to his feet, held at arm's length, and regarded lovingly.

"Well, well, Sunshine," exclaimed Mr. Barker in a voice that filled the room. "It's like a breath of fresh air to see you again. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Calker, on your choice. There never was a better man in Harmony than him, a sweeter character, a nobler——"

"Oh, don't say that, Morris," protested Mr. Berry, struggling feebly to free himself.

"I will say it," snapped Mr. Barker. "Do you think I am ungrateful? Mrs. Calker, if it had not been for this good man I'd be in the gutter to-day, and I'm proud of it. He redeemed me."

To the widow these tidings seemed anything but glad. The indignant face with which she had first confronted Mr. Barker was now turned to Mr. Berry, and, forgetting appearances, she put on her spectacles, and they magnified the gaze full of disappointment and reproach with which she regarded him silently. Seeing the course of his mother's anger, Willie sidled to her and slipped his arm through hers.

"Tell how Mr. Berry nursed the sick," he cried.

Mr. Barker sank down on the settee, taking his friend with him, and pinned him there by an arm thrown affectionately across the shoulders. Crossing his legs and making himself comfortable as though he were fixed for the evening, he beamed on his prisoner with an expansive smile.

"I would keep you all night if I started to tell you half the good things our Sunshine has done," he said.

Mrs. Calker dropped into the rocking-



"I would keep you all night if I started to tell you half the good things our Sunshine has done"

chair. Reaching out for her boy's hand, she drew him closer to her side, but never for an instant did she take her eyes from the white face of Mr. Berry.

"Is what Mr. Barker says true?" she asked in a quavering voice.

The answer was a hard cough.

"Is it?" she persisted, speaking louder.

"Morris doesn't know what a sinner I really was," faltered Mr. Berry.

Mr. Barker smiled more generously. "That's our Sunshine all over," he exclaimed. "He allus was the modestest man, Mrs. Calker, allus talked so humble-like, yet there is more than one in Harmony as owes their lives to his upliftin' power. You'll be glad to hear, Mortimer, that just the other day old Mrs. Zook was tellin' me how you had saved her boy Arthur, how you had set up nights nursin' him through airysepelas. Why, since you left, your Sunday-school class has all fell apart and——"

"Didn't Mr. Berry break his poor old mother's heart?" demanded Mrs. Calker in a sharp tone.

"Break his mother's heart!" cried Mr. Barker, with a gesture of protest. "Why, ma'am, he was the light of that dear woman's eyes. Many's the time she says to me, she says, 'Morris——'"

"You never knew how I really treated mother," broke in Mr. Berry hoarsely.

"Modest and unassumin' as ever," returned Mr. Barker, patting his friend's back. "You understand now, Mrs. Calker, why we are all so fond of him. If he'll just set quiet a while and not wriggle so, I'd like to tell you how, when I was far from the fold, and given to swearin' and dancin', I come one day to his Sunday-school class and was changed, uplifted——"

"Don't, don't, Morris," pleaded Mr. Berry.

"I will," said Mr. Barker firmly. "Mrs. Calker will be pleased to hear it. You see, ma'am, I'm a drover, and drovin' is a wild, careless kind of a life that keeps a man



A big one and a little one, arm in arm.—Page 250.

buggy ridin' all over the county, so naturally he comes in contact with many kinds of temptation. And as I was sayin'——"

It was Mrs. Calker who interrupted him now. She rose. Her arm was about her boy's neck, and her cold eyes were still regarding Mr. Berry as he sat mute and helpless in the friendly embrace.

"And I thought I had saved you," she said, shaking her head sadly.

"You did!" Mr. Berry leaped to his feet and freed himself. He made one step toward her, only to be checked by her hostile gaze.

"You might as well talk of savin' angels," said Mr. Barker, catching at the striped coat and trying to draw his friend back to him. "He'll be a great sperkital help to you, ma'am, I'm sure. Now won't you set down while I continue?"

Mrs. Calker ignored his appeal and, drawing herself up to militant womanliness, strode to the door.

"You must excuse me," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Barker."

"You won't let me fall again?" cried Mr. Berry in a voice of despair.

"I must get Willie's supper," she answered over her shoulder, as she moved down the hall toward the kitchen. "I had otter done it long ago."

A moment later the front door closed. The widow heard it and, running to the

window, peered out into the rain. It was dark, but by the house lights she could see two figures moving down the village street, a big one and a little one, arm in arm, toward the store, where the horse stood shivering at the rail. With her face pressed against the pane, she watched them till they were out of sight; then she turned to the melodeon and, sinking down on the stool, struck the keys in harsh discords.

"Mother!" Willie Calker called softly from the big rocking-chair behind her.

She did not seem to hear him. Her hands lay listless on the keys and she gazed vaguely at the ceiling. "Never, never, never in all my life," she said, "have I been so disappointed in a man."

"Mother!" Willie Calker had left the rocker and was speaking over her shoulder, gently. "Would you mind singin' 'Doog-las, tender and true,' just for me?"

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

Poets and
Plagiarists

IN the last place where one would expect to find it—in the third volume of the admirable history of English literature by the French ambassador to the United States—there is an interesting letter written by the distinguished French poet, Sully-Prudhomme, in which he discusses the perennially interesting question of parallel passages in the poets of different languages and of different periods. Narrow-minded investigators are always inclined to proclaim actual borrowing whenever they can show that a thought voiced by one poet has been rephrased by a later poet in the same words and perhaps with the aid of the same figure. Many an echo of this sort from the classics of Greece and Rome has been discovered in the pages of Shakespeare, and yet M. Jusserand felt convinced that most of them were accidental coincidences rather than actual recollections, conscious or unconscious; and it occurred to him to ask the opinion of Sully-Prudhomme. So he collected three passages from the French poet's own works to which he had found striking parallels, one in an earlier French lyrist and two others in the English Drayton and Crashaw; and he asked the French poet if he had been familiar with these predecessors.

Sully-Prudhomme answered that he had never read the bards from whom he might be supposed to have borrowed. "I console myself for my early ignorance," he wrote, "by the thought that if I had known, before I rhymed,

all that had been written on love, the pen would have fallen from my hands; I would have recognized in others my own emotions, and even in their lives circumstances analogous to those which had aroused them in mine. I confess, to my shame, that I was too ignorant to be a plagiarist." And he then asserted that a poet, except perhaps in the narrative part of his works or occasionally in the strangeness of his ways of feeling, "offers nothing new to his readers and does not pretend to do so; he procures them only the satisfaction of recognizing themselves. The human heart is the common means of communication turned to account by poetry; it offers in all poets the same gamut of sentiments, but with a different ring."

And as M. Jusserand justly observes, "this ring, this originality, was pre-eminently Shakespeare's." And what Shakespeare possessed pre-eminently other poets have also had, each in his own degree. There is no need to suppose that Longfellow was consciously echoing Goethe (in "Wilhelm Meister") when he wrote "Tell me not in mournful numbers." But, on the other hand, Baudelaire had nourished himself on our American poets before he composed the lyric on bad luck in which he declared that "l'art est long" and that

"Mon cœur, comme un tambour voilé,
Va battant des marches funèbres."

And Baudelaire it was who carried over into

French poetry Gray's "full many a gem," turning it into

"Maint joyau dort enseveli
Dans les ténèbres et l'oubli."

If Poe had lived to see these transparent purloinings of his translator, probably not even gratitude would have prevented his denouncing Baudelaire as bitterly as he denounced "Longfellow and other plagiarists." Whatever the rest of the world might be willing to believe, Poe would have insisted that he had caught the French poet in the act. Indeed the case against Baudelaire seems to be pretty clear; but so was the case against Sully-Prudhomme;—so, in fact, is the case against Shakespeare.

And Poe himself, for all his indignation, was not unwilling on occasion to snatch up unconsidered trifles. He was inclined to damn the sin he had a mind to. For example, Coleridge was one of his admirations; and Coleridge said in his "Biographia Literaria" that the real and the manufactured poem look alike from a distance, although the difference between them "is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell." Now Poe, in his "Marginalia," declared that Mrs. Mowatt's comedy of "Fashion" resembled the "School for Scandal" much as the shell of a spent rocket resembles the rocket itself. But after all this is a simile that might very well have been original with Poe—only this is a possibility he would have denied in the case of another than himself.

After all, was originality really possible in "the so-called nineteenth century"? Even the Almighty Dollar, which we Americans are supposed to worship, must have been a minor god of the Germans before we bowed down before it; and it was then only a *Thaler*. The Japanese jinrikisha was invented by a Yankee missionary, so we are told; Saint Patrick was a Frenchman—and Saint George was a Cappadocian before he was naturalized in England.

IT may seem presumptuous for any one, even at this distance of time, to write down as a topic for discussion Laurence Sterne's pet theme, but a feeling of envy compels me, roused by comparing his world with my own. In *Tristram Shandy* every man is valiantly riding his hobby, and we marvel at Sterne's skilful presentation of one of life's profoundest ironies, the spectacle of people of

one family, closely akin in heart and in habit, cantering away from one another so swiftly and so irrevocably whenever their minds begin to work. Here is a proper adjustment, one hobby to each person, and each is allowed to ride his individual pet. Alas! my envy reaches back across the years, and, though I do not know whether racing is now permitted even in metaphor in New York State, I long to try a race—naturally in the opposite direction, for contrariness is the very essence of hobbyism—with Uncle Toby on a hobby of my own.

It is not that I have none of my own, but that I can get no chance to ride. I am, and always have been, the peculiar prey of hobby riders of all kinds, and, as I once heard a distinguished lecturer say to a distinguished Boston audience, of all sexes. Perhaps this comes from a vacuity of countenance in me which suggests a lack of inner interests, or from a skill in concealing my own hobbies, of which I have a whole stud, or, I should say, herd, as most of them are wild. Never can I find time to train even the colts among them; that is probably the reason why they bolt when I find a chance to mount one of them. The trouble is that a hobby-rider seldom spies my face without coming toward me at a canter; Socialist, Naturalist, Anarchist, are after me by turns. By nature I am a good listener and a bad speaker, having always had a wretched habit of lending an ear and letting other people talk. It may be sheer laziness; it may be a foolish love of giving pleasure, and a feeling that these excited monologues do nobody any harm. In a world where so many people have missions it often strikes me that the prophets outnumber their congregations, the shepherds their flocks. Influencing others for their good is one of the subtlest forms of human pleasure; why should I not allow these enthusiasts to feel it, when it costs me so little to play for the moment the part of possible disciple, knowing as I do at the bottom of my hardened heart that nobody can convert me to anything? Reasoning in this foolish—and feminine—way, I get my just deserts, for one and all they pounce upon me, looking on me as good raw material, needing only the touch of this or that firm finger to be shaped to great ends. A Spiritualist once told me that, under her guidance, I could become a rare medium, yet I knew then as now that I should make but a second-rate Spiritualist. An impassioned friend continually insists that I should make

The Hobby Race

a good Socialist; now I could never make a good Socialist until I find out what a Socialist is, though this consideration does not seem to deter many another person. Thus, among riders of hobbies, I am torn asunder, I who am but an indifferent horsewoman. Trot, pace, canter—it is all the same to me. The riders bring up with glowing faces, and turn to see how much good it has done me, who have been clinging fast, as best I might, without saddle or even pillion.

The puzzling thing about all this is the conviction of each rider that the path his steed takes is the only one there is. It is amazing that, in the face of life, with its many-sidedness, its bewildering complexities, its contradictions, its paradoxes, so many people exist, blind to the real nature of the demand made upon them, sure that some single evil accounts for all wrong things, sure that some single change will set all right. Was there not once a man who wrote a book to prove that all physical suffering is caused by the fundamental mistake of mankind in walking upon two legs instead of four? As for the believers in universal panaceas, the auto-suggestionist and the advocates of flat heels are one in method, if not in faith. I remember an old lady who was sure that sage tea would cure all known diseases, and her mental processes were not wholly diverse from those of an excellent temperance friend. The tendency toward monomania makes one wonder if life did not go on more surely and sanely before mind developed. Is the human brain, then, unicellular like the *amœba*? I once saw a public school teacher who, through overwork, had become insane, quite harmlessly insane, and she told me that she had been making a study of the different sects in America: "Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists," she specified, with her eye fixed on me to see to which I belonged, "Methodists, Presbyterians, and Cranks." There, I reflected, as she spoke the last word, is one sect that never dies, one church forever full, one congregation frequented as much by men as by women. Our newspapers, our lecture halls, the very air of the streets are full

of shrill monomaniac dogma, while the person who has no single explanation of the manifold to offer feels as Mrs. Shandy, hobby-less in a world of hobbies, or as the little pig I once saw at Bostock's in the corner of the monkey-cage, a poor, wretched, little white pig, tormented by its clever neighbors, ridden by them, squealing at each tweak of ears or tail. Listening to many an eloquent presentation of this or that cure-all, I have felt like that little pig who had no ruling idea except a desire to get out of the cage.

And yet, am I not claiming too much immunity? After all, does not every one understand the tyranny of the dominant passion, which turns everything its own color? Are you not, too, a bit of a crank? I am, but happily so many kinds of a crank that I have not yet become a public nuisance. I dare say my impatience is due to the fact that the others have outstripped me; I am, perhaps, jealous, and tired of waiting for my turn, for I have, I tell you in confidence, several notions that would be of inestimable benefit to mankind.

I, too, have my hobbies; did I not confess it at the outset? I keep them in a safe and secret pasture, how many I will not say, feeding like one. I have long endured politely, and my fellow-theorists have had their day; soon I shall have mine. I shall keep all dark until the chosen moment, confiding in no one; I shall proceed in the invariable manner of the hero in racing fiction. When the day comes, among the many smooth, beautiful, pampered, well-groomed hobbies will be seen one, rough, as of Yorkshire breed, shaggy, half wild, unknown. At sight of him the crowds will jeer, the book-makers will deride. When the moment comes, I shall mount, and then——

My unkempt hobby, indifferent at first, will more and more increase his speed, until, when I bend and whisper in his ear, he will take great bounds forward, out-distancing one and then another of the over-indulged hobbies running against him. The crowds will cheer, the betting-men will curse, and the other riders look after me in dismay as I sweep to the goal on my own Hobby Horse.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM

BOSTON'S new Museum of Fine Arts is open at last. Indeed, it is ungracious to say "at last," since the edifice has really been built in a surprisingly short time. It was only the other day that we were looking at the plans for the museum, and now behold! all is finished. It is a question whether buildings are best when made so fast, but certain exigencies in this case required speed.

The question of light for the museum was one which engaged for a long time the attention of the directors, of the trustees, and of the architects. A mysterious little building was erected on the ground where the museum was soon to be built; a little building which was a source of wonder and speculation to many of the uninitiated. Here all sorts of elaborate experiments in lighting were tried, and here some, at least, of these questions were solved. The matter of lighting for pictures was taken up; of lighting for sculpture, for the light that is good for a picture is not necessarily good for a statue, and, again, different pictures often seem to need different lights. It cannot be said that all these questions have been solved satisfactorily, but, at least, an effort has been made.

Museums before now have not always been built on the best lines. A museum has been somewhat a matter of chance. Many of them, as the Louvre in Paris, or the old Luxembourg or the Uffizi and the Pitti museums, have been old palaces remodelled for newer needs. Some of the later German museums are remarkable, in that they are carefully adapted to present-day requirements. Yet what is the best solution of the problem in Germany need not necessarily in America be the only way. There are many things to be considered: the climate, the objects shown, the temperament of the people who are to see the exhibits.

With all these things in view a committee was formed, a committee of three, who should go about Europe, see the best museums, and make plans and suggestions for a museum even better than all the others. Two of these gentle-

men were architects. The third was a "layman." They duly and dutifully saw all, or at least many, of the various museums, and prepared a report on these things on their return to America.

The report was presently drawn and presented. It contained accounts of the various museums visited, comments thereon, and suggestions of what might be done, what avoided, in a museum. An architect was chosen, and then with the assistance of hints from these gentlemen and of suggestions from another architect the plan of the present museum was produced. It is felt that, while nothing, naturally, is perfect, this plan has made a step or two in the question of making museums. A good deal of thought has been given to the lighting, as well as to the distributing and grouping, of the rooms of the various apartments.

It may be said that there are two fundamentally different ideas as to the end and the aim of a museum. One idea is that a museum should be a sort of storehouse of everything beautiful or interesting that has ever been done in the past; if not originals, then reproductions. Moreover, that all these things should be exposed together, with proper printed comment, with a view of educating and edifying the public, as well as delighting it.

The other idea is that a museum should reunite and show a few exquisitely beautiful originals; as many as may be had, but in these days the number for one museum is few. If other things accrue, let them be stored in some accessible way, so that students and experts may study them when necessary. The holders of this idea believe that the people are more elevated, that their taste is better stimulated by the sight of a few very beautiful things arrayed in the best possible setting; that, on the other hand, the public appetite is rather jaded by a huge hodge-podge of more or less interesting specimens. There is something to be said for this last idea. A German on going through an American collection of casts said, "You call this a museum; we call it a magazine."

In arranging this Boston Museum something of a compromise has been effected. For instance, in the sculpture gallery the beautiful originals in marble, terra-cotta, or bronze are exposed in small rooms, without too much surroundings. The casts, on the other hand, are shown down-stairs in larger rooms. The question as to whether it is worth while to have casts exhibited publicly in a high-class museum is one that is much discussed. In France the Louvre contains practically nothing but original marbles. Casts of these and other statues are shown in minor museums, like that of the École des Beaux-Arts or that of the Trocadero. A cast, after all, as some one has said, only shows about the amount of water that would be displaced by the original, and from an artistic point of view it is not wholly satisfactory. One would not, in a large, important museum, fill up a great space with autotypes and copies of famous paintings, and the opponents of casts feel that casts occupy much the same position as regards originals.

Doubtless, as the museum acquires more and more original marbles, the casts, some of them fine old battle-scarred relics of the Athenæum, will one by one be allowed to complete their disintegration in peace and solitude. "*Au cœur blessé, l'ombre et le silence.*"

With the Japanese collection, on the other hand, the tendency has been to show comparatively few things and to store a great many in such a way that properly accredited students and scholars may easily study them. This course has, indeed, been pursued almost from necessity, since the department possesses such an enormous amount of interesting material that it would be impossible to exhibit it all. Naturally much the same plan has been followed in the Gray Print Collection, which contains such an immense number of fine things that only a selection can possibly be displayed.

In the picture gallery there is not quite the same difficulty, since there is more wall space than there are fine pictures. There are various new pictures here, but it must be admitted that the *clous* of the collection are certain paintings which have already belonged for some time to the museum. There is, to be sure, Courbet's magnificent "Hunting Scene," which, taken all in all, is the most satisfactory thing he ever painted. But that has been lent to the museum by Mr. Henry Sayles, the present owner, for various periods during the last fifteen years. So that, on the whole, one returns to certain old loves among the pictures without

concerning one's self too much about the newer ones. There are one or two, perhaps half a dozen, pictures which one could show to any stranger, confident that they are among the fine or unique things in the world of art.

One of the most remarkable pictures in the museum is the "Money Lender," by Gabriel Metsu. One cannot recall so fine an example of this master in any of the European galleries. The painting of all the details is excellent, but the painting of the woman's face is particularly remarkable. Indeed, Metsu in this painting appears to have made a picture which is among the best works by the Dutch masters. Many of Metsu's pictures are ruined, or at least limited, by the subject or *motif*, but here is a subject excellent in itself and one which admits of unlimited development. Metsu here has made realism so wonderful a thing that one perceives the beauty that lies in light and character.

Another picture much liked by artists is a little still-life by Jean Baptist Siméon Chardin, made up of a few of the simplest elements: a dead chicken, a stone jug, and some other things put together in just the right way. It is one of the aforesaid half-dozen pictures which are among the museum's choicest. It is not entirely without faults. It is of that stony texture which one often notes in Chardin's work. But the rendering, spot for spot, of the general masses in this picture could hardly be surpassed. It is, indeed, one of the finest pictures made by the master of still-life.

Pictures which have made a good deal of talk are Rubens's portrait of a man (supposed to be his first teacher) and of his wife. There is also a supposed Van Dyck, though this is admittedly a studio picture: that is, a replica painted in the studio of the master, retouched in part by him. It must be confessed that the canvas is not a very exciting one. The Rubens is of more interest because painted in a more forthright manner. It is curious that it should be supposed to be of Rubens's first master, since the man is quite young looking. It surely could not be Adam de Noort, since Jordaens's pictures of him as the King in his numerous Bean Feasts represent de Noort as a much older man.

Among these comparatively new pictures is a little interior by Brekelenkam. Brekelenkam is one of those men from whom one is always expecting a great deal and in whom one is always being a little disappointed. The trouble is largely in his color, which is a trifle hot, "foxy," and snuffy in quality. The picture

here exhibited is an interesting one, though one finds the color to be the weak point. It is full of Hollander character, however. The little figures seated *à la Turque* are full of character and are skilfully touched in.

One of the best of the new instalments, perhaps the best, is Van der Vliet's fine interior of a church. One feels that if this man had painted small interiors his work would have been as fine, in many respects, as that of De Hooch, Vermeer, and others.

Naturally one notes the two Velasquezes, the "Carlyle" portrait group and the much-discussed "Philip IV. Portrait." But these pictures have been so much fought over that it would not be profitable to discuss them in a short paper. There are a number of other interesting pictures; a "St. Luke drawing the Madonna," attributed to Roger Van der Weyden, a curious Michael Wolgemut, a Carlo Crivelli, a Franz Hals of average quality, and the almost notorious "Slave Ship" of Turner.

The "Portrait of Cardinal Pallavicino," by El Greco, is the finest single portrait by Theotocopuli which one remembers to have seen. Although it has some of his strange mannerisms, it also has many of his more admirable traits. The color quality of the blacks and whites in this thing is magnificent, and from more than one bit one divines how Velasquez may have learned, from studying the work of the Greek, how to change the rather stiff and stodgy technique learned from Herrera and Pacheco to the limpid, flowing handling which we think of when we say "Velasquez."

Curiously enough, one of the most popular pictures here is Sully's "Torn Hat." The students of the art school near by are constantly copying it. There are always two or three names down for this purpose. Strange to say, the next most popular picture among the copyists is Degas's painting of "Race Horses," than which one can imagine no greater contrast. The "Torn Hat," by the way, is not entirely without merit: it is of the style of picture which is fondly called "attractive." Another picture which is a favorite with copyists is Bargue's immensely clever and marvellously finished little figure, a man in some sort of Albanian costume.

There are several very fine Millets here, notably the picture "The Harvesters," which is sometimes called "Ruth and Boaz." This was bequeathed to the museum by the late Martin Brimmer and, while its interest is not so poignant as in some of Millet's other pictures, it remains one of his most ambitious at-

tempts and in some ways it is one of the most complete of his paintings. The group of bestial satyr-like harvesters is well conceived and worked out. The design of that group especially is particularly fine.

Again, the famous "Shepherdess," which one has often heard described, is very well placed, a little high it might seem at first glance. But, after all, dignity is the key-note of this picture and it is not amiss to have it enthroned, as it were, above other pictures. Another interesting picture is one by Theodule Ribot, whose black pearls seem to have grown duller as the years go by. His picture of scullions is painted in a full, juicy way.

It is curious among the mass of French pictures, mostly representing the Romantic phase, to come on so cold and classic a performance as Gérôme's celebrated "*L'Éminence Grise*." Gérôme, rather overrated at one time, is now, perhaps, a little underrated. People do not wholly realize the immense technical skill possessed by this man, a skill, technical, in spite of the fact that his touch was a little dry. Certainly in this picture the draperies look a little hard, the color a little garish in some places. Yet from a dramatic point of view the composition is admirable. Whether one wants drama in pictures is another matter.

There are certain new pictures in the collection of modern paintings. Among these is E. C. Tarbell's latest work, and a very fine thing it is. It is the fashion to say that his work is like the finest Dutch painting, but in many respects it is quite different. The arrangement, to be sure, is in something the same spirit, but in the later man's work there is a sense of design which no Dutchman, except Vermeer, and he only in a few works, ever dreamed of. In the matter of color values again there are *nuances* in the modern's work which the older men never even attempted. In short, Tarbell's work is thoroughly modern, though he avoids some of the pitfalls that modernists have dugged for themselves.

Another one of the Boston men who have interested themselves in this sort of work is Mr. W. M. Paxton. His picture of two young women at a table has remarkable qualities of observation and rendering. It would be hard to make a thing more realistic in the broad sense of the word. The values of the "spotting" are indicated with remarkable justness, and yet it is in no sense petty realism. Where the thing is most remarkable, indeed, is in the way it "carries." The picture tells perfectly

well across the room, yet when one looks at it near to, one finds that it is finished very far as well.

Beside the various pictures of note, there are certain other things of which the museum is especially proud; for instance, the head of "Aphrodite" in the Bartlett Collection, the "Homer," and a Roman terra-cotta head; also a certain very wonderful Persian bowl which Mrs. Montgomery Sears has but recently presented; a marvellous Persian carpet of untold value, and last, but surely of equal interest with all these, certain sculptures by Rodin, particularly a head of Ceres, which is one of his finest works.

The before-mentioned head of "Aphrodite" is indeed very beautiful. Mr. Henry James approves of it. Not that a *littérateur* is necessarily the best judge of a piece of sculpture, but it is interesting to know that he thinks well of it. What may be more to the point is that many painters and sculptors admire the thing particularly. It is, indeed, the sort of sculpture that especially interests painters, because it is conceived in an almost Rodinesque vein. That is, it is not so much modelled to render the actual shapes as to suggest the appearance, the vision of a lovely and gracious woman.

The Roman terra-cotta head, on the other hand, is modelled with the utmost verity of form. Each shape one guesses to be modelled almost exactly as it must have existed in nature. This creates a different sort of fascination, the fascination that a very interesting thing gives rather than a very lovely thing. Still, this same interest is undeniable and the head is modelled with such intensity as to give that peculiar *allure* that all intense things have. Technically, it is hard to imagine a thing better done, and even the miraculously clever French modellers of modern times would, one feels, "take off their hats" to the unknown old Roman workman who made this craftsmanlike bit of work.

The head of Homer, a masterpiece, has a quality in modelling something between the other two, if one may use the expression. Or rather, one might say that it was more characteristically classic than the other two, more typical, avoiding the subtlety of the Aphrodite on the one hand and the intensity, on the other hand, of the realistic Roman terra-cotta.

Rodin's "Ceres" is, naturally, different from these others. Yet, if it has an affinity to any of them, it is to the Aphrodite. Both have the same quality of what one might call "veiled" or "muted" modelling. Rodin in some way has learned from draughtsmen and from painters a way of suggesting the appearance of nature in his sculpture instead of giving the literal fact of the form, which, of course, would look different in translucent marble than in flesh.

En passant, one of the most charming things here is the little Japanese garden which has been arranged in the Japanese section, charmingly ordered after the Japanese manner, with excellent taste in spacing and in balancing. There are little real red goldfish swimming about in real watery pools. The whole thing provides a pleasant divertissement after some of the more grim and serious-looking rooms. There is a real bridge over the real water, and water plants here or there, and potted plants—but of a Japanesqueness—beyond. There is a stone lantern in the shape of a pagoda and stone lions keeping guard near by.

In summing up the whole matter, one may say that the appearance of the new museum is, on the whole, most creditable; a little cold, a trifle cheerless, it may be (save in certain happy rooms like the Library, the Lawrence room, some of the Japanese apartments), yet that is natural enough in a new museum. Immense pains have been taken, certain new ideas have been worked out, and a result has been achieved not unworthy of the workers.

PHILIP L. HALE.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

MARCH, 1910

NO. 3

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

VI.—TREKKING THROUGH THE THIRST TO THE SOTIK.



An Askari on duty.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

ON June 5th we started south from Kijabe to trek through the thirst, through the waterless country which lies across the way to the Sotik.

The preceding Sunday, at Nairobi, I had visited the excellent French Catholic Mission, had been most courteously received by the fathers, had gone over their plantations and the school in which they taught the children of the settlers (much to my surprise, among them were three Parsee children, who were evidently put on a totally different plane from the other Indians, even the Goanese), and had been keenly interested in their account

of their work and of the obstacles with which they met.

At Kijabe I spent several exceedingly in-

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teresting hours at the American Industrial Mission. Its head, Mr. Hurlburt, had called on me in Washington at the White House, in the preceding October, and I had then made up my mind that if the chance occurred I must certainly visit his mission. It is an interdenominational mission, and is carried on in a spirit which combines to a marked degree broad sanity and common sense with disinterested fervor. Of course, such work, under the conditions which necessarily obtain in East Africa, can only show gradual progress; but I am sure that missionary work of the Kijabe kind will be an indispensable factor in the slow uplifting of the natives. There is full recognition of the fact that industrial training is a foundation stone in the effort to raise ethical and moral standards. Industrial teaching must go hand in hand with moral teaching—and in both the mere force of example and the influence of firm, kindly sympathy and understanding, count immeasurably. There is further recognition of the fact that in such a country the missionary should either already know how to, or else at once learn how to, take the lead himself in all kinds of industrial and mechanical work. Finally the effort is made consistently to teach the native how to live a more comfortable, useful, and physically and morally cleanly life,



Ox-cart at Nairobi.

From a photograph by J. Allen Loring.

not under white conditions, but under the conditions which he will actually have to face when he goes back to his people, to live among them, and, if things go well, to be in his turn a conscious or unconscious missionary for good.

At lunch, in addition to the missionaries and their wives and children, there were half a dozen of the neighboring settlers, with their families. It is always a good thing to see the missionary and the settler working shoulder to shoulder. Many parts of East Africa can, and I believe will, be made into a White Man's country; and the process will be helped, not hindered, by treating the black man well. At Kijabe, nearly under the

equator, the beautiful scenery was almost northern in type; at night we needed blazing camp-fires and the days were as cool as

September on Long Island or by the southern shores of the Great Lakes. It is a very healthy region; the children of the missionaries and settlers, of all ages, were bright and strong; those of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlburt had not been out of the country for eight years, and showed no ill effects whatever; on the contrary, I quite believed Mrs. Hurlburt when she said that she regarded the fertile wooded hills of Kijabe, with their forests and clear brooks, as forming a true health resort.

The northern look of the place was enhanced by



Mr. Roosevelt and the Reverend Mr. Hurlburt, head of the American Industrial Mission at Kijabe.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the fact that the forests contained junipers; but they also contained monkeys, a small green monkey, and the big guerza, with its long silky hair and bold black-and-white coloring. Kermit, Heller, and Loring shot several. There were rhinoceros and buffalo in the neighborhood. A few days previously some buffalo had charged, unprovoked, a couple of the native boys of the mission, who had escaped only by their agility in tree-climbing. On one of his trips to an outlying mission station, Mr. Hurlburt had himself

night; but on a serious trip of any kind loads must be carried, and laden porters cannot go fast, and must rest at intervals. We had rather more than our porters could carry, and needed additional transportation for the water for the safari; and we had hired four ox-wagons. They were under the lead of a fine young Colonial Englishman named Ulyate, whose great-grandfather had come to South Africa in 1820, as part of the most important English emigration that ever went thither. His father and



Mr. Roosevelt after luncheon with the head missionary.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

narrowly escaped a serious accident. Quite wantonly, a cow rhino, with a calf, charged the safari almost before they knew of its presence. It attacked Hurlburt's mule, which fortunately he was not riding, and tossed and killed it; it passed through the line, and then turned and again charged it, this time attacking one of the porters. The porter dodged behind a tree, and the rhino hit the tree, knocked off a huge flake of bark and wood, and galloped away.

The trek across "the thirst," as any waterless country is apt to be called by an Africander, is about sixty miles, by the road. On our horses we could have ridden it in a

sisters had lunched with us at the missionaries' the day before; his wife's baby was too young for her to come. It was the best kind of pioneer family; all the members, with some of their fellow colonials, had spent much of the preceding three years in adventurous exploration of the country in their ox-wagons, the wives and daughters as valiant as the men; one of the two daughters I met had driven one of the ox-wagons on the hardest and most dangerous trip they made, while her younger sister led the oxen. It was on this trip that they had pioneered the way across the waterless route I was to take. For those who, like our-



The ox-wagons trekking through the scrub.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

selves, followed the path they had thus blazed, there was no danger to the men, and merely discomfort to the oxen; but the first trip was a real feat, for no one could tell what lay ahead, or what exact route would be practicable. The family had now settled on a big farm, but also carried on the

business of "transport riding," as freighting with wagons is called in Africa; and they did it admirably.

With Ulyate were three other white wagon-drivers, all colonials; two of them English, the third Dutch, or Boer. There was also a Cape boy, a Kaffir wagon-driver;



A halt.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

utterly different from any of the East African natives, and dressed in ordinary clothes. In addition there were various natives—primitive savages in dress and habit, but coming from the cattle-owning tribes. Each ox-team was guided by one of these savages, who led the first yoke by a leathern thong, while the wagon-driver, with his long whip, stalked to and fro beside the line of oxen, or rode in the wagon. The huge wagons, with their white tops or "sails," were larger than those our own

night. The longest halt is made in the day, for men and animals both travel better at night than under the blazing noon. We were fortunate in that it was just after the full of the moon, so that our night treks were made in good light. Of course, on such a march the porters must be spared as much as possible; camp is not pitched, and each white man uses for the trip only what he wears, or carries on his horse—and the horse also must be loaded as lightly as possible. I took nothing but my army over-



Watering the oxen. Taking their last drink for three days.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

settlers and freighters used. Except one small one, to which there were but eight oxen, each was drawn by a span of seven or eight yoke; they were all native humped cattle.

We had one hundred and ninety-six porters, in addition to the askaris, tent-boys, gun-bearers, and saises. The management of such a safari is a work of difficulty; but probably no better man for the purpose than Cuninghame could be found anywhere, and he had chosen his headmen well. In the thirst, the march goes on by day and

coat, rifle and cartridges, and three canteens of water. Kermit did the same.

The wagons broke camp about ten, to trek to the water, a mile and a half off, where the oxen would be outspanned to take the last drink for three days; stock will not drink early in the morning nearly as freely as if the march is begun later. We, riding our horses, followed by the long line of burdened porters, left at half-past twelve, and in a couple of hours overtook the wagons. The porters were in high spirits. In the morning, before the start, they twice held



The safari
From a photograph

regular dances, the chief musician being one of their own number who carried an extraordinary kind of native harp; and after their loads were allotted they marched out of camp singing and blowing their horns and whistles. Three askaris brought up the rear to look after laggards, and see that no weak or sick man fell out without our knowing or being able to give him help.

The trail led first through open brush, or low dry forest, and then out on the vast plains, where the withered grass was dotted here and there with low, scantily leaved thorn-trees, from three to eight feet high. Hour after hour we drew slowly ahead under the shimmering moonlight. The horsemen walked first, with the gun-bearers, saises, and usually a few very energetic and powerful porters; then came the safari in single file; and then the lumbering white-topped wagons, the patient oxen walking easily, each team led by a half-naked savage

with frizzed hair and a spear or throwing-stick in his hand, while at intervals the long whips of the drivers cracked like rifles. The

dust rose in clouds from the dry earth, and soon covered all of us; in the distance herds of zebra and hartebeest gazed at us as we passed, and we saw the old spoor of rhino, beasts we hoped to avoid, as they often charge such a caravan.

Slowly the shadows lengthened; the light waned, the glare of the white, dusty plain was softened, and the bold outlines of the distant mountains grew dim. Just before nightfall we halted on the further side of a dry watercourse. The safari came up singing and whistling, and the men put down their

loads, lit fires, and with chatter and laughter prepared their food. The crossing was not good, the sides of the watercourse being steep; and each wagon was brought through by a double span, the whips cracking lustily as an accompaniment to the shouts of the



Every one rested under the fly-tent at noon in the trek through the Thirst.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



on the march

by Edmund Heller.

drivers, as the thirty oxen threw their weight into the yokes by which they were attached to the long trek tow. The horses were fed. We had tea, with bread and cold meat—and a most delicious meal it was—and then lay dozing or talking beside the bush-fires. At half-past eight, the moon having risen, we were off again. The safari was still in high spirits, and started with the usual chanting and drumming.

We pushed steadily onward across the plain, the dust rising in clouds under the spectral moonlight. Sometimes we rode, sometimes we walked to ease our horses. The Southern Cross was directly ahead, not far above the horizon. Higher and higher rose the moon, and brighter the flood of her light. At intervals the barking call of zebras was heard on either hand. It was after midnight when we again halted. The porters were tired, and did not sing as they came up; the air was cool, almost nipping, and they at once huddled down in their blankets, some of them building fires. We, the white men, after seeing our horses staked out, each lay down in his overcoat or jacket and slicker, with his head on his saddle, and his rifle beside him, and had a little over two hours' sleep. At three we were off again, the shivering porters making no sound as they started; but once under way the more irrepressible spirits speedily began a kind of intermittent chant, and most of the rest by degrees joined in the occasional grunt or hum that served as chorus.

For four hours we travelled steadily, first

through the moonlight, and then through the reddening dawn. Jackals shrieked, and the plains plover wailed and scolded as they circled round us. When the sun was well up, we halted; the desolate flats stretched far and wide on every side and rose into lofty hills ahead of us. The porters received their water and food, and lay down to sleep, some directly in the open, others rigging little sun shelters under the scattering thorn-bushes. The horses were fed, were given half a pail of water apiece, and were turned loose to feed with the oxen: this was the last time the oxen would feed freely, unless there was rain; and this was to be our longest halt. We had an excellent breakfast, like our supper the night before, and then slept as well as we could.

Noon came, and soon afterward we



The porter-harper and his native harp.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Masai huts from centre of kraal.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

again started. The country grew hilly, and brushy. It was too dry for much game, but we saw a small herd of giraffe, which are independent of water. Now riding our horses, now leading them, we travelled until nearly sunset, when we halted at the foot of a steep divide, beyond which our course lay across slopes that gradually fell to the stream for which we were heading. Here the porters had all the food and water they wished, and so did the horses; and, each with a double span of oxen, the wagons were driven up the

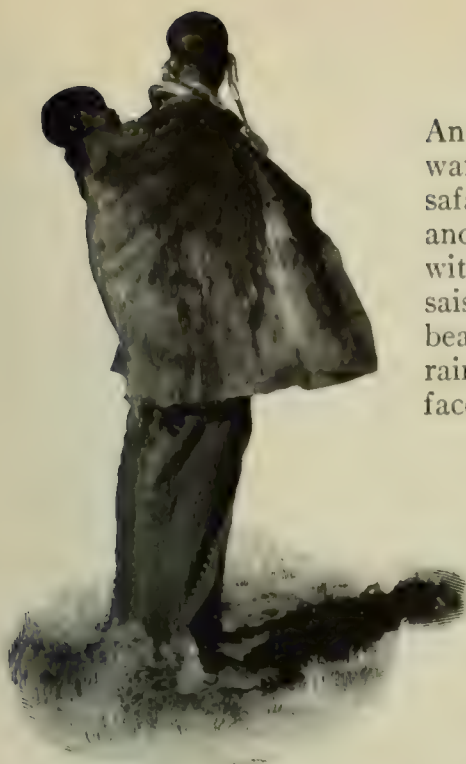
slope, the weary cattle straining hard in the yokes.

Black clouds had risen and thickened in the west, boding rain. Three-fourths of our journey was over; and it was safe to start the safari and then leave it to come on by itself, while the ox-wagons followed later. At nine, before the moon struggled above the hill-crests to our left, we were off. Soon we passed the wagons, drawn up abreast, a lantern high on a pole, while the tired oxen lay in their yokes, attached to the trek tow.



Masai cattle.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



A Masai woman and toto.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ually settled into a steady, gentle downpour. Our horses began to slip in the greasy soil; we knew the rain would refresh the cattle, but would make the going harder.

At one we halted, in the rain, for a couple of hours' rest. Just before this we heard two lions roaring, or rather grunting, not far in front of us; they were after prey. Lions are bold on rainy nights, and we did not wish to lose any of our horses; so a watch was organized, and we kept ready for immediate action, but the lions did not come. The native boys built fires, and lay close to them, relieving one another, and us, as sentinels. Kermit and I had our army overcoats, which are warm and practically water-proof; the others had coats almost as good. We lay down in the rain, on the drenched grass, with our saddle-cloths over our feet, and our heads on our saddles, and slept comfortably for two hours.

At three we mounted and were off again, the rain still falling. There were steep ravines to cross, slippery from the wet; but we made good time, and soon after six off-saddled on the farther side of a steep drift or ford in the little Suavi River. It is a rapid stream flowing between high, well-wooded banks; it was an attractive camp site, and, as we afterward found, the nights were so cool as to make great camp-fires welcome.

An hour afterward we left the safari behind, and rode ahead, with only our saises and gun-bearers. Gusts of rain blew in our faces, and grad-

At half-past ten the safari appeared, in excellent spirits, the flag waving, to an accompaniment of chanting and horn-blowing; and, to their loudly expressed satisfaction, the porters were told that they should have an extra day's rations, as well as a day's rest. Camp was soon pitched; and all, of every rank, slept soundly that night, though the lions moaned near by. The wagons did

not get in until ten the following morning. By that time the oxen had been nearly three days without water, so, by dawn, they were un-yoked and driven down to drink before the drift was attempted, the wagons being left a mile or two back. The approaches to the drift were steep and difficult, and, with two spans to each, the wagons swayed and plunged over the twisted boulder-choked trails, down into the river-bed, crossed it, and, with lurching and straining, men shouting and



Masai with stretching-stone in ear.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Giant Masai warriors and an average-sized porter.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.



Waxbills and
one weaver
bird drinking.



A courser.



An elephant
shown.



A spring-

whips cracking, drew slowly up the opposite bank.

After a day's rest we pushed on in two days' easy travelling to the Guaso Nyero of the south. Our camps were pleasant, by running streams of swift water; one was really beautiful, in a grassy bend of a rapid little river, by huge African yew-trees, with wooded cliffs in front. It was cool, rainy weather, with overcast skies and misty mornings, so that it seemed strangely unlike the tropics. The country was alive with herds of Masai cattle, sheep, and donkeys. The Masai, herdsmen by profession and warriors by preference, with their great spears and ox-hide shields, were stalwart savages, and showed the mixture of types common to this part of Africa, which is the edge of an ethnic whirlpool. Some of them were of seemingly pure negro type; others except in their black skin had little negro about them, their features being as clear-cut as those of ebony Nilotic Arabs. They were dignified, but friendly and civil, shaking hands as soon as they came up to us.

On the Guaso Nyero was a settler from South Africa, with his family; and we met another settler travelling with a big flock of sheep which he had bought for trading purposes. The latter, while journeying over our route with cattle, a month before, had been attacked by lions one night. They seized his cook as he lay by the fire, but fortunately grabbed his red blanket, which they carried off and the terrified man escaped; and they killed a cow and a calf. Ulyate's brother-in-law, Smith, had been rendered a hopeless cripple for life, six months previously, by a lioness he had wounded. Another settler while at one of our camping-places lost two of his horses, which were killed although within a boma. One night lions came within threatening neighborhood of our ox-wagons; and we often heard them moaning in the early part of the night, roaring when full fed toward morning; but we were not molested.

The safari was in high feather, for the days were cool, the work easy, and we shot enough game to give them meat. When we broke camp after breakfast,

the porters would all stand ranged by their loads; then Tarlton would whistle, and a chorus of whistles, horns, and tomtoms would answer, as each porter lifted and adjusted his burden, fell into his place, and then joined in some shrill or guttural chorus as the long line swung off at its marching pace. After nightfall the camp-fires blazed in the cool air, and as we stood or sat around them each man had tales to tell: Cunningham and Tarlton of elephant-hunting in the Congo, and of perilous adventures hunting lion and buffalo; Mearns of long hikes and fierce fighting in the steaming Philippine forests; Loring and Heller of hunting and collecting in Alaska, in the Rockies, and among the deserts of the Mexican border; and always our talk came back to strange experiences with birds and beasts, both great and small, and to the ways of the great game. The three naturalists revelled in the teeming bird life, with its wealth of beauty and color—nor was the beauty only of color and shape, for at dawn the bird songs made real music. The naturalists trapped many small mammals: big-eared mice looking like our white-footed mice, mice with spiny fur, mice that lived in trees, rats striped like our chipmunks, rats that jumped like zebras, big cane-rats, dormice, and tiny shrews. Meercats, things akin to a small mongoose, lived out in the open plains, burrowing in companies like prairie dogs, very spry and active, and looking like picket pins when they stood up on end to survey us. I killed a nine-foot python which had swallowed a rabbit. Game was not plentiful, but we killed enough for the table. I shot a wildebeest bull one day, having edged up to it on foot, and after missing it standing, breaking it down with a bullet through the hips, and it galloped across my front at three hundred yards. Kermit killed our first topi, a bull; a beautiful animal, the size of a hartebeest, its glossy coat with a satin sheen, varying from brown to silver and purple.

By the Guaso Nyero we halted for several days; and we arranged to leave Mearns and Loring in a permanent camp, so that they might seriously study and collect the birds and small mam-



Young dik-dik.



Small serval kitten.



A banded mongoose.



Colobus monkey.

mals while the rest of us pushed wherever we wished after the big game. The tents were pitched, and the ox-wagons drawn up on the southern side of the muddy river, by the edge of a wide plain, on which we could see the game grazing as we walked around camp. The alluvial flats bordering the river, and some of the higher plains, were covered with an open forest growth, the most common tree looking exactly like a giant sagebrush, thirty feet high; and there were tall aloes and cactus and flat-topped mimosa.

for the gaudy flowers of the tall mint which grew close to the river. We got a small cobra, less than eighteen inches long; it had swallowed another snake almost as big as itself; unfortunately the head of the swallowed snake was digested, but the body looked like that of a young puff-adder.

The day after reaching this camp I rode off for a hunt, accompanied by my two gun-bearers and with a dozen porters following, to handle whatever I killed. One of my original gun-bearers, Mahomet, though a



Extreme form of Robertsi gazelle.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

We found a wee hedgehog, with much white about it. He would cuddle up in my hand snuffing busily with his funny little nose. We did not have the heart to turn the tame, friendly little fellow over to the naturalists, and so we let him go. Birds abounded. One kind of cuckoo called like a whippoorwill in the early morning and late evening, and after nightfall. Among our friendly visitors were the pretty, rather strikingly colored little chats—Livingstone's wheatear—which showed real curiosity in coming into camp. They were nesting in burrows on the open plains round about. Mearns got a white egg and a nest at the end of a little burrow two feet long; wounded, the birds ran into holes or burrows. They sang attractively on the wing, often at night. The plover-like coursers, very pretty birds, continually circled round us with querulous clamor. Gorgeously colored, diminutive sunbirds, of many different kinds, were abundant; they had an especial fondness

good man in the field, had proved in other respects so unsatisfactory that he had been replaced by another, a Wkamba heathen named Gouvinali—I could never remember his name until, as a mnemonic aid, Kermit suggested that I think of Gouverneur Morris, the old Federalist statesman, whose life I had once studied. He was a capital man for the work.

Half a mile from camp I saw a buck tommy with a good head, and as we needed his delicious venison for our own table, I dismounted and after a little care killed him as he faced me at two hundred and ten yards. Sending him back by one of the porters, I rode on toward two topi we saw far in front. But there were zebra, hartebeest, and wildebeest in between, all of which ran; and the topi proved wary. I was still walking after them when we made out two eland bulls ahead and to our left. The ground was too open to admit of the possibility of a stalk; but leaving my horse



Ulyate and eland calf brought in by Masai.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and the porters to follow slowly, the gun-bearers and I walked quartering toward them. They hesitated about going, and when I had come as close as I dared, I motioned to the two gun-bearers to continue walking, and dropped on one knee. I had the little Springfield, and was anxious to test the new sharp-pointed military bullet on some large animal. The biggest bull was half facing me, just two hundred and eighty yards off; I fired a little bit high and a trifle to the left; but the tiny ball broke his back and the splendid beast, heavy as a prize bull, came plunging and struggling to the ground. The other bull started to run off, but after I had walked a hundred yards forward, he actually trotted back toward his companion; then halted, turned, and galloped across my front at a distance of a hundred and eighty yards; and him too I brought down with a single shot. The little full-jacketed, sharp-pointed bullet made a terrific rending compared with the heavier, ordinary-shaped bullet of the same composition.

I was much pleased with my two prizes, for the National Museum particularly desired a good group of eland. They were splendid animals, like beautiful heavy cattle; and I could not sufficiently admire

their sleek, handsome, striped coats, their shapely heads, fine horns, and massive bodies. The big bull, an old one, looked blue at a distance; he was very heavy and his dewlap hung down just as with cattle. His companion, although much less heavy, was a full-grown bull in his prime, with longer horns; for the big one's horns had begun to wear down at the tips. In their stomachs were grass, and, rather to my surprise, aloe leaves.

We had two canvas cloths with us, which Heller had instructed me to put over anything I shot, in order to protect it from the sun; so, covering both bulls, I left a porter with them, and sent in another to notify Heller—who came out with an ox-wagon to bring in the skins and meat. I had killed these two eland bulls, as well as the buck gazelle (bringing down each with a single bullet) within three-quarters of an hour after leaving camp.

I wanted a topi, and continued the hunt. The country swarmed with the herds and flocks of the Masai, who own a wealth of live stock. Each herd of cattle and donkeys or flock of sheep was guarded by its herdsman; bands of stalwart, picturesque warriors, with their huge spears and ox-



Cuninghame and one of Mr. Roosevelt's Robertsi heads.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

hide shields, occasionally strolled by us; and we passed many bomas, the kraals where the stock is gathered at night, with the huts of the owners ringing them. Yet there was much game in the country also, chiefly zebra and hartebeest; the latter, according to their custom, continually jumping up on anthills to get a clearer view of me, and sometimes standing on them motionless for a considerable time, as sentries to scan the country around.

At last we spied a herd of topi, distinguishable from the hartebeest at a very long distance by their dark coloring, the purples and browns giving the coat a heavy shading which when far off, in certain lights, looks almost black. Topi, hartebeest, and wildebeest belong to the same group, and are specialized, and their peculiar physical and mental traits developed, in the order named. The wildebeest is the least normal and most grotesque and odd-looking of the three, and his idiosyncrasies of temper are also the most marked. The hartebeest comes next, with his very high withers, long face, and queerly shaped horns; while the topi, although with a general hartebeest look, has the features of shape and horn less pronounced, and bears a greater resemblance to his more ordinary kinsfolk. In the same way, though it will now and then buck and plunge when it begins to run after being startled, its demeanor is less pronounced in this respect. The topi's power of leaping is great; I have seen one when frightened bound clear over a companion, and immediately afterward over a high anthill.

The herd of topi we saw was more shy than the neighboring zebra and hartebeest. There was no cover and I spent an hour trying to walk up to them by manœuvring in one way and another. They did not run clear away, but kept standing and letting me approach to distances varying from four hundred and fifty

to six hundred yards; tempting me to shoot, while nevertheless I could not estimate the range accurately, and was not certain whether I was over or under-shooting. So I fired more times than I care to mention before I finally got my topi—at just five hundred and twenty yards. It was a handsome cow, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds; for topi are somewhat smaller than kongoni. The beauty of its coat, in texture and coloring, struck me afresh as I looked at the sleek creature stretched out on the grass. Like the eland, it was free from ticks; for the hideous pests do not frequent this part of the country in any great numbers.

I reached camp early in the afternoon, and sat down at the mouth of my tent to enjoy myself. It was on such occasions that the "pigskin library" proved itself indeed a blessing. In addition to the original books we had picked up one or two old favorites on the way: Alice's Adventures, for instance, and Fitzgerald—I say Fitzgerald, because reading other versions of Omar Khayyam always leaves me with the feeling that Fitzgerald is the



A Colobus monkey

From a photograph by F. A. Leach.

major partner in the book we really like. Then there was a book I had not read, Dumas's "Les louves de Machecoul." This was presented to me at Port Said by M. Jusserand, the brother of an old and valued friend, the French ambassador at Washington—the vice-president of the "Tennis Cabinet." We had been speaking of Balzac, and I mentioned regretfully that I did not at heart care for his longer novels excepting the "Chouans"; and, as John Hay once told me, in the eyes of all true Balzaccians, to like the "Chouans" merely aggravates the offence of not liking the novels which they deem really great. M. Jusserand thereupon asked me if I knew Dumas's Vendean novel; being a fairly good Dumas man, I was rather ashamed to admit that I did not; whereupon he sent it to me, and I enjoyed it to the full.



Tarlton and cheetah shot by Kermit Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The next day was Kermit's red-letter day. We were each out until after dark; I merely got some of the ordinary game, taking the skins for the naturalists, the flesh for our following; he killed two cheetahs, and a fine maned lion, finer than any previously killed. There were three cheetahs together. Kermit, who was with Tarlton, galloped the big male, and, although it had a mile's start, ran into it in three miles, and shot it as it lay under a bush. He afterward shot another, a female, who was lying on a stone koppie. Neither made any attempt to charge; the male had been

eating a tommy. The lion was with a lioness, which wheeled to one side, as the horsemen galloped after her maned mate. He turned to bay after a run of less than a mile, and started to charge from a distance of two hundred yards; but Kermit's first bullets mortally wounded him and crippled him so that he could not come at any pace and was easily stopped before covering half the distance. Although nearly a foot longer than the biggest of the lions I had already killed, he was so gaunt—whereas they were very fat—that he weighed but little more, only four hundred and twelve pounds.



Head of the old bull eland.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

The following day I was out by myself, after impalla and Roberts' gazelle; and the day after I went out with Tarlton to try for lion. We were away from camp for over fifteen hours. Each was followed by his sais and gun-bearers, and we took a dozen porters also. The day may be worth describing, as a sample of the days when we did not start before dawn for a morning's hunt.

We left camp at seven, steering for a high, rocky hill, four miles off. We passed zebra and hartebeest, and on the hill came upon Chanler's reedbuck; but we wanted none of these. Continually, Tarlton stopped to examine some distant object with his glasses, and from the hill we scanned the country far and wide; but we saw nothing we desired and continued on our course. The day was windy and cool, and

the sky often overcast. Slowly we walked across the stretches of brown grassland, sometimes treeless, sometimes scantily covered with an open growth of thorn-trees, each branch armed with long spikes, needle-sharp; and among the thorns here and there stood the huge cactus-like euphorbias, shaped like candelabra, groups of tall aloes, and gnarled wild olives of great age, with hoary trunks and twisted branches. Now and then there would be a dry water-course, with flat-topped acacias bordering it, and perhaps some one pool of thick greenish water. There

was game always in view, and about noon we sighted three rhinos, a bull, a cow, and a big calf, nearly a mile ahead of us. We were travelling down wind, and they scented us, but did not charge, making off in a semicircle and halting when abreast of us. We examined them carefully through the glasses. The cow was bigger than the bull, and had fair horns, but nothing extraordinary; and as we were twelve miles from camp, so that Heller would have had to come out for the night if we shot her, we decided to leave her alone. Then our attention was attracted by seeing the game all gazing in one direction, and we made out a hyena; I got a shot at it, at three hundred yards, but missed. Soon afterward we saw another rhino, but on approaching it proved to be about two-thirds grown, with a stubby horn. We did not wish to



A wounded wildebeest.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Kermit and his big lion.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

shoot it, and therefore desired to avoid a charge; and so we passed three or four hundred yards to leeward, trusting to its bad eyesight. Just opposite it, when it was on our right, we saw another hyena on our left, about as far off as the rhino. I decided to take a shot, and run the chance of disturbing the rhino. So I knelt down and aimed with the little Springfield, keeping the Holland by me to be ready for events. I never left camp, on foot or on horseback, for any distance, no matter how short, without carrying one of the repeating rifles; and when on a hunt my two gun-bearers car-

ried, one the other magazine rifle, and one the double-barrelled Holland. [See page 277.]

Tarleton, whose eye for distance was good, told me the hyena was over three hundred yards off; it was walking slowly to the left. I put up the three-hundred-yard sight, and drew a rather coarse bead; and down went the hyena with its throat cut; the little sharp-pointed, full-jacketed bullet makes a slashing wound. The distance was just three hundred and fifty long paces. As soon as I had pulled trigger I wheeled to watch the rhino. It started

round at the shot and gazed toward us with its ears cocked forward, but made no movement to advance. Two porters carried the hyena to camp. While they were dressing it, I could not help laughing at finding that we were the centre of a thoroughly African circle of deeply interested spectators. We were in the middle of a vast plain, covered with sun-scorched grass and here and there a stunted thorn; in the background were isolated barren hills, and the mirage wavered in the distance. Vultures wheeled overhead. The rhino, less than half a mile away, stared steadily at us. Wildebeest—their heavy forequarters and the carriage of their heads making them look like bison—and hartebeest were somewhat nearer, in a ring all round us, intent upon our proceedings. Four topi became so much interested that they approached within two hundred and fifty yards and stood motionless. A buck tommy came even closer, and a zebra trotted by at about the same distance, uttering its queer bark or neigh. It continued its course past the rhino, and started a new train of ideas in the latter's muddled reptilian brain; round it wheeled, gazed after the zebra, and then evidently concluded that everything was normal, for it lay down to sleep.

On we went, past a wildebeest herd lying down; at a distance they looked exactly like bison as they used to lie out on the prairie in the old days. We halted for

an hour and a half to rest the men and horses, and took our lunch under a thick-trunked olive-tree that must have been a couple of centuries old. Again we went on, ever scanning through the glasses every distant object which we thought might possibly be a lion, and ever being disappointed. A serval-cat jumped up ahead of us in the tall grass, but I missed it. Then, trotting on foot, I got ahead of two warthog boars, and killed the biggest; making a bad initial miss and then emptying my magazine at it as it ran. We sent it in to camp, and went on, following a donga, or small watercourse, fringed with big acacias. The afternoon was wearing away, and it was time for lions to be abroad.

The sun was near the horizon when Tarlton thought he saw something tawny in the watercourse ahead of us, behind a grassy anthill, toward which we walked after dismounting. Some buck were grazing peacefully beyond it, and for a moment we supposed that this was what he had seen. But as we stood, one of the porters behind called out "Simba"; and we caught a glimpse of a big lioness galloping down beside the trees, just beyond the donga; she was out of sight in an instant. Mounting our horses, we crossed the donga; she was not to be seen, and we loped at a smart pace parallel with the line of trees, hoping to see her in the open. But, as it turned out, as soon as she saw us pass, she crouched in the bed of the donga; we had



A wounded topi.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



The big lion shot by Kermit.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

gone by her a quarter of a mile when a shout from one of our followers announced that he had seen her, and back we galloped, threw ourselves from our horses, and walked toward where the man was pointing. Tarlton took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for the Winchester 405 is, at least for me personally, the "medicine gun" for lions. In another moment up she jumped, and galloped slowly down the other side of the donga, switching her tail and growling; I scrambled across the donga, and just before she went round a clump of trees, eighty yards off, I fired. The bullet hit her fair, and going forward injured her spine. Over she rolled, growling savagely, and dragged herself into the watercourse; and running forward I finished her with two bullets behind the shoulder. She was a big, fat lioness, very old, with two cubs inside her; her lower canines were much worn and injured. She was very heavy, and probably weighed considerably over three hundred pounds.

The light was growing dim, and camp was eight or ten miles away. The porters—they are always much excited over the death of a lion—wished to carry the body whole to camp, and I let them try. While

they were lashing it to a pole another lion began to moan hungrily half a mile away. Then we started; there was no moon, but the night was clear and we could guide ourselves by the stars. The porters staggered under their heavy load, and we made slow progress; most of the time Tarlton and I walked, with our double-barrels in our hands, for it was a dangerous neighborhood. Again and again we heard lions, and twice one accompanied us for some distance, grunting occasionally, while we kept the men closed. Once the porters were thrown into a panic by a succession of steam-engine-like snorts on our left, which announced the immediate proximity of a rhino. They halted in a huddle while Tarlton and I ran forward and crouched to try to catch the great beast's loom against the sky-line; but it moved off. Four miles from camp was a Masai kraal, and we went toward this when we caught the gleam of the fires; for the porters were getting exhausted.

The kraal was in shape a big oval, with a thick wall of thorn-bushes, eight feet high, the low huts standing just within this wall, while the cattle and sheep crowded small bomas in the centre. The fires gleamed here and there within, and as we approached we heard the talking and laughing of men

and women, and the lowing and bleating of the pent-up herds and flocks. We hailed loudly, explaining our needs. At first they were very suspicious. They told us we could not bring the lion within, because it would frighten the cattle, but after some parley consented to our building a fire outside, and skinning the animal. They passed two brands over the thorn fence, and our men speedily kindled a blaze, and drew the

pounds weight. The features of the men were bold and clear-cut, and their bearing warlike and self-reliant; as the flame of the fire glanced over them, and brought their faces and bronze figures into lurid relief against the darkness, the likeness was striking, not to the West Coast negroes, but to the engravings on the tombs, temples, and palaces of ancient Egypt; they might have been soldiers in the armies of Thothmes or



An impalla ram.

From a photograph by Edmund Helier.

lioness beside it. By this time the Masai were reassured, and a score of their warriors, followed soon by half a dozen women, came out through a small opening in the fence, and crowded close around the fire, with boisterous, noisy good humor. They showed a tendency to chaff our porters. One, the humorist of the crowd, excited much merriment by describing, with pantomimic accompaniment of gestures, how when the white man shot a lion it might bite a swahili, who thereupon would call for his mother. But they were entirely friendly, and offered me calabashes of milk. The men were tall, finely shaped savages, their hair plastered with red mud, and drawn out into longish ringlets; they were naked except for a blanket worn, not round the loins, but over the shoulders; their ears were slit, and from them bone and wooden ornaments hung; they wore metal bracelets and anklets, and chains which passed around their necks, or else over one side of the neck and under the opposite arm. The women had pleasant faces, and were laden with metal ornaments—chiefly wire anklets, bracelets, and necklaces—of many

Rameses. They stood resting on their long staffs, and looked at me as I leaned on my rifle; and they laughed and jested with their women, who felt the lion's teeth and claws and laughed back at the men; our gun-bearers worked at the skinning, and answered the jests of their warlike friends with the freedom of men who themselves followed a dangerous trade; the two horses stood quiet just outside the circle; and over all the firelight played and leaped.

It was after ten when we reached camp, and I enjoyed a hot bath and a shave before sitting down to a supper of eland venison and broiled spur-fowl; and surely no supper ever tasted more delicious.

Next day we broke camp. My bag for the five days illustrates ordinary African shooting in this part of the continent. Of course I could have killed many other things; but I shot nothing that was not absolutely needed, both for scientific purposes and for food; the skin of every animal I shot was preserved for the National Museum. The bag included fourteen animals, of ten different species: one lioness, one hyena, one warthog boar, two zebra,

two eland, one wildebeest, two topi, two impalla, one Roberts' gazelle, one Thomson's gazelle. Except the lioness and one impalla (both of which we shot running), all were shot at rather long ranges; seven were shot standing, two walking, five running. The average distance at which they were shot was a little over two hundred and twenty yards. I used sixty-five cartridges, an amount which will seem excessive chiefly to those who are not accustomed actually

to count the cartridges they expend, to measure the distances at which they fire and to estimate for themselves the range, on animals in the field when they are standing or running a good way off. Only one wounded animal got away; and eight of the animals I shot had to be finished with one bullet—two in the case of the lioness—as they lay on the ground. Many of the cartridges expended really represented range-finding.

* * * As I have mentioned, this beautiful double-barrelled Holland rifle was presented to me by certain English friends; Mr. E. N. Buxton having taken the lead in the matter when he heard that I intended making a trip after big game in Africa. I received the rifle at the White House, while I was President. Inside the case was the following list of donors:

LIST OF ZOÖLOGISTS AND SPORTSMEN WHO ARE DONORS OF A DOUBLE ELEPHANT RIFLE TO THE HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT U. S. A.

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES ON BEHALF OF THE PRESERVATION OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATIONAL PARKS AND FOREST RESERVES, AND BY OTHER MEANS

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|--|--|
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| HON. T. A. BRASSEY. (Editor of the <i>Naval Annual</i> .) | |

THE LEGEND

By Edith Wharton

I



ARTHUR BERNALD could never afterward recall just when the first conjecture flashed on him: oddly enough, there was no record of it in the agitated jottings of his diary. But, as it seemed to him in retrospect, he had always felt that the queer man at the Wades' must be John Pellerin, if only for the negative reason that he couldn't imaginably be any one else. It was impossible, in the confused pattern of the century's intellectual life, to fit the stranger in anywhere, save in the big gap which, some five and twenty years earlier, had been left by Pellerin's unaccountable disappearance; and conversely, such a man as the Wades' visitor couldn't have lived for sixty years without filling, somewhere in space, a nearly equivalent void.

At all events, it was certainly not to Doctor Wade or to his mother that Bernald owed the hint: the good unconscious Wades, one of whose chief charms in the young man's eyes was that they remained so robustly untainted by Pellerinism, in spite of the fact that Doctor Wade's younger brother, Howland, was among its most impudently flourishing high-priests.

The incident had begun by Bernald's running across Doctor Robert Wade one hot summer night at the University Club, and by Wade's saying, in the tone of unprofessional laxity which the shadowy stillness of the place invited: "I got hold of a queer fish at St. Martin's the other day—case of heat-prostration picked up in Central Park. When we'd patched him up I found he had nowhere to go, and not a dollar in his pocket, and I sent him down to our place at Portchester to re-build."

The opening roused his hearer's attention. Bob Wade had an odd unformulated sense of values that Bernald had learned to trust.

"What sort of chap? Young or old?"
"Oh, every age—full of years, and yet with a lot left. He called himself sixty on the books."

"Sixty's a good age for some kinds of living. And age is of course purely subjective. How has he used his sixty years?"

"Well—part of them in educating himself, apparently. He's a scholar—humanities, languages, and so forth."

"Oh—decayed gentleman," Bernald murmured, disappointed.

"Decayed? Not much!" cried the doctor with his accustomed literalness. "I only mentioned that side of Winterman—his name's Winterman—because it was the side my mother noticed first. I suppose women generally do. But it's only a part—a small part. The man's the big thing."

"Really big?"

"Well—there again. . . . When I took him down to the country, looking rather like a tramp from a 'Shelter,' with an untrimmed beard, and a suit of reach-me-downs he'd slept round the Park in for a week, I felt sure my mother'd carry the silver up to her room, and send for the gardener's dog to sleep in the hall the first night. But she didn't."

"I see. 'Women and children love him.' Oh, Wade!" Bernald groaned.

"Not a bit of it! You're out again. We don't love him, either of us. But we *feel* him—the air's charged with him. You'll see."

And Bernald agreed that he *would* see, the following Sunday. Wade's inarticulate attempts to characterize the stranger had struck his friend. The human revelation had for Bernald a poignant and ever-renewed interest, which his trade, as the dramatic critic of a daily paper, had hitherto failed to discourage. And he knew that Bob Wade, simple and undefiled by literature—Bernald's specific affliction—had a free and personal way of judging men, and the diviner's knack of reaching their hidden

springs. During the days that followed, the young doctor gave Bernald farther details about John Winterman: details not of fact—for in that respect his visitor's reticence was baffling—but of impression. It appeared that Winterman, while lying insensible in the Park, had been robbed of the few dollars he possessed; and on leaving the hospital, still weak and half-blind, he had quite simply and unprotestingly accepted the Wades' offer to give him shelter till such time as he should be strong enough to go to work.

"But what's his work?" Bernald interjected. "Hasn't he at least told you that?"

"Well, writing. Some kind of writing." Doctor Bob always became vague and clumsy when he approached the confines of literature. "He means to take it up again as soon as his eyes get right."

Bernald groaned. "Oh, Lord—that finishes him; and *me*! He's looking for a publisher, of course—he wants a 'favourable notice.' I won't come!"

"He hasn't written a line for twenty years."

"A line of *what*? What kind of literature can one keep corked up for twenty years?"

Wade surprised him. "The real kind, I should say. But I don't know Winterman's line," the doctor added. "He speaks of the things he used to write merely as 'stuff that wouldn't sell.' He has a wonderfully confidential way of *not* telling one things. But he says he'll have to do something for his living as soon as his eyes are patched up, and that writing is the only trade he knows. The queer thing is that he seems pretty sure of selling *now*. He even talked of buying the bungalow of us, with an acre or two about it."

"The bungalow? What's that?"

"The studio down by the shore that we built for Howland when he thought he meant to paint." (Howland Wade, as Bernald knew, had experienced various "calls.") "Since he's taken to writing nobody's been near it. I offered it to Winterman, and he camps there—cooks his meals, does his own house-keeping, and never comes up to the house except in the evenings, when he joins us on the verandah, in the dark, and smokes while my mother knits."

"A discreet visitor, eh?"

"More than he need be. My mother actually wanted him to *stay* on in the house—in her pink chintz room. Think of it! But he says houses smother him. I take it he's lived for years in the open."

"In the open where?"

"I can't make out, except that it was somewhere in the East. 'East of everything—beyond the day-spring. In places not on the map.' That's the way he put it; and when I said: 'You've been an explorer, then?' he smiled in his beard, and answered: 'Yes; that's it—an explorer.' Yet he doesn't strike me as a man of action: hasn't the hands or the eyes."

"What sort of hands and eyes has he?"

Wade reflected. His range of observation was not large, but within its limits it was exact and could give an account of itself.

"He's worked a lot with his hands, but that's not what they were made for. I should say they were extraordinarily delicate conductors of sensation. And his eye—his eye too. He hasn't used it to dominate people: he didn't care to. He simply looks through 'em all like windows. Makes me feel like the fellows who think they're made of glass. The mitigating circumstance is that he seems to see such a glorious landscape through me." Wade grinned at the thought of serving such a purpose.

"I see. I'll come on Sunday and be looked through!" Bernald cried.

II

BERNALD came on two successive Sundays; and the second time he lingered till the Tuesday.

"Here he comes!" Wade had said, the first evening, as the two young men, with Wade's mother sat in the sultry dusk, with the Virginian creeper drawing, between the verandah arches, its black arabesques against a moon-lined sky.

In the darkness Bernald heard a step on the gravel, and saw the red flit of a cigar through the shrubs. Then a loosely-moving figure obscured the patch of sky between the creepers, and the red spark became the centre of a dim bearded face, in which Bernald discerned only a broad white gleam of forehead.

It was the young man's subsequent impression that Winterman had not spoken

much that first evening; at any rate, Bernald himself remembered chiefly what the Wades had said. And this was the more curious because he had come for the purpose of studying their visitor, and because there was nothing to divert him from that purpose in Wade's halting communications or his mother's artless comments. He reflected afterward that there must have been a mysteriously fertilizing quality in the stranger's silence: it had brooded over their talk like a large moist cloud above a dry country.

Mrs. Wade, apparently apprehensive lest her son should have given Bernald an exaggerated notion of their visitor's importance, had hastened to qualify it before the latter appeared.

"He's not what you or Howland would call intellectual—" (Bernald writhed at the coupling of the names)—"not in the least *literary*; though he told Bob he used to write. I don't think, though, it could have been what Howland would call writing." Mrs. Wade always mentioned her younger son with a reverential drop of the voice. She viewed literature much as she did Providence, as an inscrutable mystery; and she spoke of Howland as a dedicated being, set apart to perform secret rites within the veil of the sanctuary.

"I shouldn't say he had a quick mind," she continued, reverting apologetically to Winterman. "Sometimes he hardly seems to follow what we're saying. But he's got such sound ideas—when he does speak he's never silly. And clever people sometimes *are*, don't you think so?" Bernald groaned an unqualified assent. "And he's so capable. The other day something went wrong with the kitchen range, just as I was expecting some friends of Bob's for dinner; and do you know, when Mr. Winterman heard we were in trouble, he came and took a look, and knew at once what to do? I told him it was a dreadful pity he wasn't married!"

Close on midnight, when the session on the verandah ended, and the two young men were strolling down to the bungalow at Winterman's side, Bernald's mind reverted to the image of the fertilizing cloud. There was something brooding, pregnant, in the silent presence beside him: he had, in place of any circumscribing impression of the in-

dividual, a large hovering sense of manifold latent meanings. And he felt a distinct thrill of relief when, half-way down the lawn, Doctor Bob was checked by a voice that called him back to the telephone.

"Now I'll be with him alone!" thought Bernald, with a throb like a lover's.

In the low-ceilinged bungalow Winterman had to grope for the lamp on his desk, and as its light struck up into his face Bernald's sense of the rareness of his opportunity increased. He couldn't have said why, for the face, with its ridged brows, its shabby greyish beard and blunt Socratic nose, made no direct appeal to the eye. It seemed rather like a stage on which remarkable things might be enacted, like some shaggy moorland landscape dependent for form and expression on the clouds rolling over it, and the bursts of light between; and one of these flashed out in the smile with which Winterman, as if in answer to his companion's thought, said simply, as he turned to fill his pipe: "Now we'll talk."

So he'd known all along that they hadn't yet—and had guessed that, with Bernald, one might!

The young man's glow of pleasure was so intense that it left him for a moment unable to meet the challenge; and in that moment he felt the brush of something winged and summoning. His spirit rose to it with a rush; but just as he felt himself poised between the ascending pinions, the door opened and Bob Wade plunged in.

"Too bad! I'm so sorry! It was from Howland, to say he can't come to-morrow after all." The doctor panted out his news with honest grief.

"I tried my best to pull it off for you; and my brother *wants* to come—he's keen to talk to you and see what he can do. But you see he's so tremendously in demand. He'll try for another Sunday later on."

Winterman nodded with a whimsical gesture. "Oh, he'll find me here. I shall work my time out slowly." He pointed to the scattered sheets on the kitchen table which formed his writing desk.

"Not slowly enough to suit us," Wade answered hospitably. "Only, if Howland could have come he might have given you a tip or two—put you on the right track—shown you how to get in touch with the public."

Winterman, his hands in his sagging

pockets, lounged against the bare pine walls, twisting his pipe under his beard. "Does your brother enjoy the privilege of that contact?" he questioned gravely.

Wade stared a little. "Oh, of course Howland's not what you'd call a *popular* writer; he despises that kind of thing. But whatever he says goes with—well, with the chaps that count; and every one tells me he's written *the* book on Pellerin. You must read it when you get back your eyes." He paused, as if to let the name sink in, but Winterman drew at his pipe with a blank face. "You must have heard of Pellerin, I suppose?" the doctor continued. "I've never read a word of him myself: he's too big a proposition for *me*. But one can't escape the talk about him. I have him crammed down my throat even in hospital. The internes read him at the clinics. He tumbles out of the nurses' pockets. The patients keep him under their pillows. Oh, with most of them, of course, it's just a craze, like the last new game or puzzle: they don't understand him in the least. Howland says that even now, twenty-five years after his death, and with his books in everybody's hands, there are not twenty people who really understand Pellerin; and Howland ought to know, if anybody does. He's—what's their great word?—*interpreted* him. You must get Howland to put you through a course of Pellerin."

And as the young men, having taken leave of Winterman, retraced their way across the lawn, Wade continued to develop the theme of his brother's accomplishments.

"I wish I *could* get Howland to take an interest in Winterman: this is the third Sunday he's chucked us. Of course he does get bored with people consulting him about their writings—but I believe if he could only talk to Winterman he'd see something in him, 'as we do. And it would be such a god-send to the poor man to have some one to advise him about his work. I'm going to make a desperate effort to get Howland here next Sunday."

It was then that Bernald vowed to himself that he would return the next Sunday at all costs. He hardly knew whether he was prompted by the impulse to shield Winterman from Howland Wade's ineptitude, or by the desire to see the latter abandon himself to the full shamelessness of its dis-

play; but of one fact he was blissfully assured—and that was of the existence in Winterman of some quality which would provoke Howland to the amplest exercise of his fatuity. "How he'll draw him—how he'll draw him!" Bernald chuckled, with a security the more unaccountable that his one glimpse of Winterman had shown the latter only as a passive subject for experimentation; and he felt himself avenged in advance for the injury of Howland Wade's existence.

III

THAT this hope was to be frustrated Bernald learned from Howland Wade's own lips, the day before the two young men were to meet at Portchester.

"I can't really, my dear fellow," the Interpreter lisped, passing a polished hand over the faded smoothness of his face. "Oh, an authentic engagement, I assure you: otherwise, to oblige old Bob I'd submit cheerfully to looking over his foundling's literature. But I'm pledged this week to the Pellerin Society of Kenosha: I had a hand in founding it, and for two years now they've been patiently waiting for a word from me—the *Fiat Lux*, so to speak. You see it's a ministry, Bernald—I assure you, I look upon my calling quite religiously."

As Bernald listened, his disappointment gradually changed to relief. Howland, on trial, always turned out to be too insufferable, and the pleasure of watching his antics was invariably lost in the impulse to put a sanguinary end to them.

"If he'd only keep his beastly pink hands off Pellerin," Bernald groaned, thinking of the thick manuscript condemned to perpetual incarceration in his own desk by the publication of Howland's "definitive" work on the great man. One couldn't, *after* Howland Wade, expose one's self to the derision of writing about Pellerin: the eagerness with which Wade's book had been devoured proved, not that the public had enough appetite for another, but simply that, for a stomach so indiscriminating, anything better than Wade had given it would be too good. And Bernald, in the confidence that his own work was open to this objection, had stoically locked it up. Yet if he had resigned his exasperated intelligence to the fact that Wade's book ex-

isted, and was already passing into the immortality of perpetual republication, he could not, after repeated trials, adjust himself to the author's talk about Pellerin. When Wade wrote of the great dead he was egregious, but in conversation he was familiar and fond. It might have been supposed that one of the beauties of Pellerin's hidden life and mysterious taking off would have been to guard him from the fingering of anecdote; but biographers like Howland Wade were born to rise above such obstacles. He might be vague or inaccurate in dealing with the few recorded events of his subject's life; but when he left fact for conjecture no one had a firmer footing. Whole chapters in his volume were constructed in the conditional mood and packed with hypothetical detail; and in talk, by the very law of the process, hypothesis became affirmation, and he was ready to tell you confidentially the exact circumstances of Pellerin's death, and of the "distressing incident" leading up to it. Bernald himself not only questioned the form under which this incident was shaping itself before posterity, but the mere radical fact of its occurrence: he had never been able to discover any break in the dense cloud enveloping Pellerin's later life and its mysterious termination. He had gone away—that was all that any of them knew: he who had so little, at any time, been with them or of them; and his going had so slightly stirred the public consciousness that even the subsequent news of his death, laconically imparted from afar, had dropped unheeded into the universal scrap-basket, to be long afterward fished out, with all its details missing, when some enquiring spirit first became aware, by chance encounter with a two-penny volume in a London book-stall, not only that such a man as John Pellerin had died, but that he had ever lived, or written.

It need hardly be noted that Howland Wade had not been the pioneer in question: his had been the wiser part of swelling the chorus when it rose, and gradually drowning the other voices by his own insistent note. He had pitched the note so screamingly, and held it so long, that he was now the accepted authority on Pellerin, not only in the land which had given birth to his genius but in the Europe which had first acclaimed it; and it was the central point of pain in Bernald's sense of the situation that

a man who had so yearned for silence as Pellerin should have his grave piped over by such a voice as Wade's.

Bernald's talk with the Interpreter had revived this ache to the momentary exclusion of other sensations; and he was still sore with it when, the next afternoon, he arrived at Portchester for his second Sunday with the Wades.

At the station he had the surprise of seeing Winterman's face on the platform, and of hearing from him that Doctor Bob had been called away to assist at an operation in a distant town.

"Mrs. Wade wanted to put you off, but I believe the message came too late; so she sent me down to break the news to you," said Winterman, holding out his hand.

Perhaps because they were the first conventional words that Bernald had heard him speak, the young man was struck by the relief his intonation gave them.

"She wanted to send a carriage," Winterman added, "but I told her we'd walk back through the woods." He looked at Bernald with a sudden kindness that flushed the young man with pleasure.

"Are you strong enough? It's not too far?"

"Oh, no. I'm pulling myself together. Getting back to work is the slowest part of the business: not on account of my eyes—I can use them now, though not for reading; but some of the links between things are missing. It's a kind of broken spectrum . . . here, that boy will look after your bag."

The walk through the woods remained in Bernald's memory as an enchanted hour. He used the word literally, as descriptive of the way in which Winterman's contact changed the face of things, or perhaps restored them to their primitive meanings. And the scene they traversed—one of those little untended woods that still, in America, fringe the tawdry skirts of civilization—acquired, as a background to Winterman, the hush of a spot aware of transcendent visitings. Did he talk, or did he make Bernald talk? The young man never knew. He recalled only a sense of lightness and liberation, as if the hard walls of individuality had melted, and he were merged in the poet's deeper interfusion, yet without losing the least sharp edge of self. This general impression resolved itself afterward into the

sense of Winterman's wide elemental range. His thought encircled things like the horizon at sea. He didn't, as it happened, touch on lofty themes—Bernald was gleefully aware that, to Howland Wade, their talk would hardly have been Talk at all—but Winterman's mind, applied to lowly topics, was like a powerful lens that brought out microscopic delicacies and differences.

The lack of Sunday trains kept Doctor Bob for two days on the scene of his surgical duties, and during those two days Bernald seized every moment of communion with his friend's guest. Winterman, as Wade had said, was reticent as to his personal affairs, or rather as to the practical and material conditions to which the term is generally applied. But it was evident that, in Winterman's case, the usual classification must be reversed, and that the discussion of ideas carried one much farther into his intimacy than any specific acquaintance with the incidents of his life.

"That's exactly what Howland Wade and his tribe have never understood about Pellerin: that it's much less important to know how, or even why, he disapp——"

Bernald pulled himself up with a jerk, and turned to look full at his companion. It was late on the Monday evening, and the two men, after an hour's chat on the verandah to the tune of Mrs. Wade's knitting-needles, had bidden their hostess good-night and strolled back to the bungalow together.

"Come and have a pipe before you turn in," Winterman had said; and they had sat on together till midnight, with the door of the bungalow open on a heaving moonlit bay, and summer insects bumping against the chimney of the lamp. Winterman had just bent down to re-fill his pipe from the jar on the table, and Bernald, jerking about to catch him in the yellow circle of lamp-light, sat speechless, staring at a fact that seemed suddenly to have substituted itself for Winterman's face, or rather to have taken on its features.

"No, they never saw that Pellerin's ideas *were* Pellerin. . . ." He continued to stare at Winterman. "Just as this man's ideas are—why, *are* Pellerin!"

The thought uttered itself in a kind of inner shout, and Bernald started upright with the violent impact of his conclusion. Again and again in the last forty-eight

hours he had exclaimed to himself: "This is as good as Pellerin." Why hadn't he said till now: "This *is* Pellerin"? . . . Surprising as the answer was, he had no choice but to take it. He hadn't said so simply because Winterman was *better than Pellerin*—that there was so much more of him, so to speak. Yes; but—it came to Bernald in a flash—wouldn't there by this time have been any amount more of Pellerin? . . . The young man felt actually dizzy with the thought. That was it—there was the solution of the haunting problem! This man was Pellerin, and more than Pellerin! It was so fantastic and yet so unanswerable that he burst into a sudden startled laugh.

Winterman, at the same moment, brought his palm down with a sudden crash on the pile of manuscript covering the desk.

"What's the matter?" Bernald gasped.

"My match wasn't out. In another minute the destruction of the library of Alexandria would have been a trifle compared to what you'd have seen." Winterman, with his large deep laugh, shook out the smouldering sheets. "And I should have been a pensioner on Doctor Bob the Lord knows how much longer!"

Bernald pulled himself together. "You've really got going again? The thing's actually getting into shape?"

"This particular thing *is* in shape. I drove at it hard all last week, thinking our friend's brother would be down on Sunday, and might look it over."

Bernald had to repress the tendency to another wild laugh.

"Howland—you meant to show *Howland* what you've done?"

Winterman, looming against the moonlight, slowly turned a dusky shaggy head toward him.

"Isn't it a good thing to do?"

Bernald wavered, torn between loyalty to his friends and the grotesqueness of answering in the affirmative. After all, it was none of his business to furnish Winterman with an estimate of Howland Wade.

"Well, you see, you've never told me what your line *is*," he answered, temporizing.

"No, because nobody's ever told *me*. It's exactly what I want to find out," said the other genially.

"And you expect Wade——?"

"Why, I gathered from our good Doctor that it's his trade. Doesn't he explain—interpret?"

"In his own domain—which is Pellerinism."

Winterman gazed out musingly upon the moon-touched dusk of waters. "And what *is* Pellerinism?" he asked.

Bernald sprang to his feet with a cry. "Ah, I don't know—but you're Pellerin!"

They stood for a minute facing each other, among the uncertain swaying shadows of the room, with the sea breathing through it as something immense and inarticulate breathed through young Bernald's thoughts; then Winterman threw up his arms with a humorous gesture.

"Don't shoot!" he said.

IV

DAWN found them there, and the risen sun laid its beams on the rough floor of the bungalow, before either of the men was conscious of the passage of time. Bernald, vaguely trying to define his own state in retrospect, could only phrase it: "I floated . . . floated. . . ."

The gist of fact at the core of the extraordinary experience was simply that John Pellerin, twenty-five years earlier, had voluntarily disappeared, causing the rumour of his death to be reported to an inattentive world; and that now he had come back to see what that world had made of him.

"You'll hardly believe it of me; I hardly believe it of myself; but I went away in a rage of disappointment, of wounded pride—no, vanity! I don't know which cut deepest—the sneers or the silence—but between them, there wasn't an inch of me that wasn't raw. I had just the one thing in me: the message, the cry, the revelation. But nobody saw and nobody listened. Nobody wanted what I had to give. I was like a poor devil of a tramp looking for shelter on a bitter night, in a town with every door bolted and all the windows dark. And suddenly I felt that the easiest thing would be to lie down and go to sleep in the snow. Perhaps I'd a vague notion that if they found me there at daylight, frozen stiff, the pathetic spectacle might produce a reaction, a feeling of remorse. . . . So I took care to be found! Well, a good many thousand people die every

day on the face of the globe; and I soon discovered that I was simply one of the thousands; and when I made that discovery I really died—and stayed dead a year or two. . . . When I came to life again I was off on the under side of the world, in regions unaware of what we know as 'the public.' Have you any notion how it shifts the point of view to wake under new constellations? I advise any who's been in love with a woman under Cassiopeia to go and think about her under the Southern Cross. . . . It's the only way to tell the pivotal truths from the others. . . . I didn't believe in my theory any less—there was my triumph and my vindication! It held out, resisted, measured itself with the stars. But I didn't care a snap of my finger whether anybody else believed in it, or even knew it had been formulated. It escaped out of my books—my poor still-born books—like Psyche from the chrysalis, and soared away into the blue, and lived there. I knew then how it frees an idea to be ignored; how apprehension circumscribes and deforms it. . . . Once I'd learned that, it was easy enough to turn to and shift for myself. I was sure now that my idea would live: the good ones are self-supporting. And meanwhile I had to learn to be so; and I tried my hand at a number of things . . . adventurous, menial, commercial. . . . It's not a bad thing for a man to have to live his life—and we nearly all manage to dodge it. Our first round with the Sphinx may strike something out of us—a book or a picture or a symphony; and we're amazed at our feat, and go on letting that first work breed others, as some animal forms reproduce each other without renewed fertilization. So there we are, committed to our first guess at the riddle; and our works look as like as successive impressions of the same plate, each with the lines a little fainter; whereas they ought to be—if we touch earth between times—as different from each other as those other creatures—jellyfish, aren't they, of a kind?—where successive generations produce new forms, and it takes a zoologist to see the hidden likeness. . . .

"Well, I proved my first guess, off there in the wilds, and it lived, and grew, and took care of itself. And I said 'Some day it will make itself heard; but by that time my atoms will have waltzed into a new pattern.'

V

Then, in Cashmere one day, I met a fellow in a caravan, with a dog-eared book in his pocket. He said he never stirred without it—wanted to know where I'd been, never to have heard of it. It was *my guess*—in its twentieth edition! . . . The globe spun round at that, and all of a sudden I was under the old stars. That's the way it happens when the ballast of vanity shifts! I'd lived a third of a life out there, unconscious of human opinion—because I supposed it was unconscious of *me*. But now—now! Oh, it was different. I wanted to know what they said. . . . Not exactly that, either: I wanted to know *what I'd made them say*. There's a difference. . . . And here I am," said John Pellerin, with a pull at his pipe.

So much Bernald retained of his companion's actual narrative; the rest was swept away under the tide of wonder that rose and submerged him as Pellerin—at some indefinitely later stage of their talk—picked up his manuscript and began to read. Bernald sat opposite, his elbows propped on the table, his eyes fixed on the swaying waters outside, from which the moon gradually faded, leaving them to make a denser blackness in the night. As Pellerin read, this density of blackness—which never for a moment seemed inert or unalive—was attenuated by imperceptible degrees, till a greyish pallour replaced it; then the pallour breathed and brightened, and suddenly dawn was on the sea.

Something of the same nature went on in the young man's mind while he watched and listened. He was conscious of a gradually withdrawing light, of an interval of obscurity full of the stir of invisible forces, and then of the victorious flush of day. And as the light rose, he saw how far he had travelled and what wonders the night had prepared. Pellerin had been right in saying that his first idea had survived, had borne the test of time; but he had given his hearer no hint of the extent to which it had been enlarged and modified, of the fresh implications it now unfolded. In a brief flash of retrospection Bernald saw the earlier books dwindle and fall into their place as mere precursors of this fuller revelation; then, with a leap of helpless rage, he pictured Howland Wade's pink hands on the new treasure, and his prophetic feet up on the lecture platform.

"It won't do—oh, he let him down as gently as possible; but it appears it simply won't do."

Doctor Bob imparted the ineluctable fact to Bernald while the two men, accidentally meeting at their club a few nights later, sat together over the dinner they had immediately agreed to consume in company.

Bernald had left Portchester the morning after his strange discovery, and he and Bob Wade had not seen each other since. And now Bernald, moved by an irresistible instinct of postponement, had waited for his companion to bring up Winterman's name, and had even executed several conversational diversions in the hope of delaying its mention. For how could one talk of Winterman with the thought of Pellerin swelling one's breast?

"Yes; the very day Howland got back from Kenosha I brought the manuscript to town, and got him to read it. And yesterday evening I nailed him, and dragged an answer out of him."

"Then Howland hasn't seen Winterman yet?"

"No. He said: 'Before you let him loose on me I'll go over the stuff, and see if it's at all worth while.'"

Bernald drew a freer breath. "And he found it wasn't?"

"Between ourselves, he found it was of no account at all. Queer, isn't it, when the *man* . . . but of course literature's another proposition. Howland says it's one of the cases where an idea might seem original and striking if one didn't happen to be able to trace its descent. And this is straight out of bosh—by Pellerin. . . . Yes: Pellerin. It seems that everything in the article that isn't pure nonsense is just Pellerinism. Howland thinks poor Winterman must have been tremendously struck by Pellerin's writings, and have lived too much out of the world to know that they've become the text-books of modern thought. Otherwise, of course, he'd have taken more trouble to disguise his plagiarisms."

"I see," Bernald mused. "Yet you say there *is* an original element?"

"Yes; but unluckily it's no good."

"It's not—conceivably—in any sense a development of Pellerin's idea: a logical step farther?"

"*Logical?*" Howland says it's twaddle at white heat."

Bernald sat silent, divided between the fierce satisfaction of seeing the Interpreter rush upon his fate, and the despair of knowing that the state of mind he represented was indestructible. Then both emotions were swept away on a wave of pure joy, as he reflected that now, at last, Howland Wade had given him back John Pellerin.

The possession was one he did not mean to part with lightly; and the dread of its being torn from him constrained him to extraordinary precautions.

"You've told Winterman, I suppose? How did he take it?"

"Why, unexpectedly, as he does most things. You can never tell which way he'll jump. I thought he'd take a high tone, or else laugh it off; but he did neither. He seemed awfully cast down. I wished myself well out of the job when I saw how cut up he was." Bernald thrilled at the words. Pellerin had shared his pang, then—the "old woe of the world" at the perpetuity of human dulness!

"But what did he say to the charge of plagiarism—if you made it?"

"Oh, I told him straight out what Howland said. I thought it fairer. And his answer to that was the rummest part of all."

"What was it?" Bernald questioned, with a tremor.

"He said: 'That's queer, for I've never read Pellerin.'"

Bernald drew a deep breath of ecstasy. "Well—and I suppose you believed him?"

"I believed him, because I know him. But the public won't—the critics won't. And if it's a pure coincidence it's just as bad for him as if it were a straight steal— isn't it?"

Bernald sighed his acquiescence.

"It bothers me awfully," Wade continued, knitting his kindly brows, "because I could see what a blow it was to him. He's got to earn his living, and I don't suppose he knows how to do anything else. At his age it's hard to start fresh. I put that to Howland—asked him if there wasn't a chance he might do better if he only had a little encouragement. I can't help feeling he's got the essential thing in him. But of course I'm no judge when it comes to books. And Howland says it would be cruel to give him any hope." Wade paused, turned his

wineglass about under a meditative stare, and then leaned across the table toward Bernald. "Look here—do you know what I've proposed to Winterman? That he should come to town with me to-morrow and go in the evening to hear Howland lecture to the Uplift Club. They're to meet at Mrs. Beecher Bain's, and Howland is to repeat the lecture that he gave the other day before the Pellerin Society at Kenosha. It will give Winterman a chance to get some notion of what Pellerin *was*: he'll get it much straighter from Howland than if he tried to plough through Pellerin's books. And then afterward—as if accidentally—I thought I might bring him and Howland together. If Howland could only see him and hear him talk, there's no knowing what might come of it. He couldn't help feeling the man's force, as we do; and he might give him a pointer—tell him what line to take. Anyhow, it would please Winterman, and take the edge off his disappointment. I saw that as soon as I proposed it."

"Some one who's never heard of Pellerin?"

Mrs. Beecher Bain, large, smiling, diffuse, reached out parenthetically from the incoming throng on her threshold to waylay Bernald with the question as he was about to move past her in the wake of his companion.

"Oh, keep straight on, Mr. Winterman!" she interrupted herself to call after the latter. "Into the back drawing-room, please! And remember, you're to sit next to me—in the corner on the left, close under the platform."

She renewed her interrogative clutch on Bernald's sleeve. "Most curious! Doctor Wade has been telling me all about him—how remarkable you all think him. And it's actually true that he's never heard of Pellerin? Of course as soon as Doctor Wade told me *that*, I said 'Bring him!' It will be so extraordinarily interesting to watch the first impression.—Yes, do follow him, dear Mr. Bernald, and be sure that you and he secure the seats next to me. Of course Alice Fosdick insists on being with us. She was wild with excitement when I told her she was to meet some one who'd never heard of Pellerin!"

On the indulgent lips of Mrs. Beecher Bain conjecture speedily passed into af-

firmation; and as Bernald's companion, broad and shaggy in his visibly new evening clothes, moved down the length of the crowded rooms, he was already, to the ladies drawing aside their skirts to let him pass, the interesting Huron of the fable.

How far he was aware of the character ascribed to him it was impossible for Bernald to discover. He was as unconscious as a tree or a cloud, and his observer had never known any one so alive to human contacts and yet so secure from them. But the scene was playing such a lively tune on Bernald's own sensibilities that for the moment he could not adjust himself to the probable effect it produced on his companion. The young man, of late, had made but rare appearances in the group of which Mrs. Beecher Bain was one of the most indefatigable hostesses, and the Uplift Club the chief medium of expression. To a critic, obliged by his trade to cultivate convictions, it was the essence of luxury to leave them at home in his hours of ease; and Bernald gave his preference to circles in which less finality of judgment prevailed, and it was consequently less embarrassing to be caught without an opinion.

But in his fresher days he had known the spell of the Uplift Club and the thrill of moving among the Emancipated; and he felt an odd sense of rejuvenation as he looked at the rows of faces packed about the embowered platform from which Howland Wade was presently to hand down the eternal verities. Many of these countenances belonged to the old days, when the gospel of Pellerin was unknown, and it required considerable intellectual courage to avow one's acceptance of the very doctrines he had since demolished. The latter moral revolution seemed to have been accepted as submissively as a change in hair-dressing; and it even struck Bernald that, in the case of many of the assembled ladies, their convictions were rather newer than their clothes.

One of the most interesting examples of this facility of adaptation was actually, in the person of Miss Alice Fosdick, brushing his elbow with exotic amulets, and enveloping him in Arabian odours, as she leaned forward to murmur her sympathetic sense of the situation. Miss Fosdick, who was one of the most advanced exponents of Pellerinism, had large eyes and a plaintive mouth, and Bernald had always fancied

that she might have been pretty if she had not been perpetually explaining things.

"Yes, I know—Isabella Bain told me all about him. (He can't hear us, can he?) And I wonder if you realize how remarkably interesting it is that we should have such an opportunity *now*—I mean the opportunity to see the impression of Pellerinism on a perfectly fresh mind. (You must introduce him as soon as the lecture's over.) I explained that to Isabella as soon as she showed me Doctor Wade's note. Of course you see why, don't you?" Bernald made a faint motion of acquiescence, which she instantly swept aside. "At least I think I can *make you see why*. (If you're sure he can't hear?) Why, it's just this—Pellerinism is in danger of becoming a truism. Oh, it's an awful thing to say! But then I'm not afraid of saying awful things! I rather believe it's my mission. What I mean is, that we're getting into the way of taking Pellerin for granted—as we do the air we breathe. We don't sufficiently lead our *conscious life* in him—we're gradually letting him become subliminal." She swayed closer to the young man, and he saw that she was making a graceful attempt to throw her explanatory net over his companion, who, evading Mrs. Bain's hospitable signal, had cautiously wedged himself into a seat between Bernald and the wall.

"*Did you hear what I was saying, Mr. Winterman?* (Yes, I know who you are, of course!) Oh, well, I don't really mind if you did. I was talking about you—about you and Pellerin. I was explaining to Mr. Bernald that what we need at this very minute is a Pellerin revival; and we need some one like you—to whom his message comes as a wonderful new interpretation of life—to lead the revival, and rouse us out of our apathy. . . .

"You see," she went on winningly, "it's not only the big public that needs it (of course *their* Pellerin isn't ours!) It's we, his disciples, his interpreters, who discovered him and gave him to the world—we, the Chosen People, the Custodians of the Sacred Books, as Howland Wade calls us—it's *we*, who are in perpetual danger of sinking back into the old stagnant ideals, and practising the Seven Deadly Virtues; it's *we* who need to count our mercies, and realize anew what he's done for us, and what we ought to do for him! And it's for

that reason that I urged Mr. Wade to speak here, in the very inner sanctuary of Pellerinism, exactly as he would speak to the uninitiated—to repeat, simply, his Kenosha lecture, 'What Pellerinism means'; and we ought all, I think, to listen to him with the hearts of little children—just as *you* will, Mr. Winterman—as if he were telling us new things, and we——”

“Alice, *dear*——” Mrs. Bain murmured with a deprecating gesture; and Howland Wade, emerging between the palms, took the centre of the platform.

A pang of commiseration shot through Bernald as he saw him there, so innocent and so exposed. His plump pulpy body, which made his evening dress fall into intimate and wrapper-like folds, was like a wide surface spread to the shafts of irony; and the mild ripples of his voice seemed to enlarge the vulnerable area as he leaned forward, poised on confidential finger-tips, to say persuasively: “Let me try to tell you what Pellerinism means.”

Bernald moved restlessly in his seat. He had the obscure sense of being a party to something not wholly honourable. He ought not to have come; he ought not to have let his companion come. Yet how could he have done otherwise? John Pellerin's secret was his own. As long as he chose to remain John Winterman it was no one's business to gainsay him; and Bernald's scruples were really justifiable only in respect of his own presence on the scene. But even in this connection he ceased to feel them as soon as Howland Wade began to speak.

VI

It had been arranged that Pellerin, after the meeting of the Uplift Club, should join Bernald at his rooms and spend the night there, instead of returning to Portchester. The plan had been eagerly elaborated by the young man, but he had been unprepared for the alacrity with which his wonderful friend accepted it. He was beginning to see that it was a part of Pellerin's wonderfulness to fall in, quite simply and naturally, with any arrangements made for his convenience, or tending to promote the convenience of others. Bernald felt that his extreme docility in such matters was proportioned to the force of resistance which, for nearly half a life-time, had kept him, with

his back to the wall, fighting alone against the powers of darkness. In such a scale of values how little the small daily alternatives must weigh!

At the close of Howland Wade's discourse, Bernald, charged with his prodigious secret, had felt the need to escape for an instant from the liberated rush of talk. The interest of watching Pellerin was so perilously great that the watcher felt it might, at any moment, betray him. He lingered in the crowded drawing-room long enough to see his friend enclosed in a mounting tide, above which Mrs. Beecher Bain and Miss Fosdick actively waved their conversational tridents; then he took refuge, at the back of the house, in a small dim library where, in his younger days, he had discussed personal immortality and the problem of consciousness with beautiful girls whose names he could not remember.

In this retreat he surprised Mr. Beecher Bain, a quiet man with a mild brow, who was smoking a surreptitious cigar over the last number of the *Strand*. Mr. Bain, at Bernald's approach, dissembled the *Strand* under a copy of the *Hibbert Journal*, but tendered his cigar-case with the remark that stocks were heavy again; and Bernald blissfully abandoned himself to this unexpected contact with reality.

On his return to the drawing-rooms he found that the tide had set toward the supper-table, and when it finally carried him thither it was to land him in the welcoming arms of Bob Wade.

“Hullo, old man! Where have you been all this time?—Winterman? Oh, *he's* talking to Howland: yes, I managed it finally. I believe Mrs. Bain has steered them into the library, so that they shan't be disturbed. I gave her an idea of the situation, and she was awfully kind. We'd better leave them alone, don't you think? I'm trying to get a croquette for Miss Fosdick.”

Bernald's secret leapt in his bosom, and he devoted himself to the task of distributing sandwiches and champagne while his pulses danced to the tune of the cosmic laughter. The vision of Pellerin and his Interpreter, face to face at last, had a Cyclopean grandeur that dwarfed all other comedy. “And I shall hear of it presently; in an hour or two he'll be telling me about it. And that hour will be all mine—mine and his!” The dizziness of the thought made it

difficult for Bernald to preserve the balance of the supper-plates he was distributing. Life had for him at that moment the completeness which seems to defy disintegration.

The throng in the dining-room was thickening, and Bernald's efforts as purveyor were interrupted by frequent appeals, from ladies who had reached repleteness, that he should sit down a moment and tell them all about his interesting friend. Winterman's fame, trumpeted abroad by Miss Fosdick, had reached the four corners of the Uplift Club, and Bernald found himself fabricating *de toutes pièces* a Winterman legend which should in some degree respond to the Club's demand for the human document. When at length he had acquitted himself of this obligation, and was free to work his way back through the lessening groups into the drawing-room, he was at last rewarded by a glimpse of his friend, who, still densely encompassed, towered in the centre of the room in all his sovran ugliness.

Their eyes met across the crowd; but Bernald gathered only perplexity from the encounter. What were Pellerin's eyes saying to him? What orders, what confidences, what indefinable apprehension did their long look impart? The young man was still trying to decipher their complex message when he felt a tap on the arm, and turned to encounter the rueful gaze of Bob Wade, whose meaning lay clearly enough on the surface of his good blue stare.

"Well, it won't work—it won't work," the doctor groaned.

"What won't?"

"I mean with Howland. Winterman won't. Howland doesn't take to him. Says he's crude—frightfully crude. And you know how Howland hates crudeness."

"Oh, I know," Bernald exulted. It was the word he had waited for—he saw it now! Once more he was lost in wonder at Howland's miraculous faculty for always, as the naturalists said, being true to type.

"So I'm afraid it's all up with his chance of writing. At least *I* can do no more," said Wade, discouraged.

Bernald pressed him for farther details. "Does Winterman seem to mind much? Did you hear his version?"

"His version?"

"I mean what he said to Howland."

"Why no. What the deuce was there for him to say?"

"What indeed? I think I'll take him home," said Bernald gaily.

He turned away to join the circle from which, a few minutes before, Pellerin's eyes had vainly and enigmatically signalled to him; but the circle had dispersed, and Pellerin himself was not in sight.

Bernald, looking about him, saw that during his brief aside with Wade the party had passed into the final phase of dissolution. People still delayed, in diminishing groups, but the current had set toward the doors, and every moment or two it bore away a few more lingerers. Bernald, from his post, commanded the clearing perspective of the two drawing-rooms, and a rapid survey of their length sufficed to assure him that Pellerin was not in either. Taking leave of Wade, the young man made his way back to the drawing-room, where only a few hardened feasters remained, and then passed on to the library which had been the scene of the late momentous colloquy. But the library too was empty, and drifting back uncertainly to the inner drawing-room Bernald found Mrs. Beecher Bain domestically putting out the wax candles on the mantel-piece.

"Dear Mr. Bernald! Do sit down and have a little chat. What a wonderful privilege it has been! I don't know when I've had such an intense impression."

She made way for him, hospitably, in a corner of the sofa to which she had sunk; and he echoed her vaguely: "You *were* impressed, then?"

"I can't express to you how it affected me! As Alice said, it was a resurrection—it was as if John Pellerin were actually here in the room with us!"

Bernald turned on her with a half-audible gasp. "You felt that, dear Mrs. Bain?"

"We all felt it—every one of us! I don't wonder the Greeks—it *was* the Greeks?—regarded eloquence as a supernatural power. As Alice says, when one looked at Howland Wade one understood what they meant by the *Afflatus*."

Bernald rose and held out his hand. "Oh, I see—it was Howland who made you feel as if Pellerin were in the room? And he made Miss Fosdick feel so too?"

"Why, of course. But why are you rushing off?"

"Because I must hunt up my friend, who's not used to such late hours."

"Your friend?" Mrs. Bain had to collect her thoughts. "Oh, Mr. Winterman, you mean? But he's gone already."

"Gone?" Bernald exclaimed, with an odd twinge of foreboding. Remembering Pellerin's signal across the crowd, he reproached himself for not having answered it more promptly. Yet it was certainly strange that his friend should have left the house without him.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked, with a startled glance at the clock.

"Oh, perfectly. He went half an hour ago. But you needn't hurry home on his account, for Alice Fosdick carried him off with her. I saw them leave together."

"Carried him off? She took him home with her, you mean?"

"Yes. You know what strange hours she keeps. She told me she was going to give him a Welsh rabbit, and explain Pellerinism to him."

"Oh, if she's going to explain—" Bernald murmured. But his amazement at the news struggled with a confused impatience to reach his rooms in time to be there for his friend's arrival. There could be no stranger spectacle beneath the stars than that of John Pellerin carried off by Miss Fosdick, and listening, in the small hours, to her elucidation of his doctrines; but Bernald knew enough of his sex to be aware that such an experiment may present a less humorous side to its subject than to an impartial observer. Even the Uplift Club and its connotations might benefit by the attraction of the unknown; and it was conceivable that to a traveller from Mesopotamia Miss Fosdick might present elements of interest which she had lost for the frequenters of Fifth Avenue. There was, at any rate, no denying that the affair had become unexpectedly complex, and that its farther development promised to be rich in comedy.

In the charmed contemplation of these possibilities Bernald sat over his fire, listening for Pellerin's ring. He had arranged his modest quarters with the reverent care of a celebrant awaiting the descent of his deity. He guessed Pellerin to be unconscious of visual detail, but sensitive to the happy blending of sensuous impressions: to the intimate spell of lamplight on books, and of a deep chair placed where one

could watch the fire. The chair was there, and Bernald, facing it across the hearth, already saw it filled by Pellerin's lounging figure. The autumn dawn came late, and even now they had before them the promise of some untroubled hours. Bernald, sitting there alone in the warm stillness of his room, and in the profounder hush of his expectancy, was conscious of gathering up all his sensibilities and perceptions into one exquisitely-adjusted instrument of notation. Until now he had tasted Pellerin's society only in unpremeditated snatches, and had always left him with a sense, on his own part, of waste and shortcoming. Now, in the lull of this dedicated hour, he felt that he should miss nothing, and forget nothing, of the initiation that awaited him. And catching sight of Pellerin's pipe, he rose and laid it carefully on a table by the arm-chair.

"No. I've never had any news of him," Bernald heard himself repeating. He spoke in a low tone, and with the automatic utterance that alone made it possible to say the words.

They were addressed to Miss Fosdick, into whose neighbourhood chance had thrown him at a dinner, a year or so later than their encounter at the Uplift Club. Hitherto he had successfully, and intentionally, avoided Miss Fosdick, not from any animosity toward that unconscious instrument of fate, but from an intense reluctance to pronounce the words which he knew he should have to speak if they met.

Now, as it turned out, his chief surprise was that she should wait so long to make him speak them. All through the dinner she had swept him along on a rapid current of talk which showed no tendency to linger or turn back upon the past. At first he ascribed her reserve to a sense of delicacy with which he reproached himself for not having previously credited her; then he saw that she had been carried so far beyond the point at which they had last faced each other, that it was by the merest hazard of associated ideas that she was now finally borne back to it. For it appeared that the very next evening, at Mrs. Beecher Bain's, a Hindu Mahatma was to lecture to the Uplift Club on the Limits of the Subliminal; and it was owing to no less a person than Howland Wade that this exceptional privilege had been obtained.

"Of course Howland's known all over the world as the interpreter of Pellerinism, and the Aga Gauth, who had absolutely declined to speak anywhere in public, wrote to Isabella that he could not refuse anything that Mr. Wade asked. Did you know that Howland's lecture, 'What Pellerinism Means,' has been translated into twenty-two languages, and gone into a fifth edition in Icelandic? Why, that reminds me," Miss Fosdick broke off—"I've never heard what became of your queer friend—what was his name?—whom you and Bob Wade accused me of spiriting away after that very lecture. And I've never seen *you* since you rushed into the house the next morning, and dragged me out of bed to know what I'd done with him!"

With a sharp effort Bernald gathered himself together to have it out. "Well, what *did* you do with him?" he retorted.

She laughed her appreciation of his humour. "Just what I told you, of course. I said good-bye to him on Isabella's door-step."

Bernald looked at her. "It's really true, then, that he didn't go home with you?"

She bantered back: "Have you suspected me, all this time, of hiding his remains in the cellar?" And with a droop of her fine lids she added: "I wish he *had* come home with me, for he was rather interesting, and there were things I think I could have explained to him."

Bernald helped himself to a nectarine, and Miss Fosdick continued on a note of amused curiosity: "So you've really never had any news of him since that night?"

"No—I've never had any news of him."

"Not the least little message?"

"Not the least little message."

"Or a rumour or report of any kind?"

"Or a rumour or report of any kind."

Miss Fosdick's interest seemed to be revived by the strangeness of the case. "It's rather creepy, isn't it? What *could* have

happened? You don't suppose he could have been waylaid and murdered?" she asked with brightening eyes.

Bernald shook his head serenely. "No. I'm sure he's safe—quite safe."

"But if you're sure, you must know something."

"No. I know nothing," he repeated.

She scanned him incredulously. "But what's your theory—for you must have a theory? What in the world can have become of him?"

Bernald returned her look and hesitated. "Do you happen to remember the last thing he said to you—the very last, on the door-step, when he left you?"

"The last thing?" She poised her fork above the peach on her plate. "I don't think he said anything. Oh, yes—when I reminded him that he'd solemnly promised to come back with me and have a little talk he said he couldn't because he was going home."

"Well, then, I suppose," said Bernald, "he went home."

She glanced at him as if suspecting a trap. "Dear me, how flat! I always inclined to a mysterious murder. But of course you know more of him than you say."

She began to cut her peach, but paused above a lifted bit to ask, with a renewal of animation in her expressive eyes: "By the way, had you heard that Howland Wade has been gradually getting farther and farther away from Pellerinism? It seems he's begun to feel that there's a Positivist element in it which is narrowing to any one who has gone at all deeply into the Wisdom of the East. He was intensely interesting about it the other day, and of course I *do* see what he feels. . . . Oh, it's too long to tell you now; but if you could manage to come in to tea some afternoon soon—any day but Wednesday—I should so like to explain——"

COLOR ARRANGEMENTS OF FLOWERS

By Helena Rutherford Ely

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN BY THE LUMIÈRE N. A. COMPANY AND RICHARD WORSAM MEADE



SHOULD those winter town dwellers who are lovers of nature, and whose thoughts during the ice-bound months continually wander to their gardens, or to trees and green places which they know and love, chance to take a short trip into the near country in mid-March, a brightness and touch of warmth in the sunshine, and certain awakenings of nature, will bring to them a thrill of delight in the knowledge that "the winter is past."

Snow-banks may be lingering in dark nooks, there may still be a fringe of ice upon the brooks that wander through the woods; but in marshy places the skunk cabbage is unfolding its broad leaves; the downy buds are expanding upon the willows; many maples show a tinge of the red of coming blossoms; grass that has been properly cared for is already emerald green; Crocuses and Snow-drops are bravely blooming in sheltered places, and if one gently lifts the covering of the beds where Daffodils have slept through the winter their slender green tips will be seen pushing through the brown earth. Frogs in sunny ponds are beginning to pipe their shrill song, the robins have come back, and the town dweller returns to the noisy city of brick and stone possessed by the longing that spring calls forth, to be at work among the growing things, and to watch nature as she comes to life again.

The happy owners of gardens know that now no day should be lost. Even before the frost has entirely left the ground, shrubs, hedges, vines, and climbing roses may be fertilized, that the spring rains may carry the tonic directly to the roots of the plants. Manure, which no longer should be called "barn-yard," since in no self-respecting barn-yard can manure be gathered to-day, mixed with bone-meal in the proportion of five shovels to the wheelbarrow of manure, is best for the purpose.

As soon as the ground can be dug, trees, shrubs, and hardy vines should be transplanted or set out. All soft-wooded trees, such as poplars, willows, catalpas, tulips, dog-wood, magnolias, as well as both purple and copper beech and the larch, must also be set out in the spring before growth begins.

Many attractive spring plantings can be made of shrubs with bulbs and flowers which bloom at the same time.

For example: early Daffodils which have been covered during the winter to bring them forward sooner, may be grown under and around the Forsythia bushes; pink-flowered Crab-apples, of which Bechtels, Parkmans, and Siberean are good varieties, with the long-stemmed May-flowering rose-pink Tulips, mingled with crimson and white Byblossoms and a few clumps of the pale lavender German Iris springing from the grass around them, will make a lovely corner about the fifteenth of May; Gesneriana tulips and Spiraea Van Houttei, which bloom at the same time, are effective together; Columbines, and lavender and white Rockets grown together in quantities with late-blooming white Lilacs, such as Mme. Casimer Perrier and Marie Le Gray, have been very nice in my garden; and Azalea Mollis, with late yellow Tulips, and Deutzia Rosea and the deliciously scented Daphne, make satisfactory combinations.

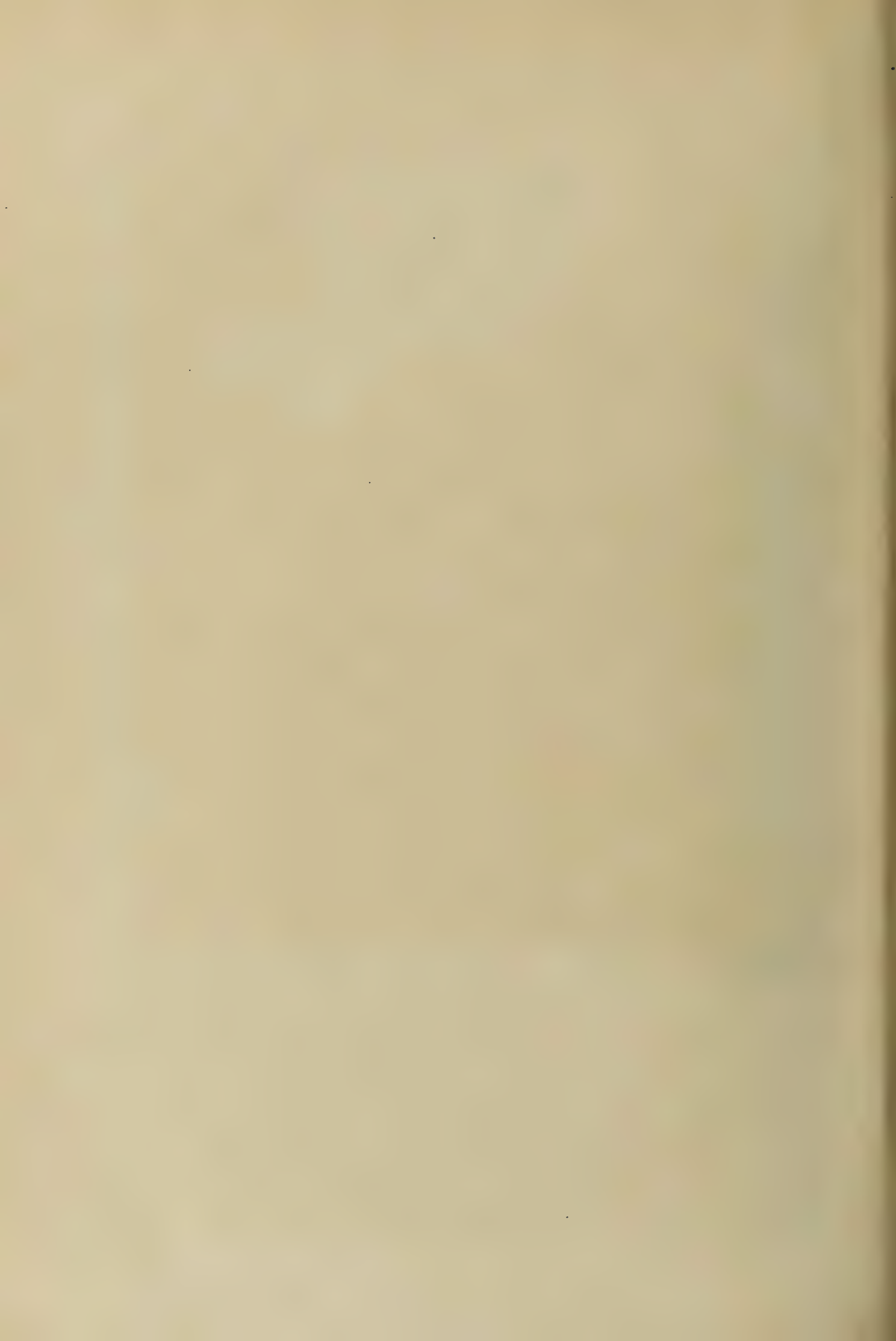
Late yellow or pink Tulips may be planted around a clump of pink double-flowering Almond; and the German Iris, which blooms at the same time as Syringa, of which Grandiflorus is the best variety, is lovely when grown in quantities of many varieties in a bed surrounding the Syringa.

A beautiful shrubbery can be composed by using Weigelia, varieties Rosea and Eva Rathke; the golden-leaved Mock Orange, both pink and white Deutzia, Japanese Snowballs, both the golden and the variegated Elder, some Japanese Maples of both red and yellow leaved varieties, two or



Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

The glory of the garden.





From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

An effect of distance.

three purple Beech, some purple leaved Plums, a few Cedars, and a few Retinisporas, with an occasional Lombardy Poplar at the back.

Such a shrubbery now about six years old, probably two hundred feet in length, is planted along the front of a place on Long Island belonging to a friend of mine, and forms an effective screen between the house and the highway, which is thus entirely shut out. When I saw it the end of

last May, the Mock-orange, Weigelias, and Japanese Snowballs were all in full bloom, and their blossoms, mingled with the golden and silvery foliage of the Elders, the purple of the Beeches, and the dark green Evergreens, which added strength to the whole, made it a most remarkable shrubbery. It may be interesting to know that it was planned, unaided, by a woman, although she has an excellent gardener.

Having nourished our shrubs and vines,

transplanted trees and shrubs, the lawns must be carefully gone over, every dandelion or other weed that dares to show its head removed, and after careful raking, some grass seed sown and the lawn well rolled. When the new grass has sprung up, cotton-seed meal may be sown rather thinly, and watered in with a strong force of water, and later wood-ashes put on, in the same way; constant watch must always be kept for plantain and other weeds. With this yearly care, if a lawn has been properly made in the beginning, it should be able to resist very dry weather and maintain a thick turf.

Lawns in England are preserved for generations by rolling and cutting and keeping them free from weeds, with constant additions of seed and fertilizer. In this country, through carelessness and ignorance and improper preparation of the soil in making lawns, it is frequently necessary to "take them up," as the gardener expresses it, and make them over. The early part of September and the very early spring are the best seasons for making a lawn.

Last September I made a grass walk twenty feet wide, that wound up a hill-side on a gradual curve for four hundred feet, ending at the summit in a circle about fifty feet across, the walk and the circle being bordered by cedar-trees from eight to ten feet tall, set touching each other. The ground was watered daily, and by the end of October there was thick grass on the walk, notwithstanding the dry autumn.

It is my intention to make a border just inside the lines of cedar-trees, about four feet wide, and plant it with Starwort, and all the hardy Aster family in large masses of every shade, from dark purple to white and light pink, and then to mingle with the Asters occasional clumps of white and pink *Boltonias*, some *Sumach*, and some of the *Nicotina Sylvestris*, that variety of the tobacco plant which is covered with fragrant white blossoms, and in rich soil attains a height of five feet. This border, with the dark Cedars forming an effective background, should be lovely during September and October.

In the circle at the top of the hill I hope to build a small, white, round summer-house, in the style of a tiny temple, where in late afternoon, one may sit and look over a long valley with hills rising in every direction, and watch the sunset lights and the falling

twilight, and where again, on a summer evening, one who has climbed the hill may rest and watch the full moon clothing the earth with matchless beauty, and enjoy the scent of flowers rising from the garden below to perfume the air, while only the myriad insect voices of the night break the solemn stillness.

Among the first flower seeds to be sown in the spring are Poppies, which must be sown very thinly, as every seed seems to germinate, and the plants should be three inches apart, not only to develop properly and produce more flowers, but to continue their bloom for a longer period. Sown in large masses in all their many varieties, Poppies make a wonderful show for three weeks. If, when the last petals have fallen, the soil is enriched and cultivated, the Poppy-bed can be made beautiful again by transplanting into it young Aster plants either of all shades of pink with white in its many varieties, or of purple and lavender shading through the delicate tones to white. The Poppy-bed in my garden is fifty feet long and eighteen feet wide, affording opportunity for a fine mass of color.

Asters in the catalogues of annuals are what Phlox and Larkspur are in the perennial family. Early last September when the Asters were really wonderful in my garden, and there seemed to be no end to them, I asked the gardener how many he had transplanted. He replied, "About ten thousand." As I rather doubted this statement, he showed me a bed of young Canterbury bells which had been transplanted for blooming the next summer, saying that he had counted them that morning, and found there were nine hundred plants in the bed, and that it was apparent at a glance that there were ten times as many Asters then blossoming in the gardens.

By feeding the Asters when they are first transplanted with a mixture of fine manure, bone-meal, and a very little nitrate of soda, and again about the first of August, the plants become really wonderful—quite different from the Asters we all remember to have seen in our mothers' gardens.

No fertilizer will produce such quick results as nitrate of soda. And if used too freely, possibly no other fertilizer can damage the plants so quickly. Nitrate of soda should be used as sparingly as one sprinkles sugar upon berries or cereal. In



Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

AN APPROACH TO THE GARDEN.

—"Color Arrangements of Flowers."—Page 292.



From a photograph by Richard W. M. M. M.

A group of Yuccas.

the rose garden my men make a little trench about two inches deep a few inches from the stalk of each rose-bush or tree, scatter in the nitrate of soda, cover it with earth, and when the whole garden has been thus treated, turn on the sprinklers, and the fertilizer is gently washed to the roots of the roses. This has been done the past two years about the tenth of May—and again the middle of July, with excellent results.

The most interesting of all gardening is in the cultivation of the herbaceous plants. These hardy perennials bloom luxuriantly, give a wide range of color, and are of varied heights. A great landscape architect recently told me that, in his opinion, it required more intelligence and ability, with the assistance of annuals, to keep an herbaceous border effective in color and in good condition, than to run an orchid house; he added the remark that, after trying new plants each year for many years, he had found that the list of really desirable perennials and annuals did not greatly increase.

Even an experienced gardener is often

led away by the fascinating descriptions in the catalogues, whose pictures both fire and bewilder the imagination. And what could be more heavenly for a woman gardener than to be able to grow all these wonderful flowers and plants, and to attain the marvellous results pictured in the catalogues; to have all the space she wanted in which to grow them, to have all the men she needed, really good and efficient men, to cultivate them, and a husband who never grumbled about the amount of fertilizer she used?

Constant iteration of the need of fertilizer becomes tiresome, but herbaceous plants and flowering shrubs are great feeders, and as they must be planted closely to secure good effect, the soil soon becomes exhausted, and the annual spring feeding and entire remaking of herbaceous borders every three or four years is a necessity, if one would have the finest plants.

Meeting recently a woman who was an excellent and enthusiastic gardener, I asked her honest opinion upon the subject of manures, to which she replied that all success in gardening depended upon the



From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

White Canterbury bells.

preparation and fertilization of the soil, and that without manures nothing could be done: she further told me that in answer to her husband's inquiry one day what he should give her for a birthday present, she had boldly said, "two carloads of manure for the garden."

After the animal manures, decomposed vegetable matter, which the expert now refers to as *Humus*, is the most valuable constituent of the soil. This material is within the reach of every one who has even a small place. By saving carefully all the autumn leaves, turning them several times during a year until they have disintegrated, they are then in condition to return to the soil in the form of leaf mould or humus, and give the plants the nitrogen so necessary to their growth.

Last fall I attacked an herbaceous border that had not been made over for five years, only top fertilized. The border is a hundred and sixty feet long and about twelve feet wide, with an irregular edge. Many varieties of perennials grew in it whose colors had become mixed, and it was far from satisfactory. All the plants were first taken out, twelve wagon-loads of cow manure, two hundred pounds of bone-meal,

a quantity of leaf mould, with a good sprinkling of both lime and wood-ashes, were put in and thoroughly incorporated with the soil; the border was then replanted with choice varieties of Phlox massed in shades carefully blended of cherry, pink, and white. At intervals groups of the taller varieties were brought toward the front to prevent a rigid line; occasional groups of Foxgloves were also planted, and the whole border was edged with Sweet Williams in the same colors, which will be taken out when they have finished blooming and be followed by As- ters in shades of pink. The border contains seven hundred plants of Phlox, about three hundred Foxgloves, and, in addition, innumerable Tulips, both early and late, carefully set in sand, because of the manure, were planted wherever there was space for a bulb. For four months this border should be effective in color, ranging from cherry to white.

In making an herbaceous border where many different-colored plants are to be grown, the effect will be more beautiful if between each of the different colors a quantity of white flowers are planted, care being taken to allow a few plants of the palest

shade of each color to drift among the white so that the transition becomes less abrupt. If a careful sketch or plan of the planting be made in advance, the work will be easier and the result more successful, as heterogeneous planting is often painful.

Pink, blue, red, purple, and yellow flowers must be arranged to produce artistic effect. Larkspurs, for instance, are far more beautiful when grown in great masses of each shade, or with white Japanese Iris and *Lilium Candidum*, than in smaller clumps in a border where (many) other colored flowers are planted. Light blue Larkspur with the dark variety *Formosum* behind it, and yellow *Coreopsis*, *Trolis*, and pale yellow *Calendula* in the foreground, make an attractive planting.

Early one July my first baby grandson was christened in our quaint little church in the country. *Candidum* lilies, with which I have at last, after much effort, been able to succeed, and Larkspur, both of which flowers are so exquisite in the garden, and so perishable when gathered that one should always cut them judiciously, were in their prime in wonderful quantity; and on this great day we were able to fill a large clothes-basket with the stalks of the lilies and branches of the pale blue *Delphinium Celestinum*, and take them to make the little church beautiful, without missing any from the garden.

Since there have been in my gardens herbaceous borders of only one or two colors, the arrangement has been simplified, and the effect more beautiful; and this plan is likely to be adhered to for some time to come. But an eagle eye must always be kept upon the borders to be sure that plants are not allowed to go to seed—for the best gardeners often fail to realize that when seed-pods are forming the plants have no strength to blossom.

The *white border* is my greatest delight; the flowers grown in it are exquisite at night as well as in the daytime.

At the back of the border are *Bocconia Cordata*, the *Spiræas Aruncus* and *Gigantea*, and white Hollyhocks, which are followed in September by the mammoth *Cosmos*, which has been started under glass to insure its blooming before frost. Then there are *Lilium Candidum*, *Lilium Auratum* and *Lilium Album* which bloom successively, so that Lilies are blooming

from June until frost. All these Lilies, if planted from fifteen to eighteen inches deep, seem to succeed far better than in shallower planting. Then there are quantities of the following:

Hyacinthus Candicans, *Physostegia Virginica Alba* flowering for a month; *Achillea*, which generously blooms the whole summer through; white Phlox, both early and late; white Lupins; *Dictamus*, Foxgloves, *Lysimachia Clethroides*, *Campanula Medium*, some clumps of white Japanese Iris, and the old-time Valerian.

For annuals there are Stocks, Sweet Sultan, the white Cornflower, *Cyanea Alba*, Empress Candy-tuft, Snapdragons, Asters and Gladioli.

A *pink border*, or, indeed, an entire garden of pink flowers is not difficult of attainment.

There are pink Hollyhocks and *Cosmos*, many shades of Phlox, *Lilium Rubrum*, *Lilium Rubellum*, and *Lilium Magnificum*, Pink Lupins, which are more beautiful than either the white or blue varieties, *Incarvillea Delavayi*, *Sedum Spectabilis*, and Canterbury bells, with some pink Columbines, *Spiræa Elegans*, and *Dictamus* for May blooming. Then there are the pink annual Larkspurs, Camellia-flowered Balsams, which in rich soil are wonderful plants, Phlox *Drummondii* which, if not allowed to seed, flowers all summer, Tuberous-rooted Begonias, each plant of which is a mass of blossoms for three months; Verbenas—glorified editions of the old-time Verbena—which should be started under glass at the same time with the *Cosmos*; and, if there is place for it, Gladioli, so necessary for bloom in September.

The *blue border* is more unusual, and although I have visited many gardens in many countries, I have never yet seen another plantation of blue flowers only. These may be used with effect:

Larkspurs, Monkshood in early and late varieties, *Veronica Grandiflora*, *Platycodon*, the *Campanulas*, varieties *Persicifolia*, *Glomerata*, *Medium*, and *Pyramidalis*, and the Lupins, are six perennials which would alone keep a blue border pronounced in color for three months; but when you add Columbines, *Eupatorium*, *Anchusa Italica*, *Baptista Australis*, *Scabiosa Caucasica*, Blue *Salvia*, *Centaurea*, the wonderful new blue Gladioli, large-flowering *Argeratum* and *Lobelia*, which are always in bloom, and the faithful Asters, which have, however, a violet tinge, the blue border becomes a source of great interest.

A few white flowers, such as White *Platycodon*, the feathery *Bocconia Cordata*,

Lilium Album, *Lilium Candidum*, and *Achillea* rather add to the beauty of the blue border, and seem to make its color more lovely.

In the *red border* are red Hollyhocks, scarlet *Lychnis*, both *Coquelicot* and Siebold *Phlox*, *Tritoma Pfitzerii*, the old-time *Monarda* or Bee Balm, *Pentstemon Barbatus Torreyii*, about which many people continually ask "What is that beautiful flower?" Scarlet *Phlox Drummondii*, the scarlet *Gladioli Brechleyensis*, *Salvia Bonfire*, and both *Cannas* and *Geraniums* which may be added to carry out the color scheme.

There are of course many other beautiful flowers in these four colors, but after several years of experiment, these lists have been found to comprise the most satisfactory plants for simplicity of culture and the amount of flowers which they yield for use in borders of all one color. As such borders are for effect, flowers can be gathered from them but sparingly; and there should be grown elsewhere both perennials and annuals in rows like vegetables, to supply flowers for cutting.

Stocks, both white and pink, *Gladioli* in the same two colors, *Snapdragons*, *Lilium Rubellum*, and *Lilium Speciosum Magnificum* can be successfully planted together; and if the Stocks and *Snapdragons* are started under glass, they can, by feeding them with bone-meal and nitrate of soda, be made to bloom continually from the fifteenth of June until ice forms. The Lilies will continue to unfold their buds for quite two months, and if two plantings of them are made, the *Gladioli* will blossom for a long time. Last summer, when grown in my garden with these other flowers, the stalks of the *Gladioli* reached over five feet in height—an evidence of the effect of rich soil. This height also gave much beauty to the plantation.

White Japanese *Anemones*, white *Tuberous-rooted Begonias*, and *Tuberoses* are satisfactory when grown together. If the *Begonias* are started under glass in March, they will begin to bloom in June, and if white May-flowering *Tulips* are added, this white corner will be a constant delight.

Formerly the beds in my little rose garden were carpeted with *Pansies*, and a border which surrounds it was edged with pink and white *Sweet William*. Back of

this border and surrounding both the border and whole garden is a hedge of pink and white *Altheas*, which has now grown so high that the garden is quite hidden from view. The rich soil used for the roses, with the frequent watering, stimulated both *Pansies* and *Sweet William* to great effort. Their blossoms added to the color of the garden, and I was greatly pleased with the effect.

One day in mid-June, when the little rose garden was in perfection of bloom, my daughter critically remarked at luncheon, "I do not like those *Pansies* and other things in the rose garden; everything there should grow up straight and neatly, and it is not bad if the earth is seen between the plants." Criticisms made by one's children are trying, but sometimes appropriate. Most of that afternoon I spent in the rose garden; I visited it again in the evening, and slept little during that night thinking the matter over; it seemed cruel to drag out all those beautiful blossoming plants. But by morning I had decided to make the change, so coming down very early, I found the gardener, went with him to the garden, and gave directions that every *Pansy* and *Sweet William* should be pulled up, and the beds and borders edged, and that all must be done neatly and immaculately before the men went to dinner.

Then I fled, to return only after my orders had been carried out. At first the little garden seemed shorn of much beauty and bare. But the daughter's criticism proved to be right, and now only *Gladioli* grow among the roses, and all along the edge of the border is a row of tall *Tuberoses*, which grow four feet in height with heads of bloom a foot in length, which perfume the night air deliciously. Every one approves the change.

We often reproach ourselves when we find that we regard with aversion persons whom we have long known and liked, because in the lapse of years they seem to have acquired unpleasant peculiarities, forgetting that we ourselves have changed. May we not reproach ourselves equally when ceasing to care for plants which once we prized? Three flowers, dear to me ten years ago, I now entirely dislike—the *Crimson Rambler Rose*, *Rudbeckia*, and *Hydrangea Grandiflora*. The *Rudbeckia* has been cast out of the garden. Nearly all of the *Crimson Rambler Roses* have been taken up; only a short trellis and a few arches of



Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

A bit of pink border.

them remaining, and the pink Dorothy Perkins has been substituted; but a long hedge of Hydrangeas still remains, although I now exclude them from my vision, and it is as if they did not exist.

Because these brave plants are so hardy and free blooming have they found a place everywhere from one end of the country to the other, and have thus become distasteful to many of us because of their very merits which enabled them to be so universally grown.

A few flowering plants especially grown in pots for decoration of terraces or verandas add greatly to their attraction.

Those who have travelled in Spain and Italy will remember the effective use made by gardeners in those countries of potted plants upon terraces, verandas, on door-steps, and in court-yards, and that only the red earthen flower-pot of terra-cotta, or the simple dull green-glazed Italian or Spanish pottery are used, avoiding elaborate pots and jars, which detract from the beauty of flowering plants. A few plants well suited for terrace or verandas where there is partial shade are, the old-fashioned Fuchsias, which bloom continually; Gloxinias; any of the Lilies, which may be carefully lifted from the garden when about three inches high, potted, two or more in a pot according to size, and the pots sunk to the brim in the ground, to be brought forward as they come into bloom; Asters and Salvias, which may be treated in the same way. A decoration of several pots of white Ostrich-plume Asters, followed by pink ones, is always admired.

In Germany dwarf standard pear and apple trees about four feet tall and pyramidal in form are also grown in small tubs for decoration. The trees bear from ten to thirty pears or apples which, when nourished with muriate of potash, are highly colored and effective both in the blossom and the fruit. I have sent to Germany for a few of these little fruit-trees, and shall be interested in trying to grow them.

Bay and Box trees are expensive, but long-lived if given moderate care, and the white and pink Oleanders which flower continually are also well worth a place on the veranda or in the garden. These three varieties need only to be kept clean, nourished, given enough water, not allowed to freeze, and occasionally re-tubbed. When

the tubs containing Bay and Box trees and Oleanders are brought forth from their winter quarters, they require immediate attention. They should first be watered with a strong force to cleanse them thoroughly, and then looked over for scale, which should be carefully scraped away; if the Bay-trees have accumulated any black mildew it can be scrubbed off with a nail-brush, which, although a long and slow process if the trees are large, is the only one which is effective. The trees should then be sprayed with a strong solution of ivory soap, some of the earth removed from the top of the tubs, and some soot, which is the best fertilizer for Bay and Box trees, dug in about the roots, and the tub then filled up with cow manure. The tubs may then be painted and the trees are ready for the season's duty.

Second only to the Bay-tree in formal decoration is English ivy grown in tubs and trained over a wire frame, pyramidal in form, which may be had from three to seven feet in height. The Ivy covers the frame completely and compactly. The tubs of Ivy can be placed to advantage at the top of a flight of steps, along the edge of a terrace, by a doorway, at the entrance to a garden, and have the merit of not being very expensive.

The tall-growing *Campanula Pyramidalis* is especially beautiful. Large, strong plants, one year old in May, if potted and fed often with liquid manure, bone-meal, and a tiny bit of nitrate of soda, will be six feet high by the second week in August, and remain covered with either white or blue blossoms for a month. This plant can be seen in its greatest perfection at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, on the St. Lawrence River below Quebec. It is used there growing in pots in great quantities, both white and pale blue, as a decoration for the altar and chancel, and surpasses any perennial plant I have ever seen.

These plants should be grown in partial shade to secure the best success. They do not bloom until from fifteen to seventeen months after the seed has been sown in the open ground, and sometimes they go over until the third summer before blooming; but no trouble is too great to grow this grand *Campanula* successfully.

Enonymous *Radicans* has proved a neat and satisfactory evergreen vine for growing upon brick and stone walls, upon the trunks

of trees, or trained as a border where the climate is too severe for box edging. It seems to be the only absolutely hardy evergreen vine, and while its growth is not rapid, it will be helped along amazingly if well fertilized in early spring and again in July.

Few of the *Conifers* will live in my soil, Hemlocks and Red Cedars being the only members of the Evergreen family that really do well with us.

The White Pine, American Arbor-vitæ, and the Blue Spruce struggle along for a time, protesting against the conditions of life they find there; but the *Retinisporas*, Yews, and all the finer Evergreens, notwithstanding specially prepared soil and winter covering, die speedily. My garden at Meadowburn is situated in the extreme northerly corner of the hill country of northern New Jersey, on the New York State line. The winter temperature rises and falls from forty degrees above zero to ten and often twenty degrees below, and generally in summer there is a long period of dry weather. These conditions are especially hard upon the finer Evergreen families.

The great Hemlocks, the symmetrical Spruce, the solemn Pine, which in a natural state so often grows near the white Birches that one might say the Pines are married to the Birches, indeed, all Evergreens, inspire me with a feeling almost akin to worship, possibly a heathen trait which has survived generations of civilization, so that it is a great trial not to be able to grow the Evergreen family successfully.

As a compensation I was able to plan for a friend a most lovely little garden which she calls her "*Evergreen Garden*." It occupies the basement area from which an old-fashioned side-hill barn had been removed. The space is only about 45×60 feet. Across the back of the garden is a wall of rough stone about ten feet high, once the back foundation wall of the barn.

In the crevices of the stones are planted ferns, ivy is trained against them, and in the centre from a simple wall fountain water drips with musical sound into a basin below. High grass banks rise on two sides of the garden, and the fourth side opens upon a beautiful lawn bordered with old trees and sloping to the water. Steps of natural rough stone lead down from the summit of one of the grassy banks into the little gar-

den, and around the three sides and in several formal beds set in turf are planted many varieties of small and rare Evergreens.

All are surrounded with box edging, and had one not seen a similar collection of Evergreens, it would not be possible to imagine there could be such variety of form and shade, from darkest to lightest green, including the beautiful blue greens, golden yellow, and green tipped with yellow.

Although natives of many countries, all the specimens have lived and thrived in the sandy soil and moist air of their new home by the sea, and both summer and winter the little Evergreen Garden is a joy to all who behold it.

The literature in all languages upon gardening, and the references in poetry and prose, both ancient and modern, to gardens, as cultivated, restful, romantic, and beautiful places, is infinite. In the Old Testament many allusions are to be found. We read of "The Garden of Nuts," "The Garden of Herbs," and "The Garden of Cucumbers."

It is a fancy of many women to-day to have an herb garden, but the cucumber in the time of the prophet Isaiah, who speaks of a lodge in a garden of Cucumbers, and of Baruch, who says, "Like a scarecrow in a garden of Cucumber, which keepeth nothing away," must have been a different vegetable from the one we now cultivate under that name.

We read that "the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth," and the similes, "As gardens by the river side," and "like a watered garden," are refreshing mental pictures to those who know the heat and dryness of the East.

Every garden has its particular charm, and rarely is one to be seen from which we can turn without having gained a new idea of a color arrangement, of certain plants in wonderful perfection, of something which gives delight and inspiration. The little gardens about laborers' cottages, where the few flowers mean so much to the man or woman who cares for them in moments before or after a long day's toil, touch the heart as no great gardens can, however complete, with all that nature and art combined are able to accomplish. Every lover of flowers has her own ideas upon the subject of gardening. My ideal garden is one



Photographed in colors from nature by the Lumière process.

A garden walk.



From a photograph by Lumière N. A. Company.

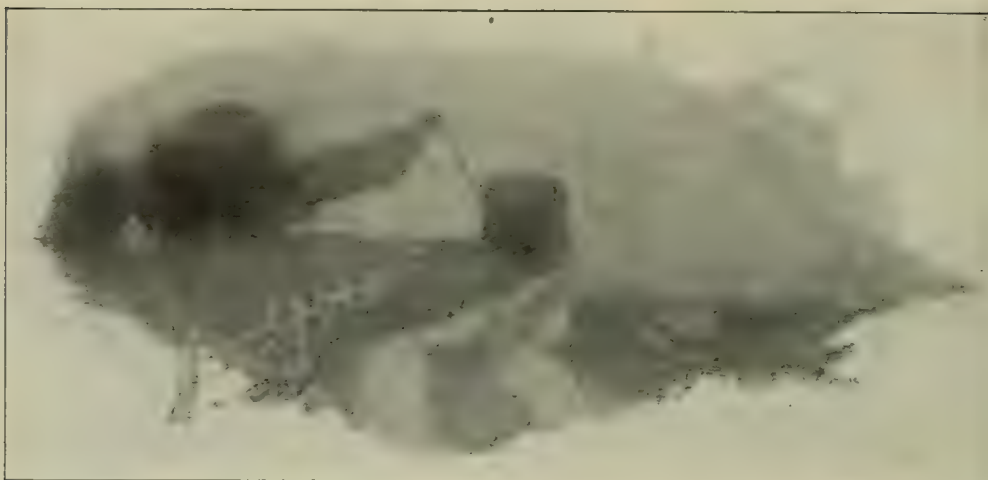
Ivy fringed pool.

a little distance from the house and so surrounded by trees and enclosed by hedges that the windows of the house cannot look down upon it. A lovely out-of-doors room, as it were, neat and orderly as the rooms of the house; every plant brought to its highest development, and nature, trained by man, giving constant and luxuriant bloom; where the green setting of trees, hedges, box edging, and fine turf, and the colors blending without a jarring note, fill us with a sense of delight and thanksgiving for the beauty of the spot. A place where we

may walk or talk, read or work, quite unobserved, with the sunshine all around, yet seated in cool shade, the murmuring of falling water, together with the exquisite notes of the song sparrow, or the liquid call of the cat-bird in our ears.

Where can any place on this earth be found more exquisite and peaceful? Into such a garden Maud may have been called by her lover—and to such a little Paradise Solomon may have referred in his Song of Songs, where he speaks of “a Garden Enclosed.”





THE ANGEL OF LONESOME HILL

By Frederick Landis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

LT was a handful of people in the country—a simple-hearted handful. There was no railroad—only a stage which creaked through the gullies and was late. Once it had a hot-box, and the place drifted through space, a vagrant atom.

Time swung on a lazy hinge. Children came; young folks married; old ones died; Indian Creek overflowed the bottom-land; crops failed; one by one the stage bore boys and girls away to seek their fortunes in the far-off world; at long intervals some tragically streaked the yellow clay monotony with red; January blew petals from her silver garden; April poured her vase of life; August crawled her snail length; years passed, leaving rusty streaks back to a dull horizon.

The sky seemed higher than anywhere else; clouds hurried over; it was three cheers and a tiger for Desolation—this place called “Cold Friday.”

A mile to the east was “Lonesome Hill.” Indians once built signal fires upon it, and in this later time travellers alighted as their horses struggled up the steep approach. At the top was a cabin; it was whitewashed, and so were the apple-trees round it. A gourd vine clung to its chimney; pigeons fluttered upon its shingles, and June flung

a crimson rose mantle over its side and half-way up the roof.

One wished to stop and rest beneath its weeping willow by the white stone milk house.

Those who passed by day grew accustomed to a woman’s face at the window—a calm face which looked on life as evening looks on day—such a face as one might use to decorate a fancy of the old frontier. Those who passed by night were grateful for the lamp which protested against Nature’s apparent consecration of the place to solitude.

This cabin held aloof from “Cold Friday”; many times Curiosity went in, but Conjecture alone came out, for through the years the man and woman of this cabin merely said, “We came from back yonder.” Nobody knew where “yonder” was.

But the law of compensation was in force—even in “Cold Friday.” With acquaintanceships as with books, the ecstasy of cutting leaves is not always sustained in the reading, and the silence of this man and woman was the life of village wonder.

It gave “Friday’s” chimney talk a spice it otherwise had never known; the back log seldom crumbled into ashes till the bones of these cabin dwellers lay bleaching on the plains of “Perhaps.”

John Dale was seventy-five years or

more, but worked his niggard hill-side all the day, and seldom came to town. His aged wife was kind; the flowers of her life she gave away, but none could glance upon the garden. She seemed to know when neighbors were ill; hers was the dignity of being indispensable. Many the mother of that region who, standing beneath some cloud, thanked God as this slender, white-haired soul with star shine in her face, hurried over the fields with an old volume pasted full of quaint remedies.

She made a call of another kind—just once—when the “Hitchenses” brought the first organ to “Cold Friday.”

Sue remained only long enough to go straight to the cabinet, which the assembled neighbors regarded with distant awe, and play several pieces without the book. On her leaving with the same quiet indifference, Mrs. Ephraim Fivecoats peered owlishly toward Mrs. Rome Lukens and rendered the following upon her favorite instrument:

“Well! if that woman ever gits the fever an’ gits deliriums, I want to be round, handy like. I’ll swan there’ll be more interestin’ things told than we’ve heerd in our born days—that woman is allus thinkin’!”

In this final respect, the judgment of the Lady of the House of Fivecoats was sound.

How gallant the mind is! If the past be sad, it mingles with Diversion’s multitude till sadness is lost; if the present be unhappy, it has a magic thrift of joys, and Unhappiness is hushed by Memory’s laughter; if both past and present have a grief, it seeks amid its scanty store for some event, for instance, whose recurrence brings some brightness; to greet this it sends affectionate anticipations—and were its quiver empty, it would battle still some way!

So the wife of Dale looked forward to Doctor Johnston’s visits as her respites, yet there were so many doors between her silence and the world, she did not turn as he entered one eventful day.

Doctors are Nature’s confessors, and down the memory of this one wandered a camel of sympathy upon which the sick had heaped their secret woes for years, though one added naught to the burden.

It was the tale he wished to hear, and when some fugitive phrase promised reve-

lation, he folded the powders slowly; but when it ended in a sigh, he strapped up bottles and expectations and went away, reflecting how poor the world where one might hear all things save those which interested.

But Time is a patient locksmith to whom all doors swing open.

“I always sit by this window,” she began as he removed the fever thermometer; “I’ve looked so long, I see nothing in a way—and at night I always put the light here. If he should come in the dark I want him to see—here is a letter.”

The Doctor read and returned it with a look of infinite pity.

“I had a dream last night; I may be superstitious or it may be the fever—but it was so real. I saw it all; it was just like my prayer. I believe in God, you know.” She smiled in half reproach. “Yes, in spite of all.

“In that dream something touched my hand and a voice whispered the word, ‘Now.’ Oh, how anxious it was! I awoke, sitting up; the lamp had gone out, yet it was not empty—and there was no wind.”

John Dale stumbled into the room, his arms full of wood, and an old dog, lying before the fireplace, thumped his tail against the floor with diminishing vigor.

“I’ll get you a bite to eat,” she said.

“Never mind!” protested Johnston; “I must be going.” He made a sign to Dale, who followed to the gate.

“John, I’ve been calling here a long time——”

“I know I ought to pay something,” Dale started to say.

“It isn’t that—I’ve just diagnosed the case; only one man can cure it.”

“Would he—on credit?” Dale anxiously inquired.

“He never charges.” Johnston smiled sorrowfully at the old man’s despair.

“Who is he?”

“The President. I came out of college a sceptic, John, and I’d be an infidel outright but for that wife of yours—she’s nearer the sky, somehow, than any other mortal I’ve seen. I don’t believe in anything, of course—but that dream—if I were you I’d trust it—I’d follow where it led.”

With his foot on the hub, Dale slowly



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Those who passed by night were grateful for the lamp —Page 302

whetted his knife on his boot, then said, "I'll go with you."

"I called at the office, but it was locked, and so I'm here," apologized Dale as Judge Long opened the door of his old-fashioned stone house in Point Elizabeth, the county seat.

"Glad to see you—had your supper?"

Hearing voices in the dining-room, Dale answered in the affirmative.

"Then have a cigar and wait in the library; the folks are having a little company."

Dale surveyed the room; the books alone were worth more than his earthly possessions. From a desk loomed a bust of Webster. Shadows seemed to leap from it; the sombre lips bespoke the futility of striving against stern realities.

There was gayety in the dining-room; Judge Long was a fountain of mirth, a favorite at taverns, while riding the circuit—before juries—wherever people gathered.

A gale of laughter greeted his last anecdote and the diners protested as he arose.

Dale told his story excitedly, and at the conclusion Judge Long slowly brushed away the tobacco smoke.

"I'm sorry, John, but we did all we could last month—and we failed; there's just one thing to do—face the matter. It's hard, but this world is chiefly water and what isn't water is largely rock—it's for fish and fossils, I suppose."

"But we will win this time!" The old man's hand fell with decision.

"Why do you say that?"

"Mother had another dream last night."

"But, you know, she had one a month ago," quietly protested Long.

"Yes—and it came true—we didn't do our part just right. We can't fail this time; there must be a day of justice!"

"Well, as to that, John, this game of life is strange; we bring nothing with us, so how can we lose? We take nothing away, so how can we win? We think; we plan; we stack these plans with precision, but Chance always sits at our right, waiting to cut the cards. You speak of 'justice.' It's a myth. The statue above the court-house stands first on one foot, then on the other, tired of waiting, tired of the sharp rocks of technicality, tired of the pompous farce. Why, Dale," he waved a hand toward an

opposite corner, "if old Daniel Webster were here he couldn't do anything!"

When an American lawyer cites that mighty shade, it is conclusive, but the effect was lost on Dale. He was not a lawyer, neither had he read the "Dartmouth College Case," nor the "Reply to Hayne." In fact his relations with the "Sage of Marshfield" were so formal he believed his fame to rest chiefly on having left behind a multitude of busts. Besides, he was impatient; the Judge's peroration having lifted his head so suddenly that cigar ashes fell upon the deep rug at his feet.

"You won't go again, Judge?" He leaned forward perplexed.

"It's no use."

"Well, mebbe you can't do anything—mebbe Dan'l Webster couldn't—but John Dale can!"

Long arose, astonished. "How foolish! Reason for a moment—any presentation of this matter calls for the highest ability; it involves sifting of evidence; symmetry of arrangement; cohesiveness of method, logic of argument, persuasiveness of advocacy, subtleties of acumen, charms of eloquence—all the elements of the greatest profession among men!"

Dale leaned heavily against the table, his eyes following the Judge as he walked back and forth.

"Well, I've got 'em—I can't call 'em by name, but I've got the whole damned list—and I'm goin'!"

Long stood at bay, his hand on the door, his face glowing with animation.

"Dale, you're old enough to be my father, but you shall listen. You'd fail before a justice of the peace, and before the President of the United States—it's absurd. You would go down there, get mad, probably be arrested and kill any hope we might have; why, you're guilty of contempt of court right now. I had a strong influence, yet I failed."

The old farmer of "Lonesome Hill" would listen no more.

"Then wait," said Long. "This letter may at least save you from jail—and you haven't any money; will this do?"

"It's more than I need, Judge."

"No, keep it all—and keep your temper too."

As the Judge stood in the doorway, watching the venerable figure disappear in

the drizzling night, a young woman from the dining-room stole to his side and heard him muse: "After all, who knows? A Briton clad in skins once humbled a Roman emperor."

"Is he in trouble?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, great trouble, and it isn't his fault. Fate is a poor shot. She never strikes one who is guilty without wounding two who are innocent."

Dale was an admirable volunteer and strangely resourceful; he had something more than courage.

The train did not leave for two hours. He sat in the station till the clatter of the telegraph drove him out and he walked toward the yards with their colored lights, and through his brain raced Speculation's myriad fiends, all brandishing lanterns like those before him. When, at last, the train did start, it seemed to roll slowly, though it could suffer delay and reach the Capital by daybreak.

He read the letter of introduction several times, and wondered what kind of man the President was; he thought of what he would say—and how it would end.

At intervals a ghost would extend a long, bony hand and wring drops of blood from his heart; at such times the President was heartless—the trip very foolish—he regretted his anger at Judge Long's house; and once, had the engine been a horse, he might have turned back. At other times gleams of victory came from somewhere and yet from nowhere, and routed the gypsies from his brain, and the President stood before him, a sympathetic gentleman. Once he knew it, and through excess of spirits walked up and down the aisle, studying the sleeping passengers; for John Dale travelled in a common "day coach."

At last he yielded to fatigue, and far off on the horizon of consciousness dimly flashed the duel of his hopes and fears. Rest was impossible, and after a long time the dawn drifted between his half-closed lids; a glorious dome floated out of the sky and the porter shouted, "All out for Washington!"

The cabmen who besieged the well-dressed passengers paid scant homage to the old man, who walked uncertainly out of the smoky shed and stood for a moment in Pennsylvania Avenue—on one hand the

Capitol, on the other the Treasury and White House. A great clock above him struck the hour of six; he hesitated, then went toward the scene of conflict.

The waking traffic, the great buildings, the pulse of this strange life filled him with depression. He came to a beautiful park and gazed upon Lafayette and Rochambeau, then the equestrian statue of Jackson. As he sat facing the snow-white building with columned portico, the magnolia blossoms were as incense. When he could wait no longer he crossed to the President's office. A policeman stopped him at the steps. He explained that he had a letter from Judge Long. What! Did this policeman not know Judge Long?

He sat under a tree, and the policeman walked a few paces away to turn anon and survey the waiting pilgrim. When the doors opened he entered. The President would not come for another hour; he would be busy—possibly he might see him by noon—provided he had credentials.

With a sigh he sank into a chair and was soon asleep.

"Come—this is no cheap lodging house!" The greeting was shaken into him by a clerk with hair parted in the middle, who disdainfully surveyed the sleeper's attire.

He who has much on his mind little cares what he has on his back, and when the youth exploded, "Who are you?" the old fellow's self-reliance came forth.

Leading the way to the door Dale pointed a trembling finger, saying: "See that building, 'Bub'—and that one yonder, and that patch over there with Andy Jackson in it? Well, I'm one of the folks that made it all—and paid for it; and you're one of my hired hands. I've got to keep so many of you down here I can't afford one on the farm. I want to see the President—I've business with him—give him this letter—it's from Judge Sylvester Long, of Point Elizabeth!"

The youth vanished and Dale resumed his chair.

He was looking across the lawn when a sudden alertness came into the scene; the silk-hatted line of callers stepped aside; those who were seated arose; newspaper correspondents turned with vigilant ears. A nervous voice inquired, "Where is Mr. John Dale?"

The President stood before him, dressed

in white flannel, then smilingly grasped his hand with a blast of welcome: "I'm delighted to meet the friend of Judge Long!" Taking his arm the Executive escorted him through the Cabinet Room thronged with senators, representatives, and tourists. They entered the private office. "Take the sofa, Mr. Dale—it's the easiest thing in the place. I hope your business is such that you can excuse me for a little while."

A smile came over Dale's white face. Could the poorest farmer of the "Cold Friday" region wait for the most powerful character in the world? Nor was the old man in the linen duster the only one who smiled. A member of the Russian Embassy turned to his companion—a distinguished visitor from the Court of St. Petersburg: "What would a peasant say to the Czar?"

The President now entered the Cabinet Room, shaking hands with the many, guiding a few into his private office. Dale listened; now it was an introduction and a message to an old friend in the West. Then a decisive "No" dashed some hope of patronage; again, it was a discussion of poetry, aerial navigation, or the relics of the Aztecs. It was a long stride from "Lonesome Hill," and for the time Dale was novelty's captive. He glanced round the room. It was not as fine as the directors' office of the Point Elizabeth Bank! Above the mantel—the place of honor—was the painting of a martyr. He wondered whether another stroke of the brush would have brought a smile to the face, or an expression of sadness. The hands were very large—they had once broken iron bands.

In one corner was a shot-gun; tennis rackets in another; on a chair were snowshoes and on the desk a sheaf of roses.

Those whom the President had sifted into his office from the crowd outside engaged in conversation. A Senator discussed the ball game with a Supreme Court Justice; a General advised an Author to try deep breathing.

The President returned more animated than before. He placed a hand on Dale's shoulder: "Be comfortable—and stay for lunch; nobody but us."

The crowd paid sudden respect to the homespun citizen of an older day, and a great happiness came into his heart—it was like the unfolding of one of the roses. Not

that he was to lunch with the President, though his was the village estimate of human greatness. A vaster issue was before him, and this was a token of success—a success which would bind up his remaining years with peace, and give glorious recompense to the companion of his few joys and many griefs.

The President hurriedly signed his name to parchments.

"I'm making a few postmasters." He smiled toward the sofa. "It's no trouble here—that's all at the other end of the line."

Without stopping the pen, he discussed matters with one statesman after another, his lips snapping with metallic positiveness.

A member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations protested against the course pursued in San Domingo.

"If I were making a world, Senator, I'd try to get along without putting in any San Domingos, but as things stand, we must make her be decent or let somebody else do it."

Another brings up the question of taxing incomes and inheritances.

"I favor them both," declared the Executive. "They are taxes on good luck, and bad luck is its own tax."

A statesman from the Pacific slope protests against Federal interference in the school question.

"It is a local matter as you say, Senator, and yours is a 'Sovereign State'—they all are till they get into trouble. If we should have war with Japan, your State would speedily become an integral part of the Union."

A group of gentlemen now object to an aspirant for a Federal judgeship on the ground that he has not a "judicial temperament."

"As I understand it," the Executive begins, "judicial temperament is largely a fragrance rising from the recollection of corporate employment; it is the ability to throw a comma under the wheels of progress and upset public welfare; I am glad to learn that Mr. L—— has not a 'judicial temperament'; I shall send his name to the Senate to-day."

The gentlemen retired and the President arose. "Come, Mr. Dale."

This Executive had been accused of a lack of dignity. Is it a less valuable trait which puts the John Dales of our land at

instant ease in the "State Dining-Room" of the White House?

"Well, sir, no man ever had a better friend than Judge Long," said the President when they were seated. "'Ves' Long, I mean," he added with a smile.

"I met him in the West; he had a ranch; mine was near it. We saw much of each other; we hunted together—and that's where you learn a man's mettle. He never complained of dogs, luck, or weather. We saw rough times; it was glorious. We'd wake up with snow on the bed, and when 'Ves' introduced me at Point Elizabeth in my first campaign he said we often found rabbit tracks on the quilts—but then 'Ves' had a remarkable eye.

"Some say, 'blood is thicker than water.' That depends somewhat on the quality of the water; I like him; there's nothing I wouldn't do for him!"

Dale grew suddenly sick at heart. If Long had only come! Recalling his discouraging words, a shadow crept over the old man's mind. Could it be possible he had not tried the month before?

Such misgivings soon vanished. "This is a trying office, my friend," resumed the President. "With all my feelings I had to hold in abeyance the only favor he ever asked; it was about a pardon in a murder case over thirty-five years ago. He said it was the most cruel case of circumstantial evidence in the books—possibly you may know about the case, Mr. Dale."

The old man struggled back in his chair, then arose, his rough hand brushing thin locks back from a temple where the veins seemed swelling to the danger point. He was unable to summon more than a whisper from his shrunken throat:

"Yes, Mr. President, I do—he's my boy!"

"Your—boy!" gasped the President. "Yes—that's the name—how stupid of me—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dale—a thousand times."

They stared a long while at each other and Dale felt the fears which had fled before his gracious reception returning to grip him by the heart; the speech he had prepared had fled; it had all happened so differently.

At last the President spoke: "Congress is just going out; it's the busy season, but I'll go through the papers to-night myself."

Dale walked to the window; perspiration was on his face, but he was very cold. He stood with locked brain, and into his eyes came filmy clouds; then through these he saw, with sudden strangeness, a cabin far away, and a woman with pallid cheeks looked straight at him.

The President gazed intently as the old man wiped the window pane, nodded his head and turned to face the table.

He cleared his throat, then opened a flannel collar, already loose, and his eyes glistened.

"You're sick!" exclaimed the President rising. "Waiter—some brandy!"

"No—just a little dizzy.

"Mr. President," he slowly began, "this is a case that all the papers in the world can't tell—nor all the men—there's none just like it.

"It's not for the boy—it's not for me. I took her from her folks against their will, and I've not panned out lucky—but that's not to the point. She's sick; the doctor can't help her—nobody can but you—I wish you might have seen her from the window yonder."

The half-finished luncheon was disregarded; the President had sunk into his chair, and the keen discrimination of a king of affairs was struggling with the strangest fascination he had ever known.

"Long ago, Mr. President, I had an enemy—Bill Hartsell—we shot each other." He held up a withered hand. "It's been a feud ever since. His boy and mine went to war in the same company—both as brave as ever wore the blue. When they were waiting to be mustered out Bill's boy was murdered in his tent—in his sleep. Bill was there and swore he saw my Richard do it.

"One night, a month ago, my woman—she's a great woman, Mr. President—the sick folks down in my country call her 'The Angel of Lonesome Hill'—well, she had a dream that Bill Hartsell wanted to see me. I hadn't laid eyes on him for years. I strapped on my six-shooter and she said, 'No—it isn't that kind of a trip—it's peace.'"

"I put down the shootin' iron and went—it was a long way—two days on horseback. I got to Bill's shack at night; I went in without a knock; I wasn't afraid. Bill's folks were round the bed. He arose

and cried out: 'Dale, I sent for you; it was a damn lie I told—your boy didn't do it'—and then Bill died."

"Just a word about that boy, Mr. President. At Cold Harbor his regiment stood in hell all day; he was one of those who pinned



The policeman walked a few paces away to turn anon and survey the waiting pilgrim.—Page 306.

For the moment the old man's agitation mastered him.

"I remember," said the President. "'Ves' told me; he brought the statements of the family—and yours. I've been thinking of it ever since—and a great deal these last two days. Tell me, why did you happen to come?"

"Mother had a dream that said the time was up."

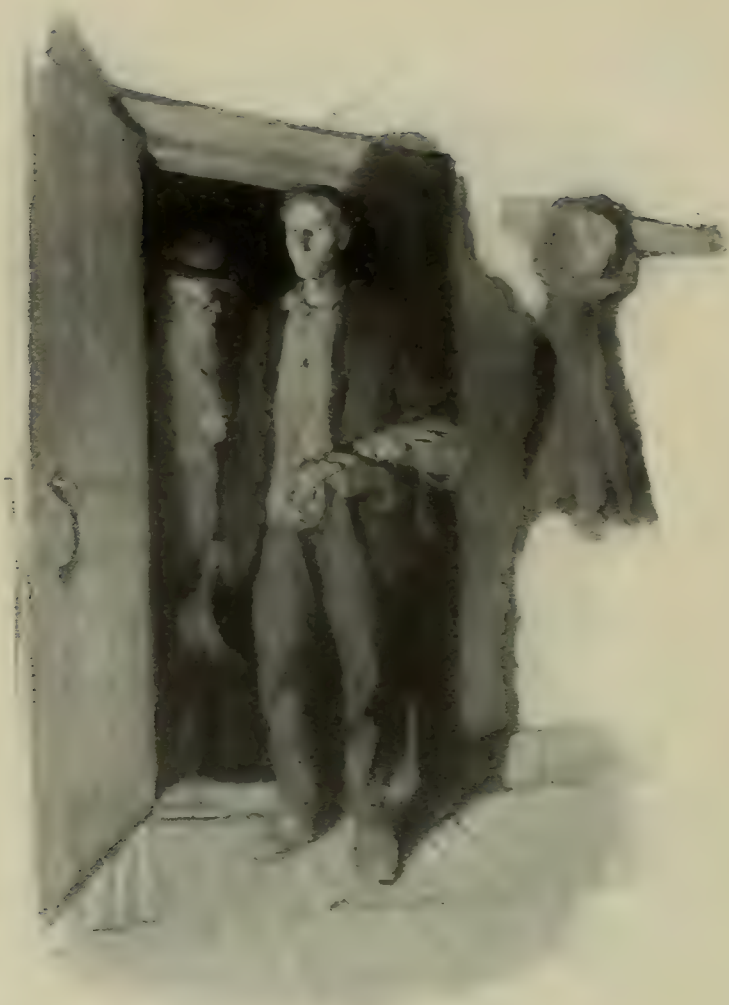
Dale spoke as calmly as though delivering a message from a neighbor.

Fear was not even a memory now. He stood erect; the stone he had slowly pushed up many steep years was near the summit—one mighty effort might hurl it down the past forever.

his name to his coat so his body could be identified—after the charge. Well, in that charge the flag went down, and a man went out to get it—and he fell; then another—and he fell; and then a thin, pale fellow that the doctors almost refused sprang forward like a panther—and he fell. They were asking for a volunteer when a staff officer called out: 'Good God! He's alive! He's got it! He's crawling back!'

"They had to lift him off the colors; he didn't know anything, . . . and that was my boy, Mr. President—that was Dick!

"Funny how he enlisted," Dale resumed after a moment. "He'd been tryin' to get in, but I kept him out. One night his mother sent him for a dime's worth of



"Mother, you sent me for a clothes-line—I've been delayed—but here it is."—Page 311

clothes-line—and he never came back. He's not bad, Mr. President; he's good—he gets it from his mother."

Dale lifted his head with pride: "When I was on the jury I heard Judge Long say no one could be punished if their name wasn't written in the indictment. Now, they didn't only convict Dick—they convicted his mother—this whole world's her prison—and it's illegal, Mr. President—her name wasn't written in that indictment—and it's her pardon I want."

The President arose and walked the floor. "How could the man who saved those colors shoot a comrade in his sleep? Mr. Dale, my faith in human nature tells me that's a lie!"

He stood for an instant at the window, looking over the fountain, the river, the tall white Washington needle which pierced the

sky, then quickly stepped to the table and lifted a glass:

"Mr. Dale, I propose a toast—'The Angel of Lonesome Hill' . . . her liberty!"

A lump arose in the shrunken throat; the old man turned to the head of the table, raised his glass, and bowed to its vacant chair.

"Mr. President—the health of the First Lady of the Land."

As they returned to the office there was nothing extraordinary in the President's vigorous step—it was known the world around. There was something most unusual, however, in the radiant soul—the splendid, ancient youth of the quaint figure by his side.

At the door where the policeman had watched the waiting pilgrim the President shook the old man's hand.

"Come again, Mr. Dale, and tell 'Ves'

Long I'll go hunting with him this fall and bring along a man he'll like—a man who catches wolves with his hands."

John Dale knew every fence corner in that region, but the night was so dark he stopped at times to "feel where he was."

The man with him could not aid him; he was a stranger—a strange stranger who spoke but once—"How far is it?"

Long habit had made him silent; he was in the upper fifties, but long absence from the sun had pinched his face into the white mask of great age.

At the village store the stranger entered, returning with a package.

When the road turned there was a light high ahead and a moment later the two men entered the cabin.

The stranger bit his lips and said: "Mother, you sent me for a clothes-line—I've been delayed—but here it is."

When she lifted her face from his shoulder, it was glorified.

Travellers who struggle up the hill by day miss a face at the window, but those who pass by night are grateful for the lamp which protests against Nature's apparent consecration of the place to solitude.

"It may some time light another," said "The Angel of Lonesome Hill."

I MET A JOYOUS ARIA

By Joseph Boardman, Jr.

I MET a joyous Aria
A-walking in the town,
A huge, gray town that frowned on her
A sombre, sullen frown.

She had a hat of squirrel-gray,
A coat set jauntily,
And all in girlish friendliness
She turned to walk with me.

I could not think what thing she was:
She looked so slim and pure
I guessed she might be some great queen
In modest miniature.

There was a velvet-silent room,
A teapot set to sing,
A look as lovely as the snow
Of apple-bloom in spring.

Some flowers elm-wise in a vase,
A beauty strewn along
Where her white hands were—only then
I knew she was a song.

I heard what men would sing at dawn,
I heard the surging sea.
I wonder will she be again
The song she was to me.



The Orb.

AN UNTRODDEN ROAD

By Eliot Gregory

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

PARTLY to please the doctor, but principally to pass a couple of months with two old Beaux Arts friends, survivors of blissful Latin Quarter days, my chum and I left Paris for Montpellier, early last June, for a cure at Lamalou, the least-known and quaintest of French hot springs.

Being all four of us lazy mortals, both by temperament and conviction, we promptly voted to take a few days off in celebration of our reunion and to get a glimpse of Montpellier. It would be hard to find a place with a stronger individuality than this old Languedoc seat of learning so comfortably seated amid its vineyards and gardens, the Mediterranean at its feet and the Cevennes curtained behind it to keep off the north winds.

Perhaps some of this charm lies in the contrast between its turbulent student life, so expansive here in the *Midi*, and the austere aspect of the streets and the quiet, undecorated houses.

The great Protestant movement of the sixteenth century has left its imprint on the place if not on the people.

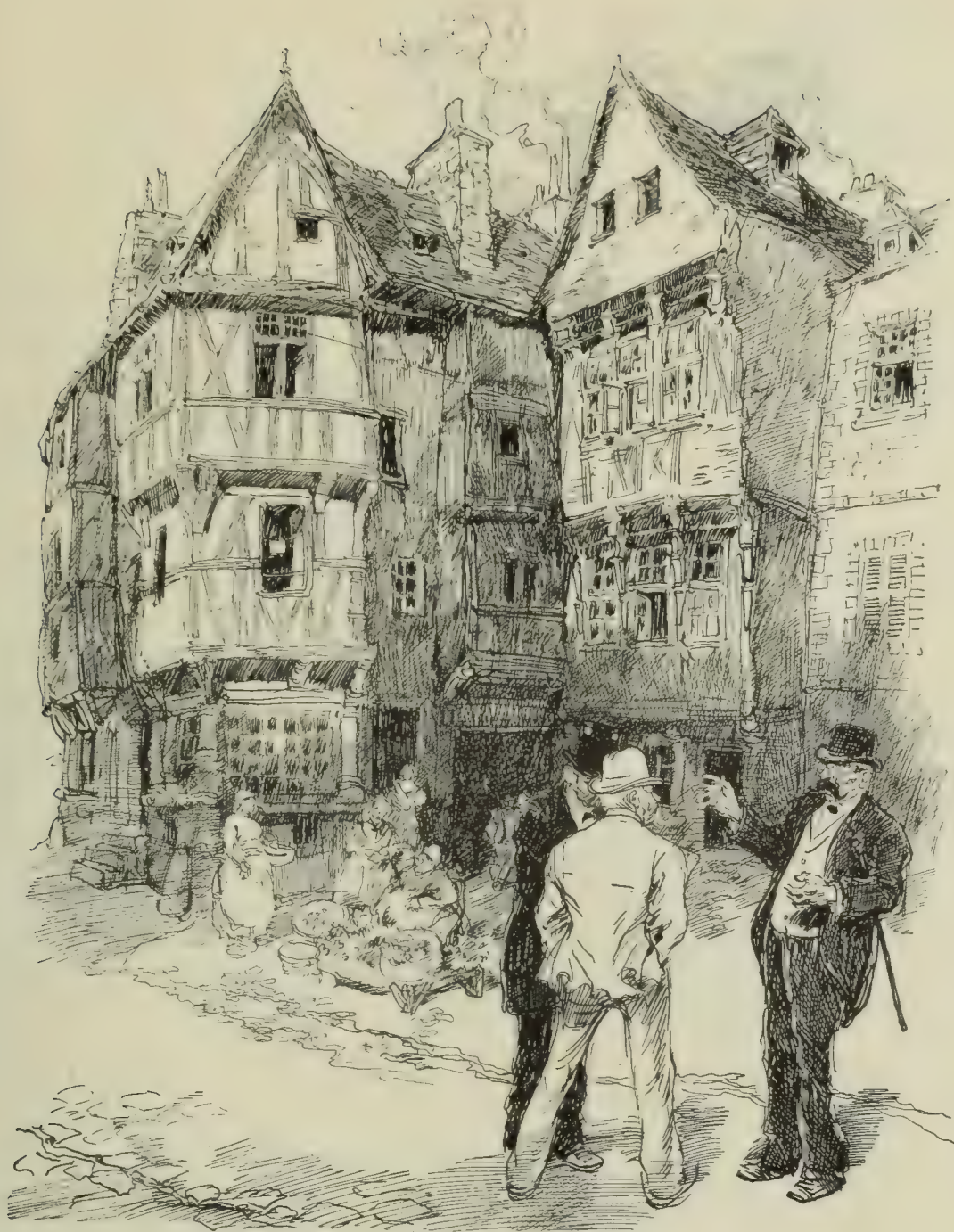
Oxford is the only other town which gives one just this impression of intense vitality and great tranquillity and age.

After strolling through the older parts of the city, past the sombre university buildings and crowded student quarters, one comes on Le Notre's great esplanade, crowning glory of the place, with a delightful sense of surprise, almost of discovery: A complete and spacious ensemble of Château d'Eau, aqueduct, clipped *allées*, and marble colonnades centring around a much bewigged and betogaed statue of Louis XIV.

On a luminous summer evening, as we first saw it, the sky filled with stars, the air vibrating with the song of nightingales, and redolent with the odor of ripening almonds, half the town strolling on its wide terraces or lounging in the cool, dark shadows where Injalbert's marble groups gleam like *les Villi*, there is an impression of Old World perfection and finish, of its having been



At the Source.



Old houses at Bédarieux.

there for all time, that is like the taste of rare wine to a thirsty traveller.

Our days off somehow lengthen into a week before we make up our minds to leave this enchanting old city, but as duty in the form of our "Cure" is beckoning to us, we finally pack our valises and board a nonchalant local train that is to convey us across the vineyards and orchards of l'Hérault to our destination.

Daudet used to say that his dream of bliss was to make the tour of France

in a donkey-drawn gypsies' cabin, cooking his own meals and wheeling up on the roadside turf at night.

Not being able to rise to quite this poetic height, we try what experience has taught us is nearly as good and almost as slow.

The tourist who is fortunate enough not to be hurried and really wishes to see something of the people and country he is visiting, can hit on few conveyances to compare with an out-and-out way train in France. He is pretty sure to have all the first-class



A bird-eye view of Lamalou

compartments to himself, no small consideration in hot weather; but the real joy is that these trains stop at just the modest little stations a self-respecting express would blush to notice, giving a traveller the chance to make acquaintance with his fellow-passengers and see something of the place and its customs.

Before our morning is over we become fast friends with two red-cheeked conscripts en route to join their regiment, and a seductive old market woman on her way to the fair at Bédarieux with a week's supply of cheeses. One feels sure that both these cheeses and their owner must in a former existence have sat as models to Chardin. But our important find, in the way of an acquaintance, is an old gentleman, travelling with two pointer dogs, for he turns out to be an authority on the history of Provence, knowing every legend and fable and bit of folk-lore connected with the villages we pass.

Over and above all this, he possesses the secret of a certain *apéritif*, which he is good enough to prepare for us at a station café where we lunch: iced vermouth with raspberries crushed in it, a drink that would make the fortune of any summer restaurant introducing it at home.

The fact that one of our party is an American interests the

gentleman immensely, as he has never spoken to one before. Doubts of my authenticity trouble him, however, when he finds that I do not know, even by sight, a cousin of his wife, who lives in Mexico.

With French tact he changes the conversation and explains that although the *chasse* was not yet open, he is taking the dogs down to his place in the country in advance.

At Bédarieux, where there is a change of line and a wait too long even for our patience, we bid adieu to these new

friends and hire a trap for the remaining hour of our route.

Like Verona, Bédarieux stands high over a swift-running river. One wonders at the narrow streets and high-shouldered houses until both are explained by the triple line of thirteenth-century ramparts, still squeezing the life of the city with their stone corset.

Our route, now that we have left the plains around Montpellier behind us, leads into a hill country, more and more beautiful with each kilometre.

The small outlying valleys of the Cévennes curve and melt into the larger valley of the Orb, affording enchanting



Lamalou

glimpses of chestnut-clad hills and hazy uplands, while at our feet the wood strawberries glow like rubies amid brake fern and hawkweed, and the rock-bespattered Orb runs sinuous between its poplar-lined banks.

The mellow afternoon is almost over before we arrive, weary but enchanted, at our

convey to the lay mind an idea of extreme comfort and gayety, yet this antique building succeeds in combining both to a quite extraordinary degree, for it must not be forgotten that the good monks of old understood the art of making themselves comfortable to perfection. It is rare to find a convent or monastery in France that is not



Saint Pierre de Rhèdes. near Lamalou.

hotel, having passed a long, lazy day in accomplishing the seventy-five kilometres that an auto would have gulped down in two dusty hours.

The town of Lamalou (Provençal for slight pain) consists principally of one high street struggling up a rocky valley, a score of villas, half a dozen pensions, two or three hotels, some shops, and that inevitable centre of all French watering-place life, a Casino.

A hundred feet or more above the town stands, solidly terraced into the hill-side, a spacious building that some centuries ago was a Benedictin monastery—to-day the *Etablissement Thermal* and principal hotel of the place.

A disaffected monastery will possibly not

beautifully situated and well planned, this one being no exception.

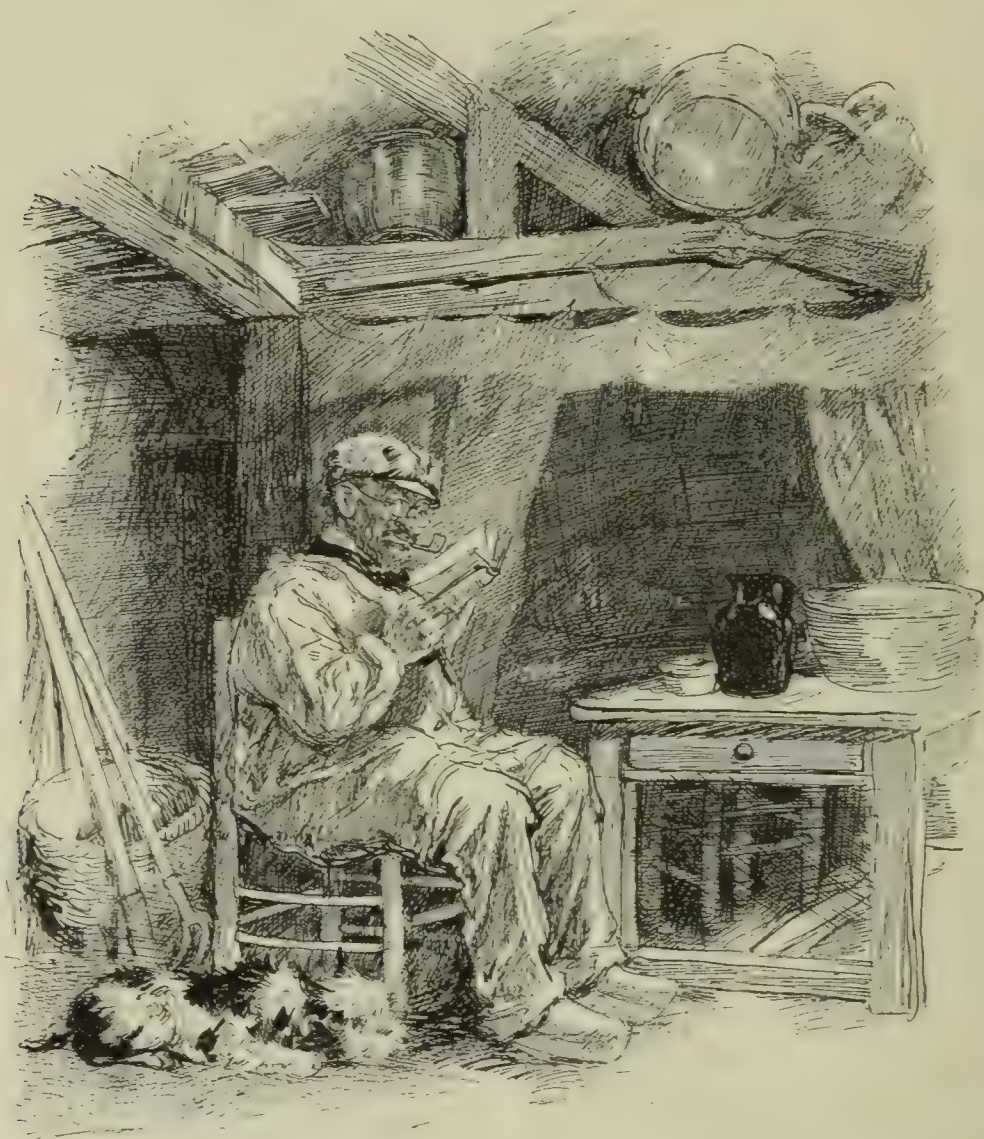
Picture to yourself a tree-shaded court some two hundred feet square, enclosed on three sides by a double cloister of white stone. From the third side, left open upon a view of great beauty, descend a series of steps and terraces to the town below.

To live in a building thus planned is to realize what clever chaps those mediæval monks were, and how vastly better they understood the art of constructing a country house than we do to-day.

No noise or dust from the outer world can reach a court thus surrounded; cold winds and summer suns are tempered before they can penetrate its charmed precincts.

So little has this building been altered by its changing destinies, that of a morning, when we glide white-robed down the long cloisters toward our matutinal douche, or at mid-day when the old bell, hang-

Our mornings are taken up by a complicated process of bathing, walking, resting, and drinking the waters; of an afternoon we drive by the winding Orb, or make longer excursions to the antique hill towns,



Peasant's house at Villemagne.

ing all these centuries under the entrance archway, calls us to déjeuner in the vaulted refectory, we seem to be performing a part in some mediæval pantomime.

Even paupers at the monastery gate are not wanting to complete this impression, as the government maintains a small hospital here, where the very poor are given the benefit of these miraculous waters.

"At Lamalou" a flippant Parisian at our table remarks, "*Les extremes se douche.*"

Here, as at all European watering-places, the daily routine of life is the same.

"moated, dungeoned, ivy-clad," which, like chamois, perch far up on overhanging cliffs; here we open our tea-baskets on battlements crumbling between the thumb and finger of Time, or by gateways that may have opened to let the Crusaders ride away to join St. Louis at Aigues-Mortes, over yonder.

After a seven-o'clock dinner all Lamalou repairs to the lamplit Casino gardens for coffee and a couple of hours in the little open-air theatre, where a valiant troupe of singers and comedians perform for our amuse-

ment. Truly a wonderful clan, these unknown and unmedalled pupils of the Paris and Bordeaux schools, and astonishingly good, too, the performances, when one takes into account that the young soprano, who is paid four hundred francs a month, sings "Juliette" one evening and "Miss Helyet" the next; and the *jeune premier*, a handsome boy of twenty, fresh from the Paris Conservatoire, must be prepared by the terms of his contract to play any one of twenty-four rôles at a twenty-four-hour notice; yet the finish and ensemble of their comedy performances attest once again the utility of the national schools of declamation, handing down as they do the traditions of the stage, and maintaining artistic standards which prevent that gracious art from dropping to the level we see at home.

During the entr'actes we eat ices under the trees, or madly risk five-franc pieces at the "Tables."

By eleven all the town is in bed and asleep.

Our month of rest and idling and bathing in these strength-bestowing springs comes in due time to an end. Having by the first week in July completed all the rites and ceremonies of a cure, explored every dimpled valley and terraced village within reach, we start for the Atlantic coast, where an after cure is to be effected.



Saint Gregory church at Villemagne, near Lamalou.

The route has been carefully traced in advance by the way of Montauban and Albi, as we wish to avoid the beaten track, via Toulouse and Pau, and visit a part of France almost as unknown to the tourist as the fastnesses of the Himalaya.

Prepared as we are for surprises in the way of beauty, this region surpasses even our high hopes by a very special grace and charm of its own, for which it is hard to find an appropriate adjective. Classic is, perhaps, the only word that correctly describes it. Those who love the landscapes of Poussin will understand what is meant by this use of the word: a certain happy combination of silent lake and pluming verdure; of mountain crest and shining river stretches. At each turn one expects

to see a procession of youths and white-clad virgins descending from some columned temple, or hear Pan preluding among the reeds on the river's bank; an impression deepened by the form and color of the flower-decked hamlets, half hid among the hills. The whole wrapped in a mellow curtain of light that lends warm tones to the deepest shadows.



Château at Colombièrs.



The Casino gardens

Even agriculture, often monotonous in other lands, assumes in this favored region a comeliness in harmony with the picture, from the vine-draped lowlands to the chestnut forests in the higher valleys we cross, as our road surges up the mighty spurs of the Cevennes, on its way from the Rhone to the Atlantic water-shed.

Local writers and poets have handed down a tradition, in their incomparable Provençal tongue, to account for the beauty of their land which has an original touch worthy the repeating.

When in primeval times this globe of ours was taking shape, the idle gods of Olympus, always on the alert for some new amusement to help pass the lagging hours of eternity, took to modelling and decorating its surface.

A sort of artistic competition was inaugurated as to who should achieve the best results with the material at hand; so they all set to work grouping mountains, tracing river courses, and curving coast-lines. It is to this pleasant fad of the immortals that our globe owes all its scenery worthy of the

name. What they left untouched has simply remained tiresome and commonplace. So strongly did those deities stamp their personality on their work that it is easy with a little practice to recognize the touch of the different gods, much as one gets to know a great painter's technique at a glance.

Wherever Jupiter, that prehistoric Louis XIV, worked, nature assumed a pompous, artificial air.

Cool and verdant, Normandy suggests the handiwork of Juno; while Vulcan went in for sinister effects—mountain gorges and flaming volcānoes set in desolate wastes.

It is the boast of the Provençal that the southern slopes of France owe their beauty to the caress of Venus's fair hands.

That goddess must indeed have lingered with delight over her task, arranging and rearranging the curves of the rivers, moving the hills about, tinting the mountain streams and distant peaks until she had achieved the matchless ensemble we see to-day.

Charles V, while battling in the south of Spain during his stormy youth, camped one night in a secluded little valley, the calm and beauty of which so captivated the young warrior's imagination that during all the succeeding years of splendid success and satiated ambition, the memory of that quiet corner of Andalusia continued in the great emperor's mind, until finally, unable longer to resist its call, he passed the crown and sceptre of the world into the hands of his son, and started with a group of astonished courtiers to end his life in that tranquil vale.

It is with some such feeling that we take leave of the gentle Cevennes region, convinced that, when the time comes to throw off the harness of active life and be turned out to grass, it is here we would choose to browse away the last quiet years of existence, in humble imitation of the great Renaissance Cæsar.

Some towns are blonde and others brunette; many are red-headed, freckled, and

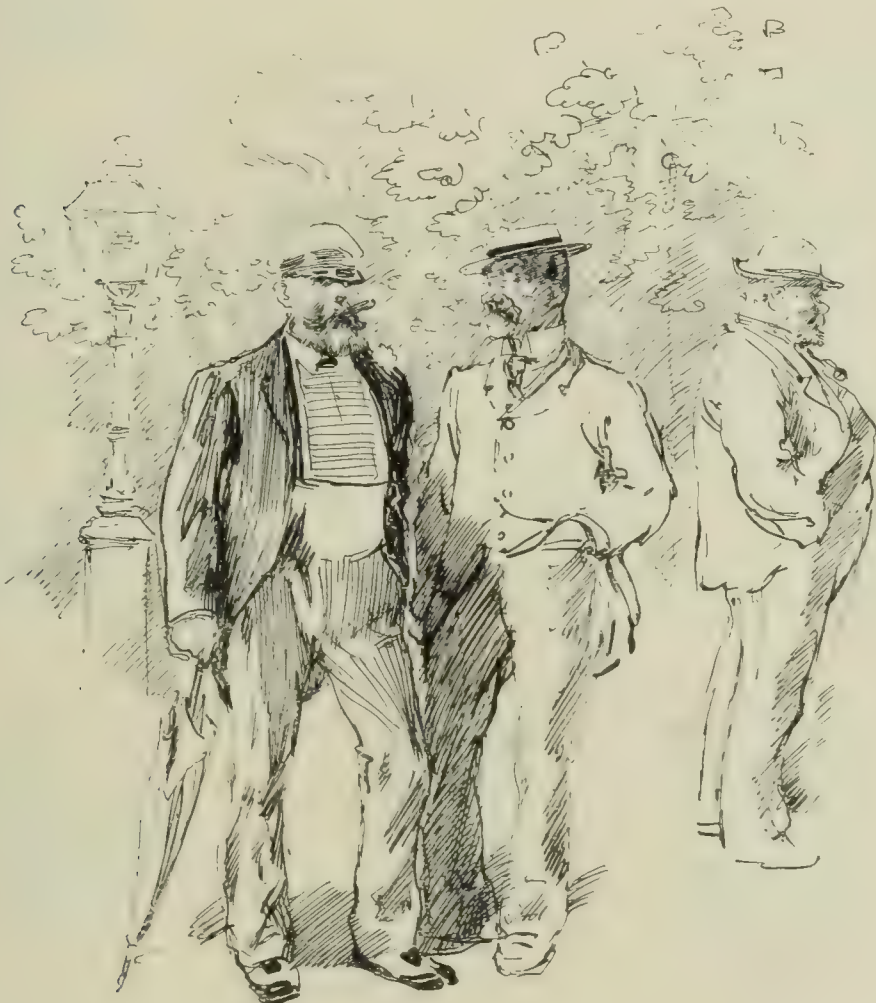
lackeylashes. Montauban, where we make our first night's halt, is a swarthy daughter of the south. A spray of rose-laurel in her hair and strong red wine running in her veins, this accounts perhaps for the part she has played in the fierce religious wars and more recent, but not less bitter, strikes, that like earthquakes have from time to time rent this pleasant land.

The end of our second day's slow progress (for we remain faithful to the local trains) brings us to Albi.

Here again one feels the influence of those long struggles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; to our imagination, excited by much reading, the town seems like a prostrate but still panting warrior, and its famous cathedral (Musset's *vieille église decharnée*) the very type and symbol of the land, passion-torn and beautiful.

The next morning we turn our backs on Albi and the hills and strike out across the fertile Garonne plain toward Bordeaux.

Nowhere in Europe, perhaps in the



The Casino gardens.



The silent mountains as seen from Lamalou.

world, has the patient toil of man, seconded by soil and climate, achieved such a result.

The straight white roads, over which the plane-trees arch with a cathedral coolness and shadow, lead through a region of intense and serried culture where no square foot of earth is allowed to lie idle.

The whole landscape simmering under the mid-day sun pays tribute to the intelligence and industry of the little French peasant and his spouse.

Rich in Gothic and Romanesque art as Bordeaux is, its splendid eighteenth-century architecture, the real attraction of the place, makes this city one of the most interesting in France, for Mansard, Louis, and the two Gabriels are here seen at their best.

The stately, long-drawn river front, the two exquisite squares opening from it, so like the Place Vendôme and yet so superior to it in freedom of treatment, would alone mark any town with a red letter.

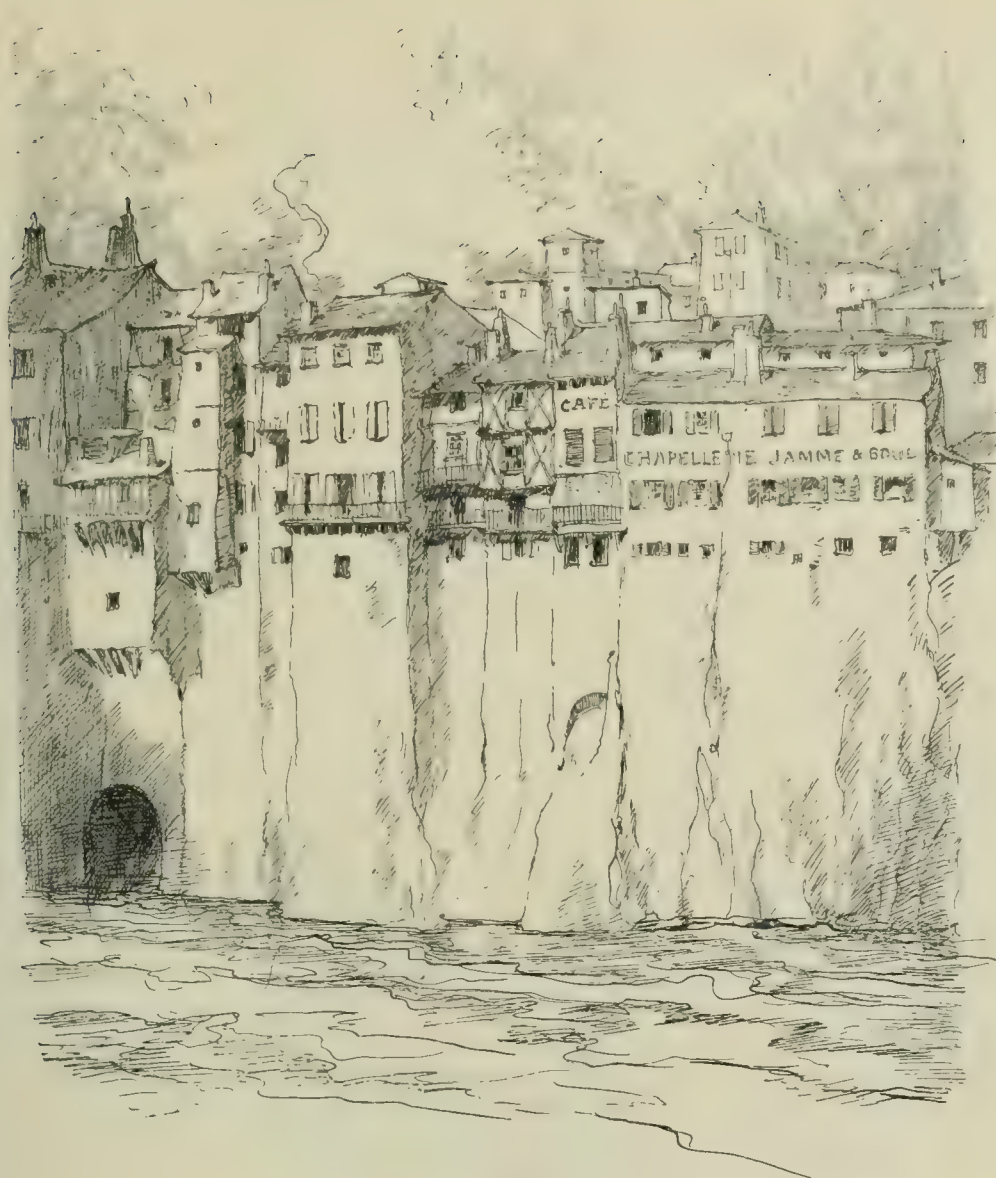
But Bordeaux has even better than all this to offer, for she possesses perhaps the most perfect theatre in existence, the *chef d'œuvre* of Louis, which, since its construction under Louis XVI, has remained the model of buildings of its class, and furnished Garnier with the leading features of his Paris Opera House.

It has been decided to make the last leg of our rambling journey by boat.

So, one exhilarating July morning, with a smell of salt in the air, we board the little



The bath.



Albi.

river steamer that runs daily to Royan and the sea. This, be it said in passing, is another form of travel too much neglected. It is doubtful if one in every thousand of our compatriots who yearly scurry along the beaten tracks of Europe, have even heard of the sail from Havre up the Seine to Rouen, or that still more wonderful excursion down the historic Rhone from Lyons to Avignon. The trip from Bordeaux to Royan compares favorably with either of these.

Leaving the clipped trees and rostral columns of the Bordeaux quay and its picturesque brick bridge to our left, we make our way quickly, for the tide is with us, across the crowded roadstead.

Low wooded hills appear on either hand and then recede, as we cross the wide expanse of the Gironde estuary on our way to

Soulac, where a first stop is made, apparently that some chickens and vegetables may be brought on board, amid a clatter and confusion worthy of an embarking army corps.

During the next hour we skirt the long, sandy Medoc peninsula, lying between the Gironde and the Atlantic (Medio Aquæ), perhaps the most remarkable bit of territory on the continent. In a space smaller than New York island one sees, lying shoulder to shoulder, those famous vineyards the names of which are as familiar in the ear of civilization as the multiplication table, for these few hundred acres have for centuries furnished the world its most delicate beverage.

That white country house on the slope yonder is the Château Latour. The other, not half a mile farther on, is St. Estephe.

The slopes of Ponte Canet touch both, and the Latour and Leoville vineyards are just beyond. This bit of land we are now passing is the Château Lafitte estate, for the one hundred and fifty acres of which the Rothschilds, twenty years ago, paid a neat million. The wine of this *Clos* is held at one thousand francs a barrel, but even at that price never comes into the market.

While we have been busy with our field glasses an awning has been spread above us and tempting white tables make their appearance on deck for luncheon, to which we eagerly sit down, as the sea air and our early start have combined to give us excellent appetites.

Before the coffee has been served and our

cigars and a glass of excellent *Marc*, the inevitable ending to all meals in southern France, enjoyed, we have passed the vineyards of lesser importance, *Les Crus Bourgeois*. Then our boat takes a sharp turn to the north, and the white cliffs and black pine forests of Royan arise on the horizon. By two o'clock we are being made fast to the stone quays of that town, and for a time our journeyings are ended.

Happy weeks, too quickly over! Pleasant holiday, already half a memory! Short chapter in life's book read in company of old friends!

With a sigh we close the volume, taking pains, however, to turn down the page, in the secret hope that before long we may reopen it at a new chapter.



The diligence

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II—(Continued)

V



WHEN, after dinner, Mrs. Devereux had told her young friend that she was uncomfortable, there had been no need of the words; but the slow answering "I know" with which Mrs. Wilmot expressed sympathy was not intended to imply that she shared the feeling. She herself was not at all uncomfortable, because, while she saw the whole state of affairs, she was not unhelpful of coping with it. Touching the place where the tender point of her breast lay nestling, she assured herself that she could hope. But Mrs. Devereux, moving about in worlds not realized, was incensed. Nothing that followed during the next few days served to clear the surcharged air. It is hard to say what vexed her most, where all was as it should not be. Ingram, bluntly unconscious of her sufferings, gloomed over his own; Chevenix spied about for what he could not find, spy as he would, and made the cause of woe more conspicuous than ever. As for her, the disastrous fair, the deliberation with which she went about her duties, and ease with which she did or caused them to be done; her self-possession, gentleness, suavity, yes! and benevolence, were sights to make angels weep. Tears of Blood! If Mrs. Devereux, by any means, could have compassed tears of blood, they had been shed. Nothing less vivid would have met the case: to exhibit her scarlet handkerchief to Ingram with a "There, see, I weep. Tears of Blood!" Day by day in that mild spring weather, under pale blue skies, fanned by zephyrs, she could but pace the terrace walks, and stiffen herself, and stare about her—with dull disapproval for the very flowers, lest theirs, too, should be frail beauty, and repeat for her only com-

fort that she was most uncomfortable. So she was. But it was because she did not understand, not because she did. Curiosity ravaged her.

On one of these days, breakfast over at half-past ten, young Mr. Chevenix declared his intention with cheerfulness and point. "Twentieth of April—Dizzy's birthday, or Shakespeare's. Nevile, I'm going to fish your river. They are leaping like the boys in 'Eugene Aram,' and I'm going to give them something to leap at. Now, what are all you people going to do? Because, I'll be free with you, I don't want you to come and look on. Mrs. Devereux, I let you off. You needn't gillie me. Nevile, you run away and play. Amuse Mrs. Wilmot. Do now: she likes it. I'm all right."

The elder lady fixed him keenly with a look which saw through his saucy assurance; Ingram's eyes sought those of Mrs. Wilmot across the table. She lent him their wonder for a moment, then looked down at her bosom. He was satisfied. There were still women in the world.

"What shall we do?" he asked her. "Will you be driven? Will you drive? Will you ride?" Another shaft rewarded him, which said, "Do with me as you will."

Ingram rang the bell. Minnie appeared. "Tell Frodsham, the horses at a quarter-past eleven. I ride Sea-King, Mrs. Wilmot Lorna Doone. He had better come—or Butters will do. That's all."

Mrs. Devereux had been ignored, but was not displeased. It showed, at least, that Ingram knew she was not to be disposed of like a white rabbit. It was, however, necessary to say something, to declare one's presence, as it were; so she collected her papers. "I have letters to write. You will excuse me, I know."

Chevenix sprang to the door. "By George, I should think so," he said, which



Drawn by Frank Craig.

Had he had eloquence, he thought, as he watched her, he had won. But he was anxious. She was such a deep one.—Page 333.

was well intended, but too brisk. He bowed her out, shut her out, and stood with his eyes on the others.

Ingram remained before the fire, looking out of window. "She's in a wax. I don't know why."

"Oh, don't you, my boy?" said Chevenix to himself.

Mrs. Wilmot trifled with a tea-spoon. "And I don't care—much," he added. Mrs. Wilmot smiled.

Mr. Chevenix, going a-fishing, saw, as he had intended to see, Sanchia in the rose garden, talking to Struan Glyde, who was tying rambblers. "Morning, Sanchia—morning, Glyde!" Each greeted him, but the youth grimly.

He talked at large. "I'm for murder. I must flesh my steel. It's too good a day to lose. Clouds scurry, sun is shy; air's balmy: a trout must die. That is very nearly poetry, Sancie. It is as near poetry as I can hope to get this side the harps and quires. Now, what on earth is Glyde doing to his roses at this time of year?"

The dark-skinned, sharp-chinned young man, aproned and shirt-sleeved, turned a shade darker. His black eyes glowed. He was quietly arrogant, even to her. "It doesn't matter," he had once told her, "what you say or do. I love you, and that's the sum and end of it." Now he allowed her to answer for him.

"There was a wind in the night, which tore them about. I asked him to make them safe. I hate to think of their bruised ribs."

Chevenix whistled his satisfaction with this and all things else. "I see. Works of mercy. There's a blessing on that, somewhere and somewhen. All to the good, you know, Glyde. You never know your luck, they tell me." He left Glyde and his roses, and turned to the young lady. "Well now, look here, Sancie—if works of mercy are toward, what d'you say to one on your own account? Here I stand, an orphan boy, upon my honor. The master's gone riding with the widow." He stopped his rattle, as a thought struck him serious for a moment. "By George, and he's a widower—so he is!" Discharged of that, he resumed. "Yes, and Mrs. Devereux has got the hump, as they say, and here I am at your mercy, to be made much of. Who's going to admire me?

Who's going to hold my net? Who's going to say, 'Oh, what a beauty'?" He had now got her thoroughly at her old ease with him. Her eyes gleamed, and there was no doubting her smile. "Now, I'll tell you what. Your roses are all right. Glyde will see to that. You leave that to Glyde and his strong right arm. His strength is as the strength of ten because . . . you follow me, I think? Now, Sancie, I put it to you—I'm an old friend of the family, and haven't seen you for—how many years? Aren't you going to give me half an hour of your morning?"

He pleaded by looks. He was quizzical, but in earnest. Her brow was clear.

"Yes," she said. "I'll come—for half an hour."

"Right! Right, Goddess of the silver brake. Come, hold the pass with me." He turned to go and she caught him up. "I mix my poets like salad, but that's because I'm in such high spirits. By Jove, Sancie, it is good to see you again." She met his laughing eyes with hers. She swam by his side—took his net, and was happy. Her face glowed. She had the power of casting troubles behind, recuperative power, resiliency. Glyde, the olive-faced, watched them down the walk, and owned to a heart of lead. "As well shut down the west wind as a spirit like hers!" He turned to his affair.

Below the steps, in the nut-walk which led to the bridge, Chevenix altered his tone. "It's good of you to come with me, Sancie, my dear. I'm a very friendly beggar, and Nevile, you know—I say!" and he turned her a sober face—"You do know, I suppose? His wife—eh? Dead, you know. Oh, but of course you did!"

She met him unflinching. "Yes, he told me."

Chevenix shrugged. "I must say, you know—what? Oh, of course, it was a ghastly affair all along. But *you* know all that as well as I do. Why, her temper! Oh, awful! I've seen her, myself, dead-white in one of her rages—she had hold of a wine-glass so hard that it snapped, and cut her hand. She looked at the blood—she didn't know how it happened. And he—well, *you* ought to know—was as bad, in his way. 'Pon mysoul, Sancie, Vesuvius might just as well have married Etna—every bit. But there! What's the good of talking?

Everybody knew how it would be." Words failing him, he stared about him.

"But still—oh, damn it all! To hear of your wife's death—casually—on a platform—from a chap you happen to know—happen to have met somewhere—oh, well, I call it casual. That's the word, I believe—casual. Well, it *is* pretty casual—what? Now just tell me what you think—between friends, of course."

She stopped him; she was short in the breath. "I think not. If you don't mind."

He became as serious, immediately, as he was capable of being. "I'll do as you like, my dear—but you'll let me say this, that if I could see you with all your belongings about you again, I should sing a hymn. That's all, Sencie; but it means a lot. When you went out of Great Cumberland Place, it became, somehow, another kind of place. I hardly ever go there now, you know. And now they're all married but you, and—I say, you heard that Vicky had a son and heir? Did you hear that?"

She had averted her face, but she listened intensely, nodding her head. "Yes, yes, I knew that. Papa told me. He always writes to me, you know, from the office, poor darling!"

She appealed to him urgently. "Please don't talk about them just yet. Please don't."

He saw the mist in her eyes, and was afraid. "All right, Sencie, all right. I'm frightfully sorry. Beastly painful, all this, you know." He was much disturbed. To his simple soul a fine day, a fine-fettled river, demanded, as of right, a happy mood in man, for whom all things were made. And a fine girl by his side, a good, a brave, a splendid girl—down on her luck—on such a day! What could one do? If, when you began, she choked you off! Wouldn't meet you half-way—bottled it up! And here he was, geared for fishing, and without the heart to wet a line, because of all this misery. Sanchia, sharply in profile to him, from cheek to chin, from shoulder to low breast, all one sinuous, lax, beautiful line, broke in on his rueful meditations. "There's a rise," she said. "Look, look."

His eye swept the river. "You're right. By Gad, that's a whacker. That's a fish. Now, you stop just where you are, net in hand. Don't move, and you shall see something."

He left her, and ran stooping down the bank, all his little soul concentrated in his cast. The dimpled water ran and swirled, the line flashed in the sun. Three casts, four; a splash, a taut line, and his shout, "Come on, quick; I've got him." Sanchia glided swiftly down the bank, her eyes alight, the lines of neck and shoulder finely alert. Her eyes shone, her lips parted; she looked the Divine Huntress, to whom Senhouse had once likened her. She stooped, the net jerked; she watched, waited, tense to the act. Within the swirling water the great fish plunged: she watched, strung to the pounce; the net dipped and darted; she lifted it to land.

Chevenix admired. "By George, you are a one-er, I must say! Born to it. You dip like an osprey. That's a fish—what?" They peered together into the net, where, coiled and massy, beaming rose and pale-gold, the trout writhed.

"Splendid!" breathed Sanchia, glowing and alight. Chevenix gloried in her beauty. "If Neville don't know what his chances are—if he ain't on his knees—my Heavens, what a mate for a chap!"

A shadow falling upon him caused him to look up. Mrs. Devereux, gray and tall, boa'd, gloved, umbrella'd, stood regarding him and his companion from the bank. Instinct prompted him immediately to screen Sanchia by dragging her into the party. He held up the net, and plunged. "First prize," he cried out, as heartfully as he could, "to me, and Miss Percival."

"So I see," said Mrs. Devereux. "Ah, good-morning."

This was to Sanchia's bland greeting, which, as always, made the lady shiver. It is difficult to say what a shock it was to her to be greeted cheerfully by Sanchia. And to see one in so painful a situation occupied by anything less painful, interested in anything at all, was truly shocking. Mrs. Devereux's idea of irregularity was that it absorbed the devoted victim, kept her aghast. If it did not, surely there was no reward left to the virtuous. But here we had a highly irregular young woman behaving with extreme regularity. Was the world turning upside down? Was black, then, really white? She shivered, she blinked her eyes; but she descended the bank and stood beside the pair, yet rigidly apart.

Chevenix, having got her there, knew not

what to do with her. It seemed to him that he had better, on the whole, go on, so turned the lady a knowing face.

"This is not the first time by any means that Miss Percival and I have gone fishing, you must know. We began by tickling 'em—we were urchins together, you see."

"Really!" said Mrs. Devereux, who saw nothing but depravity.

"I remember," he went on, "the first time we went fishing. I was at Alnmouth with a governess; awful lonely little beggar I was. I used to moon about on the sands, while she read the *Morning Post*, with spectacles and a red parasol. And I used to hanker about all the other young 'uns, and wish I was one of 'em. Her party was there, you know—five of 'em, all girls, and all pretty girls—eh, Sancier? I would have given my hopes of heaven—if I'd had any, you know—to go and paddle with 'em. Jolly party you were, my dear—jolly old plump papa, rosy mamma—and Philippa like a young tree, and Melusine and Hawise bright as apples; and then Vicky and you—little dears, you were. I was like a spent salmon, I believe, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed little devil, as solitary as sin." He turned, flushed, to Sanchia, and put his hand on her arm; she turned away her face, and Mrs. Devereux believed she saw tears. "It was *you* who took me in, you know."

"No," said Sanchia, turning him her shining eyes. "It was Vicky. She asked you to come fishing." He accepted her ruling.

"Bless me, it *was* Vicky. Always a frisky one. But after that it was always you and Vicky and me. And we had the time of our lives—at least, I did." Even Mrs. Devereux felt an emotion from the beam with which Sanchia rewarded him—a tender, compassionate look, as if she understood and excused him.

"You are old friends, I see," she said; and her smile was not unfriendly.

Chevenix shook his head wisely. "Frightfully old—I've known 'em all—all my life." Mrs. Devereux then made a distinct advance.

"It must be very nice for you," she said to Sanchia.

Sanchia's eyes were now clear, and her smile absolutely general. "To see Mr. Chevenix? Yes, indeed." She collected herself. "But I'm afraid I must go now. I've a great deal to do." She admonished

the young man. "Now you had better catch some more," she told him. "I must go."

His face fell—without any regard for Mrs. Devereux—to "Oh, I say!" but it was then revealed to him that there might be a part for him to play. "Right, Sancier—you're mistress here. See you later." He met her eyes gallantly, and lifted his hat. Sanchia bent her head to Mrs. Devereux, and went staidly away, her duties gathering in her brows. The elder lady and the young man stood face to face, without speaking. Then Mrs. Devereux sat deliberately down, and Chevenix braced himself.

"You said just now," the lady began, "to Miss Percival, that she was mistress here. What did you mean by that, exactly?"

Chevenix sprang sideways to this flank attack. "Oh, you know, Mrs. Devereux! You can't take a chap—literally—what?"

He wanted time, but she gave him none. "You must forgive an old woman of the world—of a certain world. I come here—to a house which belonged to Neville's father, an old, old friend, and I find—installed—a young lady—who does not dine—who is extremely—capable. I am bewildered, naturally."

Chevenix's "I know, I know," and his friendly nods, ran on as an accompaniment.

"And then," said she, raising her voice, "I find that this young lady—and you—are old friends. You speak of her—people as if they were really—of the sort which—as if she were—of the kind whom—" It was impossible. "Really," she said, "it's most unusual. I don't frankly know what I ought to do."

Chevenix listened carefully to her truncated phrases, where what she did not say was the most eloquent part of her discourse. He nodded freely and sagely; he was conciliatory, but clear in opinion. "I know, I know," he said. "It's very rum—you must naturally find it so. I know exactly how you feel about it. Oh, rum's the only word for it. Or rummy. Yes, you might call it rummy—or a go, you know—or anything like that." Then he grew plausible. "But I'm sure it's all right. It's a long story, but I'm quite sure. You've no idea what a fine girl that is. Ah, but I know it." He tapped his forehead. "I saw the whole thing through—from beginning to end.—She's a perfect beauty, to begin with."

That was a bad note. Mrs. Devereux asked him at once if he thought that a good reason. "Well," he said, "I do, you know—in a way. I can't explain it—but I think you see it in her face, you know—and manner. Yes, in her manner. She's uncommon, you see, most uncommon. And as cool as—well, it would be hard to say how cool a hand I thought her." He paused, having got off this effective estimate, round-eyed and triumphant.

"It seems to me, Mr. Chevenix," said the dry lady, "that the less you say the better."

"Not at all, Mrs. Devereux, not at all." He was eager to explain. "I don't think you quite follow me. What I meant to say was that when a young woman can be as cool as she can be; can run a big place like this, and manage a staff of servants—outdoors, mind you, and in; no steward, only a bailiff; keep all the accounts; and hold her head up—for she does that, you know, uncommonly well—why, then I say that she must be allowed the benefit of the doubt, you know. You must say, 'Well, it's rum, it's rummy,' or how you like to put it—'but she's got a head on her shoulders, and I suppose she knows what she's doing. I suppose she's seen her way.' For she's all right, you know, Mrs. Devereux; she's as right as rain. It's irregular, dashed irregular—but, by George, I'll tell you this, Neville was in a bad way when he first met her, and she's pulled him through. He's steady enough now, is Neville. Don't drink—nor do other things. He threatened to be a waster in his day; but he's no waster now. She did that, you know; she pulled him through. Why, bless your heart, Mrs. Devereux, he used to rave about her—rave, and chuck himself about on sofas, and cry like anything, and bite his nails down. There never was such a girl under heaven, he used to say. He called her a goddess. Love! Oh, Lord! And I assure you, on my solemn oath, that he never did a better day's work in his life, nor any girl a finer, than when he put in his word for himself, poor devil, and she said, 'Yes, I'll do it.'"

"Did she—" Mrs. Devereux asked, or began to ask, and he shrugged, and exclaimed:

"Ah! There you have me. Now you've done it. I don't know. That's the fact—I don't know. Everybody thought so.

She went on as if she did; but now—no, I don't know. You see, she's such a cool hand, she's such a deep one—you can't tell. There's no telling with that sort. All I can say is, it looked uncommonly like the real thing. We all thought so at the time. The symptoms were right enough—or wrong enough, you'll say—and then, look at her since! She's stuck to him through everything—good report, bad report, everything. She's chucked her people—or been chucked. Had four beautiful sisters—glowing, upstanding, fine girls, all of them; and chucked. Old father, in the city: chucked. Mother, big, handsome, hot-tempered: chucked. And all for Neville, who (between ourselves) ain't worth it. He's not a bad one, but he's not a good one, either. He's got a cruel temper, Neville has—like that ghastly wife of his. But—" he cried, opening his arms—"there you are. They're like that, her sort. Mighty quiet about it, you know; was turned into the streets, you may say; father, mother, sisters, all showed their backs. What does she do? Sets her teeth together, looks straight ahead, and takes old Neville. And here she is now—oh, as right as rain. What a girl, eh?"

Mrs. Devereux was certainly moved. She was almost prepared to admit a genuinely exceptional case. But she had a question to ask. Did Ingram intend to marry her—now?

At this Chevenix stepped back, as if to avoid a blow. "Ah!" he said. "Ah! That's it. Ask me another."

"Do you mean to say of your friend, and mine," she pursued him, "that he would dare—after all that you tell me—to—"

"No," said Chevenix, in a desperate stew, "no, I don't mean that. I think he would have her this moment—if he could get her. But—the fact is—well, you know—" and he glanced anxiously at the lady, "I've nothing to go upon, absolutely nothing as yet; but the fact is, I'm not sure whether she would take him, you know—now."

"Is that possible?" was all the lady could find to say, with a throw-up of the hands. "Is that possible?"

"Quite—with Sanchia," said Chevenix. "Through with him, you know—got to the bottom of him—sick of him. I believe he bores her, you know." Mrs. Devereux looked at him, more in sorrow than in anger, and walked slowly away.

VI

WHATEVER may have been the net result upon Mrs. Devereux's mind of the explanatory revelations made her upon the river bank, two things became clear as day succeeded day. One was that Miss Percival avoided her, the other that she sought out Miss Percival. Being entirely unable to succeed, she did not renounce her now benevolent attitude toward the young lady, but she decided to leave Wanless.

All that she could do, she did. No wheedling of Mrs. Wilmot's could draw any further comment from her, and she said nothing to Ingram either for or against what she supposed now to be the desire, the honorable desire, of his heart. Oddly enough, though it was against all her upbringing, Chevenix had so far succeeded in impressing her that she rather respected Sanchia the more for being cool now that rehabilitation was in full sight, and practically within touch of her hand. Chevenix, in fact, had made her see that Sanchia was a personality, not merely a pretty woman. You can't label a girl "unfortunate" if, with the chance of being most fortunate, she puts her hand to her chin, and reflects, and says, "Hum, shall I, or shall I not?" Short of deliberately knocking at the girl's door, she would have done anything to exchange views. That she could not do. She found herself waiting about in corridors and halls for Sanchia's possible passage. Once she had marked her down in the garden, flower-basket on arm, scissors in hand. She had been fluttered, positively felt her heart-beats, as she sailed down in pursuit; but then Sanchia, under the brim of her garden hat, must have divined her, for, with a few clear words of direction over her shoulder to the young gardener who was helping her, she had steered smoothly away—and, without running, could not have been caught. The thing was marked, not uncivilly, but quite clearly. What could one do?

Two more days of fine weather and perplexity, and she announced her departure as imminent. We were at Thursday. She must positively leave on Monday. "No more letters to write about my shortcomings," was Ingram's comment upon this intelligence, to Mrs. Wilmot apart. "It's a mistake to have people to stay with you who've known you all their lives. They are

for ever at their contrasts: why isn't one still a chubby-faced boy, for instance? They see you in an Eton jacket, once, and you're printed in it for ever. So you glare by contrast, you hurt, you wound. In other words, you have character, you see, which is dashed inconvenient to a woman who remembers you with none. You upset her calculations—and sometimes she upsets yours. No offence to Mrs. Devereux; but I rather wish she hadn't come."

Mrs. Wilmot, who had no general conversation, thought that they ought to be "nice" to Mrs. Devereux; to which Ingram replied snarling that he was always "nice" to her, but that if a woman will spend her time writing letters or disapproving of her host, she can't expect to be happy in such a world as ours. But the worst of Mrs. Devereux, he went on to say, was that she couldn't be happy unless she did disapprove of somebody. Mrs. Wilmot, aware of whom the lady did disapprove, dug holes in the turf, and wondered what she herself ought to do. Supposing Mrs. Devereux went on Monday, ought not she—? Now, she didn't at all want to go just now.

At luncheon Ingram proposed a visit to certain Sowerbys of Sowerby, and pointedly asked Mrs. Devereux to come. "You like her, you know. It's beyond dispute. So I do hope you'll come. I'll drive you over in the phaeton."

Mrs. Devereux agreed to go. Chevenix said that he should fish. He hated calling—except on Mrs. Devereux, of course. He braved the discerning eyes of the lady, who had already caught him at his fishing.

The phaeton safely away, he found Sanchia, as he had hoped, in the garden. Her gauntlets were on, an apron covered her; she was flushed with the exercise of the hoe. Struan Glyde, silent and intent, worked abreast of her. He had just muttered something or another which had given her pause. She had her chin on her hands, her hands on her hoe, while she considered her reply. Then Chevenix heard her slow, "Yes, I suppose so. I don't like it at all, but I'm afraid you're right. We are poor creatures, made to be underneath."

The cheerful youth rubbed his head. "Candid—what? Where *have* we got to now?"

Glyde had stopped in the act to hoe: he was stopping still, his blade in the ground,

but he turned his face sideways to answer her. "Not so," he said, "unless you will have it so. She is queen of the world, who is queen of herself." Then Sanchia saw Chevenix, and waited for him.

"Philosophy—what?" the cheerful youth hailed them. "Plain living, hard thinking, what? Upon my soul, you are a pair! Now, Miss Sannie, I can expect the truth from you. What's Glyde preaching? Heresy? Schism? Sudden death?"

"He was talking about women," Sanchia told him.

"Ah," the youth mused aloud. "He was, was he? Glyde on Woman. He ought to wait for his beard to grow; then you might listen to him."

Glyde, who was dumb in company, was hacking into the clods, while Chevenix, to whom he was a negligible, pursued his own affair.

"I say, Sannie, I'm going to ask a favor of you—not the first, by any means; but I always was a sturdy beggar. The Lord loveth a sturdy beggar, eh? Well, look here, I'm at a loose end again. Nevile's taken 'em out driving—to a tea-party—to the Sowerbys'. I jibbed, though I was asked. I lied, because they drove me into a corner. I couldn't face old Sowerby's chin—and all those gels with their embroidered curates—what? You know what I mean. I mean their church-work, and the curates they do it for. So I said I was going fishing—which was a lie—and Mrs. Devereux as good as said it was a lie. Now, suppose you invite me to tea; how would that be?"

"Then you *do* go fishing," said Sanchia, and smiled. "Very well. I do invite you."

"Bravo! You're a true friend. O Woman, in our hours of ease . . . ! Trust me for an apposite citation . . . and new, what? I believe I'm pretty good at quotations. My people used to play a game. You write down a name on a bit of paper; then you fold it over: then a quotation, then another name. That's my vein of gold. Now you have it—the secret's out. I'm coming, you know. I accept. Many thanks. What's your hour?"

"Half-past four," she told him. He bowed, and left her with Glyde. He turned to look at them as he left the walled garden, and saw them near together—Glyde

vehement in his still way of undertones, she listening as she worked.

At half-past four she received him in her room. Though her blouse was of lace and her skirt of green cloth, she looked like a virgin of the Athenian procession. Her clothes flowed about her, clung to her like weed as she swam. For once in her life she wore an ornament—a long string of pale-amber drops was round her neck, and fell below her waist. As he met her friendly, silent welcome, he expressed her to himself—"By the gods above, you are—without exception—the healthiest—finest—bravest—young woman—that ever made the sun shine in gray weather." Aloud, he made things easy.

"Here's your tea-party, Sannie, dressed in its best, eager for the fray. When I think of old Sowerby taking whiskey pegs, while his family has tea and curates, I bless my happy stars that I've got a friend at court—to save me, don't you know, from the wicked man. When the wicked man—what? You know the quotation, I expect. Not one of my best—but give me time."

While she made tea, he pried about her room, looking at photographs. He paused here and there as one struck him, and commented aloud. "Old Nevile, with his sour mouth. Looks as if the tongs had nipped him in the act. Why *will* he roll his moustache like that? It's not pretty—shows him like a boar, with his tusk out, don't you think? But he's a good-looking beggar, and knows it. Ah! and there you all are—or, rather, were—all five of you! Philippa, Hawise, Melusine, Vicky, you. What a bevy! I say—" He turned to her. "I met old Vicky, for a minute, the other day. Met her in Bond Street. Sinclair'd got the pip, or something, down at Aldershot. Expensive complaint, seemingly. So she'd come up to see a palmist, or some kind of a specialist, about him. She spoke of you, of her own accord. I said I was coming down here."

Sanchia's hand at the kettle was steady, but her eyes flickered before they took the veil. "Tell me about Vicky. What did she say—of me?"

Chevenix came to the tea-table and stood by her. "I think Vicky's all right. I do indeed. It seems to me she'd give her ears to see you—simple ears. Sinclair, you'll find, is the trouble. He's the usual airy

kind of ass. Makes laws for his woman-kind, and has 'em kept. Vicky likes it, too."

"I suppose he is like that," Sanchia said, as if it was a curious case. "I have never spoken to him. He was about, of course—but Vicky took him up after—my time." For a moment emotion, like a wet cloud, drifted across her eyes. "I should like to see Vicky again. It's eight years."

Chevenix was anxious. "I do think it could be managed, you know—with tact. I'd do any mortal thing, Sencie—you know I would, but—" He despaired. "Tact! Tact! That's what you want."

Her soft mood chased away. She looked at him full. "I can't use what you call tact with Vicky. That means that I am to grovel." She drove him back to his photographs. He peered into the little print on the wall.

"What have we here? A domestic scene, my hat! You appear to be bathing—well over the knee, anyhow. High-girt Diana, when no man is by. Awfully jolly you look. But he *is* by. Who on earth's this chap?" He peered. Sanchia from her tea-table watched him, in happy muse. He shouted his discovery. "I remember the chap! Now, what on earth was he called? Your casual friend, who lived in a cart and only had three pair of bags. Nohouse—Senhouse! That was the man." He looked with interest at the pair, then at Sanchia. "Mixed bathing—what?"

She laughed. "Yes—we both got wet to the skin. Percy Charnock took it ages ago—oh, ages! Before I was out, or knew Neville, or anybody except you. It was ten years ago. I must have been eighteen. It was when I was at Gorston with Grace Mauleverer—trying to save water-lilies from drowning in green scum. He—Mr. Senhouse—came along in his cart, and saw me, and lent me his bed for a raft—and worked it himself. That was the first time I ever saw him—" she ended softly in a sigh—"before anything happened."

Chevenix listened, nodding at the photograph. "Wish to Heaven, my dear, nothing had ever happened. The less that happens to girls the better for them, I believe. Not but what *this* chap would have been all right. If *he* had happened, now! He was as mad as a hatter, but a real good sort. Did I tell you?" He grew suddenly reminiscent. "I saw him a little more than a

year ago—with a pretty woman. Had a talk with him—asked him to come up and have a look at you. It was when Neville went off on this trip. No, no, I liked old Senhouse. He was a nice-minded chap. Not the kind to eat you up—and take everything you've got as if he had a right to it. No. That's Neville's line, that is. You wouldn't see Neville lending you his bed, or risking his life after water-lilies."

Sanchia's eyes were narrow and critical. She peered as if she were trying to find good somewhere in Neville Ingram. "He'd risk anything to get what he thought were his rights. But not upon a bed for a raft. He'd write to London for the latest thing in coracles. He's very conventional."

"You have to be," said Chevenix with sudden energy. He wheeled round upon her as he spoke. "We all have to be. We go by clockwork. You get the striking all wrong if you play tricks." He resumed the photograph. "By Jove, but that suits you. Child of nature, what? I suppose you're happiest when you're larking?"

"Mud-larking?" she asked him, laughing and blushing.

"Well, we'll say rampaging; going as you please."

"Yes." She owned to it without hesitation. "I can't be happy, I think, unless I can do just what I like everywhere. It was one of the first things Jack Senhouse ever taught me. He was an anarchist, you know—and I suppose I'm one, too."

"Your gypsy friend?" He jerked his head backward to the photograph. "By Jove, my dear," he added, "you must have knocked him sideways—even him—when you carried out his little ideas—as you did."

She opened her eyes to a stare. She stared, rather ruefully. "Yes," she said, "I believe I did. I know I did. He was dreadfully unhappy. He and I were never quite the same after that. But I couldn't help myself. It was before me—it had to be done."

"No, no, no!" cried he vehemently, but checked himself. "Pardon, Sencie. We won't go over all that, but surely you see, now, that it won't do. Now that escapade in the pond, you know. That was all right—with only old Senhouse in the way. You must admit that you were rather *décolletée*, to say the least of it. Now, would you say that you can do those sort of things—go as you please, you know, anywhere?"

"Why not?" Her eyes were straightly at him.

"What! Whether you're seen or not?"

She frowned. "I don't want to know whether I'm seen or not."

"And mostly you don't care?"

"And sometimes I don't care."

"Ah," said Chevenix, "there you are. Your 'sometimes' gives you away."

She changed the subject. "Do have some tea. It will be quite cold."

He had been staring again at the photograph—Sanchia's gleaming limbs, the gypsy's intent face shadowed over the water. He now relinquished it with an effort. "Thanks," he said. "I like it cold." He sat beside her, and they talked casually, like old, fast friends, of mutual acquaintance. But for him the air was charged; she was on his conscience. Reminiscences paled and talk died down; he found himself staring at the wall.

He resumed the great affair. "Nevile's rather jumpy, don't you think?"

Her serenity was proof. "Is he? Why should he be?"

"Ah, my dear!" cried the poor young man. "Let's say it's the old Devereux. *Salmo devereux*, eh? Sounds fierce."

Not a flicker. "Mrs. Devereux? What has she been doing to him?"

"Nothing," he said; "and that's just it. She won't have anything to say to him."

Then she went a little too far. A man charged with friendly impulse, charged also with knowledge, must be handled tenderly. You must not be foolhardy. But hers was bravado, nothing less. For she arched her brows, and showed her eyes innocently wide. "Oh!" she said. "Why? Why won't Mrs. Devereux speak to Nevile?"

"Oh, come, you know." He looked at her keenly. He didn't wink, but he blinked. Then he crossed the room. "Look here, Sancier. Will you let me talk to you—really—as an old friend?"

She looked up into his face, nodded and smiled. "Of course you may say what you like."

He sat by her, collecting himself. "Well, then, what I shall say is just this. The whole thing is in your hands—now. You can put it square. There's absolutely nothing in your way—now—well, now that she's gone, you know." He watched her anxiously for a sign, but got none. So still

she sat, glooming, watching herself—as on a scene.

"Mind you," he said in a new tone. "You know all about me. I jibbed at first, when you broke away. I'll own to that. I couldn't do otherwise. Why, old Sancier himself went half off his head about it. Anything in the world to get you out of it, I'd have done. Any mortal thing, my dear. But there! There was no holding you—off you went! But when once the thing was started—the extraordinary thing was that I was on your side directly. And so I always have been. Ask Vicky—ask your mother. I've done, in my quiet way, what you would never have asked of me. You must forgive me—I've defended you everywhere. I won't mention names, but I've explained your case, only lately, in a rocky quarter—and I know I've made an impression. I'm not much good at talking, as a rule, but I do believe that I put the thing rather well. You make your own laws—eh? Like Napoleon Bonaparte—eh? And somehow—the way you do it—it's all right. Eh, Sancier?"

He got nothing from her. She sat on rigid, with unwinking eyes, staring at herself, as she saw herself on the scene. Chevenix leaned to her.

"And Nevile knows it. He believes it. He would say it anywhere. He's difficult, is Nevile; a wayward beggar. He's been his own master since he was sixteen; asked and had. It's hard to make him understand that he can't go on. But he can't, the old sweep, when you put in your say. You know his way—he puts his desires in the shape of truisms. He states them—that's all he has to do—they become immutable laws. Very imposing, his desires, put like that. They've imposed on me; they've imposed upon *you* in their day. Well, with a man like that, you know, you can't take him up too short. Go slow, go slow. What was it I heard Glyde saying to you just now? Who's queen of herself is queen of the world—what? Now, that's quite true. One for Glyde. Apply that to old Nevile. Queen of herself! Why, what else are you? And what's Nevile but the blundering world in a man's skin? Well, queen it, queen it—and there's your kingdom under your feet. Marry the old chap, Sancier. You put everything right; you take your proper place. The county! But what are

counties to you? You smile—and you may well smile. Let the county go hang; but there's Vicky. She's more than county to you. There's Melusine, there's Philippa, there's Hawise; there's your good old dad, there's your lady mother. You get 'em all. And Nevile's biting his nails for it. And a free man. Come now."

She had listened, that's certain; she hadn't been displeased. He had seen her eyes grow dreamy, he had marked her rising breast. Rising and falling, rising and falling, like lilies swayed by flowing water. That betokened no storm, nor flood; that meant the stirring of the still deeps, not by violent access, but by slow-moving, slow-gathered, inborn forces. Had he had eloquence, he thought, as he watched her, he had won. But he was anxious. She was such a deep one.

When she spoke there sounded to be a tinge of weariness in her voice; she dragged her sentences, as if she foresaw her own acts, and was tired in advance. She seemed almost to be pitying her fate. At first she looked down at her hands in her lap, at her fingers idly interweaving; but midway of her drawn-out soliloquy—for she seemed to be talking to herself—she turned him her eyes, and he plumbed their depths in vain.

"It's very nice of you to be interested in me. You are much more interested than I am—and it's a compliment, a great compliment. I think you are very loyal—if I can call it loyalty—if you'll let me call it that. I like my work here; I'm perfectly happy doing it. It was hard at first. I knew absolutely nothing of housekeeping, and managing things, when I came here. I had to work—to learn bookkeeping and accounts—cooking—building—carpentering—stock-raising—oh, everything. I had to feel that I knew very nearly as much about everything as the people who were to do what I told them. And of course that was quite true; but it wasn't at all easy. It has taken me eight years to get as far as I am now. And I could go on for years more. There's nobody on the place whom I can't manage; they all like me. I'm quite comfortable—if I can be let alone."

Speaking so, she believed it. But, thinking it over, she was driven to explain herself.

"People seem to think that girls—that women—care for nothing but one thing—being married, I mean. I'm sure that's a

mistake. One gets interested, one may get absorbed—and then there's a difficulty. For it's very true, I think, that unless we care for the one thing, and that thing only, we don't care for it at all. At least, that is how I feel about it. I have got lots of interests in life—all these things here—management of things. I don't want Nevile—or to be married. I don't want anything of the sort; I can't be bothered. I cared once—frightfully, but now I don't care. All that was long ago, at the beginning—eight years ago. Now it's done with. I only want to be left alone—to do my work here. It doesn't seem to me much to ask; but——"

It was then that she looked at him, and was beyond the power of his sounding. She grew vehement, full of still, passionless rage. She was like a goddess pronouncing a decree; she was final.

"I don't want to marry Nevile. It bores me. And he doesn't want me, really. He thinks he does, because he thinks that he can't have me any other way. But he would be miserable, and so should I. It seems to me impossible. You can't put life into dead things. When he came back here the other day he had been away a year: a year and ten days. He had written to me twice——"

Chevenix interrupted. "Excuse me," he said. "How many times had you written to him?" He had guessed at pique, but he was wrong.

She replied slowly. "I forwarded his letters. I hadn't written at all." Her simplicity! Chevenix allowed her to go on.

"The thing—all that it began with—was over. I felt that. I showed him that, the first evening he was here. He has never spoken to me again—of that sort of thing, and I don't think he ever will. He doesn't understand being refused anything. I suppose he never has been before in his life."

"Weren't you, perhaps, a little bit short?" he hazarded; and she considered the possibility.

"No. I don't think so. I wasn't more abrupt than he was—after a year." She paused. "He threw out her death—Mrs. Ingram's death"—she forced herself to the name—"quite casually, as if he had been saying, 'By the by, the rector's coming to dine.' If he had wanted me, do you think he would have put it like that?"

"Nevile," said Chevenix, "would put anything—like anything. He's that sort, you know. He'd take for granted that you understood lots of things which he couldn't express. But I will say this for Nevile. He's not petty. He's fairly large-minded. For instance, I'll bet you what you like he didn't mind your not writing to him—or reproach you with it."

She opened her eyes. "Of course he didn't. He was perfectly happy. He told me he had been idiotically happy. He knew I was here, because I forwarded his mails—and that was all he cared about. I was here for—when he chose. I assure you, he didn't want me at all, until I showed him that he couldn't have me."

"But he did, you know," said Chevenix; "he does. He was sure of you all through, from the beginning, as you say. That's why he didn't write, or expect letters from you. He flattered himself that he was secure. Poor old Nevile!" He felt sorry now for Ingram. She was really adamant.

She arose, with matches in her hand, knelt before the fire and kindled it. She blew into it with her mouth, and watched the climbing flames. "I don't think you need pity Nevile, really," she said. "He will always be happy. But I am going to be made unhappy." She proclaimed her fate as a fact in which she had no concern at all. Chevenix rose and paced the room.

"Well, you know—I must be allowed to say—your happiness is so entirely in your own hands. It's difficult.—I've no right to suggest—to interfere in any way. I'm nothing at all, of course——"

"You are my friend, I hope," she said, watching the young fire—still on her knees before it, worshipping it, as it seemed. Chevenix expanded his chest.

"You make me very proud. I thank you for that. Yes, I am your friend. That's why I risk your friendship by asking you something. You won't answer me unless you choose, of course. But—come now, Sancier, is there, might there be—somebody else?"

She looked round at him from where she knelt. Her hands were opened to the fire, her face was warmed by its glow; it was the pure face of a seraph. "No. There's nobody at all—now."

He was again standing before the little photograph of the nymph thigh-deep in water. That seemed to attract him; but he

heard her "now," and started. "I take your word for it, absolutely. But, seeing what you felt for Nevile, in the beginning, I should have thought—in any ordinary case—there must have been a tender spot—unless, of course, you had changed your mind—for reasons——"

She got up from her knees, and stood, leaning by the mantel-piece. Her low voice stirred him strangely.

"There are reasons. The spot, as you call it, is so tender, that it's raw."

"Good Lord," said Chevenix. "What do you mean?"

She was full of her reasons, evidently. Rumors of them, so to say, drove over her eyes, showed cloudily and angrily there. Her beautiful mouth looked cruel—as if she saw death and took joy in it. "I think he is horrible," she said. "I think he is like a beast. He doesn't love me at all until he comes here—and then he expects me—Oh, don't ask me to talk about it." She stopped her tongue, but not her thought. That thronged the gates of her lips. She hesitated, fighting the entry; but the words came, shocked and dreadful. "He wants me, to mangle me—like a beast."

Chevenix began to stammer. "Oh, I say, you mustn't—Oh, don't talk like that——"

The door opened, and Ingram came in.

He looked from one to the other, sharply. "Hulloa," he said. "What are you two about in here?"

Sanchia looked at the fire, and put her foot close to it, to be warmed. "Tea-party," said Chevenix. "That's it, Nevile." He nodded sagely at his host, and saw his brow clear. Ingram shut the door and came into the room, to a chair. "That's all right," he said. "I hope it was a livelier one than mine. That old Devereux was on her high-stepper. I'm sick of being trampled. I thought, though, that you had been having words. You looked like it."

Sanchia said, smiling in her queer way, "Oh, dear, no. Mr. Chevenix is much too kind for that. He's been talking very nicely to me. He's been charming."

"Oh, come, Sancier—" cried the brisk young man, quite recovered.

Ingram, in a stare, said, "Yes, Sancier, you may trust him. He's a friend of ours."

"I do trust him," she said.

Chevenix said, "I shall go out on that. I declare my innings. Good-by, you two."

I'll go and pacify the Deverox." He hoped against hope that he might have warned her.

Ingram, when they were alone, threw himself back in his chair, crossed one leg, and clasped the thin ankle of it. He had finely made, narrow feet, and was proud of his ankles. Sanchia was now again kneeling before the fire.

"Quite right to have a fire," he said. "It's falling in cold. There'll be a frost. What was Chevenix saying about me?"

She had been prepared. "Nothing but good. He's your friend, as you said."

"I said 'our friend,' my dear."

She looked at him. "Yes, certainly. He's my friend, too."

"I hope he'll prove so. Upon my soul, I do." He remained silent for a time. Then he leaned forward suddenly, and held out his arms.

"Oh, Sancia," he said, his voice trembling. "Love me."

She looked at him with wide, searching, earnest eyes. They seemed to search, not him, but her own soul. They explored the void, seeking for a sign, a vestige, a wreck; but found nothing.

"I can't," she said. Her voice was frayed. "The thing is quite dead."

Ingram flushed deeply, but sat on, biting his lip, frowning, staring at the young, mounting fire, which she, stooping over it, cherished with her breath and quick hands.

VII

INGRAM, at supper in his private room, had his elbows on the table, and spoke between his fists to Chevenix, let into these mysteries for the first time.

"I ought not to complain, you'll say, and in my heart of hearts I don't, because I'm a reasonable man, and know that you don't make a row about sunstroke or lightning-shocks. We call 'em the act of God, and rule 'em out in insurance offices. No, no, I see what I've let myself in for. I've been away too much; she's got sick of it. I shall have to work at it—to bring her round. By God, and she's worth it. She's a wonder."

"Pity," said Chevenix, "you've only just found it out."

Ingram frowned, and waxing in rage, stared at his friend as if he had never known him. "You don't know what you're talking about. Why, she adored me. I was

never more in love with a woman in my life than I was with Sancia."

Chevenix tilted back his chair. "Oh, you had it pretty badly—at the time. The trouble with you is that you are such a chap for accepting things. You're like a hall porter in a Swiss hotel. You take things for granted. Do nothing—hold out your hand—and get your perks. Perks! Why, they ain't perks at all. They're bounty—what you get from a girl like Sancia."

All this Ingram took as his due—as due, that is, to a man of passion and reasonable desires. He fell into a reverie. "Yes, yes, I know. She was devilish fond of me."

Chevenix gritted his teeth, but Ingram went on. "It was a false position, I know, and I never ought to have looked at her twice. But she was awfully queer or awfully deep—one never knew which. Why, when we got thick together—always meeting out, always reading poetry and philosophy—Shelley, Dante, Keats (I forget half their names now)—I take my oath I hadn't a suspicion that she was getting to like me, in that sort of way, as we call it. She made all the difference in the world to me, I can tell you. You know what I was doing after Claire bolted with that swine: killing time and killing myself—that's what I was doing. It was like going into church out of the sun to hear her at her poetry, and see her. Oh, a lovely girl she was!"

"She's a lovelier woman than you and I are fit to look at," said Chevenix, "if you ask me."

"Damn you, I know all about that. D'you think I want telling, now that I can't get her? Well, then I found out what was the matter with me—and then we cleared the air."

"Who had stuffed it up to begin with?" Chevenix murmured; but Ingram ignored him.

"I told her the whole thing——"

"After she had found it out!" cried Chevenix with energy. "Let's have cards on the table. I told Vicky all about it at a dance—and Vicky told her."

"I told her," Ingram said, "that I was in love with her, and promised to behave—and so I should have, only——"

"Only you didn't, old chap."

"She loved me—there was no stopping it then. The thing was done. Mind you, her people knew it all, too."

"The mother always was a fool," Chevenix agreed. "And she liked you."

"I know she did. I took care of that."

"Not a bit of it, my boy," the other objected. "That's just what you didn't do. She liked you because she thought you didn't care a curse whether she liked you or not."

Ingram raised his eyebrows at such *naïveté*. "That's what I mean, of course. So it went on all that summer. We used to shake when we met each other, and be speechless. By Heavens, what a time that was! Do you remember the tea-party?"

Chevenix blinked. "I wasn't there; but I remember what happened afterwards. The poor child—as white as a sheet—and every hand lifted against her. By God, Neville, what girls—mere chits—will go through!"

"I know," said Ingram dreamily. "Isn't it awful?" Chevenix looked at him. He was quite serious. "What can you do with such a man as this?"

"They left us alone in the room, you know," Ingram continued. "Vicky went out last and left us in there—and the whole place was charged with electricity. You could feel it, smell it, hear it crackling all about. My heart going like a drum; my ears buzzing with it all. I hadn't been able to speak when they spoke to me. I don't know what the devil they must have thought of me—and I didn't care a damn. And over across the tea-table, on a low chair—there she sat—my girl! Her eyes down-cast, her mouth adroop." He shut his eyes for a moment. "And Vicky went out, and left us there!"

"You had it badly, old chap," Chevenix said. "Go slow. Take your time. Or chuck it, if you'd rather."

Ingram appeared not to hear him; he was staring at the table-cloth, at his two hands locked in front of him, and at his knuckles white under the strain.

"I don't know how long I stood gaping at the window, I don't, indeed. I could feel her sitting shaking in her chair; but neither of us said anything. Somebody came to take the tea out—and then I turned and looked at her; and she turned and looked at me. Something drew me—set me on the move. It was all over with me then. I went straight across the room to her; I stood above her, I stooped and took her

hands. I don't know what I said; she looked at me all the time, in a strange, clear way. She got up—I was beside her, and took her. Not a word said. I had her lips: honey of flowers! Her soul came forth from them: new wine. Oh, God! I thought so, anyhow. And so did she, Chevenix. She meant giving."

Chevenix nodded shortly. He believed that. Ingram had covered his eyes.

He drained a glass before he went on with his account. "I suppose you know the rest as well as I do. I never had the details out of her. One of them—that Mrs. King—Philippa, it was—came slam into the room; and what was there to do? I stuck it as long as I could—until I was practically kicked out. The mother came back and turned me out. I had to leave her to brave them all—and I never saw her again until I found out where she was in London."

"Don't you trouble to tell me all that part," said Chevenix, frowning at him. "I know more about that than you do. I was in it. My head, how they treated her! What I never did understand, you know, was how you found out where she was."

Ingram smiled. His memories now amused him. He looked straight at his friend. "I'll tell you that. It was rather neat. You remember that chap Senhouse—loafing kind of artist, anarchist, gypsy-looking chap, who wore no hat?"

Chevenix opened his eyes. "By George, I do!"

Ingram nodded. "She thought no end of him. He took her affair with me very much to heart."

"As well he might," said Chevenix. "I fancy that you were the only person who took it easy."

"Sancie used to tell him everything," Ingram went on, "and she told him all the trouble. She'd been turned adrift with fifty pounds to her name——"

"Not quite so bad as that," Chevenix put in. "They locked her up with an aunt, and she bolted."

"Same thing," said Ingram. "Well, this chap Senhouse comes here one day in a mighty hurry—turns up at breakfast, and makes a row. Wants me to swear I'll divorce, and marry Sancie. Says he thinks I'm a blackguard and all that, but that, on the whole, I'd better marry her. Refuses to give me her address, all the same. We

had a row, I remember, because he began to tell me what he thought about her. The man was a bore, you know."

Chevenix screwed up one leg. "All men are, if they're sweet on your sweetheart, I suppose. He was worth fifty of you, all the same. But go on."

Ingram laughed. "I set my wits against his," he said, "and found out that he'd come straight from seeing her—in London. That was good enough for me. I got rid of Master Senhouse, and went off to town. He had no promises out of *me*, you may believe."

Chevenix felt very sick, and looked it. "The less you say about your promises, my good chap, the better I'll take it." But Ingram, by now, had got back to his holier reminiscences.

"I hunted for her high and low for three months—advertised, turned on detectives. I had even dared her friends' eyes and their cold shoulders—couldn't hear anything. . . . I was walking in hell for three months."

"Then, one day, I met her—in Chancery Lane. Of all squalid places on earth—there."

"I'd been to my lawyer's, in Lincoln's Inn. I'd settled money on her—in case anything happened to me while I was abroad; I was going to travel, because I'd given it up. And then I met her—Chancery Lane!"

"I was passing some school or another—commercial academy—bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting—that sort of place; a lot of ogling, giggling girls, and boys after 'em, came tumbling down the steps—all sun-bonnets and fluffy hair; and down the steps she came, too—Sanchia came—like a princess. She was in white, my dear man—as fresh and dainty as a rose, I remember. Daisies round a broad-brimmed straw; some books under her arm. The sun was on her, lit the gold in her hair. She looked neither right nor left, spoke to no one, had no one with her, or after her. She was never showy. You had to know her well to see how lovely she was. She never showed off well, and was always silent in company. Oh, but what a girl!"

"When she saw me, she flushed all over, and stood. She stood on the last step, and looked at me. Looked at me straight as if she waited. I went directly to her, and took her hand. She let me. I couldn't speak sense. Said, 'You!' and she said, 'I knew I should see you like this.' It sounded all

right. I never questioned it . . ." He stared, then broke out: "Good God, Bill! To think of her then—and to see her now! She won't look at me! I don't exist." He plunged his face between his hands, and rocked himself about. Chevenix watched him without a word. Suddenly he lifted his pinched face, and complained bitterly.

"I can't understand it—I don't know what's changed her. Why, it's awful to make a chap suffer like this!" He stared about him. "Why, Bill," he said, hushing down his voice, "is she going to drop me, d'you think—let me go to the devil?"

Chevenix rose and stood with his back to the fire. "I'll trouble you not to whine, Neville; I've got something to say to all this tale of yours. I've got to ask you a thing or two. When you found her, now; and when you knew all that she'd gone through—a child like that! You brought her up here—hey?"

Without shifting his head to face his cross-examination, Ingram answered between his hands—"No, I didn't. She wouldn't budge from her school till she'd finished her course. I courted her for a month. It took me all that, to make her listen to reason."

"Reason!" Chevenix rated him. "You call it reason!"

"It was what *she* called it—not I," said Ingram from between his fists. Then he looked up. "She refused the idea of going abroad. Said she wasn't at all afraid of people talking. Said she wanted to work for me. Must be doing something, she said. I tell you, it was her idea from the beginning. And I do say, myself, that it was reasonable." He searched for agreement in his friend's face, but got none.

"It suited better," he said presently, with indifference. "It suited better—in every way. I had to be here."

"Why had you to be here, man?" Chevenix raised his voice. "What the devil did it matter to you, having her, where you were?"

"It mattered a lot. I like this place. It's mine. I've got duties up here. I'm a magistrate and all that."

Chevenix was now very hot. "Magistrate be damned. Do you mean to tell me that you profess to love a woman, and turn her into a servant because you want to try poachers? And you talk about the sun in her hair! And then—Upon my soul, Ingram, you sicken me."

"You fool," said Ingram. "I tell you it was her own idea. She loves the place. She loves it a lot more than she does me. It's been a continual joy to her. Why, where would she have been while I was in India—all that year—if she hadn't had all this in her hands? You don't know what you're talking about."

His voice rang down his scorn. Chevenix began to stammer.

"You're hopeless, Nevile, utterly hopeless. Every word you say gives up your case. What's it to do with you whether she likes it or not? I'm not talking of her, but of you. You silly ass, don't you see where you are? You fall in love with a woman and make her your head housemaid. Then you say, 'Oh, but she likes it.' It's not what she likes we're talking about; it's what you can bring yourself to do with her. Wait a bit now. There's more to it. You play about here, there, and all over the shop. Off you go for three months at a time, skylarking, shooting antelope, pigeon-shooting, polo, and whatever. She sits here and minds the gardeners—she! whom you saw with sun in her hair! Year in, year out, it goes on. Now here you are back from India. Good. You leave her for a year, and write to her twice—then you say, 'Why, where would she have been if she hadn't had something to do?' The sun in her hair, hey? Love, my good chap! You don't know how to spell the word. You ought not to touch her shoestring. You're not fit. By Gad, sir, and now I remember something! And it's the truth, it's the bitter, naked, grinning truth." He did remember something. He saw her curled-back lip—he saw her fierce, resentful eyes. He heard her say it: "I think he is like a beast. He wants to mangle me—like a beast." "You've been judged, Nevile," he said. "You've done for yourself. And now I'll go to bed."

Ingram's face was very cloudy. He looked for a moment like quarrelling. "Do you mean to leave me like this?" he asked.

"Yes," said Chevenix, "I do. I don't want to stop and hear you protest that you intend to marry her. Marry her! Why, man if you'd meant to marry her, you'd have posted home express from Marseilles, the moment you heard that you could do it. But no! You've got her there—in cap and apron. She'll keep. You know she's

there—you have your fling. And you stop three days in Paris, and drop it to her casually, when you please, that you're a free man. Yes, by George, I do mean to leave you like this. You're best alone, by George. Good-night to you."

He went smartly away; but he had worked himself into a shaking fit, could not have slept to save his life. A cigar at the open window was inevitable.

He leaned far into the night. It was densely dark, and had been raining. Soft scud drifted over his face; clouds in loose solution drenched the earth. He smoked fiercely, inhaling great draughts and driving them out into the fog. Being no thinker, his sensations took no body, but he broke out now and again with Pishes and Pshaws, or scornfully—"Old Nevile—hungry devil, what? Stalking about like a beast. Oh, she was right, she was right. Pish! And there's an end of it."

He was aware of softly moving feet below; a measured tread. He listened, and heard them, beyond dispute. "Nevile!" he said, "like a beast, padding about his place." He listened on, grimly amused. "Let him pad and rage."

But he was to be startled. A voice hailed him, not Ingram's. "Beg your pardon, sir."

"Hulloa!" he cried. "Who are you, my man?"

"Glyde, sir. Is all well?"

"What do you mean, Glyde? What are you doing?"

"I was passing, sir, to my house. I heard voices, and I wondered——"

"Oh!" he laughed. "You thought there was a scrap, did you? It's all right, Glyde. I and the master were having a talk. Nothing for you to worry about. I shared his lonely meal. Don't you be disturbed."

"No, no, sir. Thank you, sir."

Chevenix called to him when he was at some distance. "I say, Glyde."

"Yes, sir?"

"You can go to bed. It's all right."

"Thank you, sir. Good-night."

He chuckled as he undressed. "Rum fish, Glyde. Watch and ward, what? Watching his shield. Bless her, she's got friends, then." He considered for a while, flicking the glowing end of his cigar. "That chap—Senhouse—Jack Senhouse. I wonder what's become of him."

(To be continued.)

SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

By Richard Hoffman

FIRST ARTICLE



ONE of the most vivid recollections of my early youth was when I first heard the "Elijah" given at the Birmingham festival, and conducted by its composer, Felix Mendelssohn. I was but fourteen years of age when I made this memorable journey from Manchester, my native city, but the experience was destined never to be forgotten, and I recall its slightest detail as if it had been an event of yesterday.

I had been brought up—steeped, so to speak—in an atmosphere of music which had already determined my career. My father, who had been a pupil of Hummel and Kalkbrenner, was an organist and pianist of merit. He was also an excellent violinist, and always played at the "Gentlemen's Concerts" in Manchester, a picked orchestra of sixty or seventy men. To these concerts I was always taken and was allowed to be on the stage near my father, whose chair I occupied while he was playing. The English orchestral players (except, of course, the 'cellos) always stood while they played; they were not allowed the privilege of sitting and crossing their legs in the listless manner which so often offends the eye in our modern performances. I was taken to these concerts from the time I was six years old, and I am told that I often fell asleep during a symphony, and that my father occupied his "rests" in prodding me with his bow. But at fourteen I was very wide awake on all musical matters, and when one of my father's friends, who was a musical critic on one of the Manchester papers, offered to pay my expenses to Birmingham if I would write him an account of the festival, I agreed at once. Indeed, for such a reward I would have engaged to write an epic had he so demanded, for I was at the age when nothing seemed impossible. Had I not just composed a sacred cantata on "The Raising of Lazarus," doomed, it is true, for various reasons, not the least of which was the opening recitative, beginning thus:

"Now a certain man was sick." Whether the reiteration of this phrase offended the popular English prejudice against the word "sick" I know not, but my Lazarus was entombed then and there, never to rise again.

I set forth quite alone on a railway journey which at that time occupied nearly six hours from Manchester. When I reached Birmingham I wandered about the town with as little idea of where I was to sleep that night as the most homeless of tramps, but I was not troubled about any incidental trifles of this kind. I had not come to sleep, but to hear and to see, and so long as I reached the Town Hall where the festival was held, I cared for little else. As I was gazing about the streets I was fortunately seen by Miss Maria Hawes, a well-known English singer of that day, who happened to be driving by in a cab, and who was to sing at the festival. She was a friend of my family, and stopped the cab to inquire what I was doing in Birmingham. I told her I had come for the "Elijah," like every one else, and then only was I brought back to a sense of things temporal, such as tickets and hotels. She gave me a pass for the rehearsal on that evening, and directed me to the Town Hall, where she advised me to go at once to procure a ticket for the concert of the next day. When I reached there I found that every seat was taken, and I was forced to be content with what is called a promenade entrance. After this I turned my steps toward the largest hotel in the city, called by the attractive name of "The Hen and Chickens." There I was fortunate enough to win the sympathies of the barmaid, who after telling me that every bed in the house was "bespoke," took pity upon my loneliness and admitted that one room which had been engaged was not yet claimed, and that if the people did not arrive by nine o'clock I might have it. I suppose they gave me some supper, but I have forgotten about it; I only remember that I went as early as possible to the rehearsal, and that I was admitted on Miss Hawes's

order. I had a seat by the side of the organist, Dr. Gauntlet, whom I assisted afterward by pulling out the organ stops for him, and full of delightful excitement I awaited the entrance of the great Mendelssohn.

How well I recall that small, lithe figure, the head rather large, face long and oval, eyes prominent but full, large, and lustrous, beaming with the light of genius. I followed every motion and gesture, and, in breathless expectancy, waited for him to lift his baton. I cannot hope to describe my musical impressions and emotions on this occasion, since some one has aptly said that "music begins where language leaves off," but I remember well how he drilled the chorus, making them repeat many times the Recitative in the first part, which illustrates the talking together of many people, and his evident wish to give the effect of a confusion of voices. Once or twice during the rehearsal he came up to Dr. Gauntlet to say: "Not so loud; push in such and such a stop." But as soon as his back was turned, Gauntlet would say to me quickly: "Pull them out again, pull them out again." He was obliged to play from the full score as no organ part had been written out, and his own discretion was all he could rely upon in many places, but Mendelssohn had perfect confidence in his judgment, as well as admiration for his ability as an organist and musician, and especially selected him to be the organist on this occasion.

To remember that I so far assisted in this first performance of the "Elijah," even in so small a way, has always been a source of satisfaction to me. Miss Dolby was the contralto, and the tenor, Lockey,* whose singing of "If With all Your Hearts," will ever remain with me as the most exquisite thing I ever heard.

After the rehearsal I returned to the shelter of "The Hen and Chickens." The barmaid was looking out for me, and I was relieved to hear that I might occupy the unclaimed room. By the light of a solitary candle I was escorted to one of the largest apartments in the house, containing two monstrous double beds, and was told that I might take my choice of either as I was to be the sole occupant of this capacious lodging. I can remember very well the reaction which set in after my excitement, and the

loneliness and desolation to which I fell a victim when I was left alone among the dark hangings and cold sheets. But all this was forgotten the next morning when I entered the coffee room. Here was a stirring scene. Every musician of note in Europe and the United Kingdom seemed to be assembled there—pianists, violinists, singers, and composers. I have never, at any subsequent period of my life, been in the midst of such a galaxy of talent and genius. One theme was the subject of all conversation—Mendelssohn, as conductor, as composer, and as pianist, though he did not on this occasion exercise the latter talent.

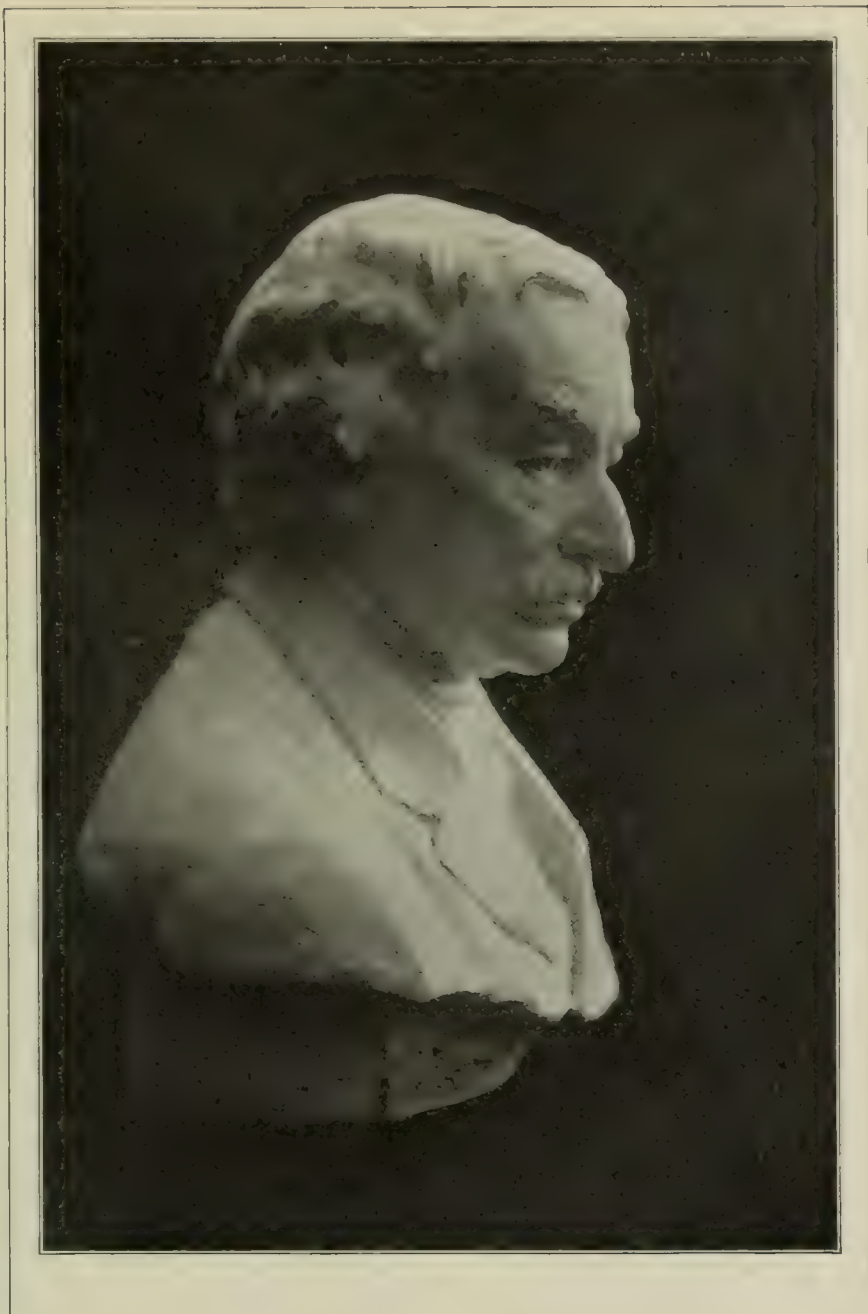
At the performance that morning (the festivals were at eleven o'clock) I was forced to stand for nearly four hours in a dense crowd, but I was quite oblivious to such effort when a musical treat was in question. Not long before this I had stood outside Her Majesty's Theatre in London in just such another crowd, waiting for the gallery doors to open, on a Jenny Lind opera night.

Mendelssohn was one of the best conductors, but he would seldom beat more than the first sixteen or twenty-four bars of an overture or movement from a symphony; he would then lay down his baton and listen, often applauding with the audience. He would take it up again when he wished a crescendo or rallentando or any other effect not noted in the parts.

The sensation produced by the last chorus of the first part of the "Elijah," "Thanks be to God," was truly wonderful. One felt as if the Divine Presence had been evoked, so impressive, so awe-inspiring was its effect upon the listeners. The marvellous effect of the rain and rushing of waters given by the violins, and the stupendous bass *F fortissimo*, was beyond human conception. I think Prospère with his monstrous ophicleide added materially to this splendid tone effect. In the chorus of the priests of Baal the brass was particularly fine. The bass part was sung by Herr Staudigl, whose broken English took nothing away from the effect of Elijah's declamation. He possessed a grand voice, and I have often heard him sing Schubert's "Wanderer," ending with the low E of the first ledger-line below the bass staff.

The performance finished with an Italian programme which fell very flat after the tremendous enthusiasm evoked by the "Eli-

* Mendelssohn speaks of this young English tenor in his letters. See Vol. 1833 to 1847, page 363.



Richard Hoffman at 78.
From a bust by his daughter.

jah." Mario sang the "Cujus Animam," and Madame Grisi gave a number or two, but the impression of all this part of the festival has faded from my mind. I have heard Mario and Grisi many times since, when I have been ready to lay my tribute of admiration at their feet, but on this occasion when Mendelssohn left the stage the lights seemed to go out, and it would have been impossible for any one else to arouse the audience again.

The festival programmes were bound to cover a good deal of ground and a certain length of time, and were calculated to at-

tract all classes. People came from great distances and expected to hear as many artists and as much music as possible for their money. The expenses of the performances were defrayed by the city, and the profits went toward the support of the different charitable objects, chiefly hospitals. They are still maintained on this principle, and continue to exercise a certain influence over the musical world of to-day. On this occasion there were about one hundred in the orchestra and over two hundred in the chorus.

The English seem by nature the best

chorus singers in the world. Many of them are from the lower middle classes, who are not as a rule very cultured or refined, but the moment the spirit of music is awakened within them they are for the time being transformed, and able to interpret compositions of the most lofty and sublime character. Mendelssohn says, in the same letter before mentioned: "Not less than four choruses and four airs were encored, and not one single mistake occurred in the whole of the first part," and further on he adds: "Not the slightest sound was to be heard among the whole audience, so that I could sway at pleasure the enormous orchestra and choir, and also organ accompaniments . . . all executing the music with the utmost fire and sympathy, doing justice not only to the loud-

est passages, but also to the softest *pianos* in a manner which I never before heard."

When Mendelssohn came to Manchester not long after the Birmingham festival, I had the great pleasure of meeting and talking with him. My father was desirous of sending me to Germany to continue my musical education under his care, but his many engagements made it impossible for him to assume any other responsibilities, and the plan was consequently abandoned.

My musical studies went on mostly under my father's guidance, with the exception of a few lessons from Leopold de Meyer, the "lion pianist," as he was called. He was one of my youthful infatuations, and nothing would satisfy me but to go to London and have some lessons from him. It was arranged to send me thither where, at a guinea an hour, I received a few hints from this extraordinary personage. I went to his rooms for my instruction, and during the lesson he was generally occupied in being shaved, having his hair cut, or perhaps being meas-

ured by his tailor or shirt maker. I studied only his own compositions during these precious hours, which I divided with many of the London tradesmen, and I thought nothing of spending whole days in the achievement of the "March d'Isly," the

"Lucrezia Fantasia," or the "March Marocaine." I managed to be present at most of his public performances, and although my enthusiasm has cooled considerably since then, I still remember his touch as the most wonderful combination of superb power and exquisite delicacy I ever heard. He was a perfect mountebank on the stage, and his antics were made the subject of the most grotesque caricatures, representing him as playing with feet as well as hands, while the air about him was filled with the fragments of pianos



Giulio Regondi.

and notes, the terror-stricken audience escaping as best they might from his volcanic technique. He was the author of many brilliant and effective piano compositions not destined, however, to survive a short-lived popularity.

While in London I stayed with Giulio Regondi, a friend of my family, and at that time a prominent figure in musical society. He played the guitar in a most remarkable manner, as well as the concertina, a small reed instrument invented by Wheatstone of telegraph fame. A most lovely quality of tone was produced by the mixture of different metals composing the reeds, and Regondi's genius developed all its possibilities. A criticism from one of the Manchester papers of that time describing his playing when he appeared there as a youth, gives so good an idea of his unique style, which for the time being held his audience spell-bound, that I copy it verbatim from my father's scrap-book: "Giulio Regondi quite took the audience by surprise. That an

instrument hitherto regarded as a mere toy—the invention, however, of a philosophical mind—should be capable of giving full expression to a brilliant violin concerto of De Beriot's, was more than even musicians who had not heard this talented youth would admit. The close of every movement was greeted with a round of applause in which many members of the orchestra joined. The performer has much of the 'fanatico per la musica' in his appearance, and manifestly enthusiastic love for his art; he hangs over and hugs his little box of harmony as if it were a casket of jewels, or an only and dearly loved child. His trills and shakes seem to vibrate through his frame, and occasionally he rises on tip-toe, or flings up his instrument as he jerks out its highest notes, looking the while like one rapt and unconscious of all outward objects, in the absorbing enjoyment of the sweet sounds that flow from his magical instrument."

He played the most difficult music which he adapted to the powers or limitations of the little concertina. Among other things, a concerto of Spohr, which astonished every one.

My father knew him first when, as a child in Manchester, he was travelling about with the man who called himself his father, but whose subsequent conduct belied any such claim. When the boy had made a large sum of money by his concerts, and seemed able to maintain himself by his talents, the so-called father deserted him, taking with him all the proceeds of the child's labors, and leaving poor Giulio to shift for himself. My father befriended him at this time, and his gentle and winning disposition endeared him to all my family. Later in his life when a young man in London, he often took charge of me, and twice we went to Paris together where we enjoyed some of the

choicest musical treats. I heard with him all the great singers and musicians of the day, Tamburini and Lablache, Grisi and Mario, Alboni and Persiani, and most of these before I was sixteen years old. He taught me to play the concertina, but never

converted me to any serious affection for the instrument, although to hear Regondi play upon it was always a delight. Berlioz* in his "Orchestral School" has a treatise on the concertina, which he regarded with considerable favor.

Regondi's playing of the guitar always seemed to me his most remarkable achievement; he had added to the instrument two or three covered strings without frets, which he used at will, and the wonderful expression he could impart to his melodies I have never heard excelled

by any voice. I have heard him play Thalberg's "Huguenots" and the "Don Juan," Op. 14, making the guitar respond to the most difficult variations with perfect ease.

Mrs. Hemans made him the subject of the following poem:

TO GIULIO REGONDI—THE BOY GUITARIST

Blessing and love be round thee still fair boy!
Never may suffering wake a deeper tone
Than Genius now, in its first fearless joy,
Calls forth exulting from the chords which own
Thy fairy touch! O, may'st thou ne'er be taught
The power whose fountain is in troubled thought!

For in the light of those confiding eyes,
And on the ingenuous calm of that clear brow,
A dower, more precious e'en than genius, lies,
A pure mind's worth, a warm heart's vernal glow!
God, who hath graced thee thus, O gentle Child!
Keep midst the world thy brightness undefiled!

Her beneficent wishes for his welfare, were alas! never realized; for him the "cruel wintry wind" was not "more unkind than

* See Berlioz, "Art of Instrumentation."



Liszt when a young man.

man's ingratitude." His history was sad and full of mystery, which doubtless added further attraction to his talents, and many were the stories whispered as to his birth and parentage. He was much sought after in London, and a great favorite with the nobility, of whom many were his pupils and devoted friends. He was the constant guest of two old ladies of the Bourbon aristocracy living in London, who treated him "en prince," and always rose when he entered their salon. He never revealed to any one his connection with these people, but I have always thought he belonged to them "de race." We were in constant correspondence until the time of his death, which occurred in the early seventies. His lovely spirit passed away after many months of suffering from that most cruel of all diseases, cancer.

I remember that a certain hope of reprieve from the dread sentence of death was instilled by his physician or friends, by telling him that, if

only he could obtain some of the American condurango plant, which at that time was supposed to be a cure for this malady, he might, at least, be greatly relieved. I sent him a quantity of the preparation, but it failed to help him, and so he died, alone, in London lodgings, but not uncared for, nor yet "unwept, unhonored, or unsung." His fame was too closely allied to his personality to endure after him, save in the hearts of those who knew him best, but while he lived he showed himself a true and noble artist, full of the finest and most exalted love of music, a man whom to know was in itself a privilege not to be over-estimated.

I think it was in 1840 or 1841, in Manchester, that I first heard Liszt, then a young man of twenty-eight. At that time he played only bravura piano compositions,

such as the "Hexameron" and "Hungarian March" of Schubert, in C minor, arranged by himself. I recollect his curious appearance, his tall, lank figure, buttoned up in a frock coat, very much embroidered with braid, and his long, light hair brushed straight down below his collar. He was not at that time a general favorite in England, and I remember that on this occasion there was rather a poor house. A criticism of

this concert which I have preserved from the *Manchester Morning Post* will give an idea of his wonderful playing. After some introduction it goes on to say: "He played with velocity and impetuosity indescribable, and yet with a facile grace and pliancy that made his efforts seem rather like the flight of thought than the result of mechanical exertion, thus investing his execution with a character more mental than physical, and making genius give elevation to art. One of the most electrifying points of his performance was the introduction of a se-



Joseph Burke as a young man.

Known in boyhood as Master Burke, the boy phenomenon.

quence of thirds in scales, descending with unexampled rapidity; and another, the volume of tone which he rolled forth in the execution of a double shake. The rapture of the audience knew no bounds," etc. I fancied I saw the piano shake and tremble under the force of his blows in the "Hungarian March." I regret that I never had an opportunity of hearing him later in life, when I am sure I should have had more pleasure both in his playing and his programmes. He had appeared some sixteen years before in Manchester, in 1824, as a youthful phenomenon, in an engagement made for him by Mr. Andrew Ward, my father's partner. He stayed at his house while there, as the following letter specifies; both letters form part of a correspondence between Mr. Ward and the elder Liszt on this matter.



Richard Hoffman as a boy.

"LONDON, *July 29, 1824.*

"DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of the 27th inst. I beg to inform you that I wish my Son to play as follows: viz:—At the first concert, a grand Concerto for the Piano Forte with orchestral accompaniment composed by Hummel, and the 'Fall of Paris' also with grand orchestral accompaniment composed by Mascheles.

"At the 2d Concert—Variations with orchestral accompaniments composed by Charles Czerni, and afterwards an Ex-tempore Fantasia on a written Thema which Master Liszt will respectfully request any person of the Company to give him.

"We intend to start to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock by the Telegraph Coach from the White Horse Fetter lane, and as we are entire strangers to Manchester it will be very agreeable to us if you will send some one to meet us.

"M. Erard's pianoforte will be in your town on Sunday morning as I shall be

glad for my son to play upon that instrument.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yr very humble Servant,

"LISZT."

"15 GT. MARLBOROUGH STREET,
"*July 22, 1824.*

"Mr. Liszt presents his compliments to Mr. Roe and begs to say, that the terms upon which he will take his son to Manchester to play at the concerts of the second and fourth of August next will be as follows:

"Mr. Liszt is to receive one hundred pounds and be provided with board and lodgings in Mr. Ward's house during his stay in Manchester for his son and himself, and Mr. Liszt will pay the travelling expenses to and from Manchester."

Thalberg was a contemporary of Liszt in age, but did not appear in public until much later. He was equally astonishing in his novel passages for the pianoforte, which he

accomplished with the greatest ease, and without any theatrical effect. His method of sustaining the melody by the pedal, while both hands roamed from one end of the key-board to the other, was so marvellous that the audience used to stand up to see how it was done. I saw more of Thalberg during his engagement in this country in 1852. I heard him play at all his concerts, and I was, and still remain, an ardent admirer of his brilliant and facile technique. As a boy I learned nearly all of his compositions and operatic arrangements, and have never forgotten them, although I have not looked at the notes for twenty-five years or more.

Of the women pianists of those days, Mesdames Pleyel and Dulcken were among the best, and Mlle. Claus was also a charming player, and particularly good in Bach. All these I listened to with avidity; my appetite for music

was never satisfied, and as my father knew and entertained many of the musicians and singers who came to Manchester, I was much favored in opportunity to hear them.

The Novello sisters, daughters of Vincent Novello of London, were great friends of my family. Both were charming singers, but Clara, the elder, was a special favorite and in great demand at the English festivals. She always stayed at my uncle's house whenever she came to Manchester and was greatly beloved by all of us. I was very young at the time of her greatest triumphs, but I was taken to hear her sing and can still recall her beautiful voice and charming manner. She was remarkably handsome and in the height of her fame she married an Italian nobleman, Count

Gigliucci, who took her to Rome, where she is still living, greatly courted and respected by all who know her.* Miss Sybilla and Mr. J. Alfred Novello kindly assisted at the only concert I gave in London before coming to this country, at Erard's rooms.

Those of my recollections which antedate the half century are hardly mature enough to be of special interest, but they

are more numerous than one would suppose, as the tendency of that time was to force juvenile talent far beyond what would be tolerated at the present day. I performed at public concerts from the age of six, and at twelve I was playing on three different instruments—piano, violin, and concertina—in one evening. Besides this, I was already quite well acquainted with the organ, and often took my father's place on Sunday afternoons. When I

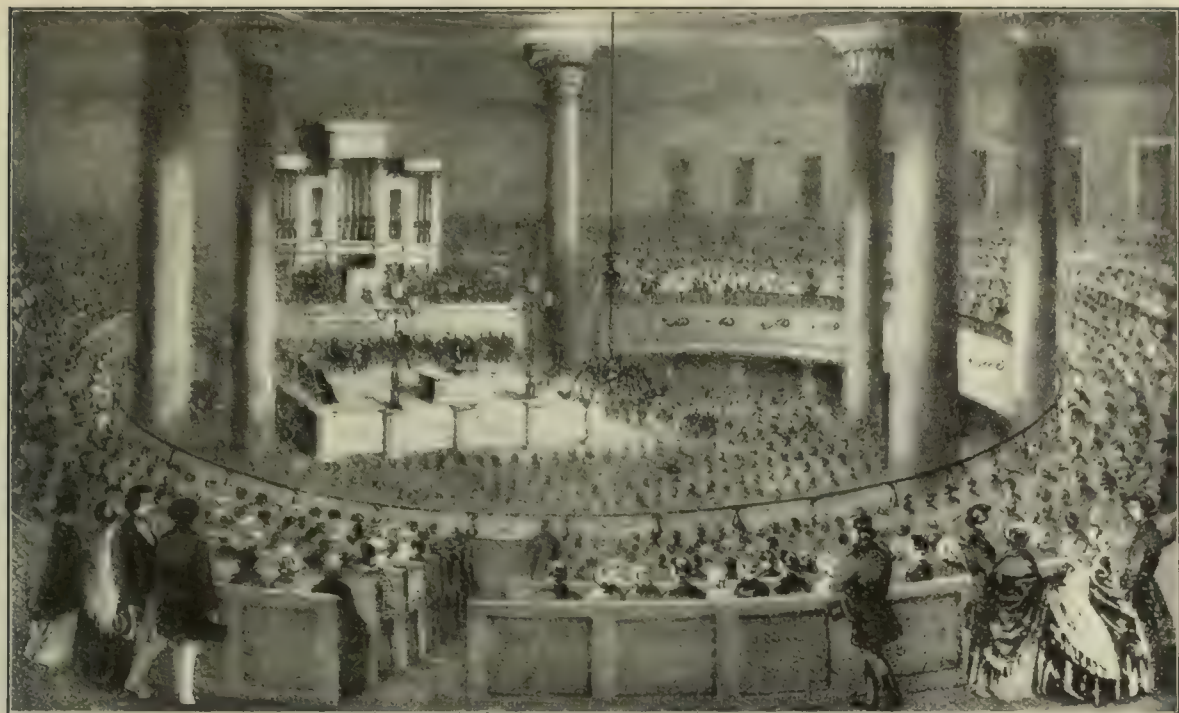


Leopold de Meyer.

From a caricature after Dantan.

was hardly thirteen years of age my name was sent in as a candidate for the position of organist at the Prestwich Parish Church. Lord Wilton, an excellent musical amateur, had this appointment as well as the living of the church at his disposition, and I was invited to go to Heaton Park, his country seat near Manchester, to play for him. I was sent on this long drive quite alone in a cab, at about nine in the evening, in order to reach there after dinner. I well recall the ordeal of that memorable occasion. I was ushered into the drawing-room at about ten o'clock, the guests being all assembled after dinner. There was an organ at one end, as well as a grand piano, and I

* The Countess Gigliucci has died since these recollections were written.



The old Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.

had hoped to be asked to play on the latter, but his lordship conducted me to the organ and told me that he wished to judge chiefly of my reading at sight. He put before me some old chorals with figured bass and asked me to play them. I must have done so rather creditably, as he seemed pleased and satisfied and told me I could try the service the following Sunday. In the morning I conducted myself very well and was much praised for it, but in the afternoon I was probably tired (it will be remembered I was only twelve years old) and in the midst of the second chant, when most of the stops were out, and I was putting on all the steam I could command, I suddenly lost my balance on the organ bench, my foot slipping off the swell pedal, and fell headlong onto the key-boards. In trying to avert the catastrophe I plunged from Scylla into Charybdis, tumbling among the foot pedals and creating a cataclysm of sounds that must have scandalized the congregation. I recall in a vague sort of way that my brothers never considered the disaster in the light of an accident. I was not very anxious to obtain the position with the work it entailed, and it is barely possible I may have taken this way out of it. . . . Be this as it may, Lord Wilton wrote to my father praising my talents, but stating that he considered me too young to assume the

responsibility of directing the choir. I had a delightful walk with the rector's daughter between the services in their lovely garden; they had kept me to luncheon, the distance being too great for me to return home, and I wish she might know how gratefully I recall her hospitality of the morning, and her sympathy of the afternoon.

My father was so great an enthusiast in the cause of music that he brought up all his children to follow it as a profession. We were a large family, and the ground was already well occupied with aspirants, hence it was decided, in response to an invitation from an uncle living in New York, to let me try my fortune in the United States. I played at a concert in Manchester given by my friend Regondi the night before I started for Liverpool, from whence I was to sail on the Cunard steamship *Cambria*, with Captain Judkins.

I was about sixteen years old at this time, and when I went on board to find that no stateroom or berth had been reserved for me, I began to feel considerably cast down and low in my mind. My father knew Captain Judkins, who very kindly offered to put me at his table and to find a berth for me before night. I had my concertina in my trunk, and the Captain was very fond of making me play it for the entertainment



William Scharfenberg.

of the ladies whom he invited into his private sanctum on deck. At the expiration of sixteen days we landed in Boston, and as I was consigned to the Tremont House by a correspondent in Manchester, they sent some one to meet me and conduct me to the hotel. I was taken a few hours later to the Chickering warerooms by one of the clerks, who had been deputed to act as my guide. There I made the acquaintance of old Jonas Chickering, who met me in his working apron with his tools in his hand. It was not long before they made me sit down at a grand piano (the only one they had, as it happened), and I played upon it to an admiring audience of visitors until I was dragged away from this congenial employment by the clerk, to see some of the sights of the city. It is just fifty years since my introduction to the Chickering piano, when dressed in an Eton jacket and broad collar I first tested its merits. I have been faithful to it ever since, nor have I had occasion to change my mind as to its uniform

excellence. It was in the month of August, and that night I also made my first acquaintance with the American mosquito in the fulness of his strength. The morning found me spent with my struggles to conquer him, and when I started for New York by the Sound boat that evening I was a very much exhausted as well as homesick boy.

I recollect that I left the boat as soon as it reached the dock and drove at once to my uncle's house on Spring Street, where I arrived before any of the household were awake. There I passed a half-hour or more on the doorstep, sitting on my trunk and waiting for the servants to open the house, while I reflected on the fallacy of that proverb which treats of the early bird.

Soon after my arrival in New York I was fortunate in finding a friend in Joseph Burke, the violinist, who in great measure supplemented the wise counsels of Regondi, and who, like Regondi, had been a youthful prodigy. He went on the stage at the age

of eight and was known at that time as "Master Burke," but when he was old enough to choose his own career he forsook the theatre and adopted music as his profession. He studied the violin in Brussels under De Beriot, and on his return to the States he made a tour throughout the country with De Meyer.

I made my first public appearance in New York at a concert given by Burke at the Tabernacle. This was soon followed by one of my own given on Thanksgiving evening, when I realized the uncertain returns which may be expected in concert enterprises. I should have been considerably out of pocket after this bold venture had it not been for some kind friends, Mr. Ogden Haggerty and Mr. Arthur T. Jones among others, who on the next day sent me receipts for the use of the Tabernacle and all other expenses of the concert. The public did not turn out in such numbers as I had hoped for, and I found myself with an audience of three or four hundred people in a room, the seating capacity of which was over two thousand. The Tabernacle was a large building on Broadway and Leonard Street, used on Sunday for religious services and for all kinds of secular entertainments throughout the week. It was the only large room available for public concerts or meetings except Castle Garden (then used for the opera), and its acoustic properties were very good. It was, however, a dismal, badly lighted place and the entrance could only be approached through a long, narrow alley from Broadway. The New York audiences of to-day would revolt against the inconveniences which were cheerfully endured by their grandparents in 1847. I had been wiser had I taken the Apollo rooms on Broadway which were smaller and more desirably located. There the Philharmonic Society gave their concerts, and I should have followed their example, but I was probably suffering from the complaint best known as "swelled head," brought on, I dare say, by overpraise and considerable self-conceit. My preference therefore leaned toward the Tabernacle, and there I learned my first lesson in humility, which doubtless had its good effect on my character.

The programme for this concert, one of which I have preserved and reproduced on page 350, will show what a *rara avis* the

grand piano was in those days. The one I played upon was made especially for Mr. Jones, a leading amateur in music, and he was good enough to lend it to me on all great occasions. As a general thing I played upon a "square," as the piano manufacturers did not make a "grand" except to order, and all foreign pianists brought their own instruments with them.

I print a criticism of this concert written by Charles A. Dana, then musical critic of the *Tribune*, and I like to think that throughout his long career as a journalist and man of letters I kept his friendship and good opinion of my musical work.

"The bill of Richard Hoffman's Concert last evening was a very attractive one, and we were surprised to see a smaller audience than the utmost limits of the Tabernacle would accommodate, especially as it was a holiday night, and Mr. Hoffman had the good sense to put the price of admission at half a dollar. Artists are too much in the habit of supposing that it is impossible to charge less than a dollar, no matter what they offer. No concert ticket ought to be a dollar where there is not a full orchestra and the best vocal assistance to be obtained.

"Though Mr. Hoffman had not a crowd, the audience was a good one and seemed fully to appreciate his fine talents and the earnestness of his playing. We know no one who seems to maintain so vital a connection with his instrument as Mr. Hoffman. For the time being it is his world, and the music he is playing sole existence. We were able to hear him last evening only in a *Fantasie* by Prudent; it was a performance full of beauty and of promise, though we confess we could not but wish for the absorbed and most prepossessing young artist a school more adequate to his talents than he is likely to find in this country. America is good for the accomplished master, who seeks a substantial harvest for the early years of labor and preparation; but it is not so good for the forming student who needs the severe influence of great models, and a truly cultivated public."—*Tribune*, Nov. 26, 1847.

Soon after this rather disastrous enterprise I was invited by the Philharmonic Society to play at one of their concerts. I chose the Mendelssohn G minor Concerto in which to make my first appearance as a classical pianist, and I seem to have acquit-

there were many excellent pianists settled here—Timm, William Scharfenberg, Dresel, Fontana (a pupil of Chopin), the two Rackemanns, Louis and Frederic, and a little later William Vincent Wallace took up his residence in this city. The musical critics were also of the best; among others, Henry C. Watson Otis of the *Express*, and Richard Grant White of the *Courier and Enquirer*. An occasional "bravo" from such men as these did much toward stimulating me in my public performances, and in furnishing me with an incentive to study and cultivate a higher grade of music than the general public demanded. My bravura playing always called forth abundant applause from my audiences, and it was a temptation to neglect the more serious music which alone can develop the true musician, but which at that time the musical patrons of New York were only willing to receive in small doses.

In December of the same year I started on a concert tour with Joseph Burke, which lasted until the spring. As I look back upon that winter of '49 I often wonder how we held out as long as we did, through all the trials and discomforts attendant upon such an enterprise. Travelling was primitive and slow; we went by boat whenever we could, as time was not of the same importance then as in these days of rapid transit. Concerts were postponed to suit the weather, and as tickets were rarely secured in advance, we suffered the excitement of perpetual uncertainty as to the possible receipts from our entertainments.

We began our experiences in Albany, where Burke had many friends, and we gave two concerts in Boston. We also visited Worcester and Springfield, and went as far east as Portland. As we attended to our own advertising, it entailed the necessity of staying a day or two in each town before giving the concert, unless we could write in advance to a friend to herald our approach through the local papers. I recollect they told us at Newburyport that it would be useless to ask over twelve and a half cents for tickets, and I think we reduced them to twenty-five cents for that occasion. When our expenses were paid, my

share of the profits in this town was under one dollar. Things were not quite so bad as this everywhere, however, as we managed to make our living out of it; but the Eastern States proved a barren field for our efforts, and we turned our steps southward, going to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. We returned to New York in the spring, and afterward made a summer tour in the West, taking in Buffalo, Rochester, Detroit, Milwaukee, and even Chicago. Some figures of our receipts may illustrate the scale upon which these concerts were conducted.

	RECEIPTS	EXPENSES
First concert in Milwaukee,	\$89.50	\$16.95
First concert in Buffalo,	40.00	24.75
First concert in Rochester,	57.00	23.00
Three concerts in Montreal,	215.00	100.00

As tickets were always fifty cents, this represented fair audiences.

We often had difficulties in the smaller towns in procuring a piano, and I remember that in the town of Hamilton, Canada, we were in despair of finding one, when some public-spirited citizen offered to lend his square for the occasion, but with special injunctions to return it the same night. The concert was given in the dining-room of the hotel and, when it was over it devolved upon Burke and myself to see that the piano got safely back to its owner. The absence of any "help" at that hour made it necessary for us to do the moving ourselves, and as the dining-room was fortunately on the ground floor, we proceeded to wheel it out on its casters into the street and to push it in front of us to its owner's house, a distance of two or three blocks from the hotel, where we finally left it in safety. This illustrates the simplicity of our methods, and savors of the backwoods and early settlers. We were literally among the pioneers of art in this part of the country, and when I contrast our journey of 1849 with one I made last year [1895] over the same ground to Chicago, where I played for the first time since this early experience, it was hard to realize that such changes as I found were possible to have occurred in a space of time covering less than fifty years.

PRINCESS THU-THUR'S HALF-HOLIDAY

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNN



SOARING blithely over the maples of a village street, Danbury Rodd swept downward to a vista of farm-land, the draught from the *Falcon's* propellers scattering the pollen from the tassels of soldierly rows of corn. The next field was abloom with autumn flowers. In the middle of it, right across his path, he saw a little girl alone, her hat no higher than the cathedral stalks of golden rod at her elbow.

"I must not frighten her," he thought.

He swerved outward at a rising angle, but not soon enough to prevent the shadow of his right wing flitting across her face. As she looked up a purple shower of wild asters fell from her grasp. She stretched out her hands toward the birdman in a gesture of wonder as if calling him; then she sank to her knees beside her scattered bouquet and seemed about to cry.

"Here, this will never do!" said Rodd. "Never, in such fine weather!"

Early October had taken a calm day out of August, which it had cooled with a charge of ozone, and set in old gold in place of summer's blazing gilt. It had lifted all humanity at the hour of twelve on Saturday out of the ruts and caste of toil into the indestructible democracy of sunlight and play. The section boss may have been ugly, or the brief may have been knotty; but what did that matter now when laborer or lawyer had lungs to breathe the velvet air, and cheeks to feel its touch!

"I must go out on Long Island," Rodd had explained to the very eminent banker who had invited him up the Hudson for the week-end. The must was honest, as the must of fish for water. Running out to inspect his Chicago plant or to one of his substations or any other journey with a definite objective had something of the routine aspect of the commuter's daily trip to business. He had planned a half-holiday of his own, watching the people at theirs, flying how and where he pleased over their heads.

In this mood of a thistle-blow's vagarious intimacy with the landscape, some adventure as simple as drying a little girl's tears would be vastly more fun than taking up the very eminent banker's very eminent guests over the very large lawn very free from weeds, and answering questions which were already answered in books and interviews.

So he turned the *Falcon* sharply. In the ecstasy of an aerial merry-go-round, he circled the field a dozen times, rising and diving, pirouetting, showing off a little, perhaps, before the admiring audience under a sailor hat, which was the pivot of his progress.

"There! Isn't that a cure for the blues, O Princess of the wild flowers?" he said finally, to himself. "But you've had your five cents' worth, and, as you didn't catch one of the brass rings out of the slot, why, you're not entitled to another ride."

With a wave of his handkerchief, he shot over the top of a big elm. Wheeling eastward—without any particular reason for not going westward—a glance over his shoulder revealed the same attitude of beckoning and surprise with which she had first greeted him. It was like a signal for help or, at least, a signal for salt to put on a bird's tail. Then her small fists went to her eyes, and again she collapsed into a woful heap.

"Cure not complete," Rodd said. "I see what is the trouble. I am getting a lesson in manners. Having knocked a lady's bouquet out of her hand, I hadn't the courtesy to go back and pick it up."

She must have been peeking through her fingers, for instantly the *Falcon* started to return she sprang up and clapped her hands.

The last strokes of the propeller fused the flowers into a kaleidoscopic furrow of color as Rodd glided to earth. He could see at once that he was in the presence of a most distinguished personage, and inwardly chided himself for not being in shining armor and a plumed helmet. The flaxen hair stole gold from the sun; her eyes, of the

opaque blue of Dutch faience, glistened with tears of distress.

"I'se wosted. Pwease, birdman, f'y me home!" she said.

The words came painfully, not so distinctly as written, and with hiccoughing efforts to hold down the cork that would keep jumping into her throat. Rodd could drop on his knees even if he were not in shining armor; and he already imagined that he was, which was the next best thing.

"Now, let us see. Your home—it isn't over there, you don't suppose?" he asked, nodding toward a gable showing between the trees of a private park.

"No, no!" she answered, with summary positiveness. "Home's miles an' miles an' miles away! Oh, pwease, birdman!"

"Miles and miles! And how did you come here?"

Three or four long struggling breaths had to come and go before she could begin her story. She proceeded determinedly, seeming to fight sobs with a courage that won his heart.

So far as he could make out, she had been playing beside the road when an automobile had halted for a minor repair. She had climbed on behind and ridden ever so fast and far. When the car stopped, she had dropped off and had wandered out into the field to pick flowers—there were so many and such pretty ones. It all seemed outlandish and incredible, yet convincing in the tragic earnestness of the recital.

"Who was in the automobile?" he inquired.

"Mans—two-oo mans."

"And what did they say? Why did they bring you?"

"M-m—no see!" she answered. "Wear doddles; no look. Me hide twick!"

She struck him as a little girl worthy of adventures, and all the more so on account of her calm Dutch blue eyes, and her pronounced and charming lisp. It was possible that she could have climbed in the space between an empty trunk rack and the body—it was snug there, according to her own description—without the automobilists, who hadn't a whip-behind-eye out, ever having seen her.

"Then we must find your home, mustn't we? And, let me see—what is your name?" which Rodd believed was always the policeman's first question on such occasions.

At this she shook her head soberly, perfectly aware of the crisis in her affairs. With a deliberate gesture she pointed to the vacancy, where second teeth were barely showing, which made her consonants go wrong.

"Thu-Thur," she answered, at her arduous best.

"Thu-Thur!" It was as enlightening as Egyptian hieroglyphics and sounded like the name of an Egyptian princess. "Thu-Thur! Try again!" he begged.

"'Es," she responded philosophically, as if an encore were customary, and the performer would condescend to honor the audience just once more. She squinted and puckered her lips, and he felt her fingers growing rigid with stern purpose.

"Thu-Thur!" she repeated.

"Splendid! Most enlightening!" said Rodd.

But she saw that he was laughing at her.

"Toofs! Tan't!" she exclaimed, with finality. He should not have another number, no matter how much he applauded.

The next best step seemed to be to find out where she lived. She answered Long Island. What part? To the westward, he concluded, after further probing. And the name of the town?

"Thitich" was the nearest she could come to the original.

"Well, Princess Thu-Thur of Thitich, as a matter of geographic consistency, you surely ought to live in Connecticut."

"Thu-Thur, Thitich, Thetut," she repeated, in the inspiration of the discovery of a new dental obstacle. "Tell daddy; he laugh," she added.

"Possibly the family will move for the joy of hearing you say it," mused Rodd. Then he tried to learn if there were anything characteristic of her town.

"Very distinctive—a marked American community!" he thought when he had ascertained that it had a church, a school, a railroad station, and a Carnegie library.

After all, wasn't it the duty of helpless masculinity in such a predicament to consult the nearest feminine authority to where he had found her?

"I am sure there are nice people in that house yonder," he said. "It looks like a house where nice people live, doesn't it? I'll take you there, and then we will——"

He got no further, being interrupted by a

trembling "No!" articulated with a sob. The monosyllable accused him of being the worst brute in the world, and the broken lisping gasp that followed, when translated into intelligible English, was a "And leave me lost and alone?" from the heart.

"Never!" he said, out of sympathy and out of fear of a storm. "And now"—he slipped his arm around her—"and now we must work this out together. What is *your* plan?"

From her change of expression he thought that it must be connected with a rainbow breaking out of a moist sky. She inclined her head, cast winning glances out of the corners of her eyes, and snuggled close to him.

"Please, birdman; please take me home in your flying machine," she whispered.

"What would your mother think of that?" he asked. To the average parent the plane must seem a dangerous vehicle, thanks to all the impatient amateurs who were dashed into fences or hung up on telegraph wires. But Thu-Thur was surprised at the aviator's caution.

"Mother thanks you. She will be dreadfully worried," she explained, grandly, with a delightful adult manner of reassurance. Still he hesitated. "Please!" She slipped her arms about his neck and imprinted a kiss on his chin in a way that indicated that this was a mighty favor to a stranger—and he was lost.

Somewhere a frightened household was waiting for its precious Thu-Thur. He knew that on this halycon day she was as safe with him in the *Falcon* as in a pony cart behind a venerable, pudgy Shetland, led by a stalwart groom. He would take her westward to Hempstead, and there begin inquiries anew.

"Then we fly; yes, we fly, Princess"—for some way he found himself bound to give her a royal title.

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, dancing and teetering. Then she gave him another kiss as payment in advance; and her next thought, in the midst of her glee, did credit to her affections.

"For mother," she explained, starting to gather up the fallen asters.

He assisted her. With her bouquet for "muddy" held tight, he fastened her in the seat with a strap around her waist, and, determined to be in fashion himself, tied a spray of golden rod to a brace.

"Now, you mustn't be afraid," he said, "when the motor begins to purr like a big cat."

"Not afraid," she answered, in a superior manner.

"I beg your pardon. Of course not," he apologized. He ought to have known that a princess who had set forth for the unknown on the tail of an automobile would fear nothing.

What care he took to avoid any shock in the start! Runners grazing the petals of the flowers, the *Falcon* swept upward as if on greased air.

"Oo-ee!" exclaimed Her Royal Highness over the wonder—the wonder which makes the motorist, who has been a worm crawling through the pile of the rug, find himself a butterfly skimming the variegated pattern.

They looked through the imaginary roofs of the open-air playhouses of a Saturday afternoon, which Rodd had come to see. The spectators on the village ball-ground in frantic demonstration over a two-bagger by a member of the home team, framed one picture; some elderly gentlemen at croquet framed another; a white figure on a tennis court in the next was seen a statue, with racket uplifted; a young man was walking along a path with his arm around a girl; and the figures of golfers dotted a broader landscape. It was a revelation which had set Thespian mobility into the noncommittal faces of taciturn men of affairs and limbered their tongues.

"Oo-ee! Oo-ee!" repeated Thu-Thur, and nothing more, as if flying were the most natural thing in the world to her. Her imagination had not been loaded with the lead of facts. It was not so long since her spirit had emerged from the sky world whither she was bound.

"Can't you go faster?" she asked critically; and before he could answer she leaned over at sight of an automobile passing at an angle to their course. "Little girl in bubble! Can't you pass her?"

"But it takes us off our route," he said. "However, it is only a matter of a minute or two," he added as he saw her disappointment, and wheeled in pursuit.

"Nearer!" Her Royal Highness desired and commanded. "Wan't to say Howdy-do!"

He dipped and slowed down as they overtook the car, and she waved her handker-

chief and shouted "Howdy'do!" to that little girl, who was plainly beside herself with delight. My! but that was an aristocratic triumph of flight! Rodd was inclined to trace a sense of feminine snobbery in Thu-Thur's attitude.

"Let's go back and take the little girl for a fly," she said, disabusing him of his worldly suspicion.

"A beautiful idea, but I think we'd better not," he rejoined, setting the *Falcon's* course for Hempstead.

Thu-Thur's gaze roamed the earth and heavens questioningly. Aloft a train of fleecy cumuli were pacing across an otherwise unflecked sky.

"Can't go fast as the clouds?" she suggested.

"Oh, yes. If we were up there we would travel with the current that carries them," he explained. "You see, they aren't walking. They are riding." But that only excited her desire.

"Please try!" she begged, leaning over and touching his shoulder with her head. "Please try!"

Rodd recollected that the Mad Hatter once made a remark to the March Hare that it was time to be serious.

"See here, young woman," he admonished her, "your mother may be crying. Think of that! And your father may be running about the fields, oh, so frightened, as he hunts for you."

She looked miserable as he painted the picture, but shook her head decidedly.

"M-m—no!" she answered.

"But what the—" he began.

The lisp was particularly trying; but so far as he could make out, only the nurse was at home, and her mother was away and would not return until the six o'clock train.

"But nurse will worry. She will alarm the whole neighborhood, and she will cry, too," Rodd objected.

"M-m—no," said Thu-Thur. "Nurse leave me alone and went walking with her steady company." This partly explained, Rodd concluded, why Her Royal Highness had been able to climb on the automobile unobserved. "Bad, cruel nurse! She spansks me! No love her!" she continued, looking at Rodd with an expression to melt a stone.

"Yes, very bad," he assented.

"Please try to catch the clouds. Plenty

of time!" She cuddled ingratiatingly as she made the request.

Not a ripple moved the tree-tops. The ocean lay as still as the shallows of Great South Bay.

"You can't!"

She set his professional reputation at stake with a glance. She was arch and entreating. She was such a little girl as you want never to grow up. If six, you would have her remain six forever, lest seven alloy the charm. Who could refuse an invitation to fly anywhere with her?

"Princess, your slave obeys," said the foremost aviator of the day.

"Oo-ee!" said the Princess graciously to the slave.

What a picture they made! The knowing wrinkles around his twinkling eyes, each with a tale of far-flown distances to tell, wove themselves into a smile as young as hers. Tracing a loop of gradual ascent, the *Falcon* broke the calm with a wake of swirling air. Underneath the scene spread, and Long Island, which held so many little pictures, became a tongue of green between waters that melted into haze. Thu-Thur, who took security for granted, was not the least dizzy as she looked down, but mostly she looked ahead.

"There's our door," Rodd said, and, with a patch of blue as his goal, he sent the *Falcon* through a break like that between two railroad coaches in the sprawling, racing cumuli into a space that was all blue. They flew over the train of sunlit mist and, rounding its head, the earth, which it had hidden, reappeared.

"You see we did beat the clouds," he said, with juvenile pride—yes, almost boastfully.

But she seemed disappointed, even disillusioned; and he ceased to think so well of himself.

"Beautiful!" she said, to please him. "M-m—but she wasn't there!"

"Wasn't there? Who wasn't there?" he inquired.

"Old Lady Riding a Broomstick," she told him, revealing the secret of her desire.

"No. I'll tell you something strictly confidential," he said. "The old lady only comes out at night from a cave in the moon, where she lives."

"You can't go to the moon?" inquired the irrepressible Thu-Thur.

No, he had to admit that he could not. She shook her head solemnly. She would never find out whether the moon was really made of green cheese or not. He liked her all the better for her belief in the good old stories. He also believed in them that afternoon; and who had a better right of faith in fairies than Danbury Rodd? They taught him his limitations as an aviator, for which he was contrite. He did wish to go to the moon, and he knew he would never feel himself an egoist again.

Thu-Thur's fancy, swifter than the *Falcon*, was already looking for new experiences. A flock of wild geese were passing a few hundred feet below, their wings beating the faithful, enduring stride of the feet of veteran infantry in a long march.

"Chase the birds!" she said.

He had played among smiling, rolling, gleaming clouds, and fought angry, roaring, treacherous clouds, but here was an idea which had never occurred to him when he was flying for the pure joy of flight.

"Do you know why they keep together in a wedge?" he said. "Because this is not a holiday for them. It's business. The leaders blaze a path, they make a sort of draught, like when you open the door, in the air. All that we learn from the birds."

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, with a flattering smile either understanding or pretending to understand.

He had dropped to the level of the goose flotilla's direct trail and, increasing his speed, drew nearer and nearer. Their squawking protest at this mighty pursuer with strangely fashioned, motionless wings could be heard even above the motor. Suddenly they right-wheeled, but even in their fright keeping their formation with heroic fellowship. He stopped the motor, and the full volume of their cries came piercingly to the ears in that feathery solitude.

"Don't—don't hurt the birds! Poor birds!" said the Princess. "Poor tired birds!"

"You dear!" said Rodd, who hated the idea of injuring anything that flew, even a sparrow. "If you had been a boy you would have wanted to run them down, when it is clear that the right of way up here is theirs, isn't it?"

After that, what wouldn't he do for her? Buoyantly on a rising wave of an air-cur-

rent they soared for a time. In the distance, its towers shining in the haze of its heated breath, lay the great city, a prison with gates opening outward to the country and under their feet the ticket-of-leave prisoners looking like shoe-buttons, as Thu-Thur said, bathing and delving in the sand of the beaches.

"Now for home!" said Rodd.

Her face turned grave at the suggestion, grave as the faces of the people at play would become if the sky should snow telegrams of bad news to every one.

"Home!" breathed Thu-Thur dismally.

Evidently she was miserable with the weight of a mighty secret. She had told him only half of her story. Now she knew him well enough to make him her confidant in all.

"No home! No daddy any more. No mother any more. Poor Thu-Thur!"

"Why, how is that?" he asked, thunder-struck.

The series of childish, nasal indrawings of breath went straight to his heart.

"Daddy and another lady—bad, bad lady!" she said. "Mother cry and go to grandmother. Daddy go to Europe on steamer with the bad lady. Poor mother! Poor Thu-Thur!"

How could any father desert such a child as this? Rodd was on fire with indignation.

"I'd like to tell daddy how I love him, then he'd come back and mother come back. Thu-Thur kiss them both. Happy Thu-Thur!"

They still coasted gently. He slipped a free hand around her in a mute effort to assist her in her battle against tears.

"What steamer did he go on?" he inquired.

"Tania!" she answered. "That Tania? she suggested, pointing out to sea to an ocean liner.

"Yes, it's one of them—the one that sailed this afternoon, no doubt."

"Please catch steamer—catch daddy!" she implored, brightening instantly.

If her father were really aboard, what a retribution for him when Thu-Thur appeared!

"Yes, we'll catch her," said Rodd.

"Oo-ee!" said Thu-Thur, all smiles again. In her quick changes of emotion she reminded him of the gray squirrels in



Drawn by F. C. Yohn

It was like a signal for help.—Page 352.

Central Park, which put a paw over a palpitating heart one second and the next gleefully nibble a nut.

It was easy work for the *Falcon*—a long, swift, gradual descent toward the steamer, which had shaken off the pilot and, harbor free, in the deep, broad lane had started it full speed on her long journey. Her passengers, baggage in place, were out of their cabins taking the first hearty breaths of salt. Their faces blossomed above the rail when they saw an aeroplane's flight, setting the ship for the target. As Rodd ran alongside even with the promenade deck, they broke into a cheer. Was it for the aviator, whose clean-cut face they recognized, or for the winsome little girl beside him, or both? He touched his cap and she waved the bunch of asters which she still held fast.

"Is Mr. Thu-Thur aboard?" Rodd called.

"You mean Thorp? Got a telegram?" sang out a nervous man.

"No, the little girl's father," said Rodd. "Thu-Thur. It's a password he can't fail to recognize, if he is!"

"M-m—no see him!" said Thu-Thur matter-of-factly, as she strained her eyes.

"Send the stewards through the steamer saying Thu-Thur; message for her daddy from Miss Thu-Thur—and lisp it like that—Thu-Thur!"

"Say, this beats me! What's it all about, Mr. Rodd? Aeroplane searching a ship?" called a young man, who scented a story; which made the rampant curiosity of the passengers which had no way of expressing itself glad that a reporter was aboard.

"Beats me, too," answered Rodd, and wheeled the *Falcon* out of earshot, while he waited for the result of the investigation.

"Oo-ee!" half giggled Thu-Thur. Her face was close to her bouquet, mischief dancing out of her eyes in a way that seemed to Rodd out of keeping with the seriousness of the situation.

"Too bad! I'm afraid he is on another ship," said Rodd.

"Too bad!" said Thu-Thur, but not as if it were really so, at all. Rodd had to smile to himself at the thought of the stewards knocking at cabin doors and lisping through the many passages of the liner.

"Nobody responds!" called an officer through a megaphone.

"That settles it," said Rodd, waving his

cap in thanks. Thu-Thur waved her asters gayly.

"Oo-ee!" she whispered.

"But—" for he had expected her to break into tears.

"Oo-ee! Look!" She pointed at a gull which dove for a morsel of food in the boiling wake of the screw. "You can't pick up crumbs like the bird can!"

Something very like suspicion was gathering in Rodd's mind.

"No, I cannot, and I'll not try," he answered. "Your Highness, the Prime Minister is about to take a firm stand. It's home now! Not even if you should cry I will not try"—with a show of resolution to resist the spell of temptation she could weave about him.

She regarded him studiously and saw this time that there was no daring him out of his course.

"No cry, no cry!" she answered, as if the very suggestion that she should cry were ridiculous.

"And we are going straight to Hempstead, and there we are going to ask about Thitich."

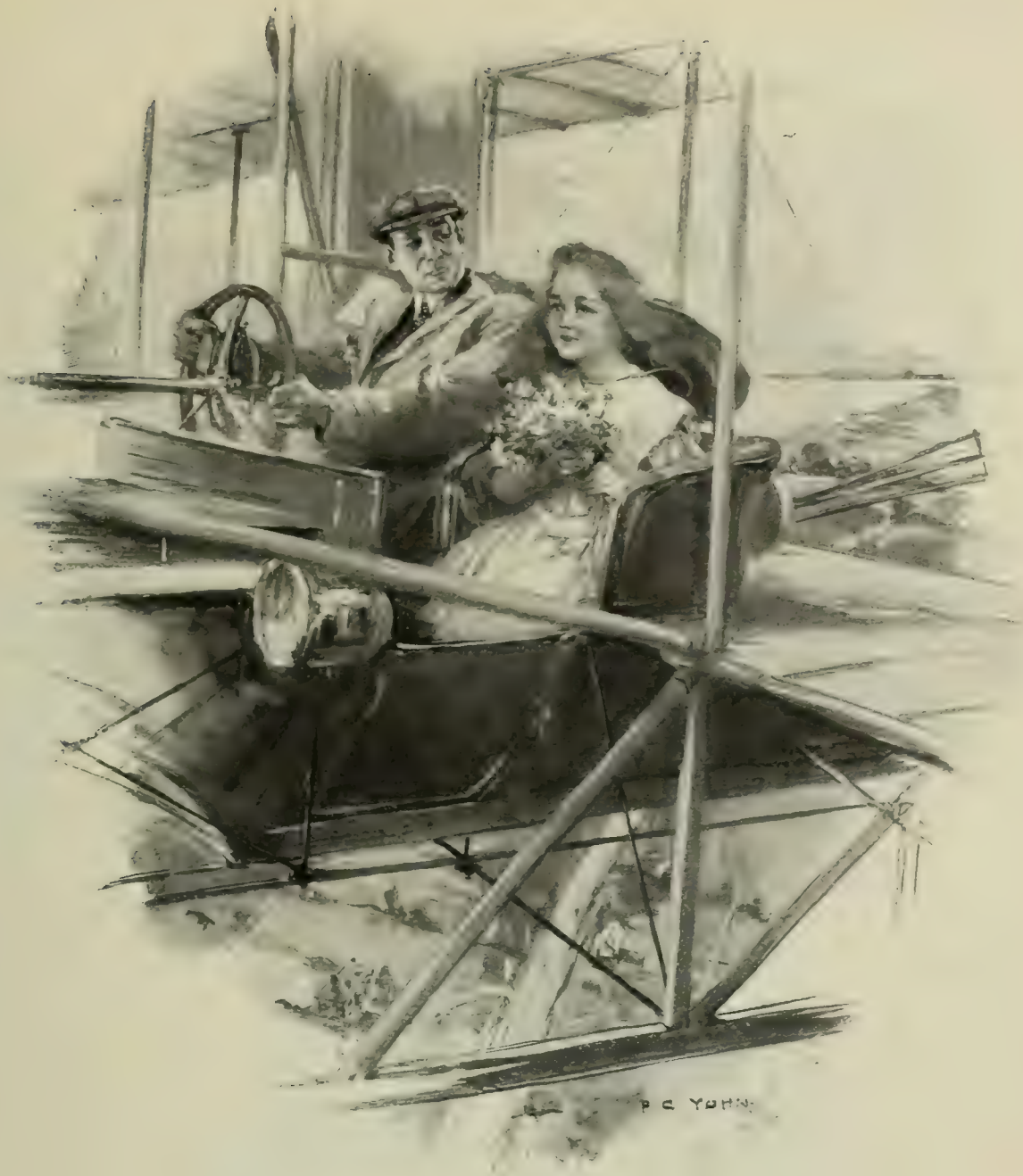
"Siswich!" Thu-Thur demurely corrected him and, to his amazement, with almost no lisp at all. His scepticism grew.

He knew the location of Siswich well. It was in line with his course to Hempstead, only a few minutes away over brown meadows and red and gold groves. In the afternoon sun the still windmills looked like the petals of big sunflowers, shot with the arrows of their guides. Thu-Thur, oblivious of the landscape, studied her bouquet, with nothing to say except a single "My!" in a long sigh.

"Now, can you tell me where is your house?" Rodd asked, as he slackened pace, with the highest church steeple of Siswich only a few hundred yards away.

"There!" she said, indicating a solitary oak among a younger generation of trees.

As they rounded it in their descent, a man and a woman on a veranda flashed in view. The woman was in a wicker chair, and the man was standing beside her, shaking something in a silver receptacle. It was anything but a scene of connubial infelicity. At sight of an aeroplane alighting on their lawn they started; and when they saw who the passenger was they ran down the steps in panic, the woman leading.



"Not even if you should cry I will not try."—Page 358.

"Susan Thurston! Susan Thurston! Where on earth—what on earth—Susan Thurston!" exclaimed Thu-Thur's mother, her voice running through the scale of incomprehension, fright, vexation, and relief.

"I've been flying!" said the Princess softly; and after the straps were unfastened and she stepped to the ground, she held out the bunch of asters to avert the parental wrath.

"Beautiful flowers!" she lisped, at her cunningest. "Thu-Thur pick all for you, mother. Hold 'em tight all time I fly—up in

clouds, big steamer, birds, and Old Lady Riding a Broomstick."

"Yes, it was all so perfectly reasonable, easy and safe," put in Rodd, almost plaintively, feeling the guilt and satisfaction of a boy who had been robbing a peach orchard, and determined to stand by his fellow culprit.

"Of course it was safe if she was with you, Mr. Rodd," said Mr. Thurston, "but what I want to know, Susie, is how your Aunt Susan came to let you go."

"No ask her," said Thu-Thur, now in her mother's arms.

"Then that house with the gable in the park—was that her Aunt Susan's?" asked Rodd, enlightened.

"Yes, and I wanted to fly!" put in Thu-Thur logically.

"Aunt Susan is her godmother, and we let her go for a little visit," Mrs. Thurston explained.

"Lonesome," said Thu-Thur. "Love mother best."

"But Aunt Susan will be beside herself!" Mrs. Thurston was sufficiently over her excitement to see beyond the head nestling against her shoulder.

"Birdman and I fly back and tell Tant-Thu—oh, th-th-so twick!" urged Thu-Thur, at the prospect of another flight.

"No, young woman. You have flown enough for one day. We will telephone," said her father, going into the house.

When he came out he had added enough ingredients for three to the contents of the silver receptacle. There was nothing to do but Rodd should stay to dinner, as a fitting close to that memorable half-holiday. On his intimation that it would please him,

Thu-Thur was allowed to sit up for a while.

"Her imagination quite terrifies us," said Mrs. Thurston, as Rodd was telling the story of the afternoon, "and as for her lisp, though she has grown out of it, she still seems to find it useful at times."

"And the scandalous cause of our visit to the steamer?" Rodd was bold enough to inquire.

"Oh, I can explain that!" said Mr. Thurston. "The other evening we were to see one of those triangle plays, where the child unites the stricken mother and erring father, and I suppose Susie heard us talking about it."

They laughed, while Thu-Thur soberly bent over her porridge. As she went upstairs to bed, she said sleepily to Rodd from the banisters:

"My! 'Twas grand, birdman!"—precious compliment from Her Highness, and her first confession that anything wonderful had happened.

"Oh, the eternal feminine!—from Helen of Troy to date!" mused Rodd, flying homeward.



HYMN FOR THE VIGIL-AT-ARMS

By Benjamin R. C. Low

O THOU that in the deepness of the night
Beholdest me;—
Captain of Kings, invisible and dight
With mystery:
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord,
I kneel to thee.

I am as yonder taper on thy shrine,—
Late-lit and tall;
My spirit bows with every breath that thine
Here letteth fall:—
The flick'ring world is witched and turned and trolled;
And oh, my heart is wax, that once was bold;
I perish straightway save that thou uphold;—
Thou that art all.

It was but lately that a child I came
First upon life;—
Loving spring flowers, gentle, without blame,
Knowing not strife:
The world was old ere battles bloomed for me;
Boyhood was dreams and swooning minstrelsy;
I wandered all alone and wandered free
Where dreams are rife.

But all at once, the silver-crested surge
Ceased to be cloud,
And thundered over me: I felt the scourge
And sting, and bowed
Under the brine, until, half-dead, I lay
Forespent upon the sand; and from that day,
Triumphant-tongued, the fury of the fray
Calls me aloud.

Let priestly pardoners still shrive the world,
White and aloof;
Mine be the battle flame, the fear unfurled,—
The flaming hoof;
Let me be mingled with a maze of blows;
Hard pressed to live, heart mad, beset with foes,
Or, lance in rest, ride down the lists' enclose
To peril's proof.

Hymn for the Vigil-at-Arms

I would drink deeply, Lord, past joy and pain,
 Down to the lees;
 I would live life to every utmost vein;
 Like sap in trees
 Let me know root and branch; let this be mine,
 To drain the world's whole heritage of wine;—
 Co-parcener of pain with thee and thine. . . .
 I ask not ease.

Yet . . . round my battered helm may dreams be born,
 And raptures spring,
 As I have seen fair clouds a craggy horn
 Engarlanding;
 Let dreams be wings and waft me from the ground;—
 With sprigs of Arcady my brow be crowned,
 And where I lie, all battle-stained, be found
 The fairy ring.

Let me look back on boyhood and be fain
 Of childish cheer;
 Make after fight, like robins after rain,
 Glad thoughts appear:
 Remind me of the sweetness of the May;
 Pink apple-blooms with starlight on their spray;—
 Exotic odors out of yesterday,—
 Let such be near.

Let such be near, through all the storm and fret,—
 Near in the fight;
 The bitter wrong, the sorrow, the regret,
 Let these make right:
 For I no longer, Lord, take bribes of joy,
 Nor follow rainbows as did once a boy;—
 Give me my dreams, and let the years destroy
 Other delight.

Give me the steps that unto Heaven's blue
 Steeplly aspire;
 Lift me with song, and all my thoughts imbue
 With spirit fire:—
 Mine be the mould and measure of a man;
 Let me be strong, O Lord, to build thy plan,
 But lest I fail . . . let me be greater than
 My heart's desire.

Like one that dwelling inland comes at last
 Upon the sea;—
 Breathing strange breaths, and but a pebble-cast
 From mystery;

So I upon a headland here do stand
Fronting the whole of life, my forehead fanned
With strong sea-wind, and out, far out, from land
The future see.

Lord, is it cloud, or is it castle, there
Beyond the brim?
What heavenly towers, Lord, are those, so fair,
So great and grim?—
Are those the gates that glitter, as with gold;
In mother-of-pearl are those the bastions bold;
And is it war, and do the warriors hold
The ocean's rim?

Nay, for the long horizon fills with rain,—
Soft shadows creep,
And blind oblivion falls upon the main,
As of a sleep:
I drink old voices, drear and out of kin;
Half-utter'd wails of prophecy begin;—
I hear of heroes dying, in the din
Where dies the deep.

I am afraid, Lord; is it thither thou
Wouldst have me go?
I am afraid, and would wend backward now
Where violets grow:
My heart is fickle for the fields, I yearn
Once more at eve to see my windows burn;—
Once more, ah, let me, down old paths to turn,—
I love them so!

Nay!—'tis the morrow, yonder leaded panes
No more are dim
With dark-browed infidels, but are the fanes
Of seraphim;
And holy saints and warriors are dight
With jewelled colors flaming in their flight,
And out of Heaven, wrapped in lovely light,
The rafters swim.

It is the morrow, Lord, the sweet airs blow
Up the long nave,
And plight the day's full troth, yet . . . ere I go,
One thing I crave:—
Thou that art death, and ridest on a sword;
Thou that art love, upon a cross adored;
Thou that art life, and life eternal, Lord . . .
Let me be brave!

THE GREAT RAILWAY RATE BATTLE IN THE WEST

By Samuel O. Dunn



UNTIL 1906 the main object of Federal regulation of railways was the extirpation of secret discrimination. The enforcement of the Elkins law and the passage of the Hepburn act in 1906 killed railway rebating. It seems improbable that it will ever be revived. Two other problems of railway regulation of importance equal to the suppression of rebating, and of greater complexity, have now pressed to the front.

One is the problem of establishing fair and satisfactory relations between the freight rates of rival producing and distributing communities. While the Interstate Commerce law now prohibits every form of secret discrimination, it prohibits only public discrimination which gives an "undue or unreasonable preference or advantage" to a person or a community. The long and short haul clause even permits a higher rate to be charged for a shorter than for a longer haul when the "circumstances and conditions" of the hauls are "substantially dissimilar." Now, there are all degrees of dissimilarity between the "circumstances and conditions" of transportation. When is reached the "substantial dissimilarity" which the law-makers had in mind? There are various forms and degrees of discrimination between localities. When, exactly, do they become "undue and unreasonable"? Conditions in the United States make these queries very hard to answer.

The second important question arises from the Hepburn act empowering the Commission to reduce rates that are excessive. It is exceedingly difficult to say when a rate is excessive. Does it become so when it brings in more than the current rate of interest to the railway? Or when it brings in more than the ordinary commercial profit? Or does it become excessive only when it puts an unreasonable burden on the shipper?

These two great problems are met in

their most complicated and refractory form in the territory west of the Missouri River; and differences over them there between the shippers and the railways have led to the greatest battle over freight rates ever fought in the United States. This struggle involves all the freight rates from all points on and east of a line drawn from the Canadian boundary through St. Paul, Minn., and Kansas City, Mo., down to the Gulf of Mexico, to practically all points west of that line. It involves all freight rates from all points on the Pacific Coast into a territory extending eastward from the coast about eight hundred miles. Its result will settle whether or not the earnings of the roads concerned shall be reduced many millions of dollars annually. It will settle how the manufacturers and jobbers of the East, of the Middle West, of the Western intermountain country, and of the Pacific Coast shall divide the making and selling of the finished products consumed in all of the territory west of St. Paul, Minn., and the Missouri River, with its fast-growing wealth and population. The struggle is now going on before the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the interests of the combatants are so diverse and incompatible and the principles of rate-making that they seek to have applied so irreconcilable, that the sequel is pretty sure to be litigation in which the Federal Supreme Court will be asked to rule with finality on the question which is really the fundamental issue involved, viz., whether, in fixing the "reasonable" rates which the law requires, the railways and the Commission shall use as the main touchstone of reasonableness the *cost* incurred by the railway in rendering the transportation service, or the *value* of that service to those to whom it is rendered.

The complaining shippers ask the Commission to make general reductions in rates. The railways contend that under the Hepburn act it can only change specific rates which have been specifically shown to be

unduly discriminatory or excessive. If the Commission tries to make general reductions, the roads undoubtedly will challenge its powers in the Federal courts. The result of the contest is likely to influence greatly the future of government regulation of railways, and perhaps even the future of American railway transportation.

The adjustment of freight rates in the West has long been the object of attack. The main reason is that it ignores distance to a greater extent and with more seeming arbitrariness than any other scheme of rates in the world. It has not been created, as is sometimes assumed, by caprice or malice. It has slowly evolved in an environment of unusual industrial, commercial, and transportation conditions. We shall understand it better after a glance at its history. The historical method of investigation often explains what it cannot justify. Sometimes it explains and justifies what at first seemed neither explicable nor justifiable.

Formerly the only practicable means of transportation from the eastern part of the United States to the extreme western part was by water around Cape Horn. In 1854 the Panama Railroad was built. After that goods were carried by water from New York to Colon; by rail from Colon to Panama; and by water from Panama to San Francisco. The first transcontinental railway was finished in 1869 by the completion at Ogden, Utah, of the Central Pacific from the west and the Union Pacific from the east. In that primitive period of railway history the traffic manager knew only one principle of rate-making. He "charged what the traffic would bear." He did not mean by this that he charged all that the existing traffic would bear. That would prevent the development of more traffic; and to develop more was his main object. He meant that he charged all he could without hampering the movement or growth of traffic. The situation of the first transcontinental road, running through an undeveloped country, much of which was inhabited only by wild animals and wilder men, was such that it had to apply this principle rigorously. To get any of the traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast it had to make rates which would be as attractive to the shipper as the low rates made by water. It did not have to make rates

as low in proportion on traffic from the Pacific Coast into the interior; it had a monopoly of that business. It therefore made its rates from the Coast to the interior relatively high. Nor did it have to make low rates to get traffic moving from the east to the western interior. If goods for the interior came by water the shipper had to pay the ocean rate, plus the rate of the railway back from the Coast. To all points within four hundred or five hundred miles of the Coast the railway made rates that were equivalent. When its trains on their way from the East dropped goods off at these points, it charged as much as if it had hauled them to the Coast and back. If its rate from New York to San Francisco was \$1.00, and its rate from San Francisco to Reno, Nev., 50 cents, its rate from New York to Reno, Nev., was \$1.50. The places to which rates were based on the rates to coast terminals were called "intermediate" points.

When the Northern Pacific built to Tacoma, Wash., the Great Northern to Seattle, Wash., the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé to Los Angeles, Cal., they one after the other adopted this same method of rate-making, and it is still followed.

Originally the railway rates to the Pacific Coast from Eastern cities not on the Atlantic Ocean were more than from New York City and other Atlantic ports. But the steamship lines began "absorbing" the railway rates from cities such as Pittsburg and Buffalo, to the Atlantic, thus making the rate by rail-and-water from these places the same as by water from New York. The railways met this competition by also making their rates from places four hundred or five hundred miles west of the Atlantic Ocean the same as from the Atlantic seaboard. The manufacturers and merchants at cities in the Middle West demanded the same rates to the Pacific Coast as were given Pittsburg, Buffalo, etc., and the Atlantic seaboard. It was to the interest of the roads extending from the Middle West to grant their demands. When a manufacturer or jobber in Pittsburg shipped goods all-rail to the Pacific Coast, the roads west of Chicago got only part of the rate. When a competing manufacturer or jobber in Chicago shipped them, the roads west of Chicago got all of the rate. Consequently, in 1894 the rates to the Pacific Coast were

"blanketed"—that is, made the same—from all points in the United States east of the Missouri River.

Corresponding changes seldom have been made in the rates from the East or the Middle West to points in the Western interior. The rates to these places are not directly affected by water competition, and therefore on traffic moving to them the Eastern lines commonly exact their usual local rates to the end of their rails; and the Western roads commonly exact their usual rates from there on. The distance * to Seattle, Wash., from St. Paul, Minn., is 1,900 miles; from Chicago, 2,300 miles, and from New York, 3,200 miles. But the first-class rate to Seattle, whether from St. Paul, Chicago, or New York, is \$3.00 per 100 pounds. The distance to Spokane, Wash., from St. Paul is 1,500 miles; from Chicago, 1,900 miles; and from New York, 2,800 miles; but the first-class rate from St. Paul to Spokane is \$3.00; from Chicago, \$3.60; and from New York, \$4.35.

Nor do the class rates fully disclose the state of affairs. The great bulk of the traffic from the East to the extreme West is handled on "commodity" rates, which are special low rates on specific commodities. Many more of these rates are made to the Coast than to the interior. This greatly increases the disproportion. Take, for example, a rather extreme instance, the item of "tin boxes and lard pails, nested." When these articles are shipped in car-load quantities to Spokane the fourth-class rate is applied, which is \$1.90 from St. Paul; \$2.10 from Chicago; and \$2.45 from New York. But from throughout the East to Seattle a uniform car-load commodity rate of 85 cents is made. Even cities east of the "intermediate points" and whose rates are not based on the Coast terminals, in many instances have to pay higher charges than cities on the Coast. These differences are due to the policy of the roads in exacting their usual local rates on goods shipped to the Western interior. Salt Lake City is 1,000 miles west of Omaha and 800 miles east of San Francisco. The first-class through rate from throughout the East to San Francisco is \$3.00. The shipper at Salt Lake has to pay only \$2.05 from Omaha. But if he buys goods in Chicago he must pay the sum of the local rates,

which is \$2.85; and if he buys them in New York he must pay \$3.52. The "blanket" commodity rate from the East to San Francisco on structural iron is 80 cents. But when the shipper at Salt Lake City buys structural iron in Pittsburg, he has to pay 22½ cents from Pittsburg to the Mississippi River, plus 22 cents from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River, plus 65 cents from the Missouri River to Salt Lake City, a total of \$1.10, or 30 cents more than the through rate to San Francisco. In many instances the rate from the East is higher even to Denver, Colo., than to San Francisco, although Denver is 1,400 miles farther east.

The earlier attacks on this scheme of rates were based on the ground that it violated the long-and-short-haul section of the Interstate Commerce law. But the Supreme Court of the United States held that water competition created "substantially dissimilar circumstances and conditions" that justified the making of lower rates where it was encountered. When the Interstate Commerce Commission was given express power to fix reasonable rates, the people of Spokane, Wash., renewed the contest. They filed the first complaint under the Hepburn act. They again alleged that the rates were unduly discriminatory because higher to Spokane than to points on the Pacific Coast. But this time they also set up that the rates to Spokane were excessive because they yielded to the railways larger profits than common carriers are entitled to earn. The Commission took a great deal of evidence on each point. In its decision, which was rendered in February, 1909, it ruled against Spokane on the first point. It said:

"It cannot be denied, in view of the uncontroverted facts, that water competition does exist, and that it does produce a controlling effect upon rates to the Pacific Coast from many Eastern destinations. It is beyond doubt that this competition absolutely limits those rates from New York and points within a few hundred miles of New York to Pacific Coast terminals."

But it ruled in favor of Spokane on the second point. It expressly held that the net earnings of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern were excessive, and ordered them to reduce their class rates from Chicago and St. Paul to Spokane 16½

* The distances given are only approximate.

per cent., or to the same level as their present rates to Seattle, and to make corresponding reductions in commodity rates. It said that owing to water competition the carriers do not violate the law by maintaining higher rates to Spokane; and that it required them to apply their existing rates to Seattle as their rates to Spokane merely because these would be reasonable rates to Spokane, "irrespective of Seattle."

The ruling that the rates to Spokane are excessive, because the net earnings of the railways have been unjustifiably large, is of the greatest interest and significance. It is without precedent in the decisions of any Federal tribunal. I shall revert later to the very important question that it raises. I am concerned at present with the effect of the decision on the *adjustment* of rates.

Other transcontinental roads, such as the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, have been earning profits comparable to those of the northern lines. Their rates to other interior communities are as high in proportion as those to Spokane. It followed that if the rates to Spokane ought to be reduced, so ought those to the rest of the interior. Other communities were not slow to see the point. Petitions for reductions were poured upon the Commission by communities from the Canadian to the Mexican border, including Walla Walla, Wash.; Le Grande and Pendleton, Ore.; Lewiston, Idaho; Reno, Nev.; Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; Phoenix, Ariz.; and Las Vegas and Albuquerque, N. Mex. The northern lines suggested a plan of readjustment. This was to reduce class rates both from Chicago, St. Paul, and cities on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and from the Pacific Coast, to intermediate communities by 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent., and to make commodity rates from the Middle West to intermediate points 75 per cent. of the rates to the Coast, plus the local rates back. On articles produced mainly in the East the rates from the Atlantic seaboard would be the same as from Chicago. On articles produced both in the Middle West and in the East, the rates from the Atlantic seaboard to an intermediate point would be the local rail rate from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago, plus the rate from Chicago to the intermediate community. The object of thus making the rates from the East higher in some cases

than from the Middle West was to "give the Western lines an advantage by originating the traffic nearer their terminals."

This plan called forth general protests. The jobbers on the Pacific Coast objected that it would place them at a disadvantage in competing against the jobbers in the Middle West for business in intermediate communities. The present first-class rate from St. Paul to Spokane is \$3.00. A 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. reduction of this would be 50 cents. The first-class rate from Seattle to Spokane is \$1.35. A 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. reduction of this would be only 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The absolute reduction from the Coast would be 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents less than that from the Middle West. The jobbers at Seattle and Tacoma, Wash.; Portland, Ore., and San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal., therefore filed complaints with the Commission protesting against the proposed readjustment, and alleging that the present rates from the Coast eastward are excessive both because they are higher in proportion to distance than those from the Middle West and because they yield to the railways exorbitant profits. The people of Spokane protested because although in all cases their rates from the Middle West would be lower, in some cases their rates from the Atlantic seaboard, where they buy only 10 per cent. of their goods, would be made higher than now.

The manufacturers and jobbers at Chicago, St. Louis, and other Middle Western cities intervened to prevent the *percentage* of reduction from the Coast being made greater than from the Middle West. And, finally, the manufacturers and jobbers of New York City and other places in the East intervened to argue that in no case should the rates from the Atlantic seaboard to the West be made any higher compared with those from the Middle West than they are now!

The Commission decided that it was not worth while to make two bites of a cherry, even such an extraordinarily big one. It reopened the Spokane case, and announced it would give a series of hearings at which it would investigate the entire Western rate situation; and hearings were held during the fall of 1909 at Salt Lake City, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and several other places. Never were the rates of any section sifted by a

public body with such thoroughness, or attacked and defended with such skill, energy, and resources.

In this, as in all other struggles over railway rates, the interest of the public as a whole is what ought to be considered by the Commissions and courts that are the immediate arbiters of such struggles, and by public opinion, which is the ultimate arbiter. And the main interest of the public is not that this or that contestant shall prevail, but that from the facts found correct principles shall be induced which shall be applied to the beneficent solution of this and other problems involving the just relations between the rates of rival producing and distributing communities, and the respective rights of the carrier and the shipper.

It is plain what principles the complaining communities seek to have applied. They argue, in substance, that rates should be based on what it costs the railways to render the service of transportation. As distance is an inexact, but approximate, measure of cost of service, they ask that rates shall be made roughly in proportion to distance. The railways contend, on the other hand, that rates should generally be based, not on what it costs the railway to render the service of transportation, but on the value of its services to those to whom they are rendered.

The shippers' argument, as applied to the rates on a specific commodity, is as follows: The rate on green coffee, in car-loads, from New York to San Francisco, 3,200 miles, is 75 cents, or 4.7 mills per ton per mile. Now, of course, the railways make this rate to meet water competition. But it is not to be assumed that they voluntarily fix a rate that does not cover the cost of the service, including operating expenses and overhead charges. But their rate on green coffee, in car-loads, from New York to Denver, 1,900 miles, is 93 cents, or 9.4 mills per ton per mile. It must follow that they make a very excessive profit out of this rate, and that it ought to be reduced to substantially the same basis per ton per mile as that to San Francisco.

The railway traffic managers reply that this reasoning is fallacious. The initial fallacy is in the assumption that the railway will not voluntarily make any rates which will not cover all operating expenses and overhead charges. They make rates

every day that do not cover all these things. The production of transportation, like the manufacture of several articles in the same factory, is an example of joint cost. The meat packer pays, perhaps, \$7.00 per 100 pounds for a steer. He makes a number of things from the carcass—steaks, roasts, etc.—and finally, from the residue, fertilizer. He does not sell 100 pounds of each for the average cost per 100 pounds of the steer, plus proportionate parts of the expense of operating his factory and of his overhead charges. He sells porterhouse steaks for a great deal more than this. He sells fertilizer for very much less. The manufacture of fertilizer adds something to the expenses of running his plant. If he gets for it something more than this *added* expense, he can say truly that he has derived a profit from it, although he may not receive for it one-tenth as much per 100 pounds as he paid for the steer. He does not try to base his prices on his average cost, because if he did the prices of his higher-class products would not equal, and his prices for his lower grades of products would exceed, their value to his patrons, and his profits would be reduced both because he accepted less for porterhouse steaks than they were worth, and because he tried to get more for fertilizer than any one would pay. His sale of fertilizer for less than his average cost does not hurt those who pay him more than his average cost for other things; in fact, whatever he gains from making and selling it, tends to enable him to sell other things for less than he otherwise would have to charge.

Now, the railway manager is in a situation precisely analogous to the packer. The transcontinental railways haul goods to and from the Western interior. They haul vast quantities of fruit, vegetables, lumber, etc., from the Pacific Coast to the East. It does not make much difference in their total operating expenses whether they pull their cars to the Coast empty or loaded. If they can load their cars to the Coast with traffic that pays only a little more than the additional expense incurred by taking it, their net gains will be increased by that much. Now, the rates that they can get to the Coast are strictly limited by the rates by water. If they are made much higher than the rates by water the Coast shipper will bring his goods in by

boat, because the rail charge will exceed the *value* to him of the rail service as compared with the water service. These low rates to the Coast, therefore, cannot, it is contended, be taken as the criterion of the reasonableness of rates to the interior where water competition is not met, any more fairly than the price at which the packer sells fertilizer can be taken as the criterion of the reasonableness of the price at which he sells porterhouse steaks. If these rates were made the measure of the reasonableness of the rates to the interior, the railways would have to forego the Coast traffic and get all their revenue elsewhere, which would make it necessary to charge higher rates elsewhere.

Many shippers concede that the railways should not be required to make rates to the interior as low in proportion to distance as to the Coast, but contend that at least the rates to the interior should not be higher absolutely than to the Coast. Theoretically, the rates might be made the same either by raising those to the Coast or by reducing those to the interior. But, as a matter of fact, the charges to the Coast cannot be raised without the sacrifice of a great deal of traffic. For water competition is no myth, as some writers with more imagination than knowledge have asserted. It is a stern reality. The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company now regularly takes goods from New York to Coatzacoalcas, Mexico, by boat; thence across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec via the National Tehuantepec Railroad; and thence by boat to destination, and lands them in San Francisco in 25 days from New York; in Portland in 35 days, and in Seattle in 40 days. With this fast service, and with rates 20 to 60 per cent. lower than those of the railways, it has rapidly built up its business since it established this route on the opening of the Tehuantepec Railroad in 1907. The present size of ocean shipments to the Coast is illustrated by the fact that last year the boats, not including tramp vessels, landed 266,000 tons of freight in California, while the Southern Pacific carried there of trans-continental traffic only 205,000 tons. It will be only a few years until the Panama Canal is done. The steamships can then give a much cheaper and faster service. How can it be said that the railways can raise their Coast rates when facing such a situation?

Suppose that they should adopt the other alternative and reduce their rates to the interior to the same level as their present rates to the Coast. This would enable the jobbers in the interior to compete more successfully against those on the Coast. The railways would not mind this, for they get all the traffic to the interior, while they have to divide that to the Coast with the boats. But the steamship companies would mind it, because their prosperity depends entirely on the growth and prosperity of the cities on the Coast. Undoubtedly, therefore, they would make such reductions in their rates as should be necessary to enable the cities of the Coast to continue to compete successfully with those in the interior. The Coast cities always have had lower rates than those in the interior, and they always will have them; and this, regardless of what the railways have done in the past, and probably regardless of what they shall do in the future.

The logical application of the distance principle would be ruinous to the very communities that are contending for it. If, on principle, rates *into* this territory should be based on distance, then, on the same principle, rates *out* of it on its products ought to be based on distance. But both the Pacific Coast and the interior West are very remote from the great markets of the East where they sell their fruit, vegetables, lumber, etc. To enable them to sell their products in these markets the railways have made much lower rates on them in proportion to distance than on similar commodities when produced farther east. To these low rates is largely due the present extraordinary prosperity of the West. As illustrating this prosperity, it may be said that the postal receipts of Spokane, the chief complainant, increased 264 per cent. from 1900 to 1908; its bank clearings 400 per cent., and its population 500 per cent. On the distance principle, these low rates from the West would have to be greatly raised, to the equal detriment of the Western producer and of the Eastern consumer.

It does not necessarily follow that some readjustment of rates is not feasible and desirable. The roads concede that some changes should be made. It is to the interest of the entire nation, including the Western railways, that the development of the rich natural resources of the interior

West should be fostered in every practicable manner. The only way the railways could put and keep it on an actual parity of rates with the Pacific Coast would be to get control of the water lines. Public opinion would not stand that. The roads may also help the interior communities considerably by reducing the rates charged their jobbers from the East and Middle West; provided, however, that they shall be at the same time allowed to maintain relatively high rates from the Pacific Coast eastward. If each reduction from the East and Middle West to the interior is to be accompanied not only by even greater reductions in the water rates, but also by corresponding reductions in the railway rates back from the Coast, the jobbers on the Coast will always have the same relative advantage over the jobbers in the interior that they have now. There will be no change in the *relations* between the rates to the contending communities, but only similar reductions to all and consequent depletions of the earnings of the railways.

On the principle contended for by the complainants in these cases and upheld by the Commission in its decision in the Spokane case, however, justice would not be done by merely readjusting rates so as to alter the relative advantages and disadvantages of the various communities. For, it is asserted, and the Commission in the Spokane case held, that the net earnings of the carriers have been excessive and that, therefore, their rates in general ought to be reduced. This brings us to the consideration of the second problem mentioned at the beginning of this paper, viz., whether rates may and should be reduced when and because the profits of the railways have become large.

Those who hold the affirmative base their argument chiefly on legal grounds. In the view of the law railway companies are quasi-public corporations. They perform a public service; they exercise the right of eminent domain; and, it is said, in the language used by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1897 in the Nebraska Rate Case (*Smythe vs. Ames*, 169 U. S., 466), "What the company is entitled to earn is a fair return upon the value of that which it employs for the public convenience." It is argued that a fair return is the legal rate of interest; and that when a railway's net

earnings exceed this they are too great. This, of course, is just another phase of the cost-of-service theory. The argument epitomized is that the railways ought to render the transportation service for cost including operating expenses and interest. The net earnings on the capital stock of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, which the Commission found excessive in the Spokane case, had been 10 to 15 per cent. per annum for six years; and the Commission said that the capitalizations on which this was based were only slightly more than it believed to be the values of the properties.

Whether public authorities constitutionally may reduce the rates of a railway on the ground that its earnings are excessive is an open question. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which has the most direct bearing on the matter is that in the case of *Cotting vs. Godard* (183 U. S., 79), rendered in 1901. This was a case involving the constitutionality of an act of the Legislature of Kansas reducing the rates of the Kansas City Stockyards Company. On the rates fixed by the company it was earning 11 per cent. On the rates fixed by the Legislature it could have earned 5.3 per cent. It was contended that the Legislature was justified in reducing the charges of the company because its profits were excessive. But the Supreme Court unanimously held otherwise. Justice Brewer, who wrote the opinion, said:

"As to parties engaged in a public service, while the power to regulate has been sustained, negatively the Court has held that the Legislature may not prescribe rates which if enforced would amount to a confiscation of property. But it has not held that the Legislature may enforce rates that stop only this side of confiscation. . . . It has declared that the present value of the property is the basis by which the test of reasonableness is to be determined, although the actual cost is to be considered, and that the value of the services rendered to each individual is also to be considered."

He quoted many decisions in which American and English courts had passed on the reasonableness of the charges of public service corporations, including railways, and, summing up, added:

"The authority of the Legislature to interfere by a regulation of rates is not an

authority to destroy the principles of these decisions but simply to enforce them. . . . The question is always not, What does he (the person performing a public service) make as the aggregate of his profits? but, What is the value of the services which he renders to the one seeking and receiving such services? Of course, it may sometimes be . . . that the amount of aggregate profits may be a factor in considering the question of reasonableness of the charges, but it is only one factor, and is not that which finally determines the question of reasonableness."

While this case involved the rates of a stockyards company, the railways maintain that it established a precedent for railway rate cases. They argue that so long as the rate that they charge a shipper is not unduly discriminatory or in excess of the value of the service rendered to him, he cannot complain that it is unreasonable because it yields the railway a larger profit than some other rate, or because from all of its business the railway's profits are large.

It is contended by the railways that even if the public, through commissions or legislatures, has the *power* to so reduce the rates of railways as to limit their net earnings to the current rate of interest, it will not be economically expedient to exercise it. What has enabled the railways in the West to struggle up since 1897 from bankruptcy to their present prosperity? Shippers say that it has been the general prosperity of the country and the consequent growth of traffic. But in one way the railways of the country have not shared with other business concerns in the general prosperity. It has been a period of large advances in the wages of labor and in the prices of materials. The railways have had to pay their share of these higher wages and prices. But, unlike other concerns, they have not been able, in the West or elsewhere, to advance materially the prices of what they sell—transportation. Can it be said, then, that the increase of their net earnings has been solely due to the growth of traffic? This question was touched upon in an article in the *North American Review* for September, 1909, by a competent and disinterested observer, W. M. Acworth, the leading authority on railway economics in England. His conclusion was that the great change in their financial situation has "arisen mainly from the stern lesson

of adversity taught to American railways in the year 1893, and the way in which American railway officers took those lessons to heart." He added:

"If an outsider might criticise, I should say that I am startled at the ingratitude which the American public has displayed in return for the marvellous skill and energy with which American railway men revolutionized the operation of American railways in the years when traffic began to recover after the panic of 1893."

Mr. Acworth implies that the main cause of the large increase in net earnings has been the reductions in operating expenses that have been effected by improvements in the railways' plants and in the methods of operating them. A large part of railway net earnings, whether first paid out as dividends or not, has always been invested in improving the existing lines or in building new ones. This has been of great benefit to the public. But, say railway managers, the main incentive to improve and reduce the expenses of existing railways and to build new lines will be removed if it shall become the policy of the Government to appropriate for the benefit of those who furnish neither the money nor the brains for railway improvements and extensions all the net earnings above a certain low maximum. It is argued that so long as the rates of the railway do not discriminate or impose an undue burden on traffic it is entitled to earn at least the ordinary rate of commercial profit in the territory where it does business. It is contended that the prosperity which the West is enjoying shows that the rates of the railways as a whole lay no undue burden on its commerce. It is shown that the average annual profits of the very jobbers who most complain are, according to their own testimony, from fifteen to twenty per cent. per annum. It is argued that in view of these facts, there is no justification for sweeping reductions in freight rates.

Railway rates in the United States have universally been based on the value of the service. The adoption and consistent application of the principles contended for by the shippers in these Western cases would work a revolution. A simple illustration will indicate what would be the effects. Coal is shipped to every city in the country from a large number of mines. Under the

present method rates from the nearby mines are made relatively high per mile and from the more remote relatively low. This enables all the operators in a large district to sell their output in a large market at a profit, and the people at that market to buy their coal from any of these operators that they please. On mileage rates the operators of the nearest mines would get and keep a monopoly of the market until their mines approached exhaustion, while the more distant coal mines would be rendered comparatively valueless. The present method of rate-making tends to stimulate commercial competition; basing rates on distance would tend to build up petty monopolies in every community. At present rates are made much higher in proportion to the cost of transportation on valuable than on cheap commodities. On the basis of cost the rates on valuable commodities would have to be much reduced and those on cheap commodities to be much raised. Many commodities are so bulky in proportion to their value that under this plan they could not bear the rates imposed; they would be excluded from the avenues of commerce; their producers would be ruined; and the public would lose whatever advantage it now derives from their use.

The proposition to base the *earnings* of railways on the cost of furnishing transportation seems as untenable and inexpedient as the proposition to so base their *rates*. The builders of a new railway always hope for profits, but always take the risk of

getting none. The owners of existing railways always hope that investments in improvements in their plants will reduce operating expenses more than they increase interest charges, and thereby yield a profit; but they always take the risk of increasing interest charges more than they reduce operating expenses, and incurring a loss. Now, it seems obvious that men will not go on taking the risk of building new railways and making expensive improvements in old ones if the Government is to appropriate by reductions in rates all their profits over the current rate of interest, for they can get the current rate of interest elsewhere without taking such risks.

There are many freight rates in the West and elsewhere which are unjust. The nation wisely has clothed a public tribunal with power to correct such results of the traffic manager's poor judgment, unfairness, or malice. But however the carriers may have erred or sinned in details, the principles for which they contend seem right. By making rates on those principles they have contributed enormously to promoting the industrial and commercial development of the United States. If those principles are right, it is of vital importance that the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts shall adopt them in regulating rates; for the principles that they adopt in regulating rates must ultimately prevail in making rates; and on how rates shall be made largely depends the future of transportation, industry, and commerce in this country.



THE HOUSE OF BROKEN SWORDS

By William Hervey Woods

ON one side marshes met the snarling sea,
And on the other three gaunt mountain peaks
Shot up 'mid screaming eagles; and between,
Beetling above an inky tarn, upclomb
That hostelry.

Cloud-high it loomed, and dark
As Amazonian forests. Far o'erhead
Its shadowy roof, sometimes but spindrift dim,
Sometimes was heaven, with lucent twilight skies
Besprent with stars; and round each echoing hall
In carven ambrys quaint, old storied arms
Blazoned the walls. There on Goliath's blade
Goliath's blood still rusted; there sea-born
Excalibur flaunted his wizard hilt,
And Soldan's yataghan and Richard's brand
Hung with the baton that in Cæsar's grasp
Dispeopled nations.

But the loftiest nave
In that strange house was hung with broken swords,
Whereof the chiefest three had shields beneath
Scrolled each with shining names. One shield was his
Who long time humbled Rome, and one, blood-red,
Recalled the Corsican; and last a shield,
Now wet with old men's tears, proclaimed the chief
Whose ramparts linger 'mid Virginian pines.
Untenanted the place, to casual eyes,
And silent; but anon began afar
Onset of armèd feet, and thunders rolled
(Thunders or battle), and a hand unseen
Lifted a veil, and Lo! a marching host
Swept through the aisles, while on amazed ears
Sea-like uprose the Prayer of Beaten Men.

*"We are the fallen, who, with helpless faces
Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,
Felt the hoofs beat, and heard the rattling traces
As o'er us drove the chariots of the fray."*

*"We are the fallen, who by ramparts gory,
Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,
And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory
For which we died, but dying might not win."*

*"We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,
We could not read the dark that walled us round,
Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—
We fought, not knowing God was on the ground."*

*"Give us our own; and though in realms eternal
The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,
Make our old world to know that with supernal
Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'erthrown."*

*"Aye, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising
Of men—old voices of our lost home-land,
Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising,
Give us our swords again, and hold thy hand."*

Thus prayed they, and no spoken answer fell;
But whoso watched, saw the dark roof again
Flash into sudden heaven aglow with stars
That aimed their rays, straight as God's glances on
Those shields alone beneath the broken swords.

THE NEGLECTED ART OF ORATORY

By Francis Rogers



URING the past one hundred and fifty years there have been many great men in this country whose leadership and whose influence upon the affairs of their time have been largely due to their skill in the use of the spoken word—to their oratorical ability. Patrick Henry, James Otis, Hamilton, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster are some of the mighty orators whose fame has come down to us in written record; then, through Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks the great oratorical tradition descends almost to our own day. With Beecher, whom Dr. Lyman Abbott rates as the best-equipped orator to whom living ear has listened, and with Brooks, the embodiment of all that is best in pulpit eloquence, the line seems to have come to an end.

To-day there is one man who can lay just claim to this rich inheritance—William Jennings Bryan. However widely we may dissent from Mr. Bryan's political views, there can be but one opinion as to his truly extraordinary gifts and achievements as a public speaker.

Can one imagine a more thrilling and exhilarating pleasure than that of swaying with one's words a listening host of people, warming or cooling their passions, bending their thoughts and wills in the direction of one's own thoughts and will, even as Bryan did at the Chicago Convention in 1896? This power has wrought mightily for both

good and evil, and it is astonishing that nowadays so few speakers should train themselves to wield skilfully such an effective weapon. Every lawyer, every preacher, every politician, every man, in fact, who has occasion to address audiences, ought to study the technique of oratory so that he can at will, within his own sphere and limitations, interest and persuade his hearers.

No art is so neglected in these days as that of oratory. The writer, the musician, and the painter give years of study to the acquisition of their respective arts, but the preacher and the public speaker, often enough unacquainted with even the rudiments of the art of oratory, seem to feel that when they succeed in speaking their words audibly, they have done all that can reasonably be expected of them. The speaker who uses his voice skilfully and effectively, who makes graceful and illuminating gestures, and who stands nobly upon his feet, is one of the rarest of birds.

And yet the requisites for a good oratorical technique are within the reach of nearly everybody. Many a great singer was laughed at in his early days for his apparently foolish ambition, because his friends thought his voice absolutely without promise. Jean de Reszké was approaching middle life before fame began to smile upon him, and the history of the concert, as well as the operatic, stage shows to us over and over again that determination and persistence have much more to do in bringing about ultimate success than the initial pos-

session of a beautiful voice. In the history of acting the weight of testimony is on the same side. Coquelin and Henry Irving are pertinent instances of dramatic triumphs founded, not upon natural gifts, but upon laboriously acquired technique. The art of the orator is of close kin to that of the singer and of the actor, and by just the same methods of intelligent study as those which the singer employs to train and perfect his voice and diction, and those by which the actor learns to portray nature on the stage; the orator can develop and fortify his own technique.

The two requisites for effective oratory are, first, to have something to say; and, second, to know how to say it. Strangely enough, there is an opinion, only too generally held, that the first requisite alone is sufficient, and that if one has something to say, some mysterious power will inspire one with the ability to say it persuasively. Especially have I heard ministers sustain this point of view, in the very face of the fact that the decadence of the art of oratory is nowhere more strikingly exemplified to-day than in the pulpit, where ill-managed voices, indistinct utterance, meaningless gestures, and wearisome, often comic, mannerisms are the rule rather than the exception.

I recall hearing a distinguished clergyman who, when preaching, had a habit of raising himself on his toes and raising the pitch of his voice simultaneously; and then, when toes and voice could be stretched no higher, quite regardless of the rhetorical effect, would fall back on his heels and drop his voice to an inaudible murmur. Another well-known parson, a few blocks down the street, used, in the first five minutes of his sermon, to roar himself so hoarse that at its close his voice was reduced to a raucous whisper. A surgeon told me of a patient of his, a clergyman, who had actually thrown his spine out of plumb by the mighty blows which, during his sermons, he delivered with his good right arm upon the unresisting air. Everybody can easily add instances in point from his own experience. Good pulpit orators are as scarce as good operatic tenors, and the case of public speaking in general is scarcely less lamentable.

I make no attempt to deal with the psychological side of this subject, alluring though it be, but make a brief plea for the study of the mere physical technique of

which every speaker stands in need. The object of the orator is to make his auditors think and feel as he wishes them to think and feel. If he cannot do this, he is a failure as an orator; and that the orator of our time so seldom succeeds in doing this is due, in large part, to his never having mastered the technique of his art.

Last winter a clergyman told me that he had never studied elocution for fear that it might make him self-conscious in the pulpit. This is, perhaps, only another way of saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." As sensible for the student of the violin to neglect, for the same reason, to study the correct position and use of his hands and fingers in playing his instrument. Of all public speakers the preacher should be the most eager to submit himself to criticism, because the conditions under which he practises prevent him from hearing any unfavorable comment on his preaching, unless he deliberately seeks it.

The president of a large university used to take but a slight interest in the department of elocution, maintaining that if one had something to say, it was easy enough to say it, without bothering about a special training in speech and gesture. The head of the department ventured one day, in a moment of exasperation, to reply to him, "But don't you think, sir, that your own bearing upon the platform would be more impressive, if you refrained, when speaking, from clasping your hands over your waistcoat, twiddling your thumbs, and shuffling your feet?"

In laudable contrast with this mistaken attitude is the custom of a certain bishop to preach a sermon at least once a year in the presence of a teacher of elocution, whose duty it is to criticise the delivery of the sermon from the point of view of the expert. I recommend just such a course as this to every speaker, no matter how perfect or experienced he may think himself. The speaker, like the singer and the actor, can neither see nor hear himself as others see and hear him, and for this reason, even if he has once been thoroughly grounded in the technique of his art, has but a very limited ability for self-criticism. His most dangerous and insidious enemy, the mannerism, is certain, under one form or another, to take possession of him, unless he has some frank critic to warn him betimes of its approach.

Why should the art of oratory, alone among the arts, be considered exempt from the study of technique? To do anything well we must have technique. The good business man has his, just as the skilful surgeon and the billiard expert have theirs. Technique in any line of endeavor is, after all, only the knowledge of how to achieve one's end in the easiest and simplest way. There is a period in the life of every student when preoccupation with technique causes self-consciousness, but this self-consciousness disappears as the technique affirms itself. One might say that technique in piano-playing is superfluous, because Paderewski's playing is so entirely free from self-consciousness. But there was a time when Paderewski played self-consciously and laboriously, and his present artistry is due to years of persistent, well-directed effort to acquire the mechanical mastery of his instrument. *Ars celare artem*. I should apologize for uttering such trite commonplaces about any art, if the art of oratory were not so often held to be superior to, or outside of, the general law.

Emerson asserts that power is composed of innate impetus or temperament, concentration, and drill. In the same essay ("Power") he says: "Practice is nine-tenths. A course of mobs is good practice for orators. All the great speakers were bad speakers at first. Stumping it through England for seven years made Cobden a consummate debater. Stumping it through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips." Innate impetus, or temperament, is in the gift of the gods only; concentration and drill are well within the domain of the human will.

Demosthenes, the most famous of all the world's great orators, though endowed by nature with the requisite temperament, was at first hindered in his ambition by several bodily defects. To remedy a hesitating and obscure utterance he taught himself to speak distinctly even with pebbles in his mouth; to cure a shortness of breath, he climbed hills and exercised his lung systematically; to enable his weak voice to carry above the shouting of a mob he trained it to dominate the roar of the breaking surf. This discipline to which he submitted himself in order to overcome difficulties that to

a less determined character would have seemed unconquerable, gave him a technique in his art which has had no equal in the history of oratory.

The art of the orator is closely allied with that of the actor, except in that the orator speaks his own thoughts, while the actor utters the words of another. Their preliminary training is the same—first, the study of the mechanics of breathing, voice, articulation, and pronunciation; and then the study of the expression of thought and emotion through the infinitely varied use of voice, facial expression, pose, and gesture. The orator, like the actor, must learn to hold the mirror up to nature, and to sway by conscious means the minds of his hearers, just as Shakespeare's Mark Antony swayed the Roman mob in the presence of Cæsar's body.

It is an endless and fascinating art, which carries one deep into the study of human nature and of the stimuli to which human nature will respond. One must understand familiarly not only the psychology of the individual, but also that of gatherings of individuals, and be able to read their minds even while one is speaking to them. An audience is an antagonist who dares the orator to enter the arena with him, and to interest, instruct, amuse, and move him. If the orator accepts the challenge and fails in the contest, the public will have no more of him; but if he is strong, resourceful, and trained to the minute, he will soon have his opponent at his mercy, and by the victory win the admiration and affection of his audience, which always dearly loves to be subjugated.

The world has always rewarded its great orators generously, and unless human nature has undergone a fundamental change, it is even now holding precious laurels in store for those who shall charm its ears with golden speech. Why is it that there are so few who think these laurels worth the winning? In some degree we all are capable of earning a share of them, and even if the gods have not granted us that innate impetus without which the highest pinnacle of oratorical power is never attained, we can by intelligent and persistent effort acquire at least a technique which shall win for us some of the minor triumphs of the successful orator.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

EVERY year, for some years now, a celebrated French singer has come to us whose business has been to sing simple little songs of the long-ago. We used to know this same singer, once upon a time, as most modern in the interpretation of her repertoire, even when it harked back to the folk-song, the old French *chanson*.

Old Songs

But now we find her using all the resources of her art to strip herself, as much as may be, of all sophistication. One may be so admiring of the woman's share in the transformation (which chooses to present to your vision a quaint, fresh, matter-of-fact Victorian person whom you never saw before, rather than a twenty-years-later edition of the same erstwhile idiosyncratic personality, which would inevitably bring with it a trail of tiresome comparisons) that one may overlook the artist's share. What is really interesting is the preference of this artist, trained originally in the most up-to-the-minute actuality, for little commonplace, old-fashioned ditties.

But is the preference surprising, after all? What fun everybody seemed to have in those old ballads! Even when the persons sung about were being miserable, what a good, stupid, comfortable sort of miserable time they seemed to have! Of course, one would not wish to be understood to belittle the newly acquired "social sense" of the race—one knows very well the penalties that attach to lukewarmness in this regard in these years of grace—but one just wishes to slip in the suggestion that the uncultured old-timey songs of nearly all peoples exhale a humanness hard to beat. How, in fact, they could be so human (and the populations from whose hearts they sprang inferentially the same), while they expressed so little of the new and proper way to feel toward your fellow man, is indeed a mystery. One could almost find one's self fearing that, as we advanced further in the sex, class, group, and other consciousnesses, we may lose this extremely human quality somewhere on the way. Such fear assailed one person, the other day, on reading a certain love-story in a magazine. It was a very good love-story, in that the young people were very much in earnest. But there were obstacles, and finally

the wise man of the neighborhood pointed to the hard upward way. He said to the young people, Why do you not socialize your love? And they saw a great light. And one went straightway home and was good to the old mother sitting there. Ah, well. There used to be youths and maids who could, if need be, give each other up, and of course be good to the old mother too, without knowing what you called it.

This seems like digression, but it is not. The youths and maids and other folk in the old songs seem really to have known as much about everything of importance as we do, and to have acted accordingly, only there, precisely, was the difference: they did not know what you called it.

Where will you find, for instance, a sounder feminine philosophy than that of the young lady in the pre-Victorian "Keys of Heaven," who will neither walk with, nor talk with, her rich suitor while he makes his plea on the basis alone of what he has, materially, to offer her? She has, so far as we know, no scruples as to the social justice, or otherwise, of his ability to be proffering a coach-and-four; nor even any saving conviction that wealth means opportunity; and in these respects she may strike you as having a still rudimentary consciousness. But there is nothing rudimentary in her perception that the only way to get on comfortably with a man, in wedlock, is to have him well down on his marrow-bones before ever you make a start. And is not the root of the matter also in the other contemporaneous lady known as "The Dumb Wife," who had every virtue, including speechlessness, but whose husband, manlike, could never be satisfied until she talked? Well did she revenge herself when he had his wish; whereby we see that, while they prated not of sex slavery, the women of those days had no intention of submitting to any such thing. There was some sense of humor in these old-time personages, even as there was a pretty, romantic spirit—such as peeps out from "The Bailiff's Daughter," and kindred balladry. For the loss of such humor and good-humor and gallant belief in sentiment—for the loss, too, of such lovely simplicity as speaks forth in an old

French "Noël," or in the joyous welcome to the spring that still sends groups of children, in small south-German towns, singing through the streets on May-day,—we say, for the loss of such human things, what shall repay us? Of course these are not "important" things. But if one were a singer and an artist, one might conceivably feel one's self in very good company among them, in spite of, or perhaps because of, their unimportance.

I AM inclined to think that as to one feature in our public life, we Americans are a little too modest; but I hasten to say that our apparent excess of modesty is due to our ignorance of the facts. We are wont to sing rather small when a question arises as to the level of debate in the Congress of the United States as compared with the level reached in the United Kingdom, in Germany, or even in France. We stand mute when we hear the praises of Mr. Balfour, Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery, of Prince Bülow and Herr Bebel, of Clemenceau and Jaurès, and we hardly realize that we have at Washington, from time to time, debaters who, if not equal to these in scope and style, are by no means inferior to them in the adequate performance of the task that discussion in Congress imposes.

A Matter of
Debate

It must clearly be understood, at the outset of a comparison of this sort, that the task at Washington is essentially different from that in London or Berlin or Paris. Each of the European capitals is the seat of a highly centralized government, dealing with questions of great importance at home and with foreign questions of world-wide concern. No American "budget," if we had one—which, in the sense of a responsible statement of taxation and expenditure, we have not—would begin to have so intimate a relation to the life of the people as has that of Mr. Lloyd-George, or that on which Prince Bülow was overthrown, or that in the discussion of which M. Clemenceau so suddenly and almost accidentally met a fall. Moreover, in London and Paris the Government of the day depend directly and completely on the possession of a majority in the popular branch of the national legislature, and in Berlin there is a sort of indirect dependence of this sort. Hence the parliamentary debaters are fighting for their political lives, and the struggle puts them on their mettle whenever a "crisis" approaches. Nothing of the sort occurs at Washington. No crisis can

arise that can dislodge the party in power immediately, or is likely completely to break its hold, if that hold be strong, in a long time. In the last quarter of a century there have been four political changes in the Presidency—in 1884, 1888, 1892, and 1896—but in all that time there has been but one brief term of two years in which the President and both Houses of Congress were Democratic. It may be a wise arrangement of checks and balances that makes "crises" so rare and so difficult to calculate, but it is obvious that it makes discussion in the American Congress a very different thing from discussion in a European Parliament.

Bearing in mind these marked differences in conditions, I think a very fair case may be made for American debaters. In the matter of form, one thing may properly be emphasized—the courtesy observed, especially in the Senate, is quite as uniform and of a character as refined as that of the House of Commons, and decidedly superior to that prevailing in Berlin or Paris, and though this quality is more imperative in our Senate than in the House of Representatives, it is the general rule in the latter also. As for the more fundamental characteristics—command of facts, force of presentation, aptness in retort—these appear, when occasion offers, to an extent not generally appreciated. Occasion did arise in the recent extraordinary session of the Congress called to revise the tariff, and it was met, particularly by the members of the majority who opposed their party, with a really admirable demonstration of talent and skill. The polish, for example, of Senator Dolliver of Iowa, if not equal to that of Mr. Balfour grappling with an analogous subject, was by no means beneath comparison, while his vigor, candor, and sustained elevation of argument were quite up to the best English standard. I am aware that this opinion may surprise readers who get their impression of debates in the American Congress from the newspapers, but it is one of the drawbacks in our political life that the newspapers, for various reasons, do not give an adequate or correct impression of these debates. If the Capital were New York, or Chicago, or even Boston, their treatment of the matter would be different and far more thorough. Much fuller reports would impose themselves and would not be denied. As it is, the perspective of the press and its readers is deranged, is, in the popular phrase, "queered," by conditions of publication. And, apart from this, there is the undeniable fact that no large proportion of the

American people are much interested in most of the subjects of debate at Washington. There is a certain partisan interest, but that is usually vague. Very little direct, intimate, practical interest is aroused such as one finds in England or even on the Continent. American debates do not come home to the business and bosoms of men as do those of foreign parliaments in the capitals of more centralized governments. Whence what I am persuaded is the mistakenly low popular impression of the ability and equipment of our national legislators.

The Tontine
of Fame

IN the eighteenth century, and even in the earlier years of the nineteenth, the tontine was a favorite form of speculation. A certain number of men made equal contributions of money, which was used to erect a building or otherwise invested; and the investment became the sole property of that one of the original subscribers who happened to survive the longest. Although the tontine has now fallen into innocuous desuetude, it was alluring in its way; and it was specially tempting to strong men with superb confidence in their own vitality. Indeed, its attractiveness is exactly the reverse of that of life insurance, in which, as the California gambler put it, "you have to die to beat the bank."

Although the tontine no longer appeals to the speculative as a method of getting a good deal for very little, it can be discovered still in existence in other realms of human activity than the financial. In politics, in literature, and in art some of the men who manage to survive beyond the allotted threescore years and ten profit unduly by the mere fact of their longevity. They gain an excessive reward in reputation by survivorship. The aged politician who has retired from active service, lingers in the public gaze in the lofty position of a Sage; and he bulks bigger in the eyes of his younger contemporaries simply because he still exists in the flesh. For example, we may query whether Gladstone, who attained to fourscore, was really a wiser and a more far-seeing statesman than Canning, whose career was cut short at less than threescore. In other words, Gladstone lived long enough to profit by what we may call the tontine of fame.

In literature the examples of this acquisition of a wider reputation by mere survivorship are abundant. Shelley and Keats were cut off in

their youth, before they had accomplished all their early promise; and Tennyson survived and ripened and matured and was able at last to achieve the fullest expression of his native endowment. But if Tennyson had died at sixty, or even at fifty, the body of his work would be smaller, but it would be only a little less significant and only a little less valuable. Yet his reputation kept on spreading and branching out, largely because he lived on into a green old age. Alfred de Musset died young, and Victor Hugo attained to more than fourscore years, with his fame steadily rolling up like a snow-ball, and until the disproportion between the reputations of the two poets came to seem emphatically unfair. Might not the relative positions of Goethe and of Schiller have been more or less modified if it had been the author of "Faust" who had died in middle life, and the author of the "Robbers" who had lingered long into the nineteenth century?

And consider certain of our own American authors, more especially the poets. Bryant won his reputation in his youth, and can scarcely be said to have greatly advanced it by anything which he wrote after he was thirty or forty. But he continued to walk the streets of New York until he was long past threescore years and ten; and his good gray head continued to give dignity to public meetings of one kind or another. Can it be denied that when he died his fame had profited by his longevity, and that he seemed then to be a greater man than he will be in the opinion of the next generation that knew him not? Consider Poe, snuffed out early, and Whitman having the vitality to outlive the early hurly-burly about his more aggressive works. Whitman won a prize in the tontine of fame which Poe failed to secure. Whitman was paid compound interest on the later years of his life.

OUR "multi-millionaires" are faring badly at the hands of the art critics. Those in England complain that some caprice of vulgar taste is leading these omnivorous buyers to absorb all the masterpieces of the past into their private galleries; and those of America are complaining that this passion for expensive masterpieces is bringing it to pass that American art of the present day is ignored, and that American painters are left to languish in New York apartments with barely the few thousands per annum necessary to pay their modest

Art and the
Multi-Millionaire

rent. The case is a sad one, but let us look not only the facts but the inferences squarely in the face. Let us ask the one important question: Is this state of affairs good for American art or bad for it? It may be a cruel optimism that answers, "Good," but one that will justify itself in the end, I think.

These masterpieces that are pouring into the country, while temporarily they are swallowed up in private galleries, are certain in time to reappear as public or semi-public property. When that happens the young art student will find it more profitable, if less economical and less amusing, to stay at home than to go to Europe, since he will have a chance to correct his taste amid his own environment and the concomitant chance of becoming a master. If he is disposed to doubt his good fortune in this case let him reflect upon Dürer and Rembrandt in contrast with their Italianated brethren.

But this is not the only benefit or the chief one. The picture buyers, as a class, will form the habit on their side of correct and independent taste. Unless the owner of masterpieces is either exceptionally dull or exceptionally uninterested, he will come to a gradual but certain sense of values in art, using the word neither in its technical nor commercial sense, but as a measure of merit. Nothing so surely trains the mind as association with excellence, and the people who to-day can command excellence in the art of the past are not, as a rule, either dull or uninterested.

I knew a millionaire—he happened even to be, through no virtue of mine, so I may say it without shame, a multi-millionaire—who unquestionably bought pictures with an eye on the market, and the dispersal of whose collection after his death proved him to have been in this as in other affairs an astute judge of mar-

ket values;—but who had learned more than the one lesson.

He was talking about a current exhibition—another exploded theory, for multi-millionaires do, when occasion seems to warrant, visit current exhibitions in person. He had discovered a painter whose work pleased him because it reminded him of Luini. He came to it with the unjaded eyes of an amateur and the trained faculties of a multi-millionaire. He had not made it his business to discriminate among differing grades of mediocrity, he had made it his business to surround himself with the best, and behold the fruit of his labor—he knew his little Luini!

This detached instance to a certain degree is typical. A dealer, the other day, was speaking of his customers, distinguishing between the buyers and the collectors. There were wealthy patrons of the arts, he admitted, who were merely buyers who would take a dealer's word for the merits of their purchase. With engaging candor he permitted himself an accent of contempt in this asseveration. But also there were collectors, Wall Street potentates perhaps, who could not be cheated as to the point reached by a certain obscure stock on a certain day a few years back, and who, when they turned their minds to art, mastered technical points with the same concentration of effort and an equal success. "A man," he said naively, "who has made a great deal of money is usually rather intelligent."

Should it not be considered on the whole a desirable thing that this admitted intelligence be fed with masterpieces? Will it not, when the day of American art has come, work in favor of wise selection and stimulating criticism? Are we not possibly safe in trusting the men who have made their millions with the spending of them?

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



"February," by Edward W. Redfield.

Bought by the French Government in 1909.

THE LUXEMBOURG AND AMERICAN PAINTING

IT would be easy to miss the meaning of the purchase of Mr. Redfield's "February" by the French Government. For a quarter of a century and more this sort of compliment to American painting has been rather common. It has been accorded, however, upon the tacit condition that our artists should do the French sort of thing. One has only to recall the pioneer Americans at the Luxembourg—Whistler, Sargent, Walter Gay, Tanner, Alexander Harrison, J. McClure Hamilton, Dannat, Henry Mosler, among others—to admit that their work is essentially cosmopolitan. The achievement of these artists, however intrinsically excellent, lacks national idiom. It resembles the similar successes in French verse of those voluntary exiles of talent, Stuart Merrill and Vielé-Griffin. Now Mr. Redfield's "February" is emphatically our kind of thing. Its

subject is a Pennsylvania tow-path with straining ice below, and beyond a glimpse over a level against which rises a leafless tree. The method, too, is ours—a crisp, direct naturalism which is saved from banality by thoughtful selection and elimination. It is the quality of a youthful art. Scandinavian painting shows it clearly. British and Continental landscape tends to display a stronger infusion of decorative or romantic sentiment, or, in the poorer examples, a less reflective realism. At the risk of seeming a benighted philistine, let me insist upon the interest of the subject. The acceptance of our themes by France implies the gradual enrichment of the motives of modern landscape. To gain this recognition has been difficult. For a generation Inness was known in Europe, but his exoticism on the whole repelled even the more intelligent critics. His autumn colors seemed to them far-fetched and even false. If the virtue of a work of art is in the observer,

one may say that an Inness, very excellent art in New York, became very dubious art in Paris or Munich. The honor paid to Mr. Redfield's "February" announces the end of the probationary period of our landscape. Our rocks and rills should be duly grateful to him.

Let me repeat that this æsthetic migration of subjects is a chapter of art as interesting as it is neglected. I can only note how the Flemings and Dürer filled Italy, and even Spain, with the castellated walls, stepped gables, and channelled alluvial plains of the north; how Claude made the receding amber hills of sunset Italy European coin; how Everdingen and Ruysdael gave to the world the foaming, boulder-studded river-courses of lower Scandinavia. So Constable imposed upon the world the dense oaks, lush river pastures, and drenched skies of Suffolk. In our day the French have made us all intimates of the rugged forest of Fontainebleau, of the poplar-lined rivers of the Seine valley, and the sweeps of green chalk pasture down by the Norman sea, while the Scandinavians, abetted by our own painters, have conquered artistic standing for bristling firs, sparkling glaciers, and velvety fields of snow. It seems to me that the time has come when we too shall contribute from our landscape something specific and valuable to the world, and this implies for ourselves a more keen and affectionate enjoyment of a land that has received the classic consecration of art.

We often say loosely that a picture has been "bought by the Luxembourg." As a matter of fact this gallery buys nothing, but exists merely as a centre of exhibition and distribution. The French Ministry of Fine Arts, in accordance with long precedent, purchases every year a number of works from the chief exhibitions, and these acquisitions are disposed of chiefly through the staff of the Luxembourg Gallery. It is thus in the odd and not wholly enviable position of a museum that does not control its own buying—a fact that criticism has not always remembered. The Luxembourg maintains a permanent, if slightly changing, exhibition of modern art. It distributes many of the ministerial purchases to provincial galleries, some immediately, others after temporary exhibition at Paris. Finally, and surely its most important function, by a sort of probationary ordeal, extending usually over a generation, it sifts out of the current production the comparatively few works that prove themselves worthy of promotion to the Louvre. This last service seems to me its most substantial one,

the single one perhaps that might be imitated confidently here in America. Or if we require a nearer precedent, the Tate Gallery is successfully accomplishing a similar work of selection at London.

But before advocating a limbo whence works of art shall, according to their deserts, pass to the glory of the greater museums or the obscurity of the country galleries, it may be well to look for a moment to the history of the Luxembourg, especially to its admitted defects, and then to our own museum situation as regards the art of to-day. Thus we may learn what part of French experience seems applicable to our own present needs. Like many other useful institutions, the Luxembourg was founded from an oddly indirect motive. Louis XVIII, desiring to lend prestige to the quarter in which sat his unpopular House of Peers, decided to establish there a gallery of modern art. This was in 1818. At that time or since, in no country but France could the opening of an art gallery have seemed a sound political argument. The philosophical historian of the future may judge whether the speedy expulsion of the Bourbons ensued in spite of or because of the Luxembourg Gallery. Probably it worked neither way, for until the early fifties its activities were most haphazard, and naturally unimpressive. Since the expansive times of the last Bonaparte the Luxembourg has exercised a deep influence upon French art. Its defects, as its critics have not failed to point out, have been those of all bureaucratic organizations. A dependency of the Ministry of Fine Arts, its taste could hardly rise higher than that of its source. It has at all times unduly befriended the official "art of the Institute," and for years it shut its doors inhospitably to the impressionists and more advanced realists. Yet with all these reservations, it has sheltered much of the best art of the last fifty years, has passed on to the Louvre some of its most valued treasures, and has distributed to the provincial museums hundreds of fine works in sculpture and painting. Whoever is inclined to sniff at the Luxembourg and the system it represents may do well to consider a partial list of its contributions to the permanent collections of the Louvre. Delacroix, Ingres, Chassériau, Decamps, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Daubigny, Troyon, Couture, Manet, Regnault—these are a few names among many that rise in the memory. The Luxembourg was friendly to that shy and exquisite genius Jean Carriès and to the new and perturbing sculpture of Rodin.

In short, its happy audacities have been about as frequent as its blameworthy conservatisms.

As a half-way house between the annual exhibitions and the permanent galleries of the Louvre and provinces, it has done a work that seems to me simply invaluable. And here perhaps lies its lesson for us. Almost without exception our museums have courageously, nay rashly, undertaken the delicate task of selecting and buying the work of living artists. Not merely such newer museums as those of St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Worcester, Providence — to take only typical examples, but also those museums which are devoted mainly to older art—Boston, Philadelphia, and the Metropolitan Museum. And of late years, through private liberality at Washington, a National Gallery has been founded that may in time grow into a sort of semi-official American Luxembourg. Now this surely risky policy of buying the work of living artists was probably inevitable. The empty galleries invited such a generous course; it was important to gain the good-will of the artists; it was impolitic at times to thwart the zeal of influential gentlemen combined to land the work of an artist friend in a public gallery. That the fruits of such a course have been, to say the least, imperfectly satisfactory, a visit not



"Woman in Gray," by John W. Alexander.

Bought by the French Government in 1899.

merely to the galleries, but even better to the store-rooms, of any of our older museums would prove. How many American pictures of note in their day now languish permanently on the racks, only official records could reveal. To one who believes firmly that the museums should adventure in the contemporary field the showing would be a most depressing one. To take one instance: How many canvasses of that erstwhile great painter Kensett does the Metropolitan Museum own? and how many does it exhibit? Or again, why does the Boston Museum of Fine Arts keep one-half of its paintings in storage? To do more than hint at these mysteries of the artistic charnel-house would be unpardonable. Let the mere hint suffice.

Surely it would have been better if there had been some means of sifting out the merely specious from the truly excellent works—if there could have been probationary galleries where the new work might prove its quality. And to-day our museums would be indeed fortunate if they received the work of recent artists only after some such fair and dignified ordeal had successfully been passed. The time may come—indeed I am confident it will—when the greater museums will decline to exhibit the work of living artists except on some distinctly probationary basis.

It is evident, though, that we cannot hope to naturalize so specifically French an institution as a ministerial gallery of modern art. There never can be a central gallery with official and authoritative relations extending to scores of provincial establishments. As in so many other instances, what the French do by authority we must effect informally in our good American fashion through professional comity and common sense. The effect, not the form, of organization is the important thing. I suppose the work of an American Luxembourg will hardly be done by any single institution. What is likely is that in every museum will be organized a department for contemporary art, preferably with its own galleries under their own roof. The essential thing is a full recognition of the probationary idea. Let us give over the false notion of a finality the futility of which we must prudently conceal in our junk-rooms. A few years ago we had the unedifying spectacle of an American public gallery brought to the tribunal for selling what in its day had passed for a great picture. We have come to a maturity, I believe, where we can afford to put away certain

sly childish tricks. Let us cease coddling the artist by premature museum honors. Let us acknowledge that all contemporary judgments are highly fallible, and time the surest court of appeal. By buying modern work on probation we insure against its being forgotten and give it its chance to survive. Evidently no artist who shrinks from facing the verdict of a few years deserves a short cut to the abodes of the old masters.

If the museums were to treat modern art in this spirit, the very practical question would soon arise—what is to be done with the works that are not promoted to the permanent museums? Within limits, certain of these objects might be placed on indefinite loan in newer and smaller museums. But obviously the policy of favoring the provinces with the failures of the capitals might in the long run become unpopular. It should be recalled, however, that the value of exhibited works of art is highly relative. Every locality is justly interested in its own artists, and a considerable clearance of the accumulations at the larger galleries might be effected simply by distributing to the proper centres the works that fairly belong there. So might be built up interesting local collections. In short, many pictures have a value as record which they lack as art. A residuum of matter artistically unavailable there would always be. For this there remains as a last resort the store-room. But here, too, the principle of relativity would bring relief. Works of historical import might be lent to historical museums or appropriate public buildings. Indeed, there are few pictures so hopeless that in some place they may not have a certain decorative value. Many a public corridor would be the more attractive for the mellowed mediocrities that now repose *perdus* in museum store-rooms. I believe that some such circulation of pictures is already practised. If it were merely extended and systematized we should have all that is essential in the distributing function of the Luxembourg.

The important lesson which that institution has for us is that the perplexingly difficult task of sifting out the best work of contemporary artists should be undertaken not in a definitive but in an experimental spirit, and by an especial organization free to indulge in generous audacities since its enthusiasms are to be revised by that wisest of appellate judges, Father Time.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

APRIL, 1910

NO. 4

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

VII.—HUNTING IN THE SOTIK



OUR next camp was in the middle of the vast plains, by some limestone springs, at one end of a line of dark acacias. There were rocky koppies two or three miles off on either hand. From the tents, and white-topped wagons, we could see the game grazing on the open flats, or among the scattered wizened thorns. The skies were overcast, and the nights cool; in the evenings the camp fires blazed in front of the tents, and after supper we gathered round them, talking, or sitting silently, or listening to Kermit strumming on his mandolin.

The day after reaching this camp we rode out, hoping to get either rhino or giraffe; we needed additional specimens of both for the naturalists, who especially wanted cow giraffes. It was cloudy and cool, and the common game was shy; though we needed meat, I could not get within fair range of the wildebeest, hartebeest, topi, or big gazelle; however I killed a couple of tommies, one by a good shot, the other running, after I had missed him in rather scandalous fashion while he was standing.

An hour or two after leaving the tents we made out on the sky line a couple of miles

to our left some objects which scrutiny showed to be giraffe. After coming within a mile the others halted and I rode ahead on the tranquil sorrel, heading for a point toward which the giraffe were walking; stalking was an impossibility, and I was prepared either to manoeuvre for a shot on foot, or to ride them, as circumstances might determine. I carried the little Springfield, being desirous of testing the small, solid, sharp-pointed army bullet on the big beasts. As I rode, a wildebeest bull played around me within two hundred yards, prancing, flourishing his tail, tossing his head and uttering his grunting bellow; it almost seemed as if he knew I would not shoot at him, or as if for the moment he had been infected with the absurd tameness which the giraffe showed.

There were seven giraffes, a medium-sized bull, four cows, and two young ones; and, funnily enough, the young ones were by far the shyest and most suspicious. I did not want to kill a bull unless it was exceptionally large; whereas I did want two cows and a young one, for the Museum. When quarter of a mile away I dismounted, threw the reins over Tranquillity's head—whereat the good placid old fellow at once began grazing—and walked diagonally toward the biggest cow, which was ahead of

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The safari fording a stream.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller

the others. The tall, handsome ungainly creatures were nothing like as shy as the smaller game had shown themselves that morning, and of course they offered such big targets that three hundred yards was a fair range for them. At two hundred and sixty yards I fired at the big cow as she stood almost facing me, twisting and curling her tail. The bullet struck fair and she was off at a hurried, clumsy gallop. I gave her another bullet, but it was not neces-

sary yards off. But this was not all. The four survivors did not leave even after such an experience, but stayed in the plain, not far off, for several hours, and thereby gave Kermit a chance to do something much better worth while than shooting them. His shoulder was sore, and he did not wish to use a rifle, and so was devoting himself to his camera, which one of his men always carried. With this, after the exercise of much patience, he finally managed to take



Mr. Roosevelt's rhino.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

sary, and down she went. The second cow, a fine young heifer, was now cantering across my front, and with two more shots I got her; the sharp-pointed bullets penetrating well, and not splitting into fragments, but seeming to cause a rending shock.

I met with much more difficulty in trying to kill the young one I needed. I walked and trotted a mile after the herd. The old ones showed little alarm, standing again and again to look at me. Finally I shot one of the two young ones, at four hundred and ten long paces, while a cow stood much nearer, and the bull only three hundred

a number of pictures of the giraffe, getting within fifty yards of the bull.

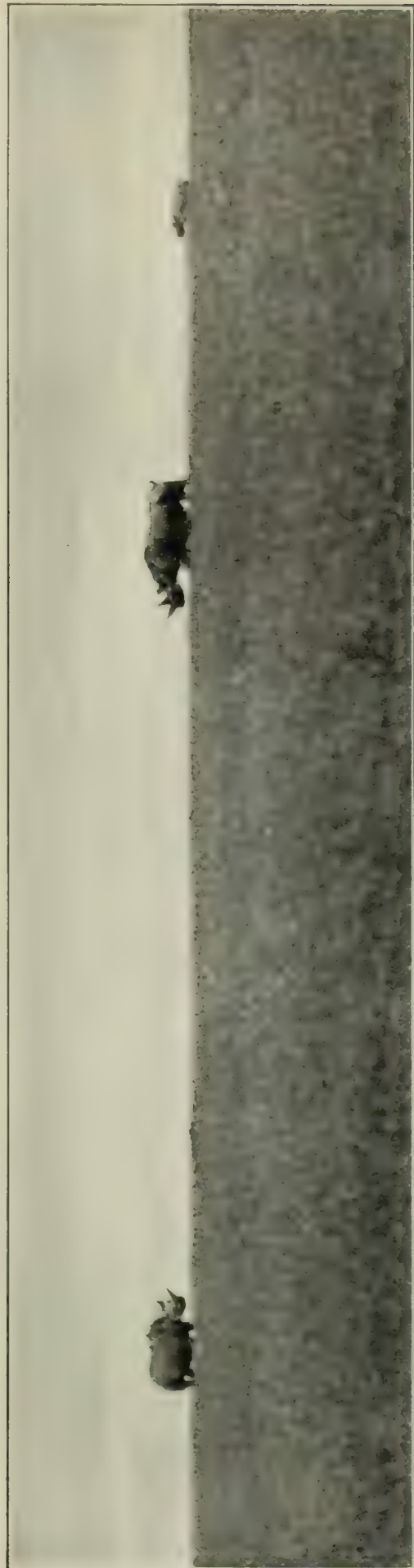
Nor were the giraffe the only animals that showed a tameness bordering on stupidity. Soon afterward we made out three rhino, a mile away. They were out in the bare plain, alternately grazing and enjoying a noontide rest; the bull by himself, the cow with her calf a quarter of a mile off. There was not a scrap of cover, but we walked up wind to within a hundred and fifty yards of the bull. Even then he did not seem to see us, but the tick birds, which were clinging to his back and sides, gave the alarm, and he trotted to and fro, uncertain



Giraffe at home.—Page 387.
From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt.

as to the cause of the disturbance. If Heller had not had his hands full with the giraffes I might have shot the bull rhino; but his horn and bulk of body, though fair, were not remarkable, and I did not molest him. He went toward the cow, which left her calf and advanced toward him in distinctly bellicose style; then she recognized him, her calf trotted up, and the three animals stood together, tossing their heads, and evidently trying to make out what was near them. But we were down wind, and they do not see well, with their little twinkling pig's eyes. We were anxious not to be charged by the cow and calf, as her horn was very poor, and it would have been unpleasant to be obliged to shoot her; and so we drew off.

Next day, when Kermit and I were out alone with our gun bearers we saw another rhino, a bull, with a stubby horn. This rhino, like the others of the neighborhood, was enjoying his noonday rest, in the open, miles from cover. "Look at him," said Kermit, "standing there in the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought." Indeed the rhinoceros does seem like a survival from the elder world that has vanished; he was in place in the pliocene; he would not have been out of place in the miocene; but nowadays he can only exist at all in regions that have lagged behind, while the rest of the world, for good or for evil, has gone forward. Like other beasts rhinos differ in habits in different places. This prehensile lipped species is everywhere a browser feeding on the twigs and leaves of the bushes and low trees; but in their stomachs I have found long grass stems mixed with the twig tips and leaves of stunted bush. In some regions they live entirely in rather thick bush; whereas on the plains over which we were hunting the animals haunted the open by preference, feeding through thin bush, where they were visible miles away, and usually taking their rest, either standing or lying, out on the absolutely bare plains. They drank at the small shallow rain pools, seemingly once every twenty-four hours; and I saw one going to water at noon, and others just at dark; and their hours for feeding and resting were also irregular, though they were apt to lie down or stand motionless during the middle of the day. Doubtless in very hot weather they prefer to rest under a tree; but we were hunting in cool weather, dur-



A rhino family. Tick birds can be seen on the male's back (on the left).

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Rhino and young.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ing which they paid no heed whatever to the sun. Their sight is very bad, their scent and hearing acute.

On this day Kermit was shooting from his left shoulder, and did very well, killing a fine Roberts' gazelle, and three topi; I also shot a topi bull, as Heller wished a good series for the National Museum. The topi and wildebeest I shot were all killed at long range, the average distance for the first shot being over three hundred and fifty yards; and in the Sotik, where hunters were few, the game seemed if anything shy

than on the Athi plains, where hunters were many. But there were wide and inexplicable differences in this respect among the animals of the same species. One day I wished to get a doe tommy for the Museum; I saw scores, but they were all too shy to let me approach within shot; yet four times I passed within eighty yards of bucks of the same species which paid hardly any heed to me. Another time I walked for five minutes alongside a big party of Roberts' gazelles, within a hundred and fifty yards, trying in vain to pick out a buck



"In the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought."—Page 389.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

worth shooting; half an hour afterward I came on another party which contained such a buck, but they would not let me get within a quarter of a mile.

Wildebeest are usually the shyest of all game. Each herd has its own recognized beat, to which it ordinarily keeps. Near this camp, there was a herd almost always to be found somewhere near the southern end of a big hill two miles east of us; while a solitary bull was invariably seen around the base of a small hill a couple of miles south-west of us. The latter was usually in

contentedly. Around this camp the topi were as common as hartebeest; they might be found singly, or in small parties, perhaps merely of a bull, a cow, and a calf; or they might be mixed with zebra, wildebeest and hartebeest. Like the hartebeest, but less frequently, they would mount ant-hills to get a better look over the country. The wildebeest were extraordinarily tenacious of life, and the hartebeest and topi only less so. After wounded individuals of all three kinds I more than once had sharp runs on horseback. On one occasion I



Rhino surveying the safari.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the company of a mixed herd of Roberts' and Thomson's gazelles. Here, as everywhere, we found the different species of game associating freely with one another. One little party interested us much. It consisted of two Roberts' bucks, two Roberts' does, and one Thomson's doe, which was evidently a *maitresse femme*, of strongly individualized character. The four big gazelles had completely surrendered their judgment to that of the little tommy doe. She was the acknowledged leader; when she started they started and followed in whatever direction she led; when she stopped they stopped; if she found a given piece of pasture good, upon it they grazed

wounded a wildebeest bull a couple of miles from camp; I was riding my zebra-shaped brown pony, who galloped well; and after a sharp run through the bush I overhauled the wildebeest; but when I jumped off, the pony bolted for camp, and as he disappeared in one direction my game disappeared in the other.

At last a day came when I saw a rhino with a big body and a good horn. We had been riding for a couple of hours; the game was all around us. Two giraffes stared at us with silly curiosity rather than alarm; twice I was within range of the bigger one. At last Bakhari, the gun bearer, pointed to a gray mass on the plain, and a glance

through the glasses showed that it was a rhino lying asleep with his legs doubled under him. He proved to be a big bull, with a front horn nearly twenty-six inches long. I was anxious to try the sharp-pointed bullets of the little Springfield rifle on him; and Cuninghame and I, treading cautiously, walked up wind straight toward him, our horses following a hundred yards behind. He was waked by the tick

gallop alongside, but he kept swerving; so jumping off (fortunately, I was riding Tranquillity), I emptied the magazine at his quarters and flank. Rapid galloping does not tend to promote accuracy of aim; the rhino went on; and, remounting, I followed, overtook him, and repeated the performance. This time he wheeled and faced round, evidently with the intention of charging, but a bullet straight in his chest

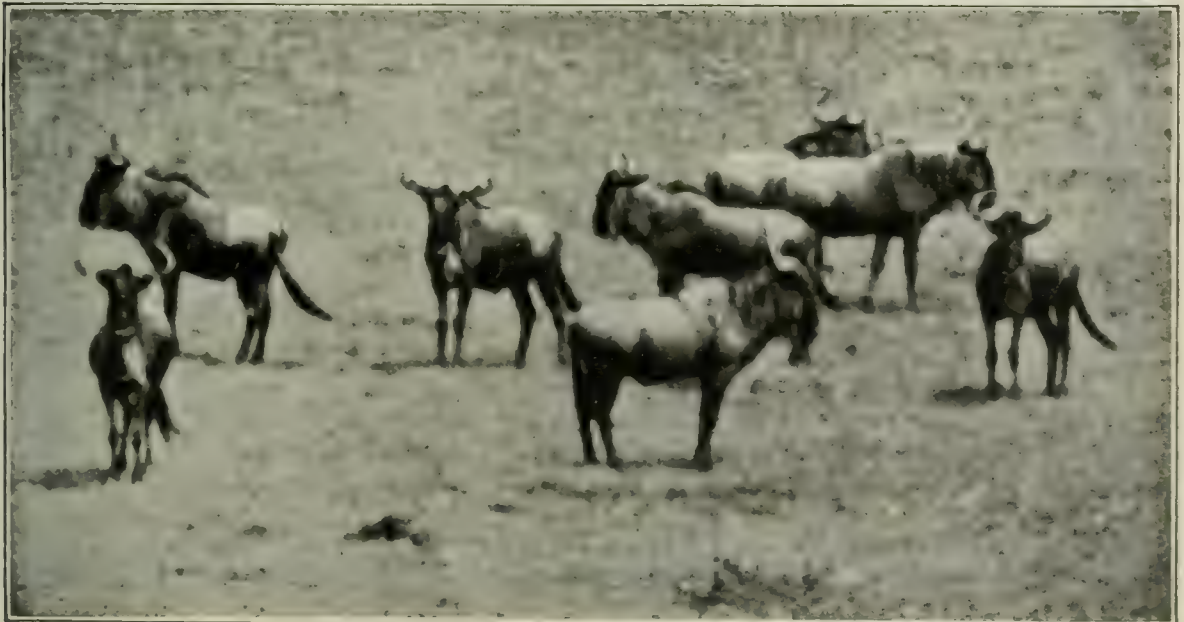
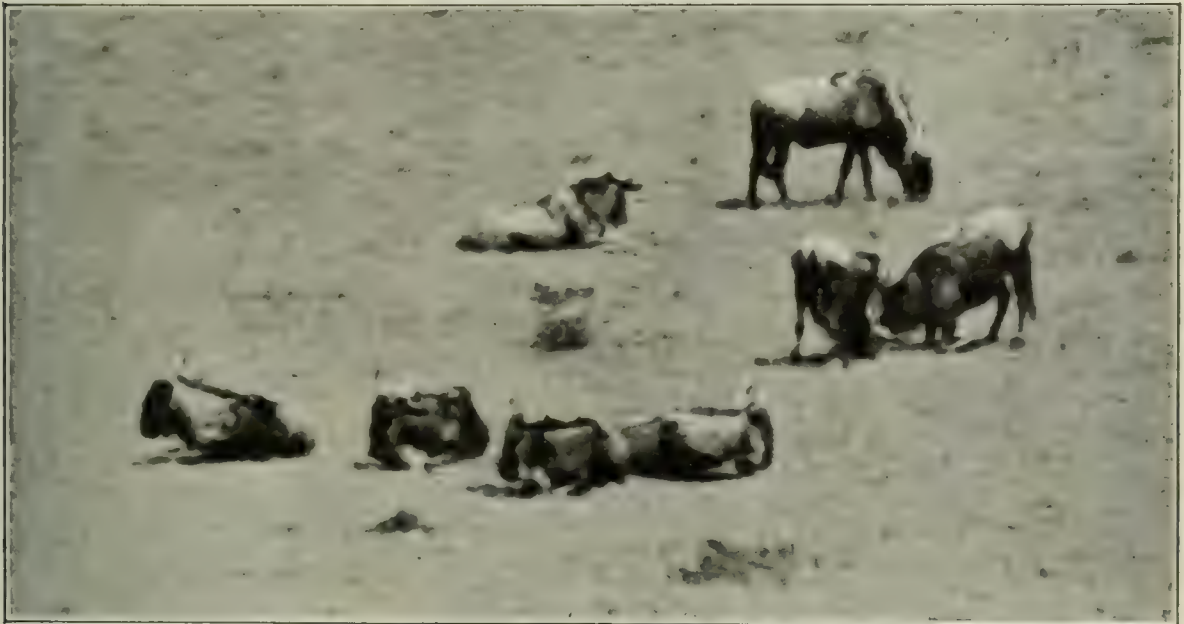


Rhino and young.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

birds, and twisted his head to and fro, but at first did not seem to hear us, although looking in our direction. When we were a hundred yards off he rose and faced us, huge and threatening, head up and tail erect. But he lacked heart after all. I fired into his throat, and instead of charging, he whipped round and was off at a gallop, immediately disappearing over a slight rise. We ran back to our horses, mounted, and galloped after him. He had a long start, and, though evidently feeling his wound, was going strong; and it was some time before we overtook him. I tried to

took all the fight out of him, and he continued his flight. But his race was evidently run, and when I next overtook him I brought him down. I had put nine bullets in him; and though they had done their work well, and I was pleased to have killed the huge brute with the little sharp-pointed bullets of the Springfield, I was confirmed in my judgment that for me personally the big Holland rifle was the best weapon for heavy game, although I did not care as much for it against lighter-bodied beasts like lions. In all we galloped four miles after this wounded rhino bull.



Wildebeest at home.

Two bulls may suddenly drop to their knees and for a moment or two fight furiously.—Page 395.

From photographs by Kermit Roosevelt.



Striped hyena trapped by Heller.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

We sent a porter to bring out Heller, and an ox-wagon on which to take the skin to camp. While waiting for them I killed a topi bull, at two hundred and sixty yards, with one bullet, and a wildebeest bull with a dozen: I crippled him with my first shot at three hundred and sixty yards, and then walked and trotted after him a couple of miles, getting running and standing shots at from three hundred to five hundred yards. I hit him seven times. As with everything else I shot, the topi and wildebeest were preserved as specimens for the Museum, and their flesh used for food. Our porters had much to do, and they did it well, partly because they were fed well. We killed no game of which we did not make the fullest use. It would be hard to convey to those who have not seen it on the ground an accurate idea of its abundance. When I was walking up to this rhino, there were in sight two giraffes, several wildebeest bulls, and herds

of hartebeest, topi, zebra, and the big and little gazelles.

In addition to being a mighty hunter, and an adept in the by no means easy work of handling a large safari in the wilderness, Cuninghame was also a good field naturalist and taxidermist; and at this camp we got so many specimens that he was obliged to spend most of his time helping Heller; and they pressed into the work at times even Tarlton. Accordingly Kermit and I generally went off by ourselves, either together or separately. Once however Kermit went with Tarlton, and was as usual lucky with cheetahs, killing two. Tarlton was an accomplished elephant, buffalo, and rhino hunter, but he preferred the chase of the lion to all other kinds of sport; and if lions were not to be found he

liked to follow anything else he could gallop on horseback. Kermit was also a good and hard rider. On this occasion they found a herd of eland, and galloped into it. The big



Jackal caught by Heller.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

bull they overhauled at once, but saw that his horns were poor and left him. Then they followed a fine cow with an unusually good head. She started at a rattling pace, and once leaped clear over another cow that got in her way; but they rode into her after a mile's smart gallop—not a racing gallop by any means—and after that she was as manageable as a tame ox. Cantering and trotting within thirty yards of her on either quarter they drove her toward camp; but when it was still three-quarters of a mile distant they put up a cheetah, and tore after it. A cheetah with a good start can only be overtaken by hard running. This one behaved just as did the others they ran down. For quarter of a mile no animal in the world has a cheetah's speed; but he cannot last. When chased these cheetahs did not sprint, but contented themselves with galloping ahead of the horses; at first they could easily keep their distance, but after a mile or two their strength and wind gave out, and then they always crouched flat to the earth, and were shot without their making any attempt to charge. But a wart-hog boar which Kermit ran down the same day and shot with his revolver did charge, and wickedly.

While running one of these cheetahs Kermit put up two old wildebeest bulls, and they joined in the procession, looking as if they too were pursuing the cheetah; the cheetah ran first, the two bulls, bounding and switching their tails, came next, and Kermit, racing in the rear, gained steadily. Wildebeest are the oddest in nature and conduct, and in many ways the most interesting, of all antelope. There is in their temper something queer, fiery, eccentric, and their actions are abrupt and violent. A single bull will stand motionless with head raised to stare at an intruder until the latter is quarter of a mile off; then down goes his head, his tail is lashed up, and

around, and off he gallops, plunging, kicking, and shaking his head. He may go straight away, he may circle round, or even approach nearer to, the intruder; and then he halts again to stare motionless, and per-



Tarleton with a cobra.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

haps to utter his grunt of alarm and defiance. A herd when approached, after fixed staring will move off, perhaps at a canter. Soon the leaders make a half wheel, and lead their followers in a semicircle; suddenly a couple of old bulls leave the rest, and at a tearing gallop describe a semicircle in exactly the opposite direction, racing by their comrades as these canter the other way. With one accord the whole troop may then halt and stare again at the object they suspect; then off they all go at a headlong run, kicking and bucking, tearing at full speed in one direction, then suddenly wheeling in semicircles so abrupt as to be almost zigzags, the dust flying in clouds; and two bulls may suddenly drop to their knees and for a moment or two



A giant candelabra euphorbia by our camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

fight furiously in their own peculiar fashion. By careful stalking Kermit got some good pictures of the wildebeest in spite of their wariness. Like other game they seem most apt to lie down during the heat of the day; but they may lie down at night too; at any rate, I noticed one herd of hartebeest which after feeding through the late afternoon lay down at nightfall.

After getting the bull rhino, Heller needed a cow and calf to complete the group; and Kermit and I got him what he needed, one day when we were out alone with our gun bearers. About the middle of the forenoon we made out the huge gray bulk of the rhino, standing in the bare plain, with not so much as a bush two feet high within miles; and we soon also made out her calf beside her. Getting the wind right we rode up within a quarter of a mile, and then dismounted and walked slowly toward her. It seemed impossible that on that bare plain we could escape even her dull vision, for she stood with her head in our direction; yet she did not see us, and actually lay down as we walked toward her. Careful examination through the glasses showed that she was an unusually big cow, with thick horns of fair length—twenty-three inches and thirteen inches respectively. Accordingly we

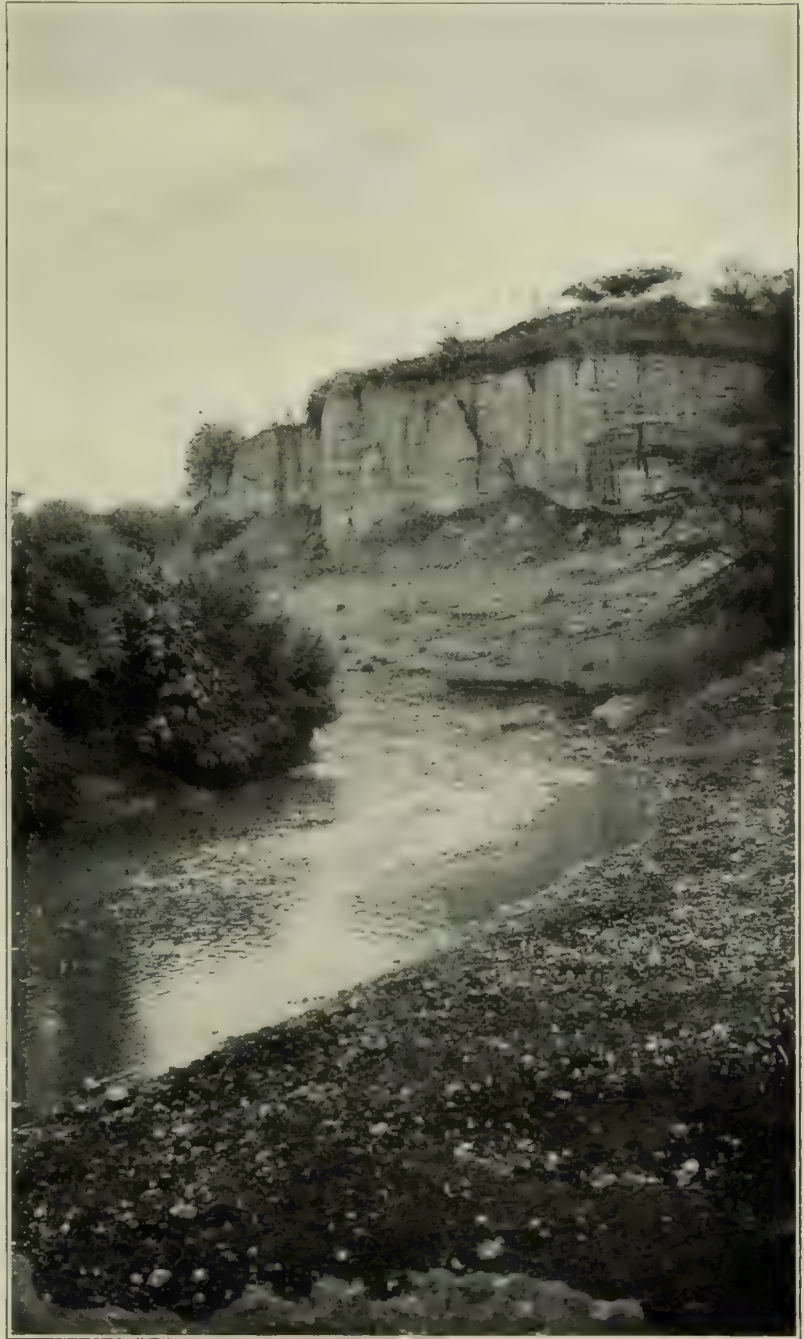
proceeded, making as little noise as possible. At fifty yards she made us out, and jumped to her feet with unwieldy agility. Kneeling I sent the bullet from the heavy Holland just in front of her right shoulder as she half faced me. It went through her vitals, lodging behind the opposite shoulder; and at once she began the curious death waltz which is often, though by no means always, the sign of immediate dissolution in a mortally wounded rhino. Kermit at once put a bullet from his Winchester behind her shoulder; for it is never safe to take chances with a rhino; and we shot the calf, which when dying uttered a screaming whistle, almost like that of a small steam-engine. In a few seconds both fell, and we walked up to them, examined them, and then continued our ride, sending in a messenger to bring Cuninghame, Heller, and an ox-wagon to the carcasses.

The stomach of this rhino contained some grass stems and blades, some leaves and twig tips of bushes, but chiefly the thick, thorny, fleshy leaves of a kind of Euphorbia. As the juice of the Euphorbia's cactus-like leaves is acrid enough to blister—not to speak of the thorns—this suffices to show what a rhino's palate regards as agreeably stimulating. This species of rhino, by the

way, affords a curious illustration of how blind many men who live much of their lives outdoors may be to facts which stare them in their face. For years most South African hunters, and most naturalists, believed in the existence of two species of prehensile-lipped, or so-called "black," rhinoceros: one with the front horn much the longer, one with the rear horn at least equal to the front. It was Selous, a singularly clear-sighted and keen observer, who first proved conclusively that the difference was purely imaginary. Now, the curious thing is that these experienced hunters usually attributed entirely different temperaments to these two imaginary species. The first kind, that with the long front horn, they described as a miracle of dangerous ferocity, and the second as comparatively mild and inoffensive; and these veterans (Drummond is an instance) persuaded themselves that this was true, although they were writing in each case of identically the same animal!

After leaving the dead rhinos we rode for several miles, over a plain dotted with the game, and took our lunch at the foot of a big range of hills, by a rapid little brook, running under a fringe of shady thorns. Then we rode back to camp. Lines of zebra filed past on the horizon. Ostriches fled while we were yet far off. Topi, hartebeest, wildebeest, and gazelle gazed at us as we rode by, the sunlight throwing their shapes and colors into bold relief against the parched brown grass. I had an hour to myself after reaching camp, and spent it with Lowell's "Essays." I doubt whether any man takes keener enjoyment

in the wilderness than he who also keenly enjoys many other sides of life; just as no man can relish books more than some at least of those who also love horse and rifle and the winds that blow across lonely



Bluffs near one of our camping places.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

plains and through the gorges of the mountains.

Next morning a lion roared at dawn so near camp that we sallied forth after him. We did not find him, but we enjoyed our three hours' ride through the fresh air before breakfast, with the game as usual on



The wounded lioness.—Page 403.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

every hand. Some of the game showed tameness, some wildness, the difference being not between species and species, but between given individuals of almost every species. While we were absent two rhinos passed close by camp, and stopped to stare curiously at it; we saw them later as they trotted away, but their horns were not good enough to tempt us.

At a distance the sunlight plays pranks with the coloring of the animals. Cock ostriches always show jet black, and are visible at a greater distance than any of the common game; the neutral tint of the hens making them far less conspicuous. Both cocks and hens are very wary, sharp-sighted, and hard to approach. Next to the cock ostrich in conspicuousness comes the wildebeest, because it shows black in most lights; yet when headed away from the onlooker, the sun will often make the backs of a herd look whitish in the distance. Wildebeest are wariest than most other game. Round this camp the topi were as tame as the hartebeest; they look very dark in most lights, only less dark than the wildebeest, and so are also conspicuous. The

hartebeest change from a deep brown to a light foxy red, according to the way they stand toward the sun; and when a herd was feeding away from us, their white sterns showed when a very long way off. The zebra's stripes cease to be visible after he is three hundred yards off, but in many lights he glistens white in the far distance, and is then very conspicuous; on this day I came across a mixed herd of zebra and eland in thin bush, and when still a long way off the zebras caught the eye, while their larger companions were as yet hardly to be made out without field-glasses. The gazelles usually show as sandy colored, and are therefore rather less conspicuous than the others when still; but they are constantly in motion, and in some lights show up as almost white. When they are far off the sun rays may make any of these animals look very dark or very light. In fact all of them are conspicuous at long distances, and none of them make any effort to escape observation as do certain kinds that haunt dense bush and forest. But constant allowance must be made for the wide variations among individuals. Ordinarily tommies are the



The wounded lioness ready to charge.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

tamest of the game, with the big gazelle and the zebra next; but no two herds will behave alike; and I have seen a wildebeest bull look at me motionless within a hundred and fifty yards, while the zebras, tommies, and big gazelles which were his companions fled in panic; and I left him still standing, as I walked after the gazelles, to kill a buck for the table. The game is usually sensitive to getting the hunter's wind; but on these plains I have again and again seen game stand looking at us within fairly close range to leeward, and yet on the same day seen the same kind of game flee in mad fright when twice the distance to windward. Sometimes there are inexplicable variations between the conduct of beasts in one locality and in another. In East Africa the hyenas seem only occasionally to crunch the long bones of the biggest dead animals; whereas Cuninghame, who pointed out this fact to me, stated that in South Africa the hyenas, of the same kind, always crunched up the big bones, eating but the marrow and fragments of the bone itself.

Now and then the game will choose a tree as a rubbing post, and if it is small will

entirely destroy the tree; and I have seen them use for the same purpose an oddly shaped stone, one corner of which they had worn quite smooth. They have stamping grounds, small patches of bare earth from which they have removed even the roots of the grass and bushes by the trampling of their hoofs, leaving nothing but a pool of dust. One evening I watched some zebras stringing slowly along in a line which brought them past a couple of these stamping grounds. As they came in succession to each bare place half the herd, one after another, lay down and rolled to and fro, sending up spurts of dust so thick that the animal was hidden from sight; while perhaps a companion, which did not roll, stood near by seemingly to enjoy the dust.

On this same evening we rode campward facing a wonderful sunset. The evening was lowering and overcast. The darkening plains stretched dim and vague into the far distance. The sun went down under a frowning sky, behind shining sheets of rain; and it turned their radiance to an angry splendor of gold and murky crimson.

At this camp the pretty little Living-

stone's wheat-ears or chats were very familiar, flitting within a few yards of the tents. They were the earliest birds to sing. Just before our eyes could distinguish the first faint streak of dawn first one and then another of them would begin to sing, apparently either on the ground or in the air, until there was a chorus of their sweet music. Then they were silent again until the sun was about to rise. We always heard them when we made a very early start to hunt. By the way, with the game of the plains and the thin bush, we found that nothing was gained by getting out early in the morning; we were quite as apt to get what we wanted in the evening or indeed at high noon.

The last day at this camp Kermit, Tarl-

ton, and I spent on a twelve-hours' lion hunt. I opened the day inauspiciously, close to camp, by missing a zebra, which we wished for the porters. Then Kermit, by a good shot, killed a tommy buck with the best head we had yet gotten. Early in the afternoon we reached our objective, some high koppies, broken by cliffs and covered with brush. There were klipspringers on these koppies, little rock-loving antelopes, with tiny hoofs and queer brittle hair; they are marvellous jumpers and continually utter a bleating whistle. I broke the neck of one as it ran at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; but the shot was a fluke, and did not make amends for the way I had missed the zebra in the morning. Among the thick



Mr. Roosevelt, Tarlton, and the big lion shot by Mr. Roosevelt.—Page 405.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



A rhino "coming on."

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

brush on these hills were huge euphorbias, aloes bearing masses of orange flowers, and a cactus-like ground plant with pretty pink blossoms. All kinds of game from the plains, even rhino, had wandered over these hill-tops.

But what especially interested us was that we immediately found fresh beds of lions, and one regular lair. Again and again, as we beat cautiously through the bushes, the rank smell of the beasts smote our nostrils. At last, as we sat at the foot of one koppie, Kermit spied through his glasses a lion on the side of the koppie opposite, the last and biggest; and up it we climbed. On the very summit was a mass of cleft and broken boulders, and while on these Kermit put up two lions from the bushes which crowded beneath them. I missed a running shot at the lioness, as she made off through the brush. He probably hit the lion, and, very cautiously, with rifles at the ready, we beat through the thick cover in hopes to find it; but in vain. Then we began a hunt for the lioness, as apparently she had not left the koppie. Soon one of the gun bearers, who was standing on a big stone, peering under some thick bushes, beckoned excitedly to me; and when I jumped up beside him he pointed

at the lioness. In a second I made her out. The sleek sinister creature lay not ten paces off, her sinuous body following the curves of the rock as she crouched flat looking straight at me. A stone covered the lower part, and the left of the upper part, of her head; but I saw her two unwinking green eyes looking into mine. As she could have reached me in two springs, perhaps in one, I wished to shoot straight; but I had to avoid the rock which covered the lower part of her face, and moreover I fired a little too much to the left. The bullet went through the side of her head, and in between the neck and shoulder, inflicting a mortal, but not immediately fatal, wound. However it knocked her off the little ledge on which she was lying, and instead of charging she rushed up hill. We promptly followed, and again clambered up the mass of boulders at the top. Peering over the one on which I had climbed there was the lioness directly at its foot, not twelve feet away, lying flat on her belly; I could only see the aftermost third of her back. I at once fired into her spine; with appalling grunts she dragged herself a few paces down hill; and another bullet behind the shoulder finished her.

She was skinned as rapidly as possible;



Mr. Roosevelt shooting bustard from the carcass of the rhino.—Page 406.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and just before sundown we left the koppie. At its foot was a deserted Masai cattle kraal and a mile from this was a shallow, muddy pool, fouled by the countless herds of game that drank thereat. Toward this we went, so that the thirsty horses and men might drink their full. As we came near we saw three rhinoceros leaving the pool. It was already too dusk for good shooting, and we were rather relieved when, after some inspection, they trotted off and stood at a little distance in the plain. Our men and horses drank, and then we began our ten miles march through the darkness to camp. One of Kermit's gun bearers saw a puff adder (among the most deadly of all snakes); with delightful nonchalance he stepped on its head, and then held it up for me to put my knife through its brain and neck. I slipped it into my saddle pocket, where its blood stained the pigskin cover of the little pocket Nibelungenlied which that day I happened to carry. Immediately afterward there was a fresh alarm from our friends the three rhinos; dismounting, and crouching down, we caught the loom of their bulky bodies against the horizon; but a shot in the ground seemed to make them hesitate, and they finally concluded not to charge. So, with the lion skin swinging behind between two porters, a moribund puff adder in my saddle pocket, and three

rhinos threatening us in the darkness to one side, we marched campward through the African night.

Next day we shifted camp to a rush-fringed pool by a grove of tall, flat-topped acacias at the foot of a range of low, steep mountains. Before us the plain stretched, and in front of our tents it was dotted by huge candelabra euphorbias. I shot a buck for the table just as we pitched camp. There were Masai kraals and cattle herds near by, and tall warriors, pleasant and friendly, strolled among our tents, their huge razor-edged spears tipped with furry caps to protect the points. Kermit was off all day with Tarlton, and killed a magnificent lioness. In the morning, on some high hills, he obtained a good impalla ram, after persevering hours of climbing and running—for only one of the gun bearers and none of the whites could keep up with him on foot unless he went hard. In the afternoon at four he and Tarlton saw the lioness. She was followed by three three-parts grown young lions, doubtless her cubs, and, without any concealment, was walking across the open plain toward a pool by which lay the body of a wildebeest bull she had killed the preceding night. The smaller lions saw the hunters and shrank back, but the old lioness never noticed them until they were within a hundred

and fifty yards. Then she ran back, but Kermit crumpled her up with his first bullet. He then put another bullet in her, and as she seemed disabled walked up within fifty yards, and took some photos. By this time she was recovering, and, switching her tail she gathered her hind-quarters under her for a charge; but he stopped her with another bullet, and killed her outright with a fourth.

We heard that Mearns and Loring, whom we had left ten days before, had also killed a lioness. A Masai brought in word to them that he had marked her down taking her noonday rest near a kongoni she had killed; and they rode out, and Loring shot her. She charged him savagely; he shot her straight through the heart, and she fell

literally at his feet. The three naturalists were all good shots, and were used to all the mishaps and adventures of life in the wilderness. Not only would it have been indeed difficult to find three better men for their particular work—Heller's work, for instance, with Cuninghame's help, gave the chief point to our big-game shooting—but it would have been equally difficult to find three better men for any emergency. I could not speak too highly of them; nor indeed of our two other companions, Cuninghame and Tarlton, whose mastery of their own field was as noteworthy as the pre-eminence of the naturalists in their field.

The following morning the headmen asked that we get the porters some meat;



Mr. Roosevelt, rhino, and bustard shot from rhino.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Tarlton, Kermit, and I sallied forth accordingly. The country was very dry, and the game in our immediate neighborhood was not plentiful and was rather shy. I killed three kongoni out of a herd, at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and ninety paces; one topi at three hundred and thirty paces, and a Roberts' gazelle at two hundred and seventy. Meanwhile the

It was now mid-day, and the heat waves quivered above the brown plain. The mirage hung in the middle distance, and beyond it the bold hills rose like mountains from a lake.

In mid-afternoon we stopped at a little pool, to give the men and horses water; and here Kermit's horse suddenly went dead lame, and we started it back to camp with a



Loading rhino skin into the ox-wagon.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

other two had killed a kongoni and five of the big gazelles; wherever possible the game being hal-lalled in orthodox fashion by the Mahometans among our attendants, so as to fit it for use by their co-religionists among the porters. Then we saw some giraffes, and galloped them to see if there was a really big bull in the lot. They had a long start, but Kermit and Tarlton overtook them after a couple of miles, while I pounded along in the rear. However there was no really good bull, Kermit and Tarlton pulled up, and we jogged along toward the koppies where two days before I had shot the lioness. I killed a big bustard, a very handsome, striking-looking bird, larger than a turkey, by a rather good shot at two hundred and thirty yards.

couple of men, while Kermit went forward with us on foot, as we rode round the base of the first koppies. After we had gone a mile loud shouts called our attention to one of the men who had left with the lame horse. He was running back to tell us that they had just seen a big maned lion walking along in the open plain toward the body of a zebra he had killed the night before. Immediately Tarlton and I galloped in the direction indicated, while the heart-broken Kermit ran after us on foot, so as not to miss the fun; the gun bearers and saises stringing out behind him. In a few minutes Tarlton pointed out the lion, a splendid old fellow, a heavy male with a yellow and black mane: and after him we went. There was no need to go fast; he was too

burly and too savage to run hard, and we were anxious that our hands should be reasonably steady when we shot; all told, the horses, galloping and cantering, did not take us two miles.

The lion stopped and lay down behind a bush; jumping off I took a shot at him at two hundred yards, but only wounded him slightly in one paw; and after a moment's sullen hesitation off he went, lashing his tail. We mounted our horses and went after him; Tarlton lost sight of him, but I marked him lying down behind a low grassy ant hill. Again we dismounted at a distance of two hundred yards; Tarlton telling me that now he was sure to charge. In all East Africa there is no man, not even Cuninghame himself, whom I would rather have by me than Tarlton, if in difficulties with a charging lion; on this occasion, however, I am glad to say that his rifle was badly sighted, and shot altogether too low.

Again I knelt and fired; but the mass of hair on the lion made me think he was nearer than he was, and I undershot, inflicting a flesh wound that was neither crippling nor fatal. He was already grunting savagely and tossing his tail erect, with his head held low; and at the shot the great sinewy beast came toward us with the speed of a greyhound. Tarlton then, very properly, fired, for lion hunting is no child's play, and it is not good to run risks. Ordinarily it is a very mean thing to experience joy at a friend's miss; but this was not an ordinary case, and I felt keen delight when the bullet from the badly sighted rifle missed, striking the ground many yards short. I was sighting carefully, from my knee, and I knew I had the lion all right; for though he galloped at a great pace, he came on steadily—ears laid back, and uttering terrific coughing grunts—and there was now no question of making allowance for distance, nor, as he was out in the open, for the fact that he had not before been distinctly visible. The bead of my foresight was exactly on the centre of his chest as I pressed the trigger, and the bullet went as true as if the place had been plotted with dividers. The blow brought him up all standing, and he fell forward on his head. The soft-nosed Winchester bullet had gone straight through the chest cavity, smashing the lungs and the big blood-vessels of the heart. Painfully he recovered his feet, and tried to come on, his

ferocious courage holding out to the last; but he staggered, and turned from side to side, unable to stand firmly, still less to advance at a faster pace than a walk. He had not ten seconds to live; but it is a sound principle to take no chances with lions. Tarlton hit him with his second bullet, probably in the shoulder; and with my next shot I broke his neck. I had stopped him when he was still a hundred yards away; and certainly no finer sight could be imagined than that of this great maned lion as he charged. Kermit gleefully joined us as we walked up to the body; only one of our followers had been able to keep up with him on his two-miles run. He had had a fine view of the charge, from one side, as he ran up, still three hundred yards distant; he could see all the muscles play as the lion galloped in, and then everything relax as he fell to the shock of my bullet.

The lion was a big old male, still in his prime. Between uprights his length was nine feet four inches, and his weight four hundred and ten pounds, for he was not fat. We skinned him and started for camp, which we reached after dark. There was a thunder-storm in the south-west, and in the red sunset that burned behind us the rain clouds turned to many gorgeous hues. Then daylight failed, the clouds cleared, and, as we made our way across the formless plain, the half moon hung high overhead, strange stars shone in the brilliant heavens, and the Southern Cross lay radiant above the sky line.

Our next camp was pitched on a stony plain, by a winding stream bed still containing an occasional rush-fringed pool of muddy water, fouled by the herds and flocks of the numerous Masai. Game was plentiful around this camp. We killed what we needed of the common kinds, and in addition each of us killed a big rhino. The two rhinos were almost exactly alike, and their horns were of the so-called "Keitloa" type; the fore horn twenty-two inches long, the rear over seventeen. The day I killed mine I used all three of my rifles. We all went out together, as Kermit was desirous of taking photos of my rhino, if I shot one; he had not been able to get good ones of his on the previous day. We also took the small ox-wagon, so as to bring into camp bodily the rhino—if we got it—and one or two zebras, of which we wanted the flesh for

the safari, the skeletons for the Museum. The night had been cool, but the day was sunny and hot. At first we rode through a broad valley, bounded by high, scrub-covered hills. The banks of the dry stream were fringed with deep green acacias, and here and there in relief against their dark foliage flamed the orange-red flowers of the tall aloe clumps. With the Springfield I shot a steinbuck and a lesser bustard. Then we came out on the vast rolling brown plains. With the Winchester I shot two zebra stallions, missing each standing, at long range, and then killing them as they ran; one after a two-miles hard gallop, on my brown pony, which had a good turn of speed. I killed a third zebra stallion with my Springfield, again missing it standing and killing it running. In mid-afternoon we spied our rhino, and getting near saw that it had good horns. It was in the middle of the absolutely bare plain, and we walked straight up to the dull-sighted, dull-witted beast; Kermit with his camera, I with the Holland double-barrel. The tick birds warned it, but it did not make us out until we were well within a hundred yards, when it trotted toward us, head and tail up. At sixty yards I put the heavy bullet straight into its chest, and knocked it flat with the blow; as it tried to struggle to its feet I again knocked it flat, with the left-hand barrel; but it needed two more bullets before it died, screaming like an engine whistle. Before I fired my last shot I had walked up directly beside the rhino; and just then Tarlton pointed me out a greater bustard, stalking along with unmoved composure at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards; I took the Springfield, and kneeling down beside the rhino's hind-quarters I knocked over the bustard, and then killed the rhino. We rode into camp by moonlight. Both these rhinos had their stomachs filled with the closely chewed leaves and twig tips of short brush mixed with grass—rather thick-stemmed grass—and in one case with the pulpy, spiny leaves of a low, ground-creeping euphorbia.

At this camp we killed five poisonous snakes: a light-colored tree snake, two puff adders, and two seven-foot cobras. One of the latter three times "spat" or ejected its poison at its assailants, the poison coming out from the fangs like white films or

threads, to a distance of several feet. A few years ago the singular power of this snake, and perhaps of certain other African species, thus to eject the poison at the face of an assailant was denied by scientists; but it is now well known. Selous had already told me of an instance which came under his own observation; and Tarlton had once been struck in the eyes and for the moment nearly blinded by the poison. He found that to wash the eyes with milk was of much relief. On the bigger puff adder, some four feet long, were a dozen ticks, some swollen to the size of cherries; apparently they were disregarded by their sluggish and deadly host. Heller trapped some jackals, two species, and two striped hyenas; the first we had seen; apparently more timid and less noisy beasts than their bigger spotted brothers.

One day Kermit had a curious experience with a honey bird; a smallish bird, with its beak like a grosbeak's and its toes like a wood-pecker's, whose extraordinary habits as a honey guide are known to all the natives of Africa throughout its range. Kermit had killed an eland bull, and while he was resting, his gun bearers drew his attention to the calling of the honey bird near by. He got up, and as he approached the bird, it flew to another tree in front and again began its twitter. This was repeated again and again as Kermit walked after it. Finally the bird darted round behind his followers, in the direction from which they had come; and for a moment they thought it had played them false. But immediately afterward they saw that it had merely overshot its mark, and had now flown back a few rods to the honey tree, round which it was flitting, occasionally twittering. When they came toward the tree it perched silent and motionless in another, and thus continued while they took some honey—a risky business, as the bees were vicious. They did not observe what the bird then did; but Cuninghame told me that in one instance where a honey bird led him to honey he carefully watched it and saw it picking up either bits of honey and comb, or else, more probably, the bee grubs out of the comb, he could not be certain which.

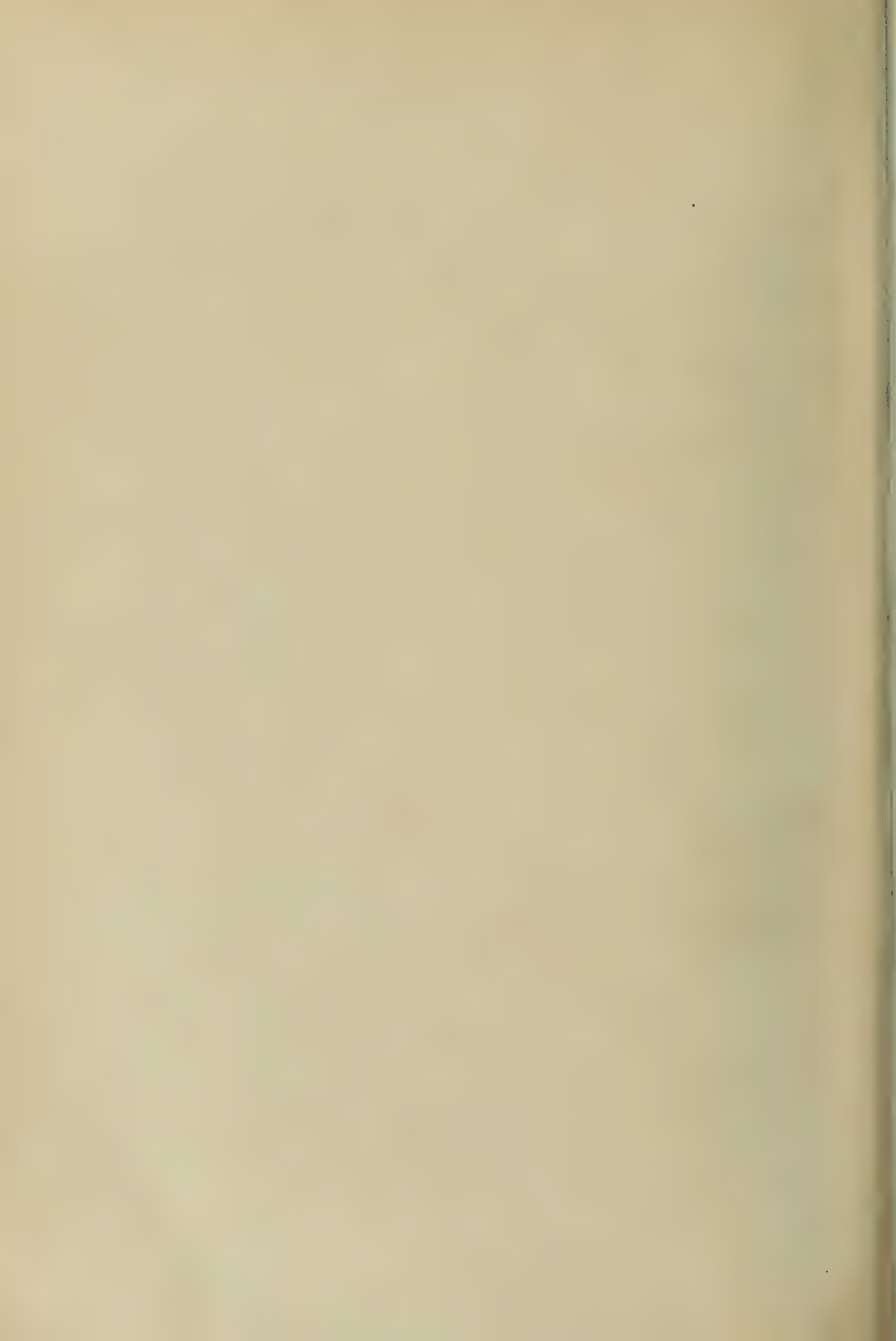
To my mind no more interesting incident occurred at this camp.



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

"LEAVE ME NOT, LITTLE LOVERS OF THE AIR."

"Bluebird and Cardinal," page 407.



BLUEBIRD AND CARDINAL

By Charlotte Wilson

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY CHARLES A. WINTER

THOU wingèd symbol of the quiet mind,
Thou straying violet, flying flower of spring,
Heaven-hued and heaven-hearted! Thou dost sing
As thou a sweet remembered thought didst find,
And, counselling with thyself in musing kind,
Didst softly say it over. Thy swift wing
Knows but a quiet rhythm; thou a thing
Of peace, to passion innocently blind.

Thy russet breast means married love, long hope,
Sheltered experience, small and sweet and sure,
All of the brown earth's natural purity;
But something heavenly, beyond our scope,
Steeped thy blue wing in color strange and pure,
Intense and holy as the mirrored sky.

Pulse of the gorgeous world, jubilant, strong—
Thy song a whistled splendor, and thy coat
A fiery song! From thy triumphant throat
How I have heard it pouring, loud and long,
Whipping the air as with a scarlet thong—
The joyous lashing of thy triple note
Which all the tamer noonday noises smote,
And clove a royal pathway through the throng!

Thou singest joy of battle, joy of fame,
Glory, and love of woman; joy of strife
With life's wild fates; and scorn'st with jocund breath
To tame thy song, or dim thy feathered flame—
Thou heart of fire, epitome of life,
Full-throated flouter of vindictive Death!

And lo, among the rich and hidden groves
Within my heart they both do flit and nest,
Saintly blue wing and vaunting scarlet crest,
Yea, all of life and all its myriad loves.
Even as Nature holds them, sifts and proves
And balances, so must my soul find rest
In Her large tolerance, which without rest
Or lagging, toward some wide conclusion moves.

So, though I weary sometimes of the stress,
Leave me not, little lovers of the air,
Dearest of Nature's fine antitheses!
Thou of the musing voice and heavenly dress,
Thou, royal firebrand—neither could I spare,
My scarlet Passion, nor my wingèd Peace.

THE OTHER MAN

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. STETSON CRAWFORD



FROM where Cuthbert sat at the window of his bungalow he could look across the regimental polo grounds and hear the yelling of the contestants as they raced up and down the field. Beyond lay the barracks, a couple of sentry boxes, a thin white tape of a road leading over a hill and afar off, so far that at times the snowy line of summits was lost in cloud, the blue, billowy ranges of the Himalayas. The officers' club of the Mounted Rifles were playing a native team and, as usual, were being beaten.

"I wonder why a white man always has to make such a beastly noise if he's doing anything!" muttered the Captain, relighting his cigarette and wishing that he were one of the galloping figures in white khaki instead of at work at his commentary upon the Malakand campaign, in which he had been a subaltern of cavalry. He swung the trumpet-shaped receiver of his graphophone toward him, and started the machine revolving by its pedal. Once more the tiny needle began cutting into the fast-whirling waxen roll and dropping its microscopic curls into the pan below. Over on the white-and-green gridiron the natives, in a bunch, were trotting back after their fifth goal in succession, their turbans bobbing up and down like red and green grasshoppers. Those fellows had the ponies! That mouse-colored one ridden by Rassa Singh was worth all the nineteen of the Rifles' put together and auctioned off at a clip. Captain Cuthbert withdrew his eyes, and with a sigh, began his dictating in a clearly articulated and unnaturally metallic voice.

"At—this—point—the escarpment terminated abruptly in a precipice some six hundred feet in height, upon the face of which grew clumps of scattered fir-trees, and along the foot of which ran a mountain stream now filled by the spring torrents. Major Ashforth accordingly ordered forward a detachment of pioneers to throw a

bridge across the river, and made his camp some eleven miles farther down the valley. Next morning, the enemy being reported as still in retreat, the 127th Gourkhas had advanced across the bridge and along the hill below the cliff, when they were suddenly met by a terrific and deadly fire from above them. Each tree, every crevice, and every boulder behind which a native could gain a foothold had been occupied by tribesmen, who, invisible, picked off our men at their leisure. The 127th retired in good order, leaving forty-three dead upon the hill, and the howitzers were ordered up, which, after two hours' hard fighting, silenced the enemy's fire."

"A rotten go for Ashforth! I wish I could give it to him as hard as he deserves!" growled Cuthbert. His own chum, Jack Hartridge, had been dropped at the first fire just because somebody had blundered.

He looked up again across the field expectantly, and his eyes were not disappointed. Two figures in white, with parasols, had crossed from the married quarters and were now standing watching the play. One was tall and slender, the other tall and more angular. Cuthbert had become used to the sensation of feeling that Mary Stanley was near and then looking up and seeing her. He took it merely as another indisputable indication that he was in love with her. When one is thinking of another person constantly, it is not extraordinary that such incidents should occur. But he had noticed it in other cases, too. The morning Jack Hartridge had been killed, something had told him about it, and he had said to Beezly, his lieutenant, "Hartridge is done for!" Beezly had laughed at him, but in an hour a native rider had brought in the news. And now, as he closed the graphophone, he wondered if Mary knew that he was coming to her.

"Bathurst," he called over his shoulder, "only seven rolls to-day. See if you can't let me have the stuff for correction by mess-time to-morrow."

"Very good, sir," replied Bathurst, the secretary, a young man who took everything seriously, and his type-writing most of all. "I can rattle 'em off between nine and ten in the morning. If you've no objection I'd like to get off now—there's a garden party at Major Tupper's."

"Oh, certainly, go,—if it amuses you," returned Cuthbert rather curtly. He wondered that any one could still be at the garden-party age. Then throwing a mufti coat over his shoulders, he whistled to his pointer, and strolled across to where Miss Stanley and her aunt were standing. He had known her only three months, but he felt that it was the real thing with him at last. He had been in the service fourteen years, in the hill stations, in lower India and in Burmah. Colonels' daughters and colonels' wives had smiled upon him, but he stuck to his work and to his writing, and while his commentaries were in use in every British military school, and he had won his R.A.S., he had never to his knowledge been in love with a woman. But Cuthbert was a disappointed man because he had dared to tell the truth. Passionately devoted to his profession, he had made a scientific study of modern campaigning, and on paper was an acknowledged authority; but his unassailable conclusions had not made him popular in high quarters, and a certain coolness on the part of older officers was reflected in the bearing of the younger men. Cuthbert, who was keenly sensitive, withdrew into his shell. He had no influential relatives to pull wires for him at the War Office, and he had comparatively few friends. There were days when the visions of his youth beckoned to him to chuck the grind and seek a happier life—when he saw himself getting sour and old and grim. But he simply twirled his moustaches and became gruffer than ever. His messmates said he was a dried pomegranate and had no soul, but had they known the yearning of his lonely heart for companionship they would have spoken differently.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Wettersley.—Good-afternoon, Miss Stanley."

The girl turned with a smile.

"Oh, Captain Cuthbert! The Rifles are being whitewashed! Aren't you ashamed of them? It's a positive tragedy!"

He looked down into her eyes (blue eyes

flecked with violet) and saw that underneath her chaffing she was really sorry. Cuthbert had often felt that she was sorry for *him*. And it gave him hope. She was the only woman who had ever succeeded in getting him out of himself and making him forget his commentaries. Women admitted that she was good-looking—in a way—and *might* be called sympathetic—but she was "highty-tighty."

"Are you going to Major Tupper's?" she asked, as he said nothing.

"No," he answered. "I shall be on duty. But to-morrow—what are you going to do to-morrow? Will you come for a ride with me? I deserve some compensation for this defeat." He lowered his voice. "And I—I want to tell you a lot of things."

Miss Stanley turned suddenly away. She liked Cuthbert—liked him immensely. She knew his loneliness and his ambition, and she respected him above all men whom she had met. She had tried to discourage his attentions without hurting his feelings, but finding this impossible had permitted their friendship to take on a phase which she well knew might end disastrously—for both of them. And now she felt that the time had come when she must tell him—and perhaps break his heart—that another man—or his ghost—stood between them.

The angular Mrs. Wettersley nodded vigorously to her niece right in front of Cuthbert's nose, and he took courage. The good lady knew Mary's romance and heartily disapproved of it. "Sentimentality. Just foolish sentimentality," she called it in conversation with her friends. Nothing else. Why should a girl grow into an old maid simply because she had loved a man who was not worthy of her, but might possibly—the remotest possible possibly—become so? It was time for Mary to get settled, and Cuthbert was as eligible as anybody, more eligible than most.

Miss Stanley did not answer for a moment or two. The Rifles had the ball close to the goal post, and it looked almost as if—But no! Rassa Singh had the ball—driving it down the field like a cannon-shot. Then she looked the Captain full in the face.

"Yes," she answered, with a faint smile, "I'll go. Have the ponies brought around at five o'clock. I wish you were playing with the team this afternoon."

"Thank you," said he. "I wish I were—and that you were watching. If I didn't get the ball away from that Rassa Singh—something would happen!"

The next morning at eleven o'clock Cuthbert was sitting in his shirt sleeves, with a cigarette in his mouth and a brandy and soda near at hand, trying to correct a pile of week-old manuscript. He had slept badly. Vague and ominous dreams, full of black shadows, had left him excited and irritable. Once in the night he had awaked and, stepping through the door of his bungalow, had looked across to where Mary Stanley slept at Major Wettersley's. He was trying to pull himself together, but it was hard work, and he had been unnecessarily disagreeable to little Bathurst all the morning.

"Excuse me, sir," said the boy nervously at that moment, "there's something the matter with this confounded roll. I'm sure it's not my fault. I've reversed the recording-needle and put on the other all right, but all that comes out is a sort of roar. Sounds as if a couple of chaps were quarrelling. It's curious it's never happened before. I'm afraid the bally thing is broken."

Cuthbert poorly controlled his impatience.

"Let me hear it!" said he.

The boy started the treadle. Instantly a confused uproar began in which two people seemed to be shouting at each other at the same time.

Cuthbert pulled his moustache and swore forcibly.

"I don't know, sir," remarked Bathurst apologetically. "But I'm afraid you've been talking into the same roll twice."

"Never did such a thing in my life!" retorted the Captain sharply.

"Well, *some one* has!" answered Bathurst. "Do you suppose Grimes could have had the gall——"

"Shh! Keep still a moment!" ordered the Captain.

The contending voices rose and fell insistently contradicting. Here and there a few words would emerge separate and distinct, then the other person would begin his quarrelling again, and the confusion would become distracting.

"I know one thing, sir," said Bathurst,

"and that is that at least one of those voices is yours—your usual dictating voice, sir—and the other is lower and not so distinct—more as if who ever it was were just talking along in an ordinary tone."

"Can you make out anything the other voice says?"

"Only a word here and there—just then, for instance—'ivory.'"

"Yes, I heard 'ivory,'" said Cuthbert. "And every once in a while I catch other words. I believe if we turned her down slow we might separate the voices. I'd like to find out who's been fooling with this machine."

They reduced the speed and made the graphophone repeat the first few words. It was now easy to distinguish the metallic tones in which Cuthbert systematically dictated his commentaries.

"At — this — point — the — escarpment — bhrr — rr — rr — ated — abruptly — bhrr — rr — dark, oily water — rr — rr — some — six — hundred feet high——"

"Dark, oily water!" repeated Cuthbert. "Now what do you suppose that means? Whoever it is has made a rum job of it!"

"Odd how the other voice runs along like a sort of accompaniment to yours, isn't it?" remarked the secretary. "Now, if Grimes had been monkeying with the machine he wouldn't be talking about 'dark, oily water'—it would more likely be rum. It's got me guessing."

They continued to run the needle slowly over the roll, and by so doing had no difficulty in dissecting out Cuthbert's original account of the ambushing of the 127th. This literary palimpsest Bathurst transcribed in short-hand. The matter superimposed remained practically unintelligible. Now and then, when Cuthbert's voice paused at a punctuation mark, the other tones would continue, and they could catch certain disconnected words and phrases. "Natives" and "niggers" were constantly repeated. There was a good deal about "quinine," "huts," "black, oily water" or "dark, oily water," and "roots"—also a person named "Watchheim," or something of the sort. Cuthbert gave it up after having wasted a full hour in his endeavor to identify the voice of the culprit. The peculiar feature of the incident was that the only persons who had access to the study, which directly adjoined the bedroom and

opened on the veranda, were Grimes, the orderly, and Cuthbert's native servant. Of course it was conceivable that one of his brother officers might have dropped in and amused himself by talking into the machine, yet it seemed hardly likely that he would have gone on so long—for the roll was full of what Bathurst called "the accompaniment." But the voice was so low and so muffled that the task of identification proved hopeless.

On the crest of the hill beyond the polo field on the way back from their canter up the valley, with his horse sharply silhouetted against the dying sunset, Cuthbert told Mary Stanley that he loved her, and she listened, sitting silently beside him until he had told her all that he had to say, for she respected him above all men that she had known. It was no boyish outburst, but the restrained declaration of a man's heart. He told her of his lonely orphaned boyhood, of his supersensitiveness at school, of the poverty which had constantly harassed him at college, of his grinding years of service in India, of his unremitting study of the art of war which seemed to bear no fruit except the cold and merely formal acknowledgment of his published work and the ill-concealed resentment of his superiors. He told her these things, not to excite her sympathy, but as facts which the woman to whom he was offering his love should know. Mary Stanley heard him on the verge of tears. She knew that all this strong man needed was just the sort of affection and comradeship that she could give. It wasn't the grind—as he said—but the loneliness of the future, the hopelessness of life without her. Yet, even though she might have wished to give herself to him, she could not. To tell him this was the task for which she had prepared herself all during the long night and the longer day just passed. For a man's ghost—hardly more—stood between them,—the dear, weak, passionate wailing ghost of another man, who had loved her with the wild, reckless love of his dark-eyed race, who had wet her shoulder with his tears, and who might—Ah! dear God!—who *might* come back.

Cuthbert heard what might have been without a word, but the pony felt his frame quiver and turned her head until the white

half-moon of her eye looked inquiringly into his, for this dumb brute loved him even as that other man loved Mary Stanley, and knew by the pressure of his knees and the poise of his body whether her master felt well or ill, and the joy of her life (a joy so keen that the green earth seemed to reach up to the blue sky in an ecstasy of delight) was when, mallet in hand, her lord whispered in her ear and she raced with him after the white ball across the field below.

"It is getting dark," said Mary Stanley, "We must be going home."

Captain Cuthbert bent his head.

"It will always be dark," he could not help saying. "And I shall have no home—without you."

"The same thing's happened again," said Bathurst the next morning. "Your last roll is ruined. I can't make a thing out of it. Somebody has come in again and talked himself blue in the face." He looked at Cuthbert in a half-alarmed way, as if he thought the Captain might hold him responsible. "I've had a heart-to-heart talk with Grimes, and he swears he hasn't even touched the machine—and of course Mokee couldn't have done it. I begin to think the blooming thing's hoodooed. Funny— isn't it?"

Cuthbert looked at the boy sharply. It was quite inconceivable that this timid youth had been attempting a practical joke. It would have been too costly. Besides the Captain had locked the doors of both his bedroom and study, and no one had had access to the machine since he had finished dictating the afternoon before.

"Can you make anything out of it?" he asked gently.

"Oh, it's worse than ever," answered the secretary. "I can hardly hear your stuff—excuse me, sir, your dictation—at all. The whole thing is like a dog-fight—with some gibberish about 'heat,' 'canoes' and 'ivory,' like yesterday. I say it's uncanny!" He wiped his forehead and looked despairingly at Cuthbert.

When the captain finished his dictating that afternoon he removed the roll last used and substituted for it a fresh one from a hitherto unopened box recently arrived from Calcutta. No human tone had ever made an impression upon its glossy surface. He had just received a little note from Miss

Stanley saying that she was going away for a six weeks' visit, and his heart was bitter. That night he closed the windows of the bungalow, and across the open door leading to the veranda he tied bits of thread connected with empty bottles upon the table. But his rest, save for his own nightmarish dreams, was undisturbed. He slept late, but arose unrefreshed. Entering his study, he saw that no one had been there. The threads across the door were undisturbed. All was as he had left it. There would be no more practical jokes on the part of his comrades or meddling by servants. Then something about the graphophone attracted his attention. He saw that the needle, instead of resting upon the left of the roll, was at the extreme right, and the roll itself was covered with the gossamer parings made in use. Somebody *had* been talking into the machine! Cuthbert stood staring at it unable to trust his eyes. Then with a grim laugh he removed the needle and, throwing it back to the left of the roll, took his customary seat and set the graphophone in motion. His own voice issued from the trumpet—*his own voice*, rambling and indistinct.

"This — must — be — August — eleventh," it said.

"I got that right, anyway," Cuthbert muttered to himself, for the calendar date was, in fact, August 11.

"This must be August eleventh, for Bombah says he has made sixteen notches in his stick since we met the Dutchman, and that was the twenty-sixth of July. Poor, fat slob of a Dutchman! I crawled over to his hut this morning with my medicine-chest, and found him raving about ivory and King Leopold. When he saw me he stopped and began snivelling something and begging for quinine. Gad! But he was a sight. The skin hung on his face like a wet handkerchief on a clothes-line. I gave him nine grains and some drops to stop his yelling. I'd have given him anything except supreme unction, for his is the first white face since the Italian at Fort Garibaldi. I hated that Italian! He talked like a water-bottle—'bulla—bulla—bulla.' Sixty of the Dutchman's bearers have got iron collars on. Bombah says he's a slave-trader. Tell me what you like, they're all in on it—the ivory's only a pretence. But he's got a pile of it, and two hundred bear-

ers to carry it. My head is buzzing with quinine inside, and there are thirteen hundred and thirteen flies buzzing outside. I've had two chills since sunrise, with the thermometer at one hundred and five and the swamp steaming like a Turkish bath. Oh, for a drop of whiskey! I'd swap a snake bite for half a tumbler of County Antrim. But nary a drop for Larry Moore. Never a drop from the mouth of the river, and six weeks before that! And all for a woman! I wonder if Watchheim really is a slave-trader. I've nursed him sixteen days and know no more about him than when I began. My German is elementary. I got plucked in the moderns at Dublin, and have always been too proud to make up. I'd like to know who the Arab woman he has got with him came from! Crazy place for a woman to turn up—the middle of a Congo swamp. This island simply stinks with rotting tree trunks and decayed alligators. I don't see why Bombah wanted to come here. But that was how we found the Dutchman—much good it will do him! We'd been two months on the river—the rotten, oily, black, rooty river—and Bombah said he knew a fine place up one of the branches. 'Him fine place—good water—lot niggers,' says he. So up we came into a sort of dead water—a big lagoon with an island full of reeds in the middle of it, and on it was Watchheim, the Arab woman, and his two hundred bearers, and the Dutchman was dying—anybody could see that. His niggers knew it, too. They were singing the death song that night as we paddled up the dead water. They have sung it ever since, and there is a beast of an old witch doctor with a necklace of skulls who is always dancing around the Dutchman's hut. The Arab woman looks as if she would like to knife him, but he scares her. By Gad, the old ape is enough to scare anybody! Bombah says that this island is a sort of station for caravans going from north to south. It's a hell of a hole; but as old Father O'Mally who taught me Latin used to say of an odd construction, 'As we find it here it is *as it is*, and whatever it is, this is it!' Dear old Father O'Mally! I wonder what he'd think if he could see his Larry sitting in a hut in the middle of an island, surrounded by three hundred naygers, and scared to a pulp by a hollow-faced witch doctor. It's not the



Two figures in white were standing watching the play.—Page 408.

heat I mind so much as the stink and the wet—and the loneliness—O God!”

The roll stopped, but for Cuthbert the vision remained. He could see the mist steaming from the reeds and see the other man—another lonely man—lying in his hut in the middle of the dead water under the blazing sun. Could it be that these half-intelligible sentences were the creatures of his own brain? He sat for a long time staring out over the polo field with the great tumbled range of the Himalayas in the pale-blue background. He knew nothing of African swamps. He had read nothing of them for years. Curious stuff for him to be talking in his sleep! And yet, obviously, this was the only possible explanation of what had taken place.

All day long, while he attended to his duties; he puzzled over it, and the longer he puzzled the more puzzled he was that he should be guilty of this somnambulistic authorship. His commentaries for once were neglected. Bathurst wondered what had struck him, and concluded that it was because Miss Stanley had gone away on her six weeks' visit. She had left on the early train for Jaipur, and over in the married quarters they were all talking. Everybody had seen them set off on that ride the afternoon before, and Mrs. Tupper had caught a glimpse of them on the ridge through the Major's field-glasses.

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Cuthbert locked the roll in a cedar-wood box and that night put in another fresh one. This time he did not trouble to tie the threads across the door, for he knew that sleep would bring the mysterious messenger. For hours he tossed restlessly. An overwhelming curiosity possessed him to know what was happening to the far-away man in the Congo dead water. But sleep would not come to him. And finding he could not lose consciousness, he was seized with a horrible anxiety lest something should happen out there without his knowledge. Morning came without his having closed his eyes, and he arose with lines on his face.

“Nothing to-day,” he half snarled at Bathurst. “Take a vacation!” And he saddled Raine, the mare, himself and galloped all day through the foot-hills till she wondered if her dear master had lost something. That night he slept, and did not awake till the call for morning drill. That over, he rushed back to the bungalow, locked the door, and turned on the machine. Something was the matter with the chap in the jungle.

“Tum — tum — te — tum — tum — tum — ‘Now, Rory, be aisy; don’t taze me no more!’ — What’s the matter, Bombah? — Yes, give me the quinine, I need it. Do you hear those flies—ten thousand million flies? But I can’t see them for the mist. Dad! But it’s thick! Put that

blanket over me, will you? How's the Dutchman? Don't mind that Arab woman—go in there and see him for yourself. Perhaps he needs something. What's that in your hand? Whiskey! The Arab woman? O God! Take it away! Take it away; do you hear me, Bombah! I mustn't touch it. Do you hear? I promised that I would die first—and I will! Die of cold! Here in the swamp. Throw it out! Do you hear me? Throw—it—out! I've not touched a drop of the craytur for three months. I've knocked out old John Barleycorn. Yes, pull the cork and let it run out—on the ground— Can't you drive out some of those flies, Bombah? They make such a noise—buz—zing—buz—zing."

The voice ceased and the needle scraped along over an untouched surface. Cuthbert gnawed his moustache in impotent annoyance. Why didn't the thing go on? He had the feeling of one who, standing on a wharf, sees a boat slowly receding out of reach. The fellow was sick, you could easily tell that. Perhaps he would die. But he was game not to take the drink! A great feeling of sympathy for this miserable wretch took hold of him. If he could only do something! Why, he wondered, should this strange message come to so unrelated a human being as himself? Why was *he* made the recipient of this tale of suffering? He wandered around wretchedly all that day. The officers and officers' wives wondered what was the matter with him. He had been harder hit than they had supposed.

That night again he invited intercourse with his unseen correspondent, but again sleep deserted him. Then once more the machine spoke. This time it simply raved incoherently, wandering on and on about Dublin and Watchheim, the Arab woman and the ever-buzzing flies. At times the man talked of his trip up the river through the black, reeking shadows of the Congo; again his ravings were of some woman to whom he had made a promise. Once a fierce craving for alcohol came upon him, and he cursed horribly the fate that had left him dying on an ice-cold island among a multitude of niggers. Then the mutterings would cease—from weakness, apparently.

Cuthbert played his strange game night after night—the strangest game he had ever known. For a week or more he played it, while the man in the swamp raved and gib-

bered with fever, and then one morning the voice from the machine spoke rationally and clear.

"I have been dreadfully ill. God knows how I have pulled through, but my quinine is all gone. I am so weak that I can hardly crawl. I asked after the Dutchman and Bombah says that he died yesterday. The men in the iron collars have gone, leaving the ivory. There is something the matter with the natives. They are shouting and yelling like demons. They will not bury the Dutchman, saying that his body is taboo. The witch doctor with his skulls was dancing around my tent last night, and I have just driven him off with my rifle. I am wondering what is to become of the Arab woman and Watchheim's ivory. Bombah has come back with some of the Dutchman's papers. I gather from them that the ivory must belong to King Leopold. Bombah says that the bearers are urging my men to join with them in murdering me and stealing the ivory and the Arab woman. She refuses to leave the Dutchman's body. The natives say the island is accursed, that my medicines turn men into beasts, and that I am a devil. Bombah is terribly afraid. The heat is terrible. The bearers have broken open Watchheim's stores and found rum and whiskey. Whiskey! They are drinking themselves into frenzy and are singing the death chant. It is a mean way to die—knifed by a nigger! I asked Bombah for my cartridges, and he says my men have stolen everything. There are only five shots in my repeater."

Cuthbert passed the next day in an agony of apprehension, and, a wreck from nervous fatigue, cast himself upon his cot by nine o'clock that evening. It was a still, softly clear night with a waning moon. He awoke to find himself sitting in his pajamas before the machine, his foot on the treadle, the sweat pouring from his body. Throwing the needle back to the beginning of the roll, he listened to his own voice with startled eyes.

"It is coming—I know it. There is a bonfire blazing among the huts, and the niggers are dancing around it shrieking. Bombah has disappeared. I am sitting with my rifle upon my knees, and the Arab woman is praying in the corner. To-day they set fire to the Dutchman's hut and burned his body. It is dark except for the



"Do you suppose Grimes could have had the gall——"—Page 410.

glow from the fires. I wouldn't mind a nip, just to steady my nerves! I believe that you would forgive me if I took one *now*. Oh, my girl! If I could only send you a letter! But they have stolen everything—even my paper and pencils. It seems as though I should go mad because I cannot speak to you. I can't leave you in this horrible silence—a silence that will not be broken this side of the grave! Does not something tell you of my need for you? You *must* hear me! Listen—I am speaking to you from the other side of the world! Here, from the darkness, I am sending you my last message!

"Sweetheart, good-by. I am dying to redeem the promise that I made to you so short a time ago. It is not hard to die, even in this way, but it is hard to leave you with no word. I have not tasted liquor since I took your hands in mine and swore to conquer myself. Would to God that I could have come back, but there is no hope of it. Think well of me, beloved! For I have been true to you and to myself! God bless and keep you always."

The machine ran on silently for some moments—then:

"They are coming. Some are dancing and shouting. Others have encircled the

hut and are closing in on all sides. I can hear the rustling in the reeds. The Arab woman has stabbed herself to death. There is a shadow creeping behind the fire—another——"

That was all. There was nothing to tell of how the man in the swamp had died. There was no need of it. Cuthbert clinched his fists while his heart throbbed so loud in the silence of the bungalow that it sounded like the beating of a rug. He arose from the machine and stepped out upon the veranda. The night was warm, and the moon with her horseshoe curve had sunk low over the hills. Across the polo field the sentry slowly paced his round.

Two days later Captain Cuthbert went back to his Commentaries on the Malakand Campaign. Every night he fitted a fresh roll to the graphophone, but when morning came the place of the needle was invariably the same. The voice had ceased; the silver cord had been broken. At the end of a week he told himself that it was a useless formality, but he still listened, albeit hopelessly, for the echo of the voice from beyond. As time went on the perspective of his own life assumed its regular distances. The tragedy in the forest gave place in his thoughts to the more present reality of the tragedy of his own life. The

bitterness of his loss of Mary Stanley ate into his soul.

During the weeks of her absence the peculiarities of his disposition had made themselves more than usually manifest. His brother officers told each other that Cuthbert was getting queerer than ever. He rarely went to the quarters, and sometimes not even to the mess itself. When he did, he sat silently, obviously "off his feed." His only regular appearance in the society of his equals was late in the afternoon when he sometimes dropped into the Oriental Club to read the London papers.

Six weeks passed, and Cuthbert lived only for the time when Mary Stanley should return. Early one evening as he sat by himself in the window of the club reading-room, smoking a cheroot and glancing through the *Times*, his eye caught a paragraph on the last page among the foreign items that caused his muscles to stiffen.

"KILLED IN AFRICA"

"Word has just reached this place of the murder of Dr. Lawrence Moore, in the heart of the Congo swamps, by a German trader named Watchheim. Dr. Moore started from here in May for an extended trip, his avowed purpose being to give instruction in hygiene and the use of simple medicines to the inhabitants of the more civilized river villages. A portion of the Moore party reached Fort Ganbalch yesterday, in a single canoe, and gave a detailed account of his death, which is herewith transmitted. The headmen say that Dr. Moore drank heavily from the time he started, and was in exceedingly bad physical condition when they reached Parbasi. Here they met the caravan of Isadore Watchheim, an ivory hunter, and the two white men entered upon a drunken carouse which ended in the murder of the Irishman by the German over the possession of an Arab woman. One of Dr. Moore's servants, Bombah, avenged his master's death by stabbing Watchheim, and was in turn killed by the latter's native bearers."

The paper dropped from Cuthbert's hands, and his bamboo arm-chair creaked sharply.

"What's the matter, old chap?" asked

the man nearest him. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, nothing," muttered Cuthbert, a furious red giving place to his momentary pallor. "Just the death of—of—a fellow I—I—knew out in Africa—murdered."

"Moore, I suppose you mean?" returned the other, with slightly raised eyebrows, looking curiously at Cuthbert. "Well, he may have been a friend of yours, but I always took him for a most awful bounder. Knew him in Cairo."

Cuthbert did not answer. The shocking calumny of what he had read in the *Times*—for he knew as he knew he lived that it was a calumny—filled him with indignation and resentment. He felt that he alone of all the world knew how this man had died. Through the blur in his eyes he saw the rotting hut in the steaming swamp.

"Poor devil!" he groaned. It was not enough then that the man should die, but his memory must be blackened and he must be referred to casually by comfortable men in a club as a rotter and a blackguard! He bit his lips and his chin trembled. The pity of it! And yet, here, if he should speak and tell them—tell them that this bounder had died a hero—they would murmur polite phrases of incredulity and ask him, old chap, if he was feeling quite himself, and urge him to take a drink, don't you know, and go home and lie down for a bit. He set his teeth and stalked out of the club across the polo field. The man who had known Moore in Cairo watched him from the window and scratched his chin. There *was* something *devilish* queer about Cuthbert! Then, feeling thirsty, he rang the bell and ordered the servant in a loud voice to bring him a long B. and S.—"Colder, mind you, than the last—and a copy of the 'Pink 'Un.'"

The morning after Mary Stanley's return, two days later, Cuthbert started across the polo field to see her. A squad of the Mounted Rifles were practising for the afternoon game, and their ponies' hoofs thundered by him, throwing clouds of the brown turf high in the air. There was a soft green smell of sunburned grass all about him and the sweetness of morning was abroad. Far up in the blazing blue the wall of the mysterious mountains hemmed in a sunlit world—a world of

gentle gossip and excitement, of the swift loves of men and women who placed mere courage above the flesh-pots of Egypt, a little world with its own code of honor, its aristocracy of valor, its peculiar catch words, jargon, and secret masonry, where the individual was judged by rigid standards of chivalry and forgiven the sins of

would take her—fight for her if he must! This time it would be no half-hearted wooing, no appeal by a disappointed and discouraged fellow, old before his time, for a woman's pity! He would pour forth his love in such a torrent that she would be swept away. Thus he crossed the path leading to Mrs. Wettersley's veranda.



"Just the death of—of—a fellow I—I—knew out in Africa—murdered."—Page 416.

youth and vanity. The pounding of the hoofs stirred Cuthbert's jaded nerves like the charge of a troop of native horse. The cries of the riders echoed through his ears like a call to battle. His blood leaped in his veins and his heart sang involuntarily in response. For his love had returned! Hope, deadened by her absence, thrilled in his steps. Youth—the future; for the moment both were his! She *must* be his! He

"I'm so sorry, Captain Cuthbert, but I am afraid you cannot see my niece this morning," said Mrs. Wettersley as she came rustling starchily into her little parlor. "She is very tired after her journey and—and quite upset. Oh, no, Mary is entirely well. But do sit down! What a disagreeable man you are not to have been near us for so long! Of course—don't apologize!—I knew that the attraction had gone. You

men! The fact is, Mary has had some very disturbing news. I don't mind telling you—as old friends, you know. Perhaps you've heard something of it already. You see, there was a young Irish doctor—quite a friend of Mary's—who had been very attentive—no engagement, you know, only a sort of understanding. I never cared for him. He was quite impossible. Very much addicted. Of course she couldn't think of having him under the circumstances. So she bundled him off, and the poor chap took a trip to Africa to get over it—and died there—oh, in such an *unpleasant* way. It's really terrible for the poor child. To have him die that way, you know—and to read it in the paper——”

A gasping, inarticulate cry burst from Cuthbert.

“The man's name!” he commanded in a parched voice, his eyes fastening themselves on Mrs. Wettersley's startled face.

“Lawrence Moore.”

The room swam about him and the blood rushing to his head and eyes dimmed his sight.

“Lawrence Moore!” he repeated mechanically.

For a minute he saw neither his hostess nor the place in which she sat. Mrs. Wettersley thought he must have gone temporarily insane. *He* certainly had not known Larry Moore.

“I must see Miss Stanley!” burst in a harsh voice from Cuthbert's lips.

“But, Captain—really——”

“I must see your niece—at once!” he reiterated, his whole frame trembling with excitement.

Mrs. Wettersley laid her hand on his arm.

“My dear fellow,” she said good-naturedly. “Of course it's an ill wind that doesn't blow good to somebody—but just as a matter of tact, don't you think you had better wait for a more suitable opportunity to speak to Mary? Give her a little time!”

Cuthbert stared stupidly at her.

“Now, listen, like a good chap,” went on the officer's lady. “Even if there had been anything between them—which I am quite sure there wasn't—this disgraceful performance would have ended everything. Why will men make such brutes of themselves? Give her a chance to get over the first shock—then, with the coast clear——”

“Mrs. Wettersley, you do not under-

stand,” said Cuthbert in measured tones. “I must see Miss Stanley at once. She will explain to you, perhaps, later on. Will you kindly send up my name?”

The Major's wife had had a wide experience of men. Clever enough in her way, she knew that to obey was her only course.

“You are making a mistake,” she said icily, and swept out of the room.

Cuthbert sat with a haggard look on his lean face. Staring straight in front of him, he did not see Mary Stanley when she came in.

“I am here.”

Her voice, sad and reproachful, startled him from his reverie. She stood with her hands crossed in front of her, her eyes slightly reddened, her figure drooping, her whole bearing seeming to say—“Could you not have spared me this?”

Cuthbert arose slowly from his chair.

“Mrs. Wettersley,” he began, and his voice had the metallic ring of his dictation—“has told me—the—what you read in the *Times*——”

A look of suffering came over Mary Stanley's face. How *could* he! She put her hands to her forehead.

“About—Doctor Moore.”

“I can't listen to you now. Let me go!” she cried, biting her lips.

“He—didn't—die—that—way,” continued Cuthbert.

Her hands dropped from her face and she gazed half wildly at him.

“Not that way!” she echoed.

“He died like a soldier—and a hero,” said Cuthbert. “The story in the *Times* is a lie!”

“Oh!” she gasped.

“He died faithful to his promise and to—to you,” he added softly.

Back across the polo field stalked Captain Cuthbert, with his eyes fixed on the sunbrowned turf. A grim smile hung around his set lips—a smile of patient pity for a fool of a fellow who had been born under an unlucky star. The ponies thundered by him but he heard them not. Straight to his study he went, and, locking the door, opened the cedar-wood box. In it, wrapped in cotton, lay seven waxen rolls. From his desk he took a pad of white paper and placed it beside the graph-



"Not that way!" she echoed.—Page 418.

ophone. Then he inserted the first roll in the machine and, adjusting the needle, started the treadle.

"This—must—be—August—eleventh," said the voice from the machine, "for Bombah — says — he — has — put — sixteen — notches on his stick——"

With drawn face Cuthbert wrote it down, laboriously copying every word in his own awkward hand. All that afternoon he remained within his study. Mess-time came, but he was absent. The sentry who paced before the veranda of the bungalow saw his

lamp burning long after midnight. Six letters he wrote to Mary Stanley, but after copying the message to her from the dying man in the swamp, he could not send them. A faint pallor hovered among the stars above the eastern foot-hills as he laid down his pen and read over what he had finally written. It ended with these words:

"You will find enclosed Doctor Moore's own statement of how he met his death. No one else has seen it, and I have no copy. I have told you as best I could how it came

to me. I know that should I publish it and try to explain this message I would be thought mad. But, as there is a living God, I know that it came from Lawrence Moore. It must remain for you alone, besides myself—a stranger—to know the truth. I am going away to-morrow on furlough to England. I have earned a long vacation. I hope that some time I shall see you again. I would write more, but under the circumstances you will understand my reasons for not doing so. If you ever should care to write, my address is care of the War Office. May God watch over your footsteps.

“ERROL CUTHBERT.”

When he had folded and sealed this letter he opened the door and stepped out upon

the veranda, wondering still at the irony which had made him, of all men, the receiver of this wireless message from beyond. The post was asleep save for the light glowing in the sentry box across the polo field. Just over there slept Mary Stanley. Africa with its swamps was six thousand miles away. Over all the world hung the darkness through which the morning gropes. Not even the tiny call of a sleepy bird broke the heavy stillness. As he stood there a faint breeze stirred among the leaves and fanned his cheek, and the distant summits of the Himalayas broke into the sky. Another luckless work-day was coming. For a moment he watched the peaks grow rosy under the touch of dawn. Then he went inside and put out the light.



Another luckless work-day was coming.



Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson.

Over it march the marriage guests.

PONT-AVEN Vignettes

by Corwin Knap Linson



ILLUSTRATIONS

ON the night train from Paris to the west, I saw the dawn lighting a land where time has loitered; and at Quimperlé I found myself in an ancient company, associating with the laggards who inhabit one of the dream-places of the world.

Greeted by men with long locks straggling from under broad hats with pendent velvet ribbons, high white collars reaching to the ears, and further clad in embroidered coats, baggy knee-breeches, gartered leggings, and wooden shoes, I experienced a delightfully uneasy feeling of the unreal, as in a dream of wonders from which one hesitates to awake. One might logically expect all else to be in keeping, and, indeed, only the railroad and myself were out of harmony with the mediæval spirit.

Taking the lumbering coach from Quimperlé to Pont-Aven, every pound of the hoofs on the hard road carried me farther into a vanished age. The ten-mile drive was given for twenty cents, just half the price of my breakfast.

From the front overhead, a voice shouted: "Haig do! Gare donc! 'cre-e-ee cheval! H-r-r-rrrr! Ange d'un lapin, HEP-la!"

With a tremendous cracking of the whip, Pont-Aven, dozing under the afternoon sun, was startled into some semblance of life as we rattled in. Here and there a face



BY THE AUTHOR

at a window, peering out, an old woman or two knitting in a doorway, the cluckety-cluck of sabots somewhere. In a little tobacco shop I could see Madame napping behind her counter, her customers forsaking their usual occupation of thumbing snuff

into their nostrils in order to snore with them.

Where was the swift eddying rush of yesterday? Was that the dream, or this? I could not be certain, for at my elbow in the inn was a fellow-painter to whom the first was the reality, so long had he been in this slumberous place.

He was quite eager to exchange his dream for mine, so, passing the loungers at the table who turned from their glasses and disputes just long enough to eye me curiously, he led me, not a far journey, over the bridge which gives the town its name, down the quay where two or three fishing-boats from the sea rested at their ease; back again along the little stream which with so much difficulty finds its way over or around so many mill-wheels, dams, obstructing rocks and islets, that it is a wonder it ever arrives at all at the final quiet of the spreading banks below. There, the broad river is only disturbed by the regular heave of the tide, but above is so much of fuss and tumble, splash and gurgle, that in places the blanchisseuses have



A Brittany type.

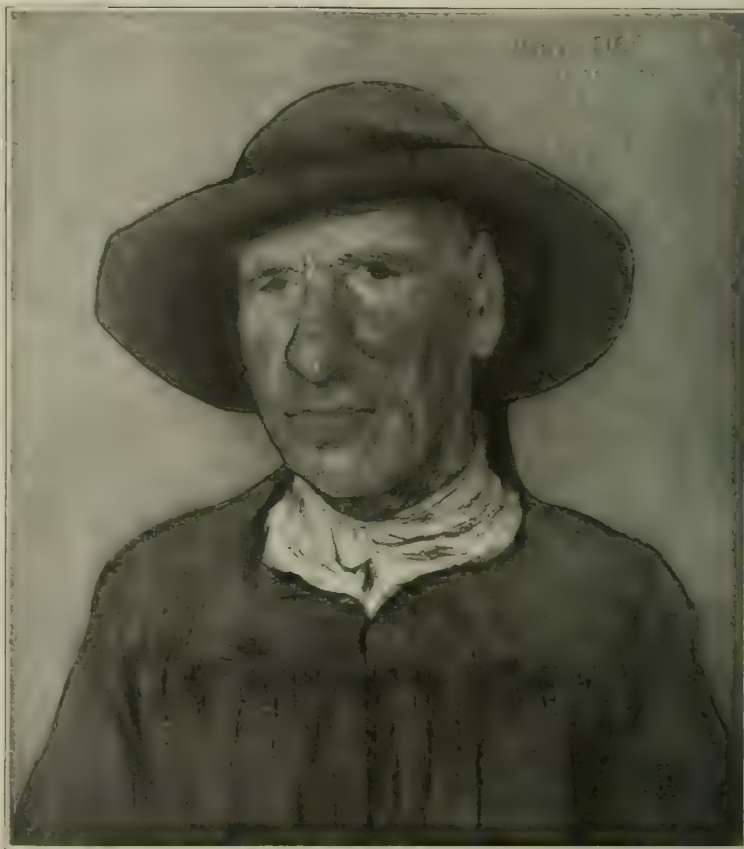
something to do to lift their chatter above its own.

The bridge is the town's focus. The highways from far-off lead to the Place, but the Place narrows to this arch of stone from which again the roads trail off into space. The parish beadle heads solemn processions across it, up the hill to the cemetery, sounding his two bells in measured cadence. Over it march the marriage guests. The finest booths on market days, the gayest during the Pardon, are planted on its broad back. On it lounge the populace, in the cool of a summer evening, men and boys smoking and jesting, women knitting a little and gossiping much. A sudden rattle of sabots on the cobbles will echo to the hills. Then the doorways will be packed with children, each with a bowl of soup and bread. And when yellow points begin to twinkle in the windows, the twilight silhouettes the few lingering forms upon the bridge; but they and their uncouth shouts soon vanish into the silence of the night.

Change seldom visits a Breton village, its sentiment is of the past, and its people are

rooted to their customs as firmly as their oaks to the soil. Their houses of solid masonry appear to belong to the ground, sombre in color as though blackened by the ages and immovable to the end of time, and yet the ancient tavern, landmark of decades, has long since been demolished.

The hotel at the head of the Place bespoke a certain ordered decorousness not to be trifled with, but the old inn at the foot was Bohemia itself. Dogs occupied equal room with the proper guests.



Jean Tiec.

In the rangy kitchen, the time-darkened fireplace was framed in a blazonment of brass and copper utensils which blinked, flashed, glowed, according to the ever-changing humor of the light. Flanking the fireplace were two great Breton beds, one richly carved, into which at some mysterious hour crept, as into a ship's berth, the mistress and her maids, to dream behind their latticed doors as in the days when



Heading for a buvette.

each man shut himself from nocturnal prowlers behind such bars.

At the long table a frequenter might find it necessary to push aside the salad to make room for his glass. The dining-room just beyond was panelled from ceiling to wainscot with the work of many men. It would seem that most of the painters of the world had at some time journeyed to Pont-Aven!

Here manners were of the easiest, and after dinner, at which the artists elbowed the collectors of taxes, the rubicund Capitaine de la Douane, and the little notary, the air would grow heavy with a fog of tobacco fumes, but crackling with quip and repartee. If, on leaving, a guest stumbled over

the dogs lying at the threshold, the saturnine Patron would swear—but not at the dogs!

On certain days of the colder autumn, the long kitchen table was heaped high with the great buckwheat pancakes baked for the weekly throng of beggars who brought their bags to each door in turn. And as every Tuesday was market-day, it was then surrounded, and the kitchen filled, by so great a crowd that it was a wonder that any business could be done in it. For on Tuesdays, intent on their grip on unchanging custom, came the army who squatted their camps along both sides of the funnel-shaped Place, covering the bridge and spreading again along the river border. Each vendor



The bridge from above.

behind his wares vociferated his stock against the shrill advertising of his neighbor. Endless displays dazzled the simple eye, an opulence of glass gems and tinsel, and fine snowy coiffes and laces from Quimperlé, gay embroideries in company with eggs and cabbages. In the thick of the *mêlée*, among heaps of *sabots* and old clothes, where the cattle and the pigs added their voices to the uproar, regularly stood the town tinker, old *Père Carafe*, making the sparks fly from his little anvil, surrounded by the pots, pans, knives and scissors, umbrellas, and bits of harness brought

to him. He was a bibulous individual who on this one day was sober, and consequently unhappy. As to water, it ran the mills, and wet his grindstone, but for his throat? That was another matter.

"Fey ya! What do the doctors say? Fever, and little things that wiggle! I believe it! And to put that in one's stomach? *Jamais de la vie!*"

He squinted critically at the bit of a job I had for him, then I felt an ingratiating finger on my sleeve.

"Have you a bit of tobacco? My pocket is empty as my pipe—*voilà!*"



Some grotesques from St. Mary's, May.



Sculptured beams in a Brittany church.



The bridge from below.

His pipe? Considered seriously as a pipe, it was a marvel, holding scarcely as much as a thimble. I certainly did not carry the stuff smoked in it, a rank, black, cheesy compound a few whiffs of which would stagger any but a Breton. But would two sous do instead?

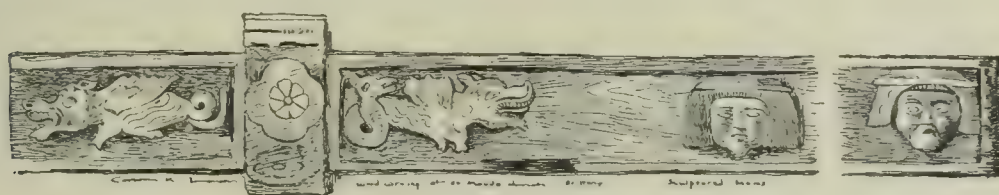
"M-m-mmh, mais oui, merci! But think, M'sieur, I've had only water to-day! On market-days I must work."

And the sparks flew viciously. For all the others, the cabarets were wide open. These were profitable days, and the counting and sorting of the coppers would go on far into the night, with the oaken shutters down and the great bolts in place, the quavering candles striking tiny glints of flame from the shifting coins.

But strangely still and empty seemed the

Place at the end, when the lights gleamed from the windows. The booths had vanished, and not even a cabbage leaf was left of all the day's litter. The eternal stars looked down on a late one crossing the void. It was old Père Carafe heading for a buvette!

There is an old church up the river, gray and stern, like the landscape about it. I found its yard occupied by pigs, and one of these rooting beasts charged angrily when one of its litter squealed inopportunely at sight of me. Artists were craftsmen once, as was shown by a little gem of color in a window, just a tiny rosette glowing deep set in the point of it. Some vandal hand had made off with the rest, but for that lingering jewel it might have been the



Wood carving in a Brittany church.

window of a stone hut. Is this a meeting place for Druids, this rudely bare space with its grotesque carvings, its dank earthen floor? What idea of worship expression there was in the minds which designed

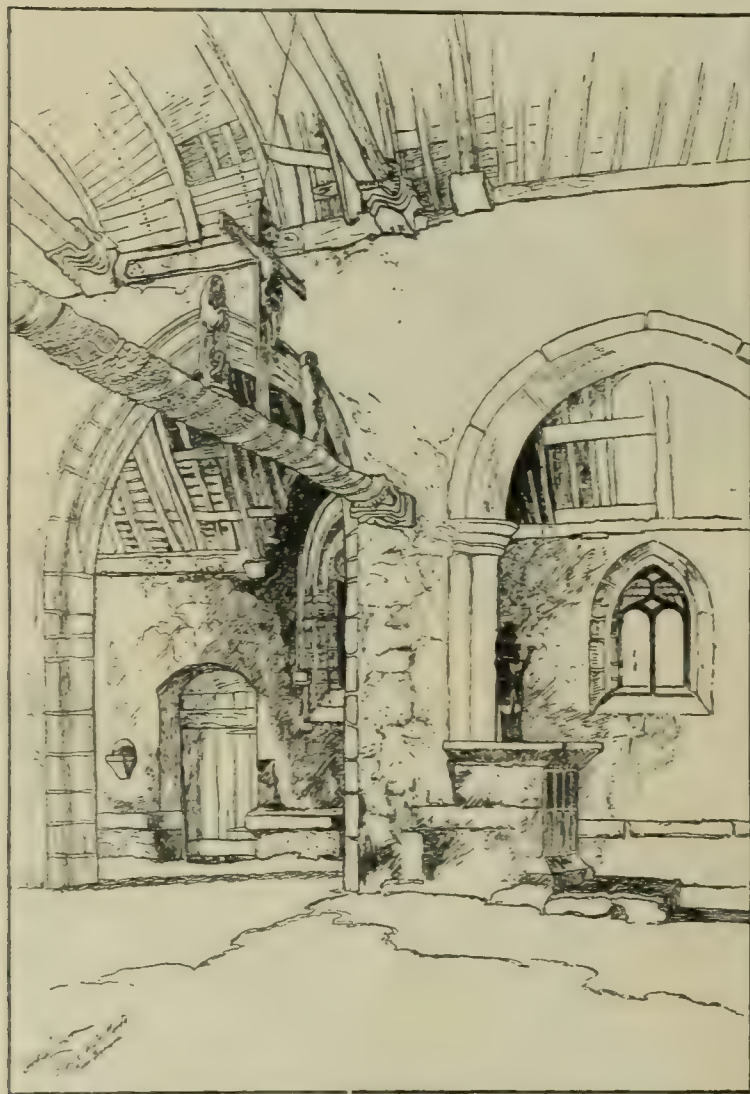
little difficulty with their speech; in temper they are singularly like the Irish, and they play their bagpipes like Highlanders. When the Phœnicians brought their commerce to these shores, they brought also their love for high places and green groves, and what the Druids absorbed of this they passed to their descendants. So the sport over the fires of St. John's Eve has far less to do with St. John than with their one-time fire-worship. And when one Breton smacks another's palm as the final seal to a bargain from which there is no backing, he does exactly what the Syrian children of the Canaanites do to-day. Solomon inveighed against the practice,* and this habit of old time transplanted from a far land, surviving among an equally ancient people, surely points the finger back a very long way.

There is no way out of the village of Pont-Aven except by climbing, unless you go the way of the river to the sea. It is as snug as a bird in a nest. Turn as you may, to leave it by road, you must climb. But up on the hills are the broad breathing places, the wide sweeps; and borne on the deliciously lazy summer air, the work of the forge, the insistent music of the clinking hammers faintly intermingling, or staccato sharp, but ever rhythmic, melodious, dominates all.

And is there a sound more replete with the sentiment of human craftsmanship than this?

Then, from these hills at the evening hour, one looks over the slaty roofs emerging from the blue smoke veil that tells of busy kitchens. The air, swimming and mellow, stirs the rustling poplars that catch the sky flame and toss it on to the leisurely curving swells beyond, where gorse and bracken vary the tones, and patches of field, and stone boundaries, add their patterning.

* Prov. vi : 1. xxii : 25.



Interior of the church of St. Maude.

those sculptured timbers one cannot fathom. They seemed caricatured memories of some barbarous mythology.

Outside, the air was sweet, and the breeze lightly stirred the heights of leafage. Soon the river was found again. There below a mill, where the stream pauses indolent after the mad rush through the race, a Belgian painter often cast his flies for trout. It is hard to say if he were more ardent a painter than fisherman.

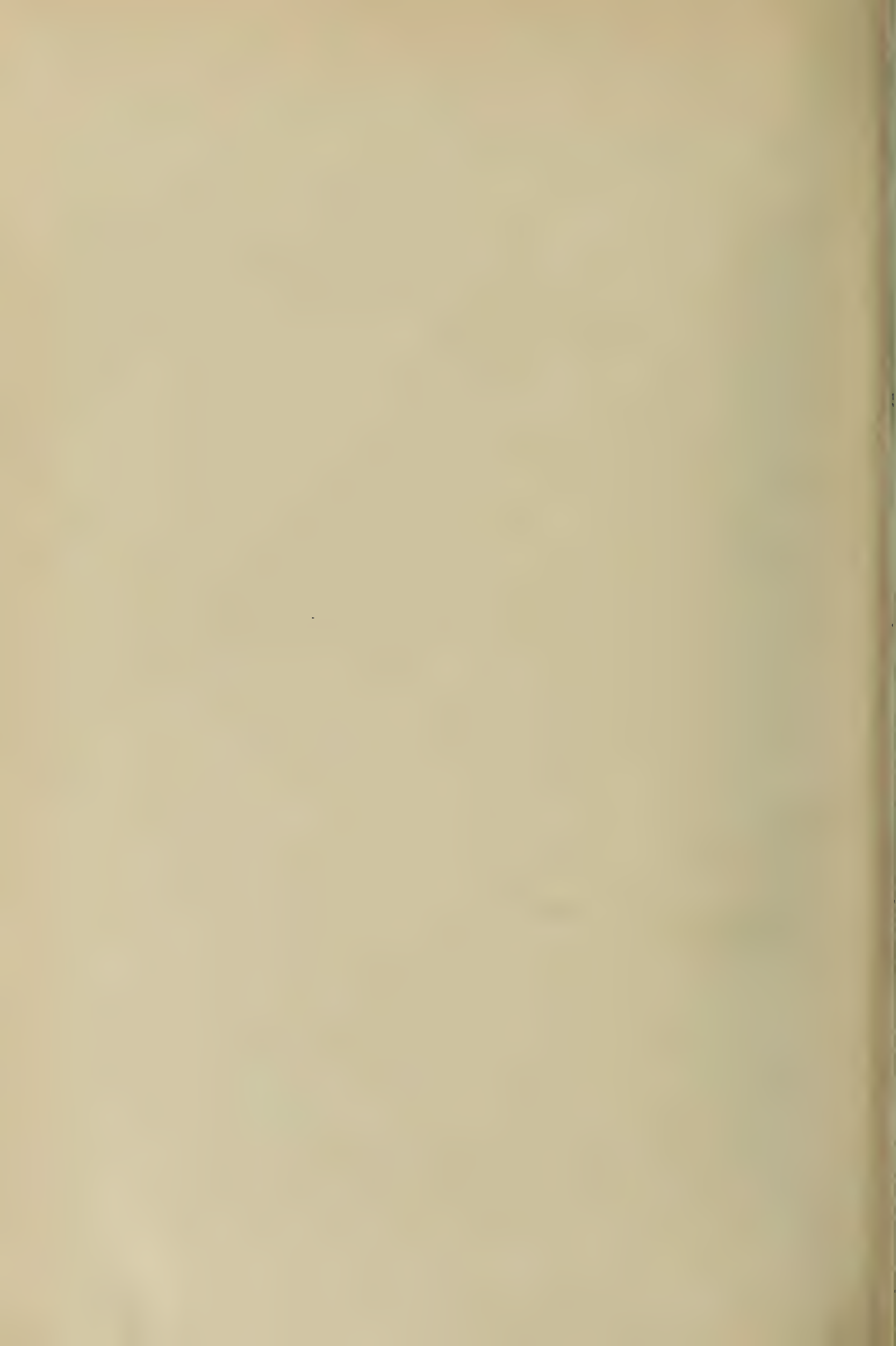
In this lower Brittany, the people are true Cymrics. A Welshman, it is said, has





Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linton.

A market-day.



There comes to one on these heights, also, the hum of the loungers on the bridge, the plodding of the sabots on the roads, the laughter of the washers by the stream. By some lonely menhir standing austere against the sky may be an anxious white-coiffed creature whispering her wishes to the stone.

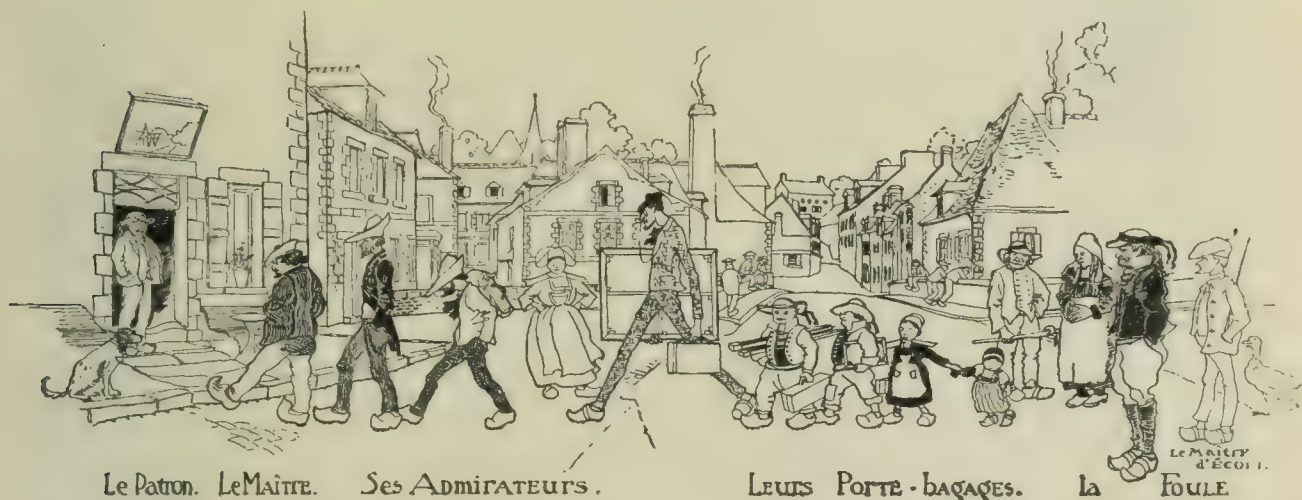
Up there, the earth is touched with a magic beauty, soon to be spirited away when the blue roofs huddle in a sombre mass in the dusk. Under them, families gather to sup, to gossip, and to tell strange tales; and finally to sleep in company with

the asses, pigs, and fowls. Wherever men dwell, there are gatherings about the hearth, but most of us exclude our lower creatures from our beds.

But in a land where there is a studied economy in baths, and where we may distinguish Sunday from the rest of the week only by the fresher whiteness of the broad collars and the dainty coiffes, let us be grateful for even that distinction.

"Water is cold, M'sieur, and makes to creep the skin!"

Let that suffice.



The "Impressionists."

TO A YOUNG GIRL

By Arthur Davison Ficke

So infinitely pitiful you stand,
Turning from me your fresh unshadowed eyes
To him who leads you, glad, toward all that lies
Hid in the promise of your Unknown Land.
I half would stay you, till you understand.
Is strength within you for such destiny,
Bearing and losing, love for what must die,
Pain, loneliness beyond the touch of hand? . . .

Yet—yet I dare not, in foreboding hour,
To touch the immortal spark that stirs your breast.
Go! For perhaps, with all its cruel power
And waste and loss and anguish, Life is best.
And though your Land hold but a single flower,
That one may pay the dark debt of the rest.

SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS

By Richard Hoffman

SECOND ARTICLE



ON our return to New York we found every one in a state of excited expectancy over the approaching arrival of Jenny Lind. Mlle. Lind had been unwilling for some time to listen to any overtures from Barnum or to sign an agreement for an American tour. She even refused to see Mr. Wilton, his agent, in England. Mr. Wilton knew my father, however, and begged him to suggest some way by which he might secure an audience with the diva. My father introduced him to Sir George Smart, who had taught my sister, and also had given some lessons to Jenny Lind. He consented to give the agent a letter of introduction, begging her at least to see Mr. Wilton. This plan seems to have succeeded, for after this meeting she signed for the American engagement.

Never had singer or musician such a "réclame" as she. Crowds were on the docks to witness the landing of the great songstress, crowds followed her to her hotel, and greater crowds were striving to obtain tickets to hear her sing.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, better known as The Commodore, tells the following anecdote of how as a boy he gained a free entrance to the first concert: "The price of tickets for Jenny Lind's first concert in America, in 1851, ranged from \$10 to \$100, at auction, for choice of seats, and \$5 for promenaders. The top price [\$300] was paid by John N. Genin, a prominent hatter of that period. I was passionately fond of music, but had not the means to buy a ticket. However, my curiosity to see the Swedish Nightingale (as she was called), and the conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, led me to place myself at the entrance to the

bridge which then extended over water from the Battery to Castle Garden, where I felt sure I would catch a glimpse of those distinguished people as they passed in.

"An immense throng had passed without my having seen them, and just as I was about to depart a lad appeared, who had recently been a schoolmate, selling the 'Life and Songs of Jenny Lind.' Expressing to him my unbounded desire to hear her sing, he handed me a bunch of the books and appointed me as salesman. I accepted the position at once and made many sales. When the concert began I squared accounts with him and took my place among the standees. The programme stated that at the close of Part I any vacant seat could be occupied by a promenader. I discovered one in the very front row, and with the last expiring note of Part I, I dropped into it.

"This explains how I got some of Jenny Lind's notes without giving her any of mine."

It may not be generally known that after her first concert Jenny Lind broke her contract with Barnum, refusing to sing again unless he changed the original terms, which were one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty concerts and all expenses. When she found that the receipts for the first night were twenty-eight thousand dollars, she demanded one thousand dollars per night, and half the receipts after three thousand dollars, with all expenses paid. Barnum was wise enough to see that he had discovered a gold mine, and fell in with the singer's demands. On the voyage over Jenny Lind had met two young men, civil engineers, who had come to seek their fortunes in America. One was Charles Seyton, a Scotchman, and the other was Max Hjostzberg, a Swede. Young Max had

fallen a victim to her attractions, and when she offered him a position as her secretary for the American tour, he eagerly accepted, and remained with her throughout the whole period of her engagement. Seyton also was taken into her service, and his business was to watch the box-office, and see to it that Jenny received her full share of the receipts according to the new contract. He became a good friend of mine, and lived with Burke and myself for some time, until he married. He became a successful business man and broker of the firm of Seyton & Wainwright, the latter a son of the Bishop of New York.

It seemed a wonderful stroke of good fortune for me to receive at this time the following letter from P. T. Barnum, requesting me to join the company of artists who were to assist Mlle. Lind, and to appear at the first concert on September 11, at Castle Garden:

BRIDGEPORT, Aug. 14th, 1850.

"RICHARD HOFFMAN, ESQ.,

"*Dear Sir:* By advice of Mr. Julius Benedict, I write to inform you that I will engage you to play for Jenny Lind's Concerts, etc., on the terms named by you and will sign an agreement to that effect on my arrival in New York about 25th inst.

"I expect that Miss Andrews (who I understand is your sister) will accompany Jenny Lind. I expect the 1st Concert will be given about the middle of Sept.

"Truly yours,

"P. T. BARNUM."

Mr. Burke was also engaged as violinist and leader, or concert-meister, of the orchestra, and played at all the concerts given by Jenny Lind in this country. In places where no orchestra could be obtained, Burke and I generally began the concert with a duet, then each a solo, before the prima donna appeared. It is true that no other performance than the singing of Mlle. Lind counted for anything, and that the duet which I played at the first concert with Benedict (afterward Sir Julius), as the programme will show, was hardly listened to, so eager was the audience to compare notes and exchange its impressions of the wonderful singer. Nevertheless, it certainly gave me a start in my career, which many years of ordinary concert-playing could never have done.

CASTLE GARDEN
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1850

PROGRAMME

PART I

Overture (Oberon) Weber
Aria, "Sorgete" (Maometto Secondo) Rossini
SIGNOR BELLETTI

Scena and Cavatina, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

Duet on two Piano Fortes (Themes from Norma) Thalberg

MESSIEURS BENEDICT AND HOFFMAN

Duetto "Per piacer alla Signora," (Il Turco in Italia) Rossini

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND AND SIGNOR BELLETTI

PART II

Overture (The Crusaders) Benedict
Trio for the Voice and two Flutes, composed expressly for Mademoiselle Jenny Lind (Camp of Silesia) Meyerbeer

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

FLUTES, MESSRS. KYLE AND SIEDE

Cavatina, "Largo al Factotum" (Il Barbiere) Rossini

SIGNOR BELLETTI

"The Herdsman's Song," more generally known as "The Echo Song"

MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

"The Welcome to America," written expressly for this occasion by Bayard Taylor, Esq. Benedict
MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND

Conductor M. Benedict

The Orchestra will consist of Sixty Performers, including the first instrumental talent in the country.

Price of tickets Three Dollars. Choice of places will be sold by Auction at Castle Garden.

Doors open at six o'clock. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind's Second Grand Concert will be given at Castle Garden on Friday evening, 13th instant.

Chickering's Grand Pianos will be used at the first Concert.

The pleasure I obtained from hearing this wonderful artist so frequently was in itself an education not to be overestimated. As I remember her voice, it was not so brilliant as it was deliciously rounded, and of an exquisite musical timbre. It possessed great volume, and what seemed an inexhaustible reserve force. She had a most attractive personality, and nothing could have been more naïve and charming than her

manner on the stage. She would trip on and off, as if in an ecstasy of delight at the opportunity of singing, bowing and smiling to her audience, and giving every one present a flattering sense of contributing in a measure toward the success of the evening. She had three or four songs which showed the wonderful compass and power of her voice, and one or more of these was called for at every concert. A Swedish Echo Song in which she would echo her own voice by a sort of ventriloquism that was quite marvellous, and another in which she made a remarkable diminuendo, reaching a pianissimo as faint as a sigh, but with a carrying power that made it distinctly audible at the most extreme limits of Castle Garden or Tripler Hall, where the later concerts were given. This was a fine building situated at Broadway and Bond Street, and just finished in time for the second series of concerts. The hall had fine acoustic advantages, and it was a great loss to the city when it was destroyed by fire a few years later. The Winter Garden was afterward built on the same site.

One of the most haunting things to me was her singing of Taubert's bird song—"I know not why I am singing." Her shake was the finest I ever heard, so close and even as to be altogether perfect. Her voice, which she said herself was naturally stiff and stubborn, she had educated and practised into such a degree of perfection that her roulades and cadenzas were unparalleled in their execution. In her sacred songs she rose to the sublime, and on one occasion as she finished singing the aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," I recollect that Daniel Webster, who was seated in the centre of the balcony, rose from his seat and made her a profound bow. Her rapt expression of face and never-ending volume of voice made her appear like some inspired seraph delivering a divine message.

She was indebted to Sir George Smart, with whom she had studied in England, for all the traditional renderings of oratorio parts, he being at that time the greatest living authority in this school of music, but her vocal training was done under Manuel Garcia in Paris.

In a short work recently published in London, entitled "Jenny Lind, Her Vocal Art and Cadenze," written by U. S. Rockstro and edited by Otto Goldschmidt, an

account is given of her studies with Garcia and the methods by which she attained to some of her most wonderful achievements. She had completed her twenty-first year before she had an opportunity of studying under his guidance, but she remained with him for over a year and left him, the most remarkable virtuosa of her time, or perhaps of all time. The work tells us that "previous to this her voice had been seriously impaired by the pernicious methods and fatiguing concert tours to which it had been subjected in Sweden," and adds that "the great secret of her perfect mastery over all technical difficulties lay in the fortunate circumstance that Signor Garcia was so very particular about the breathing . . . she learned to fill her lungs with such dexterity that except with her consent it was impossible to detect either the moment at which the breath was renewed or the method by which the action was accomplished."

Belletti, one of the assisting artists of the troupe, was a very beautiful singer with a pure, vibrant Italian voice, but with a most amusing pronunciation of the English language. His singing of "Why do ze naz-zions so fooriosely raage zu geder?" could not be heard without an audible smile from the audience.

The other members of the company were Salvi and Badiali, and later Otto Goldschmidt as pianist. There was always a good orchestra of about sixty or seventy, and it was at one of these concerts that Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" was given for the first time in this country. When Otto Goldschmidt joined the company it became evident from Jenny Lind's devotion to him that he was destined to become her husband. Sometimes the audiences broke out in a tumult of impatience during his performance of Thalberg's long fantasias, and Mlle. Lind—who always appeared in the wings while he was playing—took this means of silencing their murmurs of dissatisfaction. Her own rapt attention to the piano numbers made it impossible for the audience to assert itself, and her presence on the stage compensated in a measure for this delay before her next appearance.

While we were in Boston it was arranged to give the last two concerts at the enormous hall over the Fitchburg Railroad Station. Barnum, by some miscalculation of

the floor space, had sold many hundred more tickets than the place would hold, and the result was one of the most enraged crowds I ever beheld. I arrived rather late at the hall, and not being able to find any rear door to the stage, I had to explain my situation to the police at the entrance, and by their aid managed to get inside the doors. The aisles were so blocked with people that it was simply impossible to make any progress, and it was finally suggested by some enterprising man that I should be lifted up and passed over the heads of the people until I reached the stage. It was not unlike being tossed in a blanket, but I was a youth of slim proportions and finally reached the footlights rather more dead than alive, and very much disordered in my general appearance. I was put together, however, and took my place on the programme without causing any delay. I think this was the only time when a concert was given in a railway station; a place more obviously unsuited to a musical occasion could hardly have been devised, and we were all indignant at the management for transferring us thither from Tremont Temple, where the previous concerts had been given.

Jenny Lind made many warm friends in this country, and it was at the house of Mr. Samuel Ward, of Boston, that her marriage with Otto Goldschmidt was solemnized by Doctor (afterward Bishop) Wainwright. She always retained a sincere regard for the American character and some extracts from one of her letters will show how truly she appreciated all that was best in our people, although she was in no wise blind to their undeveloped artistic tastes nor the unusual methods of her impresario. It is addressed to Joseph Burke, with whom she kept up a desultory correspondence for many years, and whom she was ever ready to welcome to her home near London when chance led him to visit the Old World.

"DRESDEN, 17 Feby, 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: It was with a very great pleasure that I received and read your kind, friendly letter of the 1st of January, and many thoughts wandered through my head when I reflected upon the many changes that have taken place since our first New Year's Eve together in Charleston! It is a beautiful thing in life to find

Persons we can esteem and feel friendship for, and you are certainly one of those who have many times cheered me and made me to believe in solid friendship, and I for my part shall always feel interested in your welfare and happiness.

"I often think of America, it is the new world that is true; *there* is active life and room to take breath, while Europe is old, quite a Grandmother to the rest of the world. Here are thousands of beautiful things certainly, and life in Europe is rich and full of Art and Poetry, but except England there is here everywhere great *infidelity*, great want of moral activity. People here mostly misunderstand life's claim, object, and end—and this makes *me* to feel a stranger. Surrounded though I am by Kind People I feel already as if I was to spend my whole life in Germany, my soul and my faculties would remain undeveloped for want of such examples as I have seen in England and in America, and yet how many good qualities do the Germans possess, but—the *Pride* makes them blind—and Pride is our greatest and most dangerous *foe*.

"We are thank God very well, but I have nevertheless been obliged to make up my mind not to sing at all (I mean in public) this winter for indeed my head and my nerves wanted rest if I am to regain my former Powers once more. America, the anxiety I experienced there every time I sang to a 'Barnumish' House (you will understand all I mean with that only word) has put me down very considerably and my whole iron constitution was necessary to resist as well as I did. The *tranquility* I enjoy now does me much good I feel, and my voice is in perfect order, so that it is a great sacrifice for me not to sing.

"That you did not go to California was in my opinion very wise, you would have regretted your voyage I fear. And Miss Barnum married! She is a good-hearted Person, may she have found the man that can make her happy!

"I wished that you had some nice reasonable Pupils that could cheer you up in your fatigant lessons as a Music Teacher, but I know well from experience how seldom one finds a little more than commonplace mediocrity in the musical *geniuses* of the Family celebrities! I remember your playing like that great Pianist with the chromatic pas-

sage with the right hand, how we used to laugh then. Poor my Max,*—I knew he would have dark days before him, but it will come right again I hope, as he has the gift of throwing off many trials with a real *patte de chat*. He is to a very high degree violent in his temper, and only hard circumstances will put him down. Our education in London is so foolish, that instead of smoothing down our by nature volcanic, they do all they can to tune us up still higher, and this is a great misfortune.

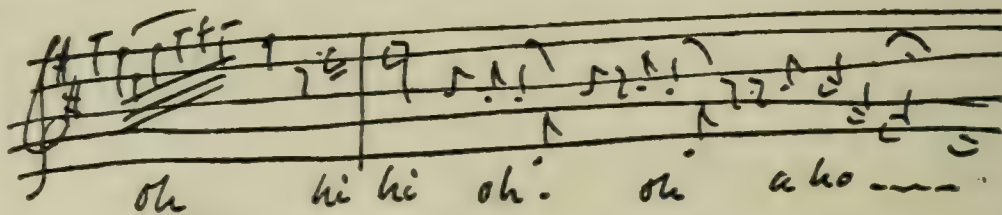
"Mr. Goldschmidt begs me to send you his best compliments, he continues to make justice to my opinion of a true, uninterested friend of mine, he is very kind and faithful to me, bears with great patience and mildness my many infirmities, and my impulsive nature gets smoothed by his equal and dignified temper. God bless and lead him on in the right way, as I have every reason to love and respect him.

"Miss Ahmanssen is always the same self-sacrificing friend to both of us with her whole heart and true affection, she has been the greatest use to me through her experience in everything and my little——begins to walk better with every day. John has been with us again all since the month of June but now we send him away again—Little——was left in England she was so ill.

"Our journey through Switzerland was very delightful. That is nature! how beautiful those snowy mountains with their everlasting Winter. I was delighted to look up to those summits into which no human Pride ever will climb but in his *thoughts*! And the German must feel sullen, angry, not to be able to tell what century that *buildt* them.

"I expect that you like Alboni's singing (although she is rather fat as a person!) 'tis true from years ago at least, she sang beautifully with feeling, taste and understanding, pity that she has spoiled (broken) her voice by making it a high Soprano, she is by nature intended a Contralto. And now—God bless you and protect you, my

dear J:—may you remain in good health and Spirit 'till we meet again! Give my best compliments and kindest regards to your family. Mr. G:—also begs to be most kindly remembered to you all, and I remain now and always your old (new) acquaintance and friend*



"JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT,
"born LIND."

Another letter from Sir Julius Benedict seems to show that he, too, had formed some pleasant friendships on our shores and carried back with him agreeable memories of his visit to our country.

"2 MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON,
"31st March, 1856.

"DEAR BURKE: I have been so much occupied of late that I could not immediately answer your kind letter of last month, but I can assure you I am quite happy to think that you have not forgotten your old friend. I delivered your note to Madame Goldschmidt who as well as her husband and my Godchild are in excellent health and spirits. Their success is even greater than in 1847 and 1848. The receipts of the concerts can only be compared with the best in the United States, and instead of flagging the excitement is on the increase. They have now left for a tour in the provinces of 7 to 8 weeks, with Ernst and Piatti, but this being the busiest time for me I could not accompany them; I expect them, however, back about the 10th of May, and they then will perform again for the first time at my concert on Wednesday, May 21st. You have heard no doubt of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre. Lumley is to open early in May with Bottesini as Musical Director, Albertina, Piccolomini, Viardot as Prima Donnas. Beaucarde, Salviani (whom you have heard at New York) Tenors, Everardi, Angelini as Bassos. Gye has the old favorites with Costa and will open about the 21st April at the Lyceum. The English Opera at Drury Lane with

* Mlle. Lind's secretary, Max Hjotzberg.

* Cadenza from the famous "Echo Song."

Lucy Escott—and Drayton does a tolerable business. I have accepted the Conductorship of the new Philharmonic conjointly with Dr. Wylde. What you told me of P. T. Barnum has quite taken me by surprise. Why could not he let well enough alone with the enormous wealth he has collected? I saw poor Le Grand Smith at one of Mde. Goldschmidt's concerts just two days before he sailed in the ill-fated *Pacific*. What a horrible story if she should be lost! Mr. Wilton has just turned up again from Australia where he accompanied G. W. Brooke the Actor. I am glad to see that you keep up your violin playing and that you performed my favorite Concerto at one of the Philharmonic meetings, which I have already heard was quite successful. Belletti is still at Genoa, where he has been singing, but where his career was stopped for a considerable time by illness. I shall give him your friendly greetings. Pray remember me to Hoffman, Timm, Scharfenberg, Rackemann and all those who yet remember me. I very often think of the happy days we passed together, our Chess Battles, and your beautiful Country where I received so much kindness on all sides and which I fear I shall never see again,

"Believe me, my dear Burke,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"JULES BENEDICT."

So much has been written of the wonderful tour of Jenny Lind through the United States that it would seem as if nothing more was left to be said. Her triumphs and her charities went hand in hand, and a quotation from Rosenberg's book, now out of print, describing her first year in this country will show in what high esteem she was held by every one: "She must not be estimated alone as the greatest vocalist who has ever appeared before the lovers of melody on these shores, or on those of Europe. She is essentially one of the noblest, most self-denying and most charitable of living women. None who have met her and known her can doubt this, as none with whom she has at any time been connected can fail of appreciating her warm and kindly nature."

The people of New York and Boston had received a strong musical impulse from the Lind concerts, and it was not astonishing to find them ready to extend as warm, if not

as excited, a reception to Thalberg as they had to Jenny Lind. He was not managed by such a showman as P. T. Barnum but he was well heralded by Ullmann, and I distinctly remember the intense curiosity with which the audience awaited his first performance in Niblo's concert room in the autumn of 1855. He was the first really great pianist of European fame to come to this country, and he was known to have divided the honors and opinions of the old world with Liszt himself. It is true De Meyer had been here and had in turn astonished and charmed his audiences by his immense "tours de force" and his delicate touch, while Gottschalk, fresh from his Parisian triumphs, had also been heard and admired, but the colossal reputation of a Thalberg had worked up the pitch of expectancy to fever heat. It was not a trifling incident of the day or week to go to one of these concerts, but a much-coveted privilege eagerly sought for and anticipated as a rare treat. At the matinees, always largely attended by ladies, quite a social feature was added by the serving of tea and light confectionery during the entr'actes.

Thalberg was immensely successful, giving as many as three concerts in a day, one in the morning and evening in New York, and a third in the afternoon in Brooklyn. His repertoire consisted only of about twelve of his own fantasias, but these were played with absolute perfection. There is no doubt that the great players of the last generation were much more perfect in technical finish than those of the present time who play everything from Bach to Liszt. Thalberg was wise enough to avoid all compositions which he felt did not belong to his peculiar genre; he did not encroach upon the classics, and consequently he never scored any failures. He knew his limitations, but he did not allow others to discover them. He was satisfied to be successful in his own compositions, which still remain the best operatic transcriptions extant. His perfect virtuosity was the result of untiring labor. Vincent Wallace once told me that he had heard him practise two bars of his "Don Pasquale Fantasia" in the octave variation on the Serenade for a whole night, never leaving the piano until sunrise. I gave my warmest sympathy to Wallace, but I confess to have enjoyed very keenly the result of the night's work. I

think I heard him every time he played in New York, as Ullmann sent me an entrée to the concerts for the season. I had always been an ardent apostle of his methods, and the more I heard him the more I felt his claim on my admiration.

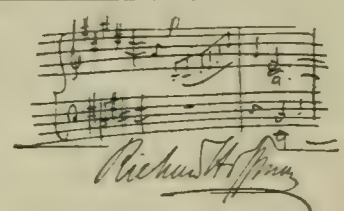
Later in the same year Thalberg and Gottschalk joined forces and played some duets for two pianos at the Niblo concerts, one in particular on themes from "Trovatore" composed by both of them, and which I have never seen in print, was wonderfully effective and created the most tremendous furore and excitement. A remarkable double shake which Thalberg played in the middle of the piano, while Gottschalk was flying all over the keyboard in the "Anvil Chorus," produced the most prodigious volume of tone I ever heard from the piano.

Gottschalk and Thalberg brought their own European grand pianos with them, the former used a Pleyel, and the latter an Erard, but finding the Chickering grands so satisfactory they both adopted them, as the foreign pianos suffered very much from our changeable climate. The retirement of Thalberg and Gottschalk practically ended the reign of those artists, who devoted their whole energies and talents to the perfection of execution, and for this end chiefly using their own compositions as mediums of virtuosity. If Gottschalk's reputation as an artist of the first rank has been somewhat dimmed by succeeding virtuosi as well as by the change which has taken place in the taste of the musical public, he nevertheless stood alone

as master of a style all his own. Possessed of the languid, emotional nature of the tropics, his music recalled the land of his birth and the traits of his people. He became at one time the rage in society; he was overwhelmed with attentions from the fair sex, and was sought after both in public and private. He must have been completely overpowered by these testimonies

of esteem had he not been endowed with more strength of character than is generally accorded to him. I knew him well, and always found him a generous and sympathizing friend, ever ready to aid in advancing my career, and according to me all the credit which was my due. I often assisted him at his concerts in duets for two pianos, one on themes from Verdi's "Jerusalem," another his own arrangement of "William Tell," and after his return from Cuba we played his Cuban dances for two performers on one piano.

At his second concert in New York, after his return from Paris, he chose to play Weber's "Concertstück," rather a strange choice, as it was physically impossible for him to execute the octave glissando passages as marked, from a habit of biting his nails to such an extent that his fingers were almost devoid of them, and a glissando under these circumstances was out of the question. He substituted an octave passage, played from the wrist with alternate hands, very cleverly to be sure, but missing a good deal of the desired effect. He was so persistent in this habit of biting his nails that I have known the keys to be covered with



1847 1897

TESTIMONIAL CONCERT
TO
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
ON THE OCCASION OF THE
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK
AT
CHICKERING HALL
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER FIRST
AT THREE O'CLOCK

PROGRAMME

1. **QUARTETTE, G minor, Mozart**
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, Pianoforte
MR. GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, Violin
MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, Viola
MR. EMIL SCHENCK, Violoncello
2. **CONCERTO, C major, Bach**
Two Pianofortes with String Quintette
MRS. CHARLES B. FOOTE and
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
3. **PIANO SOLOS, Chopin**
Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2,
Ballade, Op. 23,
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN
4. **SEPTETTE, Hummel**
MR. RICHARD HOFFMAN, Pianoforte
MR. WM. SCHADE, Flute
MR. JOSEPH ELLER, Oboe
MR. OTTO K. SCHILL, Viola
MR. EMIL SCHENCK, Violoncello
MR. FELIX LEIFELS, Contra Basso

W. D. Schickel *Armin*

(See page 442.)

blood when he had finished playing. It was the fashion at that time always to wear white gloves with evening dress, and his manner of taking them off, after seating himself at the piano, was often a very amusing episode. His deliberation, his perfect indifference to the waiting audience was thoroughly manifest, as he slowly drew them off one finger at a time, bowing and smiling meanwhile to the familiar faces in the front rows. Finally disposing of them, he would manipulate his hands until they were quite limber, then preludize until his mood prompted him to begin his selection on the programme. He devoted himself almost entirely to his own compositions, which were full of character and charm, and he remains to-day the one American composer of genuine originality, the "Bamboula," "Marche de Nuit," "Le Bananier," "Jota Aragonesa," and others too numerous to mention bearing abundant testimony of his genius.

I have often seen him arrive at a concert in no mood for playing, and declare that he would not appear; that an excuse might be made, but that he would not play. He cared no more for the public than if he had been in a private drawing-room where he could play or not as he pleased; but a little coaxing and a final *push* would drive him on to the stage, and after a few moments the fire would kindle and he would play with all the brilliancy which was so peculiarly his own. He was possessed of a ringing, scintillating touch, which, joined to a poetic charm of expression, seemed to sway the emotions of his audience with almost hypnotic power.

His eyes were the striking feature of his face, large and dark with peculiarly drooping lids, which always appeared half closed as he played. There must be some youthful grandmothers in New York to-day who have experienced the charm of their magnetic albeit languorous glances.

There was much that was sad and painful about his death, which occurred at Rio, in 1869. A mystery hung over his last days which has never been clearly explained. All that we know is recorded by his sister, who edited his book, published in 1881, and entitled "Notes of a Pianist." These notes, originally written in French, are so full of spirit and local color that one is almost inclined to believe that Gottschalk, had he lived, might have been as prolific and

original with his pen as he was in his music.

After I had been in America eight or nine years I frequently went abroad to pass the summer, and it was during one of these visits I first met Charles Hallé. I met him one day at Broadwood's, where he was choosing a piano to play upon at a matinee that afternoon at the Musical Union. He made me try it for him, and invited me to go to the concert and hear him play. He gave some selections of Chopin, and later at St. James's Hall I heard him in some of the last "Sonatas" of Beethoven. He had formerly played all of the sonatas by heart, but was not doing so then, and used an invention for turning the leaves which was acted upon by a pedal worked with the right foot. Although he was among the first to play all the Beethoven sonatas by heart, he no longer felt able to continue the mental strain of this Herculean task.

England was justly proud of this great artist, whom she claimed for her own, conferring upon him the highest honors reserved for her choicest talent and most esteemed subjects.

I made the acquaintance of Ernest Lubbeck at this time—about 1863—and heard him play at the London Philharmonic Mendelssohn's "D Minor Concerto," and at the Musical Union Beethoven's "E Flat Sonata" and the last movement of Mendelssohn's organ "Sonata in F." We afterward travelled together to Paris, where I dined at his house. He introduced me to a new set of études he had just composed, very clever and effective. I had sent some of my pupils to him, who were going abroad for musical study, and he showed me much kindness and hospitality. I learned with regret that he died soon afterward. I played his "Grand Polonaise" at one of the Philharmonic concerts in New York, but it failed to make the effect I had hoped.

Another interesting episode of the summer was my acquaintance with the Misses Leech, sisters of John Leech of *Punch*. I spent many pleasant musical evenings at their house, usually accompanied by my friend, Giulio Regondi. It was my delight to study over and over again the clever sketches by their brother, with which the walls of their house were literally covered, and seeing my interest in them they made

me the happy possessor of two, adding to them a photograph of John Leech himself, taken from life. These ladies started a school soon after their brother's death, but the sale of his sketches at Christies' in London in April, 1866, must have placed them beyond the necessity of any bread-winning labors for the remainder of their lives. Lord Ronald Gower in his "Reminiscences" mentions that some of the water-color sketches brought one hundred pounds apiece, while those in pen and ink and pencil sold at proportionately high prices. His success in character sketching was perhaps equalled, though never surpassed, by the late George du Maurier. But Du Maurier was doubly gifted as artist and writer, and probably no man ever enjoyed a greater notoriety than came to him after the publication of "Trilby." The craze, or the malady, for it amounted to that, attacked all sorts and conditions of men, and I was so far infected by it as to compile an album of Trilby music, including the melody of "Ben Bolt." The authenticity of the latter being questioned, and another tune discovered set to the same inspiring words, I determined to try and find out if mine was correct and the one intended by the author. I wrote a little note to him, sending at the same time a copy of the music, and not long after received the following reply:

"Feb'y 3d, 195,
NEW GROVE HOUSE,
HEMPSTEAD HEATH.

"DEAR SIR: Many thanks for the Trilby music, you make me proud indeed. The tune you have put to Ben Bolt is the tune I meant—I didn't know there was another.

"Pray believe me

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE DU MAURIER."

In looking backward over the past twenty-five years of musical events in this country I would signalize the following as among the most important: The coming of Christine Nilsson in 1870, the concert season of Anton Rubinstein, and the three engagements of Dr. Hans von Bülow. Add to these the great musical festival of New York in 1881, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and those of Cincinnati, which did so much to awaken the musical taste of

the West and to open out a hitherto undiscovered country to those of the profession who were beginning to find the East overcrowded with aspirants. Of these the first two were perhaps the most emotional in their interest and influence, and the last two the most essentially educational. The foreground of this summary contains Tschaikowsky, Dvořák, Paderewski, and the modern opera singers, all of whom are too near us to judge clearly of their influence upon the future of musical development, or to come under the head of "Recollections."*

It is true that many singers and musicians of note had come and gone in the interval since Jenny Lind and Thalberg, but there had been none since these whose reputation and advent had awakened such lively interest as that aroused by the engagement of Christine Nilsson. Great preparations were made for her reception. Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, who was at that time President of the Philharmonic Society, had issued cards of invitation to all the musical profession and amateurs of New York to meet Mlle. Nilsson at a reception which he gave in her honor at his house, then standing on the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fourth Avenue. It was during this entertainment that the Philharmonic Orchestra tendered her a serenade and offered the Swedish singer a welcome to America. This house, which has long since disappeared, stood far back from the street, and the gardens in front afforded an excellent vantage ground for the orchestra to station itself. I was present on this occasion and recall with pleasure the charming and affable manners of Mlle. Nilsson, who made a most agreeable impression on every one. She was at this time tall and graceful, with an abundance of blonde hair, made more striking by her dark eyebrows and deep-set gray eyes. She had just come from the Grand Opera in Paris, where she had created the parts of *Mignon* and *Ophelia* in these operas of Ambroise Thomas, and her conception of *Marguerite* in "Faust" and of *Valentine* in the "Huguenots" was superlatively fine. We have rarely, if ever, had a finer actress on the operatic stage, whose divas up to this time had seldom developed great histrionic ability. Grisi, it is true, had her moments of dramatic

* This was written in 1897.



Jenny Lind.

power in "Norma" and the "Huguenots," but Nilsson might have won fame without her musical gifts by her splendid impersonations in tragedy and melodrama. In 1873, Campanini joined the Strakosch Company and sang with Nilsson in all her best parts. His voice, then fresh and smooth, possessed many charming qualities. Like Nilsson, his acting was superb, and together they have given some of the finest representations in Italian opera we have ever had in this country.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic Society to Mlle. Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor. The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction,

but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred, and then to stand beneath her windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and amorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound, even, to hear a double quartette of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, singing beneath the windows of some favored damsel, while paterfamilias, or the butler, made ready some light refreshment for the donors of this graceful compliment. These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads, and other voices of the night, but thirty-five or forty years ago even New



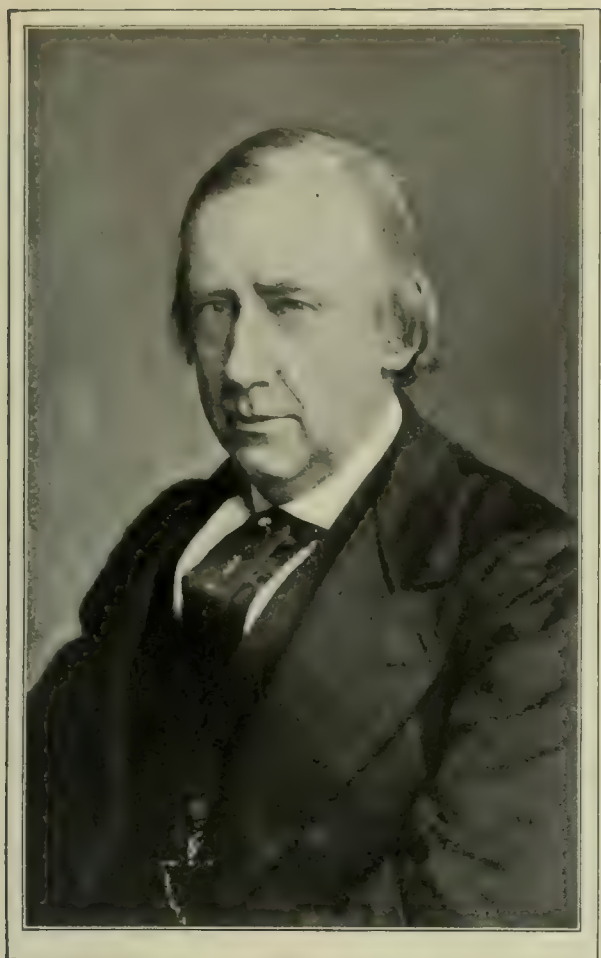
Richard Hoffman, 1893

York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchmen lent an indulgent ear to these revellers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern *régime*.

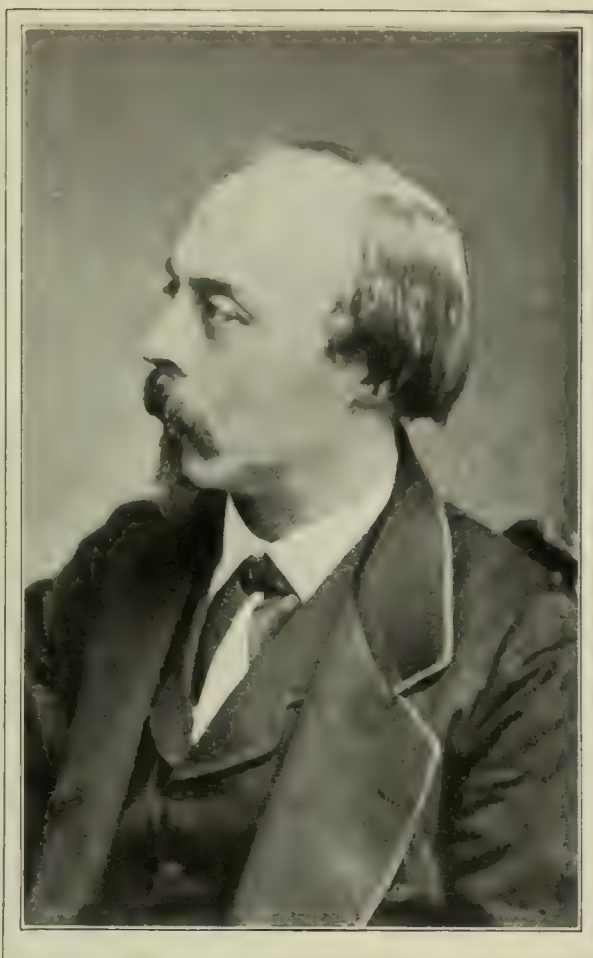
If I pass somewhat hastily over the Rubinstein epoch it is not because I was insensible to its influence. I shall never forget the magnificent *en train* of his playing nor the nobility of his style, but as I had no personal acquaintance with Rubinstein beyond an introduction and a few words of greeting I cannot enlarge upon his characteristics. I recall, however, his rather startling reply, when I asked him what he was to play at his first concert: "To play?" he answered gloomily. "What matters it what I play!—but I answer your question certainly," and he mentioned several compositions.

I saw much more of Hans von Bülow, who came to the Chickering's in 1875. We met frequently in an informal way, and I played with him two or three times in public, once in the D minor "Triple Concerto" of Bach, with accompaniment of double string quartette and double bases added, and also in the concerto for four pianos, when a pupil of his and one of mine took the third and fourth pianos.* I first met him at Mr. Frank Chickering's, and as he asked me to play for him I began with some of my own compositions, which I thought might interest him more than those with which he was so entirely familiar. In reply to his complimentary criticism I said they were "only trifles," to which he quickly answered: "But trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." His

* Miss Marion Brown Mrs. C. B. Foote.



Charles Hallé.



Dr. Hans von Bülow.

wit was ever ready, and his quick repartee and dry humor made him a most entertaining companion. His audiences at Chickering Hall were composed of the most cultured amateurs of New York as well as those of the profession, and one saw the same people at each concert in their regular places. His programmes were followed with the greatest attention, and all those who were privileged to assist at this series of musical entertainments must have been sensible of the atmosphere of intellectual enthusiasm which pervaded them.

Von Bülow made the usual tour of the West at this time, but refused to do so when he came in 1884. He was particularly amused at the musical criticisms of his playing by the local newspapers of the Western cities, and kept a scrap-book in which he preserved a large number of these choice specimens of *belles-lettres* accompanied by marginal comments of his own. These contained rare bits of caustic wit and would afford a feast of amusement to-day could they be reproduced in fac-simile and

given to the public. This scrap-book was in the possession of the Baroness von Overbeck, a very beautiful American who had married a German baron. She was a fine musician herself, and during the first and second Von Bülow engagements happened to be in this country. She attended all the concerts in New York, Washington, and other Eastern cities, and soon found the Maestro ready to lay his homage at her feet, and with it this most diverting record of his Western experiences.

During his third visit, in 1889, when Von Bülow was giving his Beethoven Cycles, and performing the colossal feat of playing all the Sonatas by heart, I persuaded him to come to one of my Trio afternoons given at a private house, when a Bach programme was to be played. One of the numbers was the first "Prelude" with Gounod's "Ave Maria" melody, to which he objected, saying he liked his Bach unadulterated. He soon entered into the spirit of the music, however, and constituted himself an impromptu conductor. When the string quar-



Sigismond Thalberg.

tette, which accompanied the concertos for two pianos, played a little too loud he did not hesitate to hush them down very audibly. He seemed to enjoy the programme highly, and one of my pupils, who played in the concerto for two pianofortes, was considerably dismayed when the doctor insisted on turning the leaves for her.

I went one evening to hear a Brahms programme, given at a club meeting, when Von Bülow was present. A sonata for piano and violin was played from a proof-copy of the doctor's, and when the performance was over he took the music from the desk and presented it to me, which may have struck the performers as hardly fair to them, as I had taken no part in it. But he was an impulsive spirit and it would not have helped matters had I asked him to amend his preferences, hence I still keep the copy, which I value very much.

The following letter came to me from him in acknowledgment of the dedication of one of my compositions which I sent to

him soon after his return to Germany in 1889:

"HAMBURG, 5th of Jan'y, 1890.

"DEAR SIR:

AND WORSHIP—COMPANION
FOR THE HEROES BACH, BEETHOVEN AND
BRAHMS !

"I feel most unhappy that you must have considered for many weeks my poor self as a first rate ruffian because I did not answer sooner your kind note. But of course the curse of letters going astray occurs very often in my wandering life and the heaping of epistles from everywhere.

"Now—revising and putting in order my papers at the threshold of the New Year—finally I got repossessing your flattering lines. Accept please one hundred and eleven thanks for the honor you will bestow upon me your Eb Minor Scherzo. With best regards to Mrs. Hoffman and heartiest albeit retarded greetings of the Season, I remain dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"HANS VON BÜLOW."

Between the first and second visits to this country, he had married a woman of unusual culture, charm, and intelligence, who has recently edited with great ability several volumes of his letters, published in Germany and America soon after his death. It is gratifying to know that in her devotion and sympathetic companionship he must have found compensation for the troubles and sorrows of his first matrimonial experience.

There is no doubt but the musical world of to-day is strongly dominated by Wagner. Musical thought is unconsciously influenced by any school of music that suddenly supplants the old traditions, and it is difficult for composers to avoid a certain imitation of so subtle and powerful a style as that of Richard Wagner.

If the old laws of composition interfere with his inspiration he discards them and

makes his own—but he produces tonal effects that are superlatively fine. We all crave new sensations, and he has given them to us, sometimes, perhaps, at too great length, since we are mortals and the “sublime” will “weary” if not withdrawn before nature is exhausted. But who has interpreted with greater fascination the sounds of the forest or the rippling of waters, the song of the bird or the crackling of flames! Add to these the love *motifs*, the picturesque settings of his operas all planned by him, and the stupendous task of adapting the old legends and myths into poems that hold your interest and attention through hours of representation, and you have before you the work of a Titan that claims the admiration of the world.

It is often a subject of wonder to people how anything new can be evolved from such



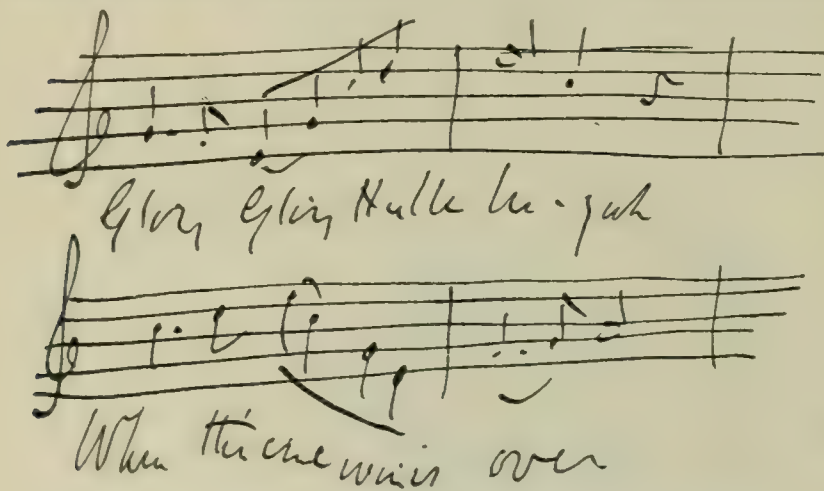
From a photograph, copyright, 1861, by C. D. Fredericks & Co.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk.

well-worn material as the old musical gamut—or scale—but it is, after all, only a framework, and inspiration has its own tools. We do not criticise the sacred fire if it consumes our oldest traditions. Perhaps the story of Balfe's method of finding melodies when inspiration failed may be new to some. He would put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, then draw them out from a hat, one by one, and note them down, having previously decided upon his key and time. The reiterated notes of some of his melodies certainly warrant the truth of this:



And still another of the composer of the "Glory Hallelujah" chorus of war-time fame, who, in consequence of its popularity, turned the tune upside down and manufactured "When this cruel war is over," and garnered another good harvest:



But these tricks are unworthy and only fit for the factory which is now striving to enter into competition with the handwork of the musician, and to give to the world, by means of mechanical contrivances, what he has paid for perhaps with his life's blood. They will have their success and their day of triumph, but they cannot survive.

It has often amused me to look for musical resemblances; there are so many curious instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. It is perhaps remarkable that they do not occur oftener. I have discarded

many of my own compositions that I thought rather good, because some one, perhaps one of my own children, would say upon hearing it: "Oh, father, that is just like so and so!" naming possibly some well-known composition. I usually found they were right in their diagnosis, and I would decide to change the treatment or, more often, give up the case.

If it were possible to look as far into the future as I have into the past, I might predict that the great composers of the twentieth century would be found in America. To-day, even, we can name several of whom we are justly proud. Who knows, indeed,

but the descendant of the native Indian will be capable of singing the songs of the forest primeval, the rush of the cataract, and the legends of his vanished tribe, in harmonies as yet unheard or

even imagined. I am told that given the usual advantages of an ordinary education, it takes but one generation from the full-blooded savage to make an excellent orthodox divinity student, as well as a good American citizen with right of suffrage. If the road

is so short from the prairie to the pulpit, and from the wigwam—shall we say to the White House?—why may not music look for a new prophet among this people so amenable to the influences of civilization? They have ever been a silent race, given to but slight interchange in language; it is not impossible that they should eventually find their inspiration in music, and

wring from our well-nigh exhausted gamut tonal effects hitherto unknown.

The testimonial concert which was tendered to me at Chickering Hall on December 1, 1897, [p. 434] in celebration of my fifty years of musical work in this country, led me to search the archives of memory for these musical recollections. Scattered and incomplete as they are, I dedicate them to those who have been my friends and pupils in the course of this long period, and who have helped me by their encouragement and appreciation to feel that my labors in the cause we have loved have not been in vain.

A FLIGHT FOR THE COUNTESS ROYAL

By Frederick Palmer

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOUNG



THE King was waiting. His expectant ear heard the distant hum of a motor as sweet music. Out of the shadow thrown by a hill-top in the moonlight flashed the apparition which was to give him the wings of youth. Familiar with the landing-place, it glided in faultless precision toward that solitary figure in Tyrolese hunting costume on the outskirts of the grounds of the Palace of Lindenberg.

"Have I kept you long, your Majesty?" asked Danbury Rodd. He had flown straight from Vienna, that Paris without rouge, of which he had grown exceedingly fond while occupied in establishing his Austrian plant.

"No," said the King. "I came out early in case you should be early. But you never are, nor are you late. You are always just on time."

"I will bear that in mind for the next occasion."

His Majesty laughed at the thrust. Indeed, he laughed heartily, as a prisoner might when he found himself free to do as he pleased.

"On the next occasion! You must think I imagine you are a gentleman in waiting from the way I bid you go and come. But it has been a long day, full of dulness—six changes of uniform, two addresses, and too much Prime-Minister! As the afternoon wore on I could not resist tempting your good nature again. So I wired."

"To my delight!" Rodd answered. The cipher telegrams from Lindenberg were all to his taste. They had no sense of royal command. They gratified his liking for the man; for it was the man, not the King, whom he served. "The destination is the same?" he asked.

"Yes, to the Countess Hoffeldt's lodge," said His Majesty, wrapping his cloak about him to keep out the pressure of the night air as they rose. "You must know the way well by this time!"

"Yes, so well that I think I could go it on foot without looking at the sign-posts."

"You make feasible what otherwise would be out of the question. Thanks to you and your aeroplane, I dine with the Countess and the court is none the wiser. I finish my day's work; I am away in the night; and I am up for inspection of the guard at seven the next morning, as every King of Lindenberg has been for several hundred years."

"It really means so much to you? I am gratified, indeed," said Rodd.

"And probably you have wondered why I like to dine with the Countess?"

Rodd had to admit that he was human, and no human being except the Bedouin dervish has ever been known to be without curiosity.

"Then why should I keep half the secret when you already know the other half? The Countess was my sweetheart thirty years ago. I wanted to marry her. I was so determined and boyish and stubborn about it that my father had difficulty in curing me. Of course, the thing was impossible—*impossible!*"

"I hate to think it!" said Rodd. The Countess was adorable; the King, in her presence, a different being, who no longer seemed prematurely old and careworn.

"Oh, you are young! You are an American! But when one has been a king—a king and an automaton—as long as I have, he learns that it does not work out in practice for royalty to marry out of royalty."

Rodd did not believe any such nonsense. He believed in marrying whomever one loved. However, he was not going to endanger a flow of narrative with argument.

"And I did love her! My God! How I did love her! There never was any other woman on earth like her!" exclaimed the King. "Yes, I am not ashamed of it. I am proud of it. I loved her so much that it took her to cure me—not my father. She put an end to my folly by marrying an army



Drawing by F. C. Yohn

Along the northern rampart a man was pacing.—Page 446.

officer she did not love—and this for my sake and the sake of the State!”

“That is one point of view,” Rodd thought, appearing too busy to talk himself and yet a magnetic listener who begged His Majesty to proceed.

Park-like pine forest succeeded pine forest; shadowy figures dotted the winding roads; bearded grain glistened in the fields, and the lights of the peasants’ cottages speckled that cultivated land of counted trees and counted spears of grass.

“I married a Danish princess whom my father chose,” the King proceeded. “You know what great butter-makers the Danes are. Our Lindenbergers are all for cheese, but Her Majesty would have them learn butter. She established schools, offered prizes, and set half my people to churning. But, alas! our butter would not sell and our export trade suffered. Her disappointment was possibly one of the reasons which would never let her feel at home among our hills. She always longed for the Baltic mists. For her unhappy position, which I tried to make as easy as I could, I had all sympathy, and for her memory I have all the deep respect that the Countess has for her husband’s.

“Since we were free to do so, the Countess and I have corresponded regularly. When in difficulty I always seek her advice. She is a counsellor of inexhaustible fertility of resource. She gives me the cards to play against the Prussian kaisers, who would reduce all the small kings to the position of clerks in a Hamburg merchant’s office. In a word, she is my inspiration and I call her my Countess Royal. But gray hairs have taught us wisdom. Now we see that our sacrifice was wise.”

“She thinks so, too?” Rodd inquired.

“Why, yes,” answered the King.

The *Falcon* alighted in front of a small secluded lodge in the Tyrol. A door opened and His Majesty kissed the finger-tips of the woman who stood in the outpour of light from a shaded lamp—a woman who must have been surpassingly beautiful in her youth, and a woman who was beautiful yet and sweet with a repressed sadness.

To-night as the Countess Royal took Rodd’s hand she slipped a folded paper into his palm. He thrilled; yet less from this than from a message from her eyes, which could have sent a regiment fighting

for her sake. It told him that the note concerned the King.

“I may expect you at eleven?” said His Majesty, as Rodd was about to go. “It would be fearful—that old Premier of mine might box my ears—if I didn’t appear at inspection.”

Rodd hesitated and looked at the Countess covertly for instructions.

“At eleven! We surely don’t want His Majesty’s ears boxed,” she said quickly.

“At eleven!” Rodd repeated. It seemed as if there were already a contract between him and the Countess, which she had made and he had signed without inspecting the contents.

He set the *Falcon* drifting leisurely, with the reins over the dash-board, as he would have said, while he opened the paper. He found that there were three notes, two being enclosed within an outer one as a cover, on which was written, “Read this first.” The paper was soft, the handwriting fine and delicate.

“I ask all this because I know you have a heart of romance or you would not have been so nice about bringing the King to me,” he read. “The only reward worthy of your kindness you must find in the events which follow. You will go to the Castle Schürwald, which is only twenty miles east of the King’s at Lindenberg. The ramparts on the north side are so broad that, with your great skill, you will be able to land. There you will find a young man, who is a prisoner of State, promenading on the walls; or, if you do not, he will soon come when he sees the aeroplane. Say nothing as to who sent you, and simply ask him if he will come for a flight. If he comes, then, after you are in the air, open the second note. That will tell you what to do next. If he does not come, return to me.”

“The Countess Royal is glorious!” breathed Rodd. “The King was a pusillanimous formalist to give her up! She leads! I follow!”

Her request sealed the other two notes as effectually as a time-lock in a safe-deposit vault. In half an hour he had turned past Lindenberg and the moated and tumbling walls of the fortress of the early kings took shape. The great mass of the ruin lay dark, except for three or four illumined windows in the south-eastern corner, which was evidently kept in repair for occupancy.

Circling in order to get his bearings, Rodd saw that the Countess was right. The northern rampart was broader than the promenade of the Brooklyn Bridge, and along it a man was pacing with a soldierly stride, as if for exercise. He stopped at sight of the aeroplane and waved his handkerchief, less in signal, it seemed, than in greeting to the ghostly visitor of the night.

The *Falcon's* runners screeched over the deplaced stones and dipped in holes where the masonry had worn away; but she was brought to a stand-still without injury to her brittle and complicated fabric. The man came running toward the spot. He was about twenty-four, tall and fair-haired. His surprise at the visitation was too complete and unaffected for him to have been a party to any prior arrangement. Rodd's wonder at this hastened him abruptly to his question.

"Would you like a flight?" he asked.

"Would I? After wearing out boot-leather for two months on these rocks, would I? But we'd better be quick. Here comes Major von Hoffman, my chief jailer!" He pointed toward a portly figure in uniform which struggled to the top of the rampart and then came stumbling and panting in their direction.

The *Falcon* shot fairly over the head of the Major, who waved his hands and shouted something about His Majesty's injunctions and his own honor, which was lost forever, and then sank on a ledge, a veritable lump of dejection.

"It is the American, Mr. Rodd, isn't it?" asked the passenger. "And in passing you saw a poor, miserable devil pacing up and down and thought you would give him an evening abroad—in Vienna, perhaps! No—don't make it Vienna! There's another place I want to go. Will you take me?"

"I am under instructions," said Rodd.

"You are? Well, what the deuce does the King propose to do with me now?"

"Honestly, didn't you expect me?" Rodd asked in turn.

"No!" The young man frowned. He was becoming urgently apprehensive. "Who sent you? What is the ruse?" he demanded.

But Rodd was busy opening note number two.

"You will proceed to the forester's lodge of the Von Lüttgen estate," it said. "Ask

your passenger the way. If the Countess Sophia Von Lüttgen is waiting for you there, please make a place for her in the *Falcon*. When you have her and the young man aloft, you may open the third note."

Rodd folded number two and slipped it carefully into his pocket with number one, considering both too valuable mementos to be lost.

"I am to take you to the forester's lodge of the Von Lüttgen estate."

"To Sophia!" cried the young man. He seemed to have added a foot in stature, composed of pure ecstasy. "To Sophia! I don't care what the ruse is or who sent you if I am to see her!"

"Do you know the way?" asked Rodd laconically.

"Do I know the way? Does the bubble know the way to the top of the water?" he answered.

"The Countess Royal understands her game, evidently," Rodd thought, "and I see only the backs of the cards until it pleases her to play them. *Ich dien!*"

From landmark to landmark, now a church tower of a hill-side village, now a city, now a bridge over a stream, the passenger, his eyes ardent and shrewd with a knowledge of the topography that seemed bred in the bone, laid the course. For him the glory of flight was incident to its speed. Fields and trees spinning by meant miles that were past, minutes of impatient waiting ticked off the clock.

"Even if Von Hoffman would let me pass—and he is too loyal to grant and I am too proud to ask such a thing—" he said at last, "I could not have gone and returned in a night—and here we are!"

They were passing over a dark carpet of forest, its tawny depths blue with the moon-rays, and where it met the fields glowed a single light.

"As near as you can to that light. It is the lodge!" said the young man.

Beside the woodland path, under the shadow of the trees, on a mat of pine needles sweet with the aroma drawn by the moisture of dew, the *Falcon* came softly to rest, like some soaring thing which defied nature's clumsy fluttering of wings.

"You did not say that Sophia was there. You only said to go to the lodge!" exclaimed the young man suddenly, as if preparing himself for a disappointment

whose possibility had, for the first time, crossed his mind.

"We'll see," answered Rodd.

They set out up the path toward the light. A door opened and a girl's figure appeared. After her came a forester with a lantern and after him his wife—solid and loyal-looking as her husband—with another lantern. Rodd could see the girl clearly enough for the picture she made to play such a tune on his heartstrings as the sight of a young and exquisite creature peering in the gloom for some hoped-for thing should play on the heartstrings of any one in the world. He was side by side with the young man, but he drew back in instinctive sense of intrusion when they came within the circle of light and she saw the young man and he saw her.

"Sophia!" he cried, with all the thoughts of the journey and of his promenades on the ramparts and the blessing of flight set in a realizing word.

"Harry!" she answered.

Then he kissed her fingers devotedly. It was the meeting of the King and the Countess Royal done in the twenties. And he held her hand in both of his, looking into her eyes, while the forester and his wife, sober and discreet as the lean, clean pine trunks, held their lanterns. Then Rodd recalled his part.

"You are both to come with me without asking any questions," he said. "It is according to instructions."

"I like the instructions very much, so far," said Sophia with a smile, which introduced herself to Rodd and Rodd to her with an informality that suited the situation.

"And I, too," said the lover. "We are ready!" He still held Sophia's hand as they walked together, the faithful lanterns following, till he had assisted her to the seat at the right of the driver.

Those two discreet faces of the forester and his wife, who had not spoken a word—they had a walking part—faded in the gloom, with two twinkling points of light in their place, when Rodd opened note number three. It was the climax.

"If you have succeeded so far," it said, "it would be too cruel for you to fail me in my final plans. You will bring the pair to the very point at my door where you alighted with the King. They are not to leave the

aeroplane till I make the signal and you are ready to reascend at a second's notice. If I say to you, 'Will you do this or that?' you are to say, 'Yes.' If I say to you, 'Fly!' you are to fly. If you do not comply with my wishes I have misunderstood what lies back of that honest, clearly chiselled face of yours"—Rodd fairly blushed—"and must conclude that, after all, you are only one of the Americans who are awed by royalty and worship title in place of the democracy of human hearts."

Rodd folded number three with particular care and said to himself:

"She has me! To Thibet, if she commands!" And to his passengers: "I am to take you to the Countess Hoffeldt's."

"Countess Hoffeldt!" exclaimed the young man thoughtfully, as if trying to place the name's association. "Oh! She is the woman who was the sweetheart of my father's youth!"

"Then you are the Crown Prince of Lindenberg?" Rodd asked.

"Yes."

"And your father put you under guard for the same reason that his father put him?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if it were she who sent me that unsigned wire this afternoon?" put in Sophia. "All it said was, 'The lodge at nine, and fly if you are asked.'"

"And you came because you thought I was the sender?" asked the Prince.

"Yes. And what does it all mean? It is so very mysterious."

"Instructions number four will be verbal," answered Rodd discreetly. "That is the most I can say, except that you are not to leave your places till I give the word."

"But it is enough—enough just to be here with you!" His Highness added to Sophia.

It was a soft, whimsical night, a lovers' night, with the face in the old moon grinning to think how delightfully young our planet still is, despite the ancient dynasties of Europe. All three felt that the real pilot at the *Falcon's* wheel was the caprice of the Countess, which drove the silvery phantom with the joyous speed of light. As they dropped before her lodge it was she who hurried first to the door, bathed in the flood of the lamp's rays, her hand rising with a flutter of triumph as she saw that

there were three figures amid the glitter of the wires between the downward sweeping planes. After her came the King, a thunderstruck majesty, while she was sparkling and perfectly self-possessed.

"It has all come out right—so far," she said. "You must have been perplexed, Mr. Rodd, by my one, two, three. Generals have been accused of burning their bridges before their troops were across. My plan put a fuse to any bridges you might not reach; for one cannot be too discreet in affairs of this kind. Or, if you will, I set you to play a scale of keys, expecting each one to strike a chord in a heart; and the way the hearts answered—why, that proves everything! Doesn't it, Harry?" she inquired sweetly of the King, who now recovered his power of speech.

"My son—you! And Mr. Rodd—you! All this secrecy behind my back! What does it mean?" he asked almost ill-temperedly.

"It means, Harry," said the Countess Royal, "that the dream that did not come true for Harry the Eighteenth and his sweetheart shall come true for Harry the Nineteenth and his!"

"Coltish love! My son forgets his royal duty!" insisted the King. "Time and thought will cure him."

Then the Countess turned cold.

"As they cured you?" she asked pointedly.

That struck him the blow of a whiplash.

"No! No! Ours is forever!" he cried. "I love you now as I could not then, with a greater, deeper love!"

He would have folded her in his arms if she had not drawn away even in her happiness at hearing that declaration again.

"So will they love with a deeper, greater love in time," she said. "So not the real Harry but ancestral convention makes you play the part of your father."

There the King for the first time saw his inconsistency. He flushed. He stammered. She made his confusion her opportunity.

"And they shall be free!" she said. "You are ready to take them, aren't you, Mr. Rodd?" she asked.

"To the ends of the earth!" he answered.

"And you will go?" she asked the Prince and Sophia.

"Yes!" they answered boldly, quite together. They could not have taken the cue better if they had rehearsed the part.

The King looked about him helplessly. Here was a difficulty in which he could not appeal to the Countess for advice.

"Of all things you have ever done, this is the climax!" he gasped. "Think of the scandal in the court and the newspapers! The Crown Prince of Lindenberg elopes!"

"You can avoid that by a honeymoon at the castle," she hinted.

"I wish it could be! I wish it could be!" said the King with honest fervor. "But my people! The row in Berlin! That Prussian Kaiser! My Prime Minister!"

"Wouldn't the Lindenbergers enjoy the novelty of having a truly beautiful queen? And there are ways of winning that Prussian Kaiser. Indeed, I can think of a number now, Harry." She put her hand on his arm and looked up to him, her eyes full of affection and cozening. "Harry, your fault is that you hesitate before acting, you dear, kind heart"—now she was patting his cheek—"and you let that old Premier awe you. Harry, do you care for me at all? Will you?"

"I will!" he declared sturdily. "On my royal word I will!" And regardless of the young people who were not old enough to know the nature of real love, he brought her fingers to his lips and took honor to himself for his submission by saying: "I always said, Countess Royal, that you were the cleverest woman in Europe!"

She denied the compliment.

"No, you refer to the future Queen of Lindenberg," she told him. "I am simply blessed by being loved by you"; which made him immensely proud of his courage in breaking a precedent.

"I mustn't tell this at the Aero Club when the stock-market is active, and I'll have to tone it down some, anyway, if I want to be believed," thought Rodd. "However, I have always said that the aeroplane would bring romance back to the world."



A Baptism at Onteora.

THE PORTRAITS OF CARROLL BECKWITH

By Robert J. Wickenden

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. BECKWITH'S PAINTINGS

ON the south-east corner of Sixth Avenue and 57th Street rises a plain, seven-storied building of brick and stone. It carries no extraneous ornament other than a few rosettes along the tops of the stone facings that border a series of large windows, which rise in regular succession to a bevelled band, interspersed with skylights where the walls join the roof.

The building has about thirty years to its credit, yet looks almost as fresh as when it was erected, its precise lines testifying to an exceptional thoroughness of construction. At one time it dominated all the houses in the vicinity, and its builder, Mr.

Sherwood, gave his name to this hive of studios, where much has been produced that has proved illustrious in American art for three decades past.

Among my early recollections of "The Sherwood Studios" was the attending of a reception held simultaneously by all the artists in the building during the winter of 1880-81. There, besides such veterans as the portrait-painter William Page and Jasper F. Cropsey of the Hudson River School, were A. H. Wyant the landscapist, R. M. Shurtleff with his effective wood interiors, and among the younger men the gifted Robert Blum. Blum's clearly cut features I can see still as he sat swinging easily in a swivel-chair while talking

with a Japanese, his principal canvases being fresh from a visit to Venice, where he had met Rico, and had seen in passing, at Paris, works by his favorite, Fortuny.

While on the top floor, amid a number of brilliant portraits and some fresh studies from Velasquez, James Carroll Beckwith, more widely known as "Carroll Beckwith," received his numerous friends among the

ducers of pleasing genre who then held high place at "the Academy," this frank treatment of unusual effects must have given a great shock. Yet none could dispute the masterly drawing, and the Art Students' League, then in its vigorous infancy, quickly secured Beckwith's services as instructor.

There, sweeping away the pretty finishing of ill-formed faces and figures, he struck



J. Carroll Beckwith.

artists and students, with such leaders of New York society as were interested in the then newer movement in American art. For Beckwith was fresh from Paris, where, with John Sargent, he had been helping Carolus Duran in his Luxembourg Palace decorations, and the technical strength of his work stood in striking contrast to most American painting of that period. With the thorough training of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, and while working in the atelier of the brilliant "Carolus," Beckwith had also seen the works of Manet, Degas, and the earlier impressionists, and had his own liking for bits of sunshine, fresh color, and direct statement. To the placid pro-

at the root of the matter. "Bad proportions and feeble construction can never be improved by laborious polishing with rubber and stump. Throw these away. A sheet of Ingres paper, a stick of charcoal, your fingers, and a pellet of bread are all the materials needed. Now, learn to see right; exact proportions first of all, then construct your figure with a few simple lines, divide your light and shade into two or three tones, and make a fresh study on this basis every day." Such was the spirit of his teaching, and in carrying out these rules the students' wits were kept so wide awake that some weeks or months of keen practice induced a habit that improved all their later work.



Portrait of Miss Luisita Leland.

"Becky," as he was affectionately called by the students, inculcated into the league schools the doctrine of Ingres, that "*Le dessin est la probité de l'Art*," and his constant and untiring labor in a professorship, extending over a period of eighteen years, succeeded in producing a generation of draughtsmen who, often following up their New York studies in the Parisian ateliers, found themselves quite at home in their new surroundings and able to hold their own with men selected from the government schools throughout France and Eu-

rope. Many men, famous in American art to-day, thinking back, must acknowledge that this earnest teaching laid the foundation for subsequent successes.

Beckwith is, however, better known to the general public by the paintings he has produced than by his devotion to the cause of art education. From the time he exhibited "The Falconer" at the Paris Exposition of 1878, painted when he was but little over twenty-five years old, down to the present time, there have followed an unbroken series of portraits and ideal

subjects marked by thorough design and effective execution. At the Academy Exhibition of 1879, the year following his return from Europe, was shown his full-length portrait of Mrs. R. H. McCurdy in a red

non had been a useful man to the Union cause in a financial way during the dark days of the war, and was always a sturdy leader in civic and national affairs. Beckwith painted him from a full front view,



La Cigale.

dress, that was much remarked, and gave him a definite position among the painters here. After a short visit at Chicago he returned to New York, soon afterward setting up his studio at the Sherwood Building—where we still find him—and during the succeeding years transferred to canvas the features and figures of many prominent New Yorkers. What could be more typical of the elderly gentleman of the latter part of the nineteenth century than the three-quarters length portrait of the late Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon done in 1882? Mr. Can-

sitting in an easy, familiar pose, that brought out the energy and geniality of his character. A replica of the portrait was painted for the Union League Club, where it now is.

The portrait of Captain Joseph Lentilhon, [page 454] executed in 1883, was one of a series of five that Beckwith painted of its succeeding captains, for Company K of the Seventh Regiment. In service uniform, with *képi*, the captain stands with drawn sword passed easily under the left arm, and is shown three-quarters length, with the



Mr. Le Grand B. Cannon

face turned slightly toward us, relieved against a light ground. There is a fine sense of military alertness in the pose and expression of the cleanly drawn features and figure. In the simplicity of its contrasting masses it differs from the portrait of Mr. William Walton, painted in 1886, in which a corner of the studio wall covered with bright open-air sketches was used as a background. It would have been much easier to have painted in a plain ground against which to model the head, but Beckwith solved the more interesting and difficult problem by bestowing un-

usual care on the drawing and values, especially with regard to the receding planes. It is probable that while doing this, the artist added a sense of life and reality that make this one of his most successful works. It was shown at the Paris Salon of 1887 as well as at the Universal Exposition of 1889, receiving awards in both cases. Treated also with the frankness of *camaraderie* were portraits of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier, the author, and of Monsieur Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer. That of Mr. John Murray Mitchell in fencer's costume of crimson velvet



1867

relieved against a sage-green ground benefited by an expert knowledge in the treatment of the details, for Mr. Beckwith is president of the New York Fencers' Club, where the portrait now is. [Page 460.]

In the painting of women's portraits he has always shown an appreciative perception of the charm that belongs to the "eternal feminine"; though in few cases has he combined realization of form with such psychical force as in "The Authoress." The picture has been called "A Modern Mona Lisa," and certainly there is a fascination about the expression of the eyes and the half-smile playing about the corners of the sensitive mouth that merits the comparison; but an uncompromising fidelity to the characteristics of his model, who is evidently a woman of modern education and ideas, stamps the work as peculiarly a product of the nineteenth century.

Now and then Beckwith has combined genre with por-

traiture, as in "A Baptism at Onteora." [Page 449.] The artist has his summer home and studio at this village in the Catskills, and in 1893 Bishop Potter was called there to baptize his own grandchild. The ceremony took place in the rustic cottage of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Russell, where an altar was temporarily arranged. The Archbishop of Zante, who came over to represent the Greek Church in the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, being Bishop Potter's guest at the time, was invited to accompany him to Onteora. After the regular ceremony of the Episcopal Church, the archbishop asked to be allowed to bestow his blessing on the infant, and, candles being lighted, accompanied by Bishop Potter and followed by his acolyte and the assistants, he passed three times round the temporary altar, chanting the orisons of the Greek Church before be-



Captain Joseph Lenton
Seventh Regiment, 1863.



The Authoress.

stowing his blessing. All the figures in this picture are portraits, and we discover the presence of the artist and his wife, who are viewing the unique ceremony from the shadow of the massive chimney to the right.

Now and then Beckwith likes to leaven more serious qualities with a touch of humor. In "1806" we have an old "*sou-dard*" in the costume of Napoleon's Guard, with high shako and closely buttoned tunic. The uniform had been picked up in Geneva, and later in the season, as the artist and his wife were bicycling through Normandy, on approaching the ancient town of Bayeux, they discovered the whole countryside to be invested by some seven or

eight thousand troops assembled for the "Grandes Manœuvres." A general officer, with his staff, was watching the *défilé* of his soldiers, and the expression of consequential good nature on his face suggested this picture to the artist. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith inquired somewhat anxiously of the officers if at such a time accommodations could be had at the inn, but were politely assured that "*L'armée ne dérange jamais les voyageurs*," which proved to be true. They were given the inn's best chamber, and on rising next morning found the soldiers had disappeared, to a man, as if by magic. "1806" was duly painted, and now graces the mess-hall at West Point.



Mr. Isaacson.

"Mr. Isaacson," whose portrait was shown at the Chicago and St. Louis expositions, as well as at Charleston, where it received the gold medal, was a man of many languages who had been translator for the Baron Hirsch fund. Beckwith first painted him as "The Diamond Broker," and then did this "Portrait." The



Mr. de Raasloff.

modelling of the head and face is as thorough as the expression is humorously benign, and the painting of the hands, placidly clasped in front with raised thumbs, has rarely been surpassed.

The summer life at Onteora has brought the artist into contact with the village worthies, one of whom furnished the model for "The Blacksmith" [page 458], done in 1909. This typical follower of the ancient craft stands, in his leather apron, and looks out at us inquiringly over his spectacles before finishing the horseshoe held with tongs on the anvil. The sincerity of the characterization and the carefully treated details interest us no less than the rich color qualities of the forge-burned face seen under the reflecting lights of the smithy.

Educated in the classic atmosphere of the "Beaux-Arts," and with a natural idealism, Beckwith has painted a number of symbolic studies, often depending for their interest on the delicate beauty of the female face and figure. In "La Cigale" [page 452], a subject taken from Lafontaine's fable, we have the decoratively composed head and bust of a blonde, girlish type seen in profile, with clasped hands drawn to the left shoulder, shivering under the fall of the first win-

try snowflakes. "The Nautilus," "Danse Antique," "The Awakening," and other works of a similar character, served by Beckwith's remarkable skill in figure-drawing and most conscientiously painted, have perhaps been less appreciated here than would have been the case in France and Europe. The concrete qualities of his portraits seem, thus far, to have been preferred to the more fanciful creations of his brush. Yet, having seen the dome at the Liberal Arts Building at the Chicago Exposition which Beckwith decorated to the glory of electricity, one can but regret the seeming vandalism that caused it, with other interesting works there, to fall under the wrecker's axe. The sprightly genius producing a forked flash at the apex of the dome was supported in the four pendentives by female figures typifying the dynamo, the arc light, the telegraph, and the telephone. It was an essay in the idealization of actualities that might be well worth attempting again in a more permanent form.

The dignified portrait of Dr. Henry Parks Wright, Dean of Yale University from 1884 to 1909 [page 459], painted in academic robes for the alumni, has recently left the painter's easel; the study of Mr. de Raas-

loff reading was painted at Onteora, and shown at the autumn Academy of 1909. The portrait, too, of Miss Luisita Leland, lately shown at Knoedler's Galleries, in which the broad lighting of the face and shoulders is relieved by the deep notes of the corsage and sparkling reflections from the eyes and bejewelled coiffure, is another recent and typical presentment. But it is not possible here to make anything like a complete list of the portraits and pictures done during the past thirty or more years. Whatever restrictive criticism

might be invoked—and no human production has ever been spared in a final analysis—Beckwith's works have been marked by a distinction that is personal; and refinement of form, color, and expression have especially appealed to him. Refusing to follow every new fashion in painting, he has remained true to his own convictions, so that early and later works indicate a characteristic identity of aim. Basing his art on the best classical models, an exquisite taste joined to a tireless energy has certainly contributed to his success, especially



The Blacksmith.



Dr. Henry Parks Wright.

in portraiture, and it has often been said that the most satisfying works of art the past has left us are portraits.

The facts of the artist's earlier life may be briefly recalled. He was born on the twenty-third of September, 1852, at Hannibal, Missouri, where his parents, originally from the East, spent some years. A return was made to Chicago, where the great fire of 1871, in altering the family fortunes, decided his father to permit him to pursue the chosen profession of art. His

mother, still remembered as a woman of great charm, sympathized with these ambitions, and beginning his studies as early as 1868 in Chicago under Walter Shirlaw, he came later to New York, and worked under Professor Wilmarth at the National Academy schools till his departure for Paris in October, 1873. There, entering the famous "cours Yvon" at the Beaux-Arts, he soon took up portrait-painting under Carolus Duran, and in the atelier made the acquaintance of his fellow-student John

Sargent. The two young artists took a studio together at 73 rue Notre Dame des Champs, where they worked during the four succeeding years. After the exposition of 1878 Beckwith returned to America, but he has made frequent summer trips to Europe for the study of his favorite masters.

He was married in 1887 to Miss Bertha Hall, daughter of a prominent New York merchant. Mrs. Beckwith's full-length portrait, in furs and bonnet, represented the artist at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and now adorns his studio.

Honors, public and private, have often been conferred upon him. He is a National Academician, and was one of the original members of the Society of Ameri-

can Artists. President of the Free Art League, he believes that a better-educated public and a more excellent skill are all the protection desired by the true artist. Associated with these and various clubs and organizations in New York, he has never failed to uphold the cause of art and artists with unswerving loyalty.

Though absorbed by many interests, each day sees him take up his palette and brushes with as keen an enthusiasm as attended his earliest effort. The pursuit of an ideal makes "each morrow a new morn," and certain canvases on which he is now engaged encourage the hope that the most interesting phase of his art may be yet to come.



John Murray Mitchell.

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK II—(Continued)

VIII



HE discrepancies of an unfortunate party caused no disturbance to the staff of Wanless Hall. Sanchia, whatever her private cares—and they seemed less than those of other people on her account—suffered nothing to interfere with her house-keeping. Ingram might rage for her in vain, Chevenix peer, or quarrel with his host and friend, Mrs. Devereux disapprove to the point of keeping her room; but Sanchia, with front serene, moved from office table to kitchen, to the gardens, to the home farm, interviewed Mrs. Benson, consulted with the stockman, pored—her head close to Glyde's—over seed-pans and melon borders, was keenly interested, judicial, reflective, pleading, coaxing by turns; seemed, in fact, not to have a perplexity in her fair head. Her health was superb, she never had an ache, nor failed of an appetite. To see her sitting in the stable-yard, on a sunny morning, her lap full of nozzling foxhound pups, was to have a vision of Artemis Eileithyia. So, it seemed, the grave mother hound, erect on haunches, with wise ears, and sidelong eyes showing the white, knew her certainly to be. Beside and over her stood Frodsham of the stables, and his underlings, firmly her friends.

She looked up, beaming. "Oh, Frodsham, aren't they sweet? One of them tries to suck my finger. What are you going to call them? I do hope you mean to keep them all."

"I doubt they're too many for the old bitch, Miss Percival. She'll not feed the lot of them. We'll be wise to duck the latest cast."

"Oh, no—please. I'll feed it—I will really. I couldn't let you drown it. Now, what are their names to be?"

"There's Melpomeen, Miss Percival, and Melody and Melchior and Melchisedek. That's for the bitches."

She quizzed him. "No, Frodsham, really that won't do. I'm not quite sure about Melchisedek; but Melchior was a man—he was a king—a king of the East. And I believe Melchisedek was an angel."

Frodsham rubbed his chin. "Maybe you are right, Miss Percival. An angel was he now? Wings to him? 'Tis a name for a bird, then. If we kept the hawks the old Squire used to love—there's a name for a peregrine. Melchisedek: a fair mouthful."

"A priest for ever," mused Jacobs, a wizened elder, the kennelman, who yet bowed to the coachman in his own yard. "We may put him among the dogs, I believe. We've Proteus and Prophet, but no Priest."

Frodsham looked to Sanchia for direction, ignoring Jacobs. She flashed him a name. "Melisande, Frodsham. Call her Melisande, and save her life; and she shall be mine. I'll look after her. Please do." He owned to the spell of her eyes, of the sun upon her hair. "Melisande she shall be, Miss Percival, and your own," he said. "The missus shall rear her if the old bitch won't. She's had six of her own, and knows what it is."

Regretfully, one by one, she put the striving blind things down; then rose and went her way into the gardens above the house. Slowly through the kitchen gardens she passed. Glyde, thinning walled peach-trees, saw her, felt her go. She shed her benediction upon him—"Good-morning, Struan"—and went on. He watched her for a while, then turned fiercely to his affair. Through dense shrubberies, over drenched lawns her way was; it led her to the lily-pond, which lay hidden within rhododendron walls, with a narrow cincture of grass

path all about it. Dark-brown, still, and translucent like an onyx it lay before her. It was her haunt of election when she was troubled as now she was, when she gave herself time to remember it.

She stood, her hands clasped before her, close to the water's brim, and looked over the shining surface. She had never yet squarely faced her difficulties. Her sceptre was slipping from her, her realm, usurped at first, hers by sufferance first, and then by love of them she ruled, could hold her but a little while more. The shadow of coming eclipse made her eyes grow sombre. Doubt of the unknown made lax her lips.

If Nevile's wife, with all her sins clotted on her, was dead, what was she going to do, or allow to be done? She had yielded to love—her first love and her last—but that had been long ago. Love, the fire, the trembling and the music in her heart; pride, the trust, the loyalty, the bliss of service; the wonder, the swooning, the glory like a sun upon her—all gone, burned out, or worked out. Why, how long had it lasted her? Her lips stretched to a bleak smile to think of it. Three months' joy in herself, three months' joy of him: then work, incessant and absorbing; and then the growth of a new pride, the pride of mind—for she found that she had a brain; and of a new love—for she found that she loved the creatures more than man. Education indeed! To draw from a child caught unawares the force and the brooding love of an earth-goddess.

In the beginning, she could have told herself (but never did), she was to be pitied, not blamed. Reticent among her free-speaking sisters, shy, what the maids call "a deep one," rarely a talker, keeping always her own counsel, she had first been moved to utter herself by the extreme carelessness of Ingram whether she did so or not. The blame—if it is to be laid—must be upon her mother when she, knowing Ingram's story of miserable marriage and separation, allowed the man to continue a friend of the house, be much with her girl, and unfold himself under her clear young eyes. What she was about—that masterful, self-absorbed woman—there's no saying. It was always supposed that, with five beautiful daughters to market, she had pushed Welbore Percival—Thomas Welbore Percival,

East India merchant of the Poultry—into lavish entertainment of his friends and acquaintance. Ingram, a squire and son of squires, was perhaps a shade above her degree; she may have required him to give a tone. This, considering that wretched marriage of his—a month's engagement in defiance of head-shaking, a blazing Hanover Square wedding, a year's bickering, one month's acrimony (done by letter) and Ingram's unquenchable hatred of the woman—this, I say, you may well doubt. But I can give no other explanation. He came, he talked in his high-voiced, querulous, bitter-humored way, he saw and sought the grave young Sanchia, and he won her pitying heart directly he had engrossed her watching eyes.

She was a girl, intensely interested in a hundred dawning things, to whom love had come late. Until she was near twenty you would have thought her sexless. Senhouse, her poetical friend and teacher—her only friend, her only confidant—dubbed her Artemis; and it may well have been his adoring service of her pure flame which first turned it inward to scorch her heart. All that she learned of this scholar gypsy she poured out as balm over the stricken Ingram, who swallowed it and her together. Then the truth about him was blared upon her suddenly, and she found that he was to be pitied. Guileless victim of a hateful woman as she believed him then, she found that she held a store of balm. She pitied him deeply, she opened, she poured out her treasure. Enthusiasm for the saving work captained her thereafter; nothing would turn her from her purpose. Ingram was to be saved by love; she gave him all.

To do him justice, a young man born to possess and command, he did his best to repair what was beyond repair. He told her the truth unasked by her; he confessed that he loved her, and owned that he had no business to do it. Nearness, circumstance, brooding on that which was true to both of them and must not be uttered by either, did the rest. Upon that evening in the drawing-room when they had found themselves alone, each trembling under the god, they simply drifted together, and without effort to resist, mingled their natures through the lips. Discovery, earthquake and eclipse, her mother's chill rage, her father's tears, her sisters' dismay: all this and more she

endured. She passioned like a young martyr. She admitted the facts without comment and accepted the consequences without a falter. They might have whelmed a greater heart than hers; turned on to the town, at two-and-twenty, a girl with the face and figure of a goddess, with fifty pounds between her and the devil. They might have sent her, at the least, weeping and trembling into Ingram's arms. But they did not. She was of finer clay. She took a lodging in Pimlico, and, to fit herself for employment, went to school. The commercial course which she chose was the shortest possible, but all that she felt she could afford. "My dear young lady, we can only promise you a smattering—really no more for the money." "It must start me," said Sanchia, and began. There was a month to run when Ingram found her, and glad as she was of him, doting and doted upon, in the first flood of youth and love, she persisted in it, finished it out, and got her diploma for what it was worth, before, as he put it, she would listen to reason.

It sounded extremely reasonable to him, what he had proposed; and also to her, though Chevenix scorned its propounder. As Ingram put it to her, it attracted her new-born pride of knowledge. She was to flesh her steel, so to speak, in reality; in plainer words, she, with her smattering of accounts, was to manage a great house, an army of servants, possibly an estate. Excessively in love as she was, with all the music of it in her untried ears, she knew already in herself that her mind must have other food than her heart's rapture. I think she would have declined him altogether if he had proposed nothing more tangible to her than perpetual honeymoon. That was what Senhouse would have proposed to her—she saw that in every look of his, and read it in every line he sent her; but that had never attracted her. She had given Senhouse her confidence, but not yet her heart. Ingram's proposals, therefore, pleased her. She had not a sweet enough tooth, nor the taste for flattery which the other involved. She was entirely without vanity. Therefore, however little honorable and however much a lover of his ease Ingram may have shown himself in making them, his reasonable proposals were gratefully received. It was he who suggested, but she who took the lead.

She began immediately to plan her new career; was perfectly businesslike. Ingram was to leave London at once, and go to Wanless—to his duties of the bench, his delights of the field, cares of the farm. He was to announce to his household his intention of "settling down"; and he was to announce the advent of a housekeeper. In the very outset of his bliss he must needs do as she bade him. He went, and made her ways as smooth as they could be made. Her rooms were assigned to her; her duties mapped out, the exact range of her authority. Her wages were fixed, to be paid quarterly. She would take nothing else from him—no jewellery (she wore nothing but simple things, which had been given her by her parents or sisters—amber, a string of cowries, an agate heart, a bangle or two), no frocks. She was to have two hundred a year, and throughout her time to this present she had no more, and kept herself exquisitely upon it, with a sense of what was due to him, to herself, and to her position, which was admirable, unhesitating, and never at fault. In due time she arrived and entered upon her career. That which was unlawful seemed now justified; the secret intimacy, the wedded amity, the giving which was the dearest gain she had. Discretion, on her side unsleeping, on his the more effective because he never seemed to have any, secured them. There was no scandal among the neighbors; whatever the household may have suspected, very little was said. Within a year the servants were her slaves. The rector, it is true, reproached her for not going to church. She deprecated his indignation, but didn't go.

Up to the day when we first met with her, her garden-hat in her hand, reading her telegram by the garden window, she had been eight years governor of Wanless—and for nearly two of those years alone. For the first two or three of them Ingram, reveling in his snug ease, with little to do but devise things—alterations, extensions, ventures into farming, and the like, which it was her delight to execute—never left the county, hardly cared to leave the estate. He entertained very sparingly; Chevenix came once or twice, his own brother, Maxwell Ingram; there were some dinner-parties to the countryside, hunt breakfasts, once a hunt ball. He endured these wearinesses, shrugging them away as soon as he

could, to hasten from a dinner of dry toast and knives and forks to his room—the master's room—where supper, Sanchia, sweet intimacy awaited him. He spent thus by far the cleanliest and most sane years of his wayward life. She soothed, amused, stimulated him at once. He taught her all he knew of country lore, gave her, as they say, “the hang” of landed estate; he learned by teaching; he might have become a wholesome gentleman.

But domestic business called him to London presently. He went, and was away three months, with lawyers, fierce threatenings from Claire, intermediaries, friends of both parties and the rest of them. He was worried, flurried, put into a rage; exploded, put himself a thousand times in the wrong; finally he came back to Wanless embittered and restless. He came back to find himself welcome, but not excessively so. At least, he thought not. His extensions, suggested in that first wonderful time—a range of glass-houses, new heating apparatus, acetylene-gas installations—were well advanced. Sanchia's brows were often knit over estimates, specifications, and bills. He had to pay for novelties from which the salt had evaporated; he was never very fond of paying, and now, it seemed, he wasn't very fond of what he had to pay for. Sanchia was kind to him, but there was a difference. She was as happy as the day was long, always at work, out-doors or in, had not a moment for him (business apart) until the very end of the day, when (at eleven or so) she dressed with care and went to him at his supper. Sanchia was perfectly happy, but he was not.

He stayed six months that year—from April to September—but then went to Scotland, deer-stalking, shooting pheasants. He was back for Christmas and brought a houseful of guests—all men. Again she welcomed him, again she was kind. He was now a little blunted to the fine shades of Love, took his happiness as it happened to come, and could rub his hands over the household blessing she was. By and by, at the end of her fourth year, she took over the gardens as well as the house, was accepted by Mr. Menzies as his liege lady, and by young Glyde as much more than that. The estate management: home farm, woods, tenancies, were given up to her at the end of the fifth year, just before Ingram

sailed for West Africa on a shooting expedition. By that time he had grown to depend upon her entirely for everything. She was become the faithful, well-trying wife of standing, which in a man of Ingram's bone means that nothing remained of love but entire confidence and occasional gratification. After this he left her for long periods together; for the whole of the eighth year he was abroad, “idiotically happy,” as he had told her.

During all this time no intercourse with her family—except those furtive letters from her adoring old father, which were pitiful to her, because they could not be answered as he would have had them; and nothing from her friend of the Open, who had at last got himself a mate. It seemed that she had made a clean break, and that nothing of what had made her dawning life sweet and sane was to mingle with the sweetness and sanity which she had brought into Wanless. And then—after six years—she caught herself looking back. And now—here was an end of the dream.

If you are to ask me what had changed her regard for Ingram during that solitary year, so that she received him at the end of it as she did, I don't know that I can tell you all. Slowly discovery—of herself, of him—came to her, slowly combustible stuff was heaped within her; it slowly kindled, and smouldered long. No doubt he himself blew it into clear flame by his let-drop news of Claire's death. She had not known that: she never read the newspaper, having neither time for the world's affairs, nor interest in them. Suddenly, by that, she was offended; suddenly saw him as he really was, always had been, and always must be. Suddenly, also, she saw herself, as brimming with life, energy to live, and to make live, at the end of her music time. The folds fell from her eyes, she could see Ingram as a man, squalid. Nay, more: she could see him as a beast, ravening. Soon he gave her horror, so that she dared not look back upon her hours of blindness.

Perhaps he had offended her by his silence—his two letters, which she had neither invited nor answered. That can hardly account for it, since she had not written to him of her own initiative. Their parting certainly had been discrepant; the clinging and wistfulness had been hers, though she had uttered nothing of com-

plaint or misgiving. But perhaps he had been too gay and nonchalant, a little too much the husband secure. For a week she had shivered at her loneliness; then she had plunged anew into the flood of affairs, and had come out, as from a cold bath, braced and tingling. Round went the wheels of Wanless. The house was new-papered, painted, carpeted. Every month brought new wonders to the garden; under Glyde's tuition, seeing with his eyes, watching with his tensivity of vision, she had come closely into nature's arms. Perhaps she was unwise with the young man: the fact is, she never stopped to consider him. She liked him and his queer, secret, passionate ways. She took a royal line of her own. She required much of him, and if he made much of it, she didn't know it. She dreamed no harm to him or to herself. Her absorption in the business of the moment, or the needs, was so manifest that not even the maids, who saw her frequently with the youth, could have thought harm for a second. It was just Miss Percival all over—as "keen as mustard." Perhaps it was as much under Glyde's fostering as any other nurture that she came, during that year alone, to love the earth so well that she could appraise the worth of love. I don't know. It was a critical year for her.

As she was anything but a fool, there's no doubt that she came, before the end of that year, to know what was the matter with Glyde. She had had experience—of herself and another—and he was utterly incapable of concealing his. Of course she knew what was the matter with him, and was tenderly and quietly amused. She approached him gradually, let herself play elder sister, and let him play what he chose, within severe limits, never overstepped by him, never unwatched by herself. He was a passionate, sensitive, inarticulate creature, hatchet-faced, gypsy-looking, sharp-eyed, scowling and thin. He always looked cold, mostly angry, and never seemed contented, even when his plants flowered themselves to death to please him.

A woman, any woman, knowing that a man covets her possession, stores her knowledge, exults in it in secret. It is a fund, a store against lean years or wry ones. You can see it throned sedately in her eyes when she is with him, however much she may feel his absurdity or presumption. So

it was with her. She was fully conscious of Struan's preposterous state, strictly the elder sister—never the patroness, for were they not bond-slaves both? She patronized nobody at Wanless, yet, with a steady eye for distances, kept a perfect length, varying with each comer. With Mr. Menzies, lord of the gardens, so far on she came; with Frodsham, master of horse and hound, so far; with the engineer so far; with Minnie nearer; nearest of all with Mrs. Benson: her attitude to the stout woman was that of favorite pupil with a family governess of immemorial service. She could wheedle Mrs. Benson, and often did. The elder sister attitude was kept for young Glyde; she admonished, scolded, preached to him high doctrine of duty and honor; there was something benignant, a sort of pitying care shed from above. To him she may have been like Cynthia, stooping to the dreamer on Latmos. Whether she knew that, she must have known a good deal. She knew, for instance, that he kept vigil; for she had met him at night, as you have been told. She knew where to find him. Nothing had ever passed between them, of course, of her relations with the master. I don't think that she was aware of his sentry-go under the windows—first under Ingram's, then under hers. I am sure she was not, or he would have heard of it in plain terms, have seen her eyes grow cruel, and her mouth stretch to bleakness. She was capable of royal rage when she was offended. But that he hated Ingram must have been plain to her.

But now, as she stood at gaze, lonely and pensive by the black pond, she saw that it was over, her busy life. She was at the end of her tether, must lose her power and the sense of it. She was to begin the world again, starting with her fifty pounds, and without that which had made it a pride before. With a little shiver of self-pity, a half sigh, and a tightening of the lips, she accepted her fate. That was her way.

She regretted nothing, asked neither for mercy nor allowance. What she had done, she had done; if it was to be done with, she could not help that; she must go her way. Never for an instant did it enter her head that she could marry Ingram. Nothing that he had urged, or Chevenix counselled, made the smallest difference to her. She did not love Nevile any more; he was hor-

rible to her: enough of that. Whatever her fate was to be, she would accept it; she chose it so. Without reasoning it out, that was final for her. She had always had *sic volo* for her final cause. *Stet pro ratione voluntas*. Marriage, even nominal marriage, with Nevile was the accursed thing; none of it. And why? Because she chose it so.

This is very sublime. I sing, or Mr. Senhouse sings, a Goddess in her own Right. This is to be observed, or we fail. Persons have existed, and do yet exist, who are laws unto themselves, deliberate choosers of their fate, deliberate allies of Atropos with the shears; who go what seems to us, shivering on the brink of things, a bright and blood-stained way, and furrow deeply into life, because it must be so, because so they will have it. Great ones of time, a Cæsar or so, a Catherine, a Bonaparte, come handily to mind, who, wreaking countless woes, wrought evenly their own. And since greatness is a relative term, and time an abstraction of the mind, in their company, says Mr. Senhouse, was Sanchia Percival, and in her blue-clouded eyes was to be discerned seated, like a captain, foreknowledge of her own fate and the will to choose it. But as for Mr. Senhouse himself, at this time of envisaging of ways, I don't believe that he entered her head. Small blame to her either, seeing that the man, having renounced her or failed of her, as you please, had taken up with his Mrs. Germain and found her to be a Fact, as I have related.

But to do wrong or right: the prerogative of choice: she arrogated that. So, I think, if the sister of the Far-Darter had ever stepped aside from the path of her lonely delight—as some have it she did on Latmos—she would have done it without shame. It would have been her pleasure and her choice; she would never change countenance or have to breast the flood of color. It must be hers to take up or discard an empire, or a Nevile Ingram of Wanless Hall. So, in her degree, did Sanchia Percival—of the stuff of goddesses.

IX

MRS. DEVEREUX having departed as impressively as might be expected of a lady with a sense of injury, there was little for Chevenix to do but to follow her; for

whereas Mrs. Devereux considered herself badly treated by both parties in the house, the young man had to own that he had quarrelled with his host. "I laid for Nevile," he told Sanchia, "and he don't let me forget it, either. He don't like commentators on his text—never did. So he's making Wanless too hot to hold me."

Sanchia, with rueful eyes, feared that this was her fault. "I'm very sorry," she said. "On all accounts I'm very sorry. I shall miss you. It was nice to see you again."

"See me again," cried Chevenix, "as soon as you please; but not here—unless you feel you can make up your mind to settle down, as we call it."

She shook her head. "I don't think I can. I think it might be wicked—as things are."

Chevenix raised his eyebrows. "That's you all over, my dear. Other people's right is your wrong. Why question the decrees of the police? They tell you that you may do what you please when you're married; but not before. But you won't have that. Of course, if you can't swallow Nevile, you can't—and there's an end of it. Only," he added, "there must be an end of it. You're in a false position—now."

"According to you I always was," said the candid young lady, and made him change countenance. She shirked nothing.

"I did think so once; we all did, you know. Even your barefooted friend, What's-his-name——"

"Mr. Senhouse."

"Beg your pardon. Mr. Senhouse, of course. Well, he didn't take it sitting down, so to speak. Did he now?"

She considered. Her eyes grew gentle over the remembrances which this name called up. "He knew that I was right. Oh, yes. I'm sure of that. But he was frightened. He lost his nerve because——"

"Because it was you, my dear," said Chevenix briskly. She owned to that.

"I shall see your people when I get to town," he told her. "I shall make a point of seeing Vicky, and your governor. And if I could drop in upon Senhouse, by George, I'd risk it. You don't know where he is just now, I suppose?"

"He was in the Black Forest when I last heard from him," she said, "and was going to the Caucasus—to collect plants. That was a long time ago. Three years, I should

think. He doesn't write now. He's married, you know."

"Married?" he repeated, with open eyes. "I never knew that."

"He married a Mrs. Germain—a widow."

Chevenix stared, then slapped his leg. "Then that accounts for it. Didn't I tell you I met him when I went out to Brindisi to see Neville off?—met him on a steamer, with a pretty woman. That was Mrs. G.—*his* pretty woman. Good Lord, how rum!" He laughed, staring. Then, "What on earth did he do that for? She's not his sort. And I gave myself away—confoundedly—to each of 'em in turn. That's rather a bore. I was counting on him, you know. I thought you might want him."

Sanchia made no reply. About the corners of her mouth there lurked the hint of a smile, which her wistful eyes belied. Chevenix watched her, but could make nothing of it.

"He was a rum 'un," he continued. "The first time I saw him after you came up here was when I ran against him by chance in Norfolk somewhere. Spread abroad he was—in flannels—all his things strewn about. He had a little fire going, and a little pot on it. Doing a job of tinkering, he said, to oblige a lady. There was the lady, too, if you please, sitting on a bank, smoking a clay. She had a beard, and an old wide-awake on her head. Senhouse introduced me, I remember. He told me he was on his way north—Wastwater, I think. A planting job up there—or something. Rum chap, that! Oh, one of the very rummest! He asked me a lot about you. I didn't know how much he knew, so I went very pussy. The chap was as sharp as a needle. Spotted me. He said, 'My dear sir, I don't ask you what she is doing or where she is. I ask you if she is well.' Then I told him a lot—about you and Neville, and all this business. I let out, I tell you. I was fairly deep in the thing—you know that I felt pretty badly, because it was my fault that you ever knew Neville at all. Don't you suppose I've ever forgiven myself that, Sancie; never you suppose it. No, no."

He was much moved. She, by a sudden impulse, put out her hand to him. He wrung it, and said, "Thanks, Sancie; thanks, my dear."

After a wrestling bout, he went on. "Do you know what that fellow said to me? I should like you to know it. Mind you, he was yours, body and soul, then—whatever he may be now. I think he's yours still, for that matter—but *then!* He never concealed it—so far as I know—from anybody. Now, listen to me. He heard me out, never said anything till I'd done. Then he looked out over the marshes into the weather, and he said, 'No harm ever came to a good woman. I shall see her again, crowned.' Now, what do you say to that? Queer, isn't it?"

Sanchia blushed deeply and bent her head. Chevenix marked her confusion, and varied his tone to suit the case. He became practical. "Now what'll he say about this new state of affairs, do you suppose?"

She lifted her head. "He will think me in the right."

Chevenix shrugged. "There's going to be trouble," he believed. "There's bound to be, just on that account. Neville can be a brute when he's in the wrong, and knows it."

Sanchia squared her jaw for the trouble.

"He wants you back, you know, awfully—because you won't come. And the more he wants you the less he'll say so. That's the pride of the cobbler's dog. If he's uncomfortable, he'll scratch until he's comfortable again. And he says, 'If you can't get the best, take the next best,' and runs about with Mrs. Wilmot at his heels, and is bored all the time. That's Neville all over." His eyes grew rounder. "You'll have to go, you know."

She admitted that. "Yes, I must." Then she sighed. "I don't want to go. There's such a lot to be done here."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said Chevenix with some irritation. "No doubt there is. But you can't afford it."

He stammered out his next. "I should like to say, Sancie, that there's nobody on earth I respect—for whom I have more respect than for you. I don't understand your point of view—don't pretend to. But I know a fine thing when I see it. I'm not much of a chap, I know—no brains, and all that—simple, rotten chap, I know; but if we're not going to be friends I shall be unhappy."

"We are, I hope," she said, smiling kindly at him. She gave him her hand.

"Right, Sencie. Look here," he said sternly. "I'll punch Neville's head for you, if you like."

"I shouldn't like it at all," she assured him.

"We're old acquaintances, you know. He'd take it from me, better than from any one else—like Senhouse."

"Mr. Senhouse would never touch him," she was sure. He dropped in Chevenix's estimation immediately.

"Quaker, eh? I didn't know that."

Sanchia explained. "He can't be changed in those sort of things. He would only use force against wild beasts."

"Well," cried Chevenix, "what do you think Neville's going to be? My advice to you is to get out as soon as you can. And when you're in town, command me." They parted firm friends.

Mrs. Wilmot remained, against her inmost judgment, against her maid Purcell's clear advice, for one more day. The night of Chevenix's departure she was there, and on the morrow was to be conveyed to the Trenchards', across the county. Wanless had her steadily in its score pair of eyes for twenty-four hours, as Purcell, her maid, had foreseen. "You are doing a strange thing, ma'am, permit me to say." Purcell was an elderly spinster, who only required her own permission to say what she pleased. "You will be watched, and reported. I suppose I am not in the servants' hall for nothing." Mrs. Wilmot said feebly that she supposed she was there for meals. Purcell stiffened her wiry neck. "Meals, ma'am! In the best houses there's a second table. The butler may be there, and perhaps the valet. The lady's maid, of course. But where there's no lady, one may put up with the cook, though the cook in such houses is rarely a female. But the housekeeper here! A Miss Percival! Dines alone—or is said to—and the cook sits at the head of the table. This is no house for you, ma'am."

The lady gave a little cry and hoisted a white shoulder. "Oh, Purcell, you are hurting me dreadfully. Do be more gentle with me. You are tearing my hair out by handfuls. What can it matter to you where Miss—where the housekeeper dines?"

"Ho," said Purcell, "little or nothing—to me, ma'am. I cannot help my thoughts. But I keep them to myself. Not one word

in this house—down-stairs—of Miss Percival. Not one word. They keep their mouths shut, I promise you. And their eyes open. But what you will, you will. As for Mr. Ingram, the less I say the better."

"Much the better," said Mrs. Wilmot, fretfully wriggling under the comb.

That fine afternoon—April budding into May—she listened to Ingram in the garden. Of all sounds in the world the sweetest music for her ear was made by a man's voice embroidering the theme—"You are lovely, you are cruel, I die." Ingram's descant on the golden theme was querulous, after his manner. He took his lover's smarts, as one must suppose them, hardly. As thus: *You are lovely*—but what's that to me, if I can't touch you? You sting my eyes, you inflame, you wound—or I think you do: here am I, tied by the leg to a dead woman—for dead to me she is, the she-cat Sanchia—looking at you because I can't help myself. You are soft and lax, you purr when I stroke you; I could make a pet of you. Was ever a man of property and station in such a case?

You are cruel—because, though I could put out my hand and take you, yet you expect me to do it. That's all over, for me. I've done that sort of thing—Sanchia knows. Now I must trouble you to advance. I'm sick of life on these terms: you could make life worth living. I must really trouble you; sorry to seem languid, but I *am* languid. You, with your fine sensibilities, ought to be the first to feel that; but no: you wait, looking exquisite, with eyes like dark-brown water, and a mouth, a mouth like a flower. You soft gossamer beauty, I could crush you where you hover; but you won't come and be crushed. Certainly, you are cruel.

I die. He avoided that. It was absurd. She thought for one moment that he hinted it when he said, shrugging off his ranges of hot-house: "Good of their kind, I fancy. But what good are they to me—a solitary beggar? I never go into 'em, you know. I thought I should take an interest, when I had 'em put up. It looked like it. But now! who cares whether I go into 'em or not? Who cares whether I live or die?" There had been a pathetic ring there.

She had murmured a gentle rebuke; her

eyes had brimmed, reproaching him. It was then that he had taken her hand, at the going-out from the fig-house. "Ruth," he had said, "my kind, pretty Ruth." Then he stooped his head and kissed her. Through three pairs of doors Glyde, in the peach-house, had seen the act, and paused in his spraying. It was over in a minute. The pair strolled away and passed out of the walled garden. Glyde, who had turned very white, compressed his lips and went back to his work—like a machine. Presently a light step made him start, look guardedly up, watch and wait. Sanchia, bare-headed, fresh and debonair, came in, like a stream of west wind. Her eyes beamed her health and pleasure. "Oh, Struan," she said, "do come and see the *Susianas*. They are on the very point of opening. Do come. There's nobody about. They've gone down to the river."

He could not face her, knowing what he knew. But he could not resist her either. "I'll come," he said, and followed her.

She went gayly and eagerly. "You've never done so well with them as this year. I counted a dozen. Huge! I felt rather miserable this morning—I've been worried rather. I thought I would just see what they would do for me. They made me feel ashamed of myself. Their strength, their contentedness—just to grow, and be strong and well! Nothing more. What else ought we to want? Food—the sun—strength to grow! Isn't that enough?"

Out of the warm brown soil, sheltered by the eaves, the iris clump made a brave show. Its leaves like gray scymitars, its great flower-stems like spears. Stiffly they reared, erect, smooth, well-rounded; and each was crowned with the swollen bud of promise. She displayed them proudly, she counted them, made him check her counting. She glowed over them, fascinated by their virile pride. Struan watched her more than her treasures. He was pale still, and bit his lip; had nothing to say.

She knelt and took one of the great stalks tenderly in her hand. A kind of rapture was upon her, a mystic's ecstasy. She passed her closed hand up and down, feeling the stiff smoothness; she clasped and pressed the bursting bud. "Feel it, Struan, feel it," she said. "It's alive." He turned, shaking, away.

"They say," she went on, caressing the

bud, "that this is really the Lily of the Annunciation. It's a symbol, I've read. Gabriel held one in his hand when he stood before Our Lady. Did you know that?"

Glyde broke out. "Don't. Don't. Come away. I must speak to you—quickly—if I dare. Come away from here."

He spoke fiercely, meaning what he said. Grave, sobered, she arose and followed him. He drew her after him to the yew-tree walk, to the enclosure at its end, where the leaden Faun capered and grinned. There he faced her.

"You must leave this place," he said shortly. She looked to the ground.

"I know," she replied in a low voice.

"Every moment you stop here insults you, puts shame upon you. Shame! And on you! It's not bearable. It's not to be suffered. I'll not suffer it, for one."

At this she lifted her head, and reproved him by a look. It was mild, queenly mild, but not weak. It said, "I can't hear you."

He understood it so. "Who says I may not speak to you? Who else is to speak to you, if I don't? How can you bear yourself, and speak nothing? Is it natural?" He seemed on the point of angry tears; with a gesture infinitely kind she bore with him. Her hand just touched his arm.

"Dear Struan," she said, "I know how nice you mean to be to me; I am very grateful to you. Of course I am going away. But I have been happy here—lately, and shall be most unhappy to go. I have so many friends here." Then, after looking at him, reflecting, she added, "Of course I know that you care."

"Care!" he cried out, scornfully. "Do you think that I've watched you, in and out, for three years, without caring? Do you think that I have schooled myself to put up with—with him—without caring? And when I thought that he was coming back here to—to prove himself an honorable man—I thanked the Lord. Yes, I did that. I was ready to go when I knew he was coming back for that. I told you I would go—and I meant it. I should have cut my heart out and left it here, and gone away—clean away, glorifying and praising God. But—oh, it's hideous, hideous! You are discarded—you! Cast off—you! Peerless as you are—you! Oh, my Saviour, what's this!" He broke away, and sobbed. He dashed

his arm over his eyes, in a rage with himself. She was very gentle with him now.

She put her hand on his shoulder, and though he shook it off, put it there again. "You hurt me, Struan, really. If you are my friend, you will not talk to me about these things. Really I can't hear you. It would be wrong."

He lifted his head as at a challenge. "Nothing that you did could be wrong."

She saw that he was justifying deeper things than her mere listening or not listening. But she would not admit it to him. "Yes, it would. At any rate, we won't talk about it. I can't explain any better. I hope you see."

"Of course I see," he said. "Dog that he is. But he's insulting you. He had better have died than do as he does."

She looked steadily but gently at him, shook her head, sighed and left him. Out of hot and blinded eyes, he peered after her; then with a sob he was by her side.

He said, between his teeth, "Damn him, he shall pay for this." She shook her head, smiling rather dismally.

"He will never pay. I believe the woman always does that." The lad gasped and made a movement towards her. He could not control himself—he shook.

"Not you—never you. I'll die for you—and you know it."

X

MRS. WILMOT stayed for the better part of a week longer than she had intended, and then, perceiving by subtle but unmistakable signs that she would wiselier go, went. To Wanless that had been a week of strain; the air was charged with trouble. One could not have pointed to anything—it was beyond the range of weathercock or glass; but everybody felt it. Sanchia, graver than she was wont to be, pushed herself sharply from duty to duty, and avoided sympathy by a dry manner. Or she was obtuse, affecting a foolish interest in trivialities. She never went into the garden, and saw nothing of young Glyde. Mrs. Benson, glooming thunder from her brows, Minnie with scare in her russet eyes turned Purcell's feasts into fasts. The wiry tire-woman, to do her justice, was as uncomfortable as any of them; but loyalty spurred her to feats of endurance undreamed of by any but servants.

They, in a world of their own, where speech is rare, and skins rarer, where everything must be done by glances and hints, are perhaps more aware of themselves than any other children of men. They are forever judging their betters: how shall they escape from judgment of each other? Judge not, says the Book; but if you pry for vice, what can you be yourself but a prying ground? So Purcell agonized, and felt her very vitals under the hooks. The case was past praying for. She suffered and was dumb.

At last the delicate beauty, seeing Adonis faint in the chase—for Ingram as a lover was languid and gloomy—was helped into her lacy draperies, helped into the carriage, driven to the station; and Ingram, on horseback, rode by her side. He helped her into the train, stored her with magazines, kissed her mouth, revolted at her tears, and returned sulkily, with hard-rimmed eyes, at a foot's pace to his halls. Midway of the carriage-drive, instinctively, he tightened the rein; for Glyde stepped out of the undergrowth some ten paces ahead, and stood, waiting for him. He was dressed, not for the garden (in shirt-sleeves and baize), but in his blacks, and had a soft felt hat on his head, basin-shaped, with the brim over his eyes. "Now what the devil does that chap want, play-acting here?" was Ingram's inquiry of the universe.

Glyde, as the horse drew level, came within touch of his flank, and told Ingram that he wished to speak with him.

"Eh?" said Ingram; and then, "Oh, what a nuisance!" He felt himself injured. "Well, what is it, Glyde?"

Glyde said, "I wish to give notice, if you please." The manner of address was curt and offensive.

"Oh, do you?" Ingram said. "Well, then, you had better do it in the proper way. See Miss Percival about it, will you?" He pressed his knees in as if to continue his way.

Glyde, however, stood by the horse's head.

"I have seen Miss Percival about it, Mr. Ingram," he said. "I saw her—a week ago. And now I've got to see you about it."

Ingram looked at him sharply—a sudden stiffening of the spine: spine stiff and eyes sharp, acting together. What he saw made him the more alert.

"What on earth do you mean?" he asked.

"I'll tell you," said Glyde. "I'm free of your service from this minute, so I'll tell you. I say that you are a damned scoundrel, and that you know it." A concentration of many grudges, kept very still, as by white heat, characterized this remarkable speech.

Ingram blenched. "By George, my man!" he said, "you'll have to make that good."

Glyde said, "And I will. You have behaved, you are behaving, like a dog in this house; and you're to take a dog's wages."

Ingram jumped in his saddle, rose in his stirrups. "By God!" he said, "by God—" but he said no more.

Glyde sprang up at him where he stood above his saddle, unseated—sprang up at him, took him by the shoulders, and then, dropping, pulled him off his horse. The freed animal, started, kicked out, shook his head, and cantered freely homeward. Glyde, having Ingram on the ground, took him by the collar of his jacket and belabored him with his open hand. He cuffed him like a schoolboy, boxed him about the ears and face, shook him well, and then cast him into the young bracken of his own avenue. "There's for you, seducer," he said; and that done, he walked steadily up the road, toward the lodge gates.

Ingram, on his feet, in a rage which was the most manly he could have suffered, went after him at a run, and caught him up. "You blackguard!" he said, and panted. "Turn and fight with me!"

Glyde stopped. "I'll not fight you, Ingram," was his measured reply, "because I've that in me which would kill you. No mercy for you there. You can do as you please; you can send me to jail or not; but you shan't get me hanged. I've something to do with my life—as much of it as you leave me; and I want it." As Ingram glared at him, crimson now, with bulging eyes and teeth at lips, the other went on: "I'm going no further to-day than my lodging. Your police will find me there when you send 'em. I shan't fight them, because I can't afford it; and I shan't fight you, dog that you are, for the same reason." Ingram cursed and sprang at him, but Glyde stiffened his arm and held it off. Master was no match for man, and felt no better for the knowledge of that. It did serve, however, to bring him to his senses.

He saw that he was making an ass of himself.

"You'll hear more of this, Glyde," he said, and turned and walked rapidly back to the house.

Mortification inflamed his rage; his furious walking blew into it a sense of incurable injury. Injury, shocked pride, and animal heat, all together, made a devil of him. He went directly to his room, and rang the bell. "Send Miss Percival to me," he told Minnie, "at once."

Then he waited for her, with a face like a rat's.

XI

SHE might have gathered warning from Minnie's panting summons, but had been busy over her accounts and had noticed nothing amiss.

"He wants you, Miss Percival! Don't go!" She had scarcely heard. She said, "Who wants me? Mr. Ingram? I'll come"; and through the maid's stammered "I wouldn't, oh, I wouldn't!" had gone.

The face he showed her from his bureau, where he sat huddled over a litter of papers, prepared her instantly for crisis; snarling, white, and wicked, yet it had tragedy in it—as if he knew that he had himself to reckon with beyond all.

For some time he seemed not to see her, though he looked at her. He sat glooming, like a man dumb in high fever, working his lower jaw, screwing and unscrewing his hands. Afterwards she believed that he had been groping for the cruellest thing he could say, and was goaded into what he did say by the sense that he could find nothing.

"So that was your work! Your choice way! To set one of my own servants to club me."

She looked at him blankly; but her face glowed with sudden fire. "I haven't the least notion what you mean. Who has clubbed you?"

His eyes flickered. "Glyde. Your friend. You seek your champions all about, it seems. You make things snug for yourself. It's master or man with you—it's all one."

He spluttered his venom broadcast. She held up her head. "Are you insulting me?" He wheeled round full in his chair. "Is it possible to insult you?"

At that she lowered her panoply of fire,

and grew still. "I see that you are. I can't allow that."

He foamed. "Bullies in your hire. Now I see what Bill Chevenix was after. And Glyde—faugh! who else?"

She watched him steadily, without fear or disgust. His words held no meaning for her. "I think you must be mad," she said. "It will be better if I go."

He scoffed at her. "Better! You are right." He rose in his place. "You'll go to-day."

Sanchia regarded him deeply, almost curiously, as if he had been a plant, interesting for its rarity.

"Naturally," she said, and left him in his staring fit.

The ordered little realm of Wanless went on its diurnal course. Luncheon was served at two by a trembling parlor-maid; the coffee was set in the hall, the cigar-box, the spirit-flame. Frodsham came for orders, Mr. Menzies reported Glyde absent without leave. These things were done by rote: yet the whole house knew the facts. Sanchia, dining in the middle of the day, plied her knife and fork with composure. It was her way to face facts once for all, tussle with them, gain or lose, and be done with them. She had been angry with Glyde, but now could think of him as "poor Struan," Punchinello in a rustic comedy. Of Ingram, deliberately, she thought nothing. It had been necessary to survey her feelings of eight years ago, to make a sour face of disgust over them, before she could shake them out of her head. Now they were gone, and he with them: the world, with May beginning, was too sweet a place for such vermin to fester in. She had swept and ridded herself, rinsed her mouth with pure water, and now could sit to her dinner and review her plans.

But the storm burst over Wanless. At half-past four Minnie came into her room, breathless, Mrs. Benson stertorous in her traces.

Minnie wailed, "Oh, Miss! oh, Miss Sanchia! oh, dear Miss Percival! what's going to become of us? Struan's beaten the master, and the sergeant's here!"

"Apes and tigers!"—Mrs. Benson tolled like a bell—"Apes and tigers! What says the Book?"

Sanchia let them run, so the distorted

tale was pieced together. At a quarter to twelve—it must have been that, because Emma heard the stable clock chime the half-hour—Struan was seen in his blacks. He came out of the wood-house, an ash plant in his hand. "Apes and tigers, apes and tigers!" from Mrs. Benson—his face was dreadful to see. Who said so? Who saw him? Not Minnie, for sure. It was Bella the laundry maid—she saw him from the window, and had a turn. The window was open. "Why, Struan!" she said—but he told her to shut mouth and eyes. "The less you see, or know," he said, "the better for you." Poor Struan, with his tragedy airs! Bella told that to Minnie, and that she would never forget it to her dying day. It turned the beer in her stomach, she said—and now she was lying down. As he went out of the yard, a cloud came over the sun, and Bella felt the chill. She had the goose-flesh all up her back. That, they say, betokens a person walking over your grave. Somewhere in England we all have our grave-ground lying green under turf. It awaits the spade and the hour. In the morning it is green and groweth up—this was Mrs. Benson's piece, but Minnie had the rest of the stage.

The saddle-horse came flinging into the yard at one o'clock—no later. That's certain, because Frodsham was at his after-dinner pipe—or should have been, instead of which he came running in after him. Just about that time, or maybe a little before, Mr. Menzies had been asking for Struan. Where was he? Did any one ever see such a wastrel? No man's account, he called him. Mrs. Benson tolled her apes and tigers all.

It was Minnie had seen the master, when the bell pealed. She had gone with her heart in her mouth—and oh, his collar and tie! His red ear! She had never seen anything like his face, and never must again on this side of the tomb. Wicked, oh, wicked! He showed his teeth. His face was as white as a clout. His voice was like a nutmeg-grater. "Miss Percival—here—at once." It was all he said. She did her bidding, for servants must—but her heart bled for Miss Percival, and she felt like fainting at any minute when she waited at luncheon. He drank brandy—jerked his head toward the sideboard when he wanted more. Never said a word. And how

he ate, wrenching at his food! Fit to choke him. How she had lived through luncheon she didn't know at all. But that Struan, that quiet in an ordinary way, should have dared—with a stick in his violent hand! And the sergeant ready for his warrant—stiff in the hall——

"A villain has got his deserts," boomed Mrs. Benson. "My dear, you're going, it seems, and I with you. This is no place for a young lady—no, nor ever was, God be good. I know my place, to all parties; but I know that better—and now it's come upon us like a thief in the night. Well, well, well—my pretty young lady! Old women must put up with what they get, we all know—but not murders in gentlemen's seats: no, nor beastly doings in and out of doors. I shall go, my dear, when you go—ah, me! When the wicked man . . . but he's got his deserts. What! a widower—with duty and pleasure before him—combined for once, and no thanks to him!—to dally with a French doll—movable eyes and separate teeth and all—when he might have gone on his knees to a splendid young lady! And I'd have kept him there to say his prayers, which he's never done before—not since his mother died, poor old gentlewoman, worn out by the gnashings of a tiresome, God-Almighty, wicked old man, and a slip of sin whom nothing was too good for. Not in this world, no! But it will be made up to him in the next, by the unquenchable worm—as he'll find out when he tries his 'Down, dog' tricks; his 'Drop that, will you?' None of that down there in the fire. What says the Book? My dear, my dear!" and she took the girl in her arms with a fine look about her of Niobe amid arrows, "I've a bosom for your head and a roof to shelter us both, and we'll see what we shall see. There's castles and towers for the great oneys and their minions; but mine is in the Fulham Road, my dear; my own property out of a building society that does business for the widow and the orphan—makes it their special line, as I understand, and have treated me squarely throughout—that I will say. Yes, yes, and I'll tend you fairly, will Sarah Benson, widowed mother of a graceless son, who can feel for her poor dead mistress, mother of a worse. My lamb, you shall want for nothing."

Fast in a good pair of arms, Sanchia snuggled and smiled. She patted Mrs.

Benson's cheek, and put up her lips to her. Minnie, like a thawing ice-pack, ran rivers of water.

"You *are* good to me," she said; "you *are* sweet to me. I don't mind anything when I can be sure of such friends. But you mustn't leave, you know. Really, you ought not. I shan't forget you, be sure of that, whether you stay or go."

Mrs. Benson crooned over her. "Oh, you're not one that forgets, my precious, with your golden heart. And there's more than me will find it out." She wiped her spectacles, breathing on the glasses, and Sanchia shook out her plumage, escaped from the nest. Ingram, without knocking, came into the room.

His rage was now cold and keen. He took in conspiracy with one glance at the three.

He spoke to Minnie. "I have been ringing for twenty minutes. The brandy in my room, and some soda-water. At once." Scared Minnie fled. Then he turned half to Sanchia, but didn't look at her.

"I understood that you were leaving this afternoon. You had better order a fly. There's the telephone." He held out an envelope. "I think that you will find this correct."

Sanchia was at her bureau. "Put it on the table, please," she said, without turning; and while Ingram hovered, Mrs. Benson, heaving like the sea, gathered into a combing wave and, breaking, swallowed him up.

"Money—ah! You come with money to a lady of the land! Offer me money, Mr. Ingram, if you dare. Your bread I've eaten, having baked it, and your father's bread, and not choked yet, though each mouthful might be my last. By every word out of the mouth of God, says the Book; and what shall he say of you? I've watched for this, I've seen it coming. You keep long accounts, but there's One keeps longer—and in his head, as we read. To breaking mother's heart so much, to scandal of matrimony so much—and to perjury and dirty devices—wicked dalliance—so much. When she came here—this fine young lady, so fresh and sweet—I waited. I shook my fist at you, Mr. Ingram; 'I know what this means,' I said, 'a false tongue and a young heart.' And I waited, I tell you—for I could do nothing else. She could have come to me at any hour of any day and welcome;

and I'd have told her, 'He's bad—he's rotten at the heart. He'll tire of you—neglect you—trick you—and cast you out.' But she was too proud for that, she bore it all, and not a word. And she did your work as never before, not in your time, nor your father's time; and made friends of the poor, and kept her place—sweetly and smoothly it was done. And you on your travels; with foreign women——"

Ingram now emerged from the flood. "Are you mad?" he said. A dreadful calm came over Mrs. Benson, succeeding the tempest.

"I am not mad, most noble Festus," she said; "but I am mother of a graceless son, and will not be cook to another. I leave your service from this hour. Your dinner is a-making, and Emma is a steady worker." She turned to Sanchia. "The best vegetable hand I ever had under me, Miss Percival, and I've had a score." One further cut at Ingram she allowed herself. "I would not take a penny piece of your money now, not to save my darling from the lions."

"You won't get it, you know," said Ingram. "But you've had lots of 'em." She braved that truth.

"And earned them, Mr. Ingram, as you know, better than I do."

Ingram, ignoring her, observed quietly to Sanchia, "The sooner the better, I think."

That was the manner of his farewell.

It was not the way she would have chosen to leave; but she reasoned with herself, as she packed her belongings, that it was probably the best way. There was no time and little inclination for sentiment. Now, it is almost certain that had a term been ahead of her, whose end could be felt nearing, there would have been good-bys, last interviews, and last interviews but one, which are apt to be more poignant than those of the last moment of all. Even as it was there were threatenings of emotion. Wanless was stirred deeply. Mr. Menzies brought in a nosegay, and grasped her hand. "You will be sorely missed here, Miss Percival, sorely missed. Less said's the sooner mended; but you're a true young lady, greatly to be deplored."

"Good-by, Mr. Menzies," she had said, "and thank you a thousand times for——"

"They are from my own plot of ground,"

said the grizzled gardener, and looked away. She had his tulips in her hand, and now buried her face in them.

"Then I love them all the better," she told him; and put in a word for Struan. "Be kind to him when you see him again—please do."

Mr. Menzies became far-sighted. He had very blue eyes. "Ahem!" he said, in his Scotch fashion. "He'll not be here again, I doubt. He'll be away, the head-strong young man." But he warmed to it. "Ay," he said, "ay, Miss Percival. For your sake, I'll listen to what he has to tell me." She felt that she must be content with that. Each servant in degree must be dealt with, and Minnie comforted in her place. She was all for going that night; but had a mother and four sisters in Doncaster—all at home. Would Miss Sanchia forgive her, and accept of this prayer-book? Miss Sanchia would; kissed her and did.

In the carriage-drive she told Mrs. Benson of her immediate intention. "I must say good-by to Struan. We will stop at his cottage on the way. There's plenty of time."

Mrs. Benson was strongly against it, but rather showed her mind than declared it. Mischief enough had been done through that youth—and in him, she doubted. Better let him alone. Are you to countenance violent hands? Raised against them in authority? Then where's authority? Where are Principalities and Powers? Much as she contemned Ingram, she was on his side against Struan any day. On the other hand, Sanchia was, in a manner, her guest, and could not be spoken to plainly about it. She could only shake her head.

"He's better alone, Miss Percival, alone with his devil. While the fit's on him, let 'em fight it out. And what can he be—to the likes of you?"

"He's always been a friend of mine," she said. "He's been very foolish, very wicked; he had no business whatever to do as he did—to put me in the wrong. I'm angry with him, and he will see that I am. But—" Mrs. Benson knew the force of that "but." It had brought the young lady to Wanless.

Yet Mrs. Benson might have triumphed if she would. Sanchia, at the cottage door, was met by the anxious tenant of it, with whom Struan lodged. "He's not here,

Miss," she was told, and then, "Oh, Miss, they've took him away. The sergeant's come for him and took him. And we hear—" There had been no stopping her, but by Sanchia's way.

She walked into the cottage and put up her veil. She showed a pale, sad face. "How dreadful! I must write a note. Will you let me write here, and leave it with you—to give him when he comes?"

She wrote in pencil: "My dear Struan, I am very sorry. You made me angry, but I am sorry now. I came to say good-by, as I am going away. Mrs. Benson is with me. See Mr. Menzies when you can. He has promised to help you, and, of course, I will too, if I can. Yours always, S. P." With the fold of the envelope to her tongue she paused, reflective. Then she took the note out again, read it over, and ran her pencil through the last letter of her signature. And, taking two Parma violets from the knot at her breast—a recent gift from Wanless—she put them within the paper. This she did deliberately—as the Fates would have her. Addressing "Mr. S. Glyde, by Mrs. Broughton," she gave her letter in charge. "Be sure to give it him when he comes back," she said. Then she and her protector were driven to the station.

XII

As Chevenix, once his friend, had said often, Nevile, when his back was up, shrank from nothing. Even while the Hall was in tempest, the sergeant had visited Glyde as he sat at his tea. They nodded to each other, while the officer stood powerfully in the doorway.

Glyde's strong teeth bit through a crust. "I know your errand," he said.

Sergeant Weeks replied, "I can't doubt it." Impassivity became him; he figured the law as the everlasting hills.

Glyde, in his way, was impressive. Between long draughts from his tea-cup he asked, "Where's your warrant?"

The sergeant produced his folded paper, opened and scanned it, to see that all was in order, before he passed it into the room. "Here 'tis for you, made out by Sir Trevor Gell. Why, man!" he broke out, humanely indignant, "what in thunder were you about?" A flaxen-haired child, nursing a doll, edged herself through a door ajar, and

gazed blue-eyed upon the pair. Glyde saw her.

"That's my business," he said. "Run away, Flo. I'll tell, or I'll not tell, in my time and place—which aren't here, saving your presence." He got up and put his hand on the child's poll. "Well, I'm your man," he added.

The sergeant blinked. "Nay, nay, you can finish your tea. I'll just step in and smoke my pipe with you. 'Tisn't often I get the chance, in the daylight."

"Right," said Glyde, and poured off the rest of his brew. Flo's finger went into her mouth. The sergeant lit, the sergeant puffed. A remark seemed proper. "Seemingly," he said, "there's a storm about. 'Tis like to be the end of our spell of fair."

Glyde laughed; but there had been no side-thrust. A police officer is not gnomish. Safety, for him, lies in smooth running. Thus, every man is a potential criminal; but every criminal, once taken, is a fellow-man. Nobody could have been more tactful than he while Glyde made his preparations to depart. Mrs. Broughton was in tears, Flo sobbed in her mother's apron; but Glyde spoke plain words of comfort.

"Don't take on, Mrs. Broughton; this is a small matter to what's been done. You'll see to my things, I know. The papers here may be valuable—who knows? A deal of candle has gone up in smoke over them—rivers of ink! I'll ask them of you when I come back." He took with him his *Virgil* and Sanchia's *Dante*—nothing else. At the lodge gates he mounted the cart, the sergeant after him, and by six of the evening was lodged in Felsboro' jail. There he lay for a week, awaiting Petty Sessions.

There was a full bench, a crowded court when the accused was brought in. The hush that preceded him and the buzz when he stood up made Ingram set his teeth. The reporters, with racing pen, cleared the ground. Thus the world might read of "The Squire of Wanless, every inch a soldier," in one journal, and of "Nevile Ingram Esquire of Wanless Hall" in another. There are no politics in police-reports; but broadcloth is respectable. The prisoner was described as "Struan Glyde, twenty-three, a sickly looking young man, who exhibited symptoms of nervousness." It was allowed that he spoke "firmly

but respectfully to the Bench," but, on the other hand, "to the complainant he showed considerable animosity, and more than once had to be reproved by the chairman." The proceedings were short. "At the close there was a demonstration, which was immediately checked by the police."

Glyde, in fact, was revealed as a hatchet-faced young man, slim as a Hindu, and olive-complexioned, having light, intent eyes and very long eyelashes. Nervous he undoubtedly was; he twitched, he blinked, he swallowed. He looked effeminate to one judge; another said of him to his neighbor, "As hardy as a hawk." A newspaper called him "puny," a rival "as tough as whip-cord." It depended upon your reading of him—whether by externals or not. He had a quiet, fierce way with him, a glare, the look of a bird of prey. He was very self-possessed. All the papers observed it.

Ingram, playing his privilege to the last ounce, told his tale to his brother magistrates, shortly, but with considerable effect. He had had occasion to dismiss a servant, and the prisoner had taken upon himself to resent it. Yes—in answer to a question—a female servant. Prisoner had attacked him in his own carriage-drive, had pulled him out of the saddle before he knew what he was about, and had beaten him while on the ground. He had no witnesses. There had been none. His voice, as he chopped out his phrases, was dry, his tone impartial. He took no sides, stated the facts. He spoke to the chairman—even when he replied to the question, which made him, for a moment, take breath; and he never once looked at the accused.

The Bench consulted together. Old Mr. Bazalguet, the chairman, leaned far back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling, while two younger justices whispered to each other across his portly person, peering sideways at Ingram, who showed them his smooth head and folded arms. Colonel Vero was drawing angels on his blotting paper. Then they settled themselves, one of them with a shrug, and Sergeant Weeks told of the arrest. Accused had declined to make a statement, but had spoken certain words to his landlady, one Mrs. Broughton, to the effect that what was to come was "nothing" to what had been done. He had left in her charge papers, which the sergeant had afterwards examined, and now

had in his care. This had led to a brief interlude.

Mr. Bazalguet had caught the word. "Papers? What papers?" he asked. "Newspapers?"

"No, sir," said Sergeant Weeks. "They were writings. Poetry and the like—and foreign tongues." The Bench sat up, and now Glyde had the hawk look in his light eyes. Ingram stifled a yawn and impressed the Bench.

Mr. Bazalguet, inclining his head to either side, inquired only with his eyebrows. Did we want these papers? Should we, perhaps, for form's sake, examine them? Mr. Max Fortnaby was of opinion that we should. As they were handed up, the prisoner, who had been wetting his lips, said plainly, "There's nothing in them about this business," and was reproved by Sergeant Weeks.

A formidable pile of MS. was passed up by the clerk, whose deprecating glances were not lost upon the chairman. But Mr. Max Fortnaby cut open the budget in the midst, and peered in.

"*Janua vel domina penitus crudelior ipsa*"—he read. It was a footnote. He lifted his eyebrows—then his eyes upon the accused.

"Propertius? You know Latin?"

"I know some, sir."

He returned to the MS., then again to Glyde.

"You are a bit of a poet, I see."

"Yes, sir. I hope so."

"If it leads you to battery, my young friend—" was his private comment. To Mr. Bazalguet he whispered, "The fellow's got scholarship. We might give these back, I think." Mr. Bazalguet was only too happy, and Glyde saw his offspring returned. Sergeant Weeks, safe in Mr. Fortnaby's good opinion, scrupulously wrapped and tied them. Mr. Fortnaby said, "Let them go back to his landlady," and caught the prisoner's eye.

It was now time to ask him whether he had anything to say. Glyde, perfectly master of himself, said that he pleaded guilty, but would like to put a few questions. The chairman, biting the tips of his fingers, nodded, and Mr. Fortnaby watched him.

Facing Ingram, who looked always to the chairman, Glyde asked, "Did you dismiss your servant, as you put it, before I met



Drawn by Frank Craig.

The struggle.—Page 471.

you, or afterwards?" All eyes flew from Glyde to Ingram.

"Actually, afterwards," it was explained. "But the thing was understood before."

"By whom?"

"By me," said Ingram, "and—" He stopped there. A very interesting struggle, momentary and done in silence, took place. Glyde was daring Ingram to bring in Sanchia's name, and Ingram could not do it.

"And—" said Glyde. "And by whom?"

Ingram paused, biting his lips. He was pale. He took a long breath, and then said, "And by you, I have no doubt."

"Thank you," Glyde said. Then he began again. "Did you ask me to fight with you?"

"I believe I did."

"And I refused?"

"Yes," said Ingram; "you did."

"Did I say that I didn't fight with dogs?"

Ingram smiled at the chairman. "You did not."

"I say so now," said Glyde, and stirred the court. Mr. Bazalguet interfered. "You mustn't talk like that, Glyde. We can't have it, you know." Colonel Vero added, "Certainly not," and stretched his long legs out.

Glyde recovered himself, and begged pardon. He was told that he might go on, in reason, but declined. "Thank you, sir. I think I'll leave it so. I own to what I did."

He was told that he could be dealt with summarily, or sent for trial. "I'll take it from you, gentlemen," he said, and settled himself reposefully. The Bench drew together, with the clerk intervening.

Mr. Bazalguet, double-chinned and comfortable squire, was disturbed by this case. What troubled him was that Ingram had not been straightforward. What was this dismissal of a servant? He knew, and therefore he asked the question. Fortnaby knew also, but didn't intend to say. Everybody, indeed, knew. Romance appeals to us all in divers ways; and it was actually romance which settled Glyde's romantic affair.

Fortnaby, Maximilian Fortnaby, had been a school-master, had succeeded to an estate at forty, and retired. He, with his keen face and trim whiskers, leaning his head on his hand, thus spoke in undertones, and carried the day: "The case is clear. The young man's taught himself tongues, and has poetry. He's been taught other things, too, and has got some of them wrongly. One thing he ought to learn is that to relieve your feelings is not the way to help the oppressed. He's set himself up for a champion, and tongues have got to work. I should give him three months." Mr. Bazalguet looked at the clerk, who said it was a bad case. Mr. Ingram was a magistrate and—the maximum was two years. The third magistrate saw his way to impressing himself; "Make it six months," he said. The chairman agreed with him, until Colonel Vero said, "I should give him a year." That shocked him. "It'll take a long time for it to blow over, you know," he whispered to Fortnaby, who smiled and shrugged. "I don't suppose six will hurt him. He'll be able to write after a bit." "Ingram will go abroad, you know," said Mr. Bazalguet. "Did you happen to know the—party?" Fortnaby looked up quickly. "I? Oh, dear no! But I gather that the less we say the better. It was not an ordinary servant." Mr. Weir, the third magistrate, said, "A lady, I hear," but his colleagues ignored him. Then they all sat up, and the clerk sank into the well.

"Glyde," said Mr. Bazalguet, "you will have to go to prison for three months, with hard labor. I hope this will be a warning to you. I do indeed."

The prisoner was removed amid murmurs. There was some cheering outside the court—at which Ingram grimly smiled. But he was very pale, and did not leave the Sessions house until late in the afternoon. Old Mr. Bazalguet was very cool with him after the court. He grunted when they met in the hall. "You go abroad?" he asked him. Ingram said, it was probable.

(To be continued)

THE GODDESS

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES



HE day was still young and fresh. There was even a note of coolness in the breeze blowing in from the Gulf. Halliwell, sitting on his back piazza in a direct line with the open door and sipping his morning coffee, enjoyed it to the full.

"Felt many a hotter morning in New York—the tropics and the devil don't get their due," he thought with a flicker of amusement on the thin lips beneath the close-cut iron-gray mustache.

He shifted himself in the comfortable wicker chair and looked out to where the waves came tumbling in over the bar, white and cool. The curtain of the bedroom window at his back stirred in the breeze, and a gaudy parrot, swinging giddily on the front piazza, screamed out profane greetings in the Mexican vernacular to a passing acquaintance.

Presently a Chinese servant noiselessly removed the breakfast things, leaving a box of "Porfirio Diaz" on the table at Halliwell's elbow. He struck a match and, leaning forward on the wooden balustrade, continued to stare out over the water while he smoked. Gradually a look of content dawned in his tired eyes and, stretching out his long limbs, clad in the inevitable white linen, he gazed about him appreciatively.

"It isn't so bad—might be a lot worse," he confided to himself with a sort of defiant cheerfulness.

If Halliwell referred to his surroundings, they might obviously have been much worse. His house—it had been his for five years—was the last one of a row of comfortable frame cottages, perched on a bluff that declined abruptly to the sandy shore and stood invitingly open to what cooling Gulf breezes a beneficent Providence might send. Big mangoes and a fiery flamboyant tree flourished in the garden. From the back piazza there was an admirable view of the broad Coatzacoalcos River where it

emptied into the Gulf. Halliwell found it amazingly pleasant to sit there and watch the big ocean-going steamers or little coast-wise tramps creep up and down the shore and turn in at the open waterway, sailing majestically over the bar, or scrambling and panting over it, and at length tying up, breathless and buffeted, at the straggling wharf.

Perhaps it was the constant sight of those messengers from the outside world that kept Halliwell quiet. He couldn't feel quite like a prisoner if he could walk down the street and take a steamer for Havre or New York.

"One doesn't mind being locked in a room if one has the key," he told himself, and although he knew he would never unlock the door, the illusion of liberty was immensely soothing.

At any rate it was infinitely better than those five horrible years passed in hiding himself sedulously inland—steering clear of ports and ships for fear of meeting people he knew. His forehead contracted with a spasm of pain at the mere thought of the infernal, sun-blistered places he had skulked in.

After five years he had taken his courage in his hands, had quit the Equator, and gone up the Mexican coast to Coatzacoalcos. He was really very comfortably fixed, and not a soul had he seen in the five years he had lived on the coast who had ever known him. What a fool he had been, he reflected with a laugh. He had never been such a distinguished person that he need have feared detection. He had not been distinguished even in his—errors. He chose the word carefully. They had lacked scope and distinction—had almost lacked a name. There were times when he had to vividly recall facts to believe in them himself.

On mornings such as this he sometimes wondered if he had not been a fool to bolt. With the requisite expensive litigation he might have proved away everything, might have "arranged matters," as, he learned,



Leaning his elbows on the table, stared at the picture.—Page 481.

had been done later by his people. Why, in Heaven's name, then, had he let go, or, having gone conceivably, why did he never return, once it was possible?

In the morning with a cool wind blowing in from the Gulf and a coast-wise steamer going out over the bar on her way up to Vera Cruz, it was hard to say why. It was only at night, in the dark hours just before dawn, when he had a miserable fashion of waking, that his moral myopia vanished

and the outlines of his indiscretions became sharp and poignant. The answer was easy then, and it was always the same.

Halliwell stirred and then stood up, leaning against a post of the *corridor*. His tall, spare figure showed to advantage in the immaculate white suit and canvas shoes. Youth was still there in line and poise. He could not have been over thirty-five or six, but the grizzling hair and mustache—Halliwell had not worn a mustache in the old

days—and the lined face and anxious eyes claimed forty-five.

His uneasy glance swept around to the open window, where he could see the soft-footed Chinaman deftly putting to rights his bedroom. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of his well-ordered sitting-room, the comfortable wicker chairs, the big fans scattered prodigally about, and the low table laden with books and periodicals. At the table his eye stopped. In the centre of it was a large photograph in an elaborate silver frame.

With a sudden impulse he stepped inside the door, picked up the photograph, and, carrying it out, propped it against the box of cigars. Then he sat down again and, leaning his elbows on the table, stared at the picture.

It was the photograph of a young girl. The face was distinguished, not so much by positive beauty as by an entrancing expression of innocence and nobility. The luminous blue eyes held a compelling look of purity, and the masses of fair hair were piled above a marvellously candid brow.

At this vision Halliwell gazed for a long while, and gradually the look of content which the morning had brought to him faded, giving place to the expression of poignant, reminiscent regret which the waking hours of the night always evoked.

With this girl's face before him the reason of his flight was very clear to him. He had not hesitated at the time, and even after ten years no other course had ever seemed possible. He had known her too well to have ever had any illusion as to the figure his financial escapade would cut in her clear eyes. And he had been man enough to accept his fate, to make no plea and no outcry. He congratulated himself anew as he had congratulated himself every day for ten years, that he had gone away without a word and that he had had the courage to stay away. He had realized to the full and without bitterness that there could be no appeal from her high standard of purity, and he rejoiced in the fact. In the moral upheaval which had in a moment destroyed the rather elaborate edifice of his professional honor, that was the one unshakable conviction left to him. And his indestructible belief in that high sense of honor which had condemned him had come to be the one constant and precious

thing in his life, the North Star of his stormy existence by which he guided his shifting fortunes.

He could recall with fidelity every detail of their last evening together. It was at the opera—he remembered that they sang "Le Nozze di Figaro," with an incomparable cast—but he had no eyes or ears for the arch Susanna and the fickle Almaviva disporting themselves on the stage. He sat in the back of her box and watched her throughout the evening. She had worn a cloudy white dress with some pearls at her throat. He remembered how they rose and fell as she breathed, and how exquisite she was in her vaporous white gown, and how desperately in love he was! She was passionately fond of music, and as he watched her he had thought that if all went well they would have their own box when they were married.

If all went well! By morning his house of life had tumbled about his ears—things had leaked out, been sold to the newspapers, when, by whom, he never knew—never cared to know—exactly. Night saw him a voluntary exile for whom there was no return. Time and the pliant technicalities of the law made it possible, but rehabilitation by the world meant nothing to him since he knew that in her eyes he could never be rehabilitated. He took a vicarious, exultant pride in her young, unyielding code of justice and honor. Whatever he was—had become in a moment of weakness—he had the exquisitely renovating conviction that the woman he loved was morally an *intransigente*. It was as though he had saved his soul and honor alive in her.

Whatever he had dreamed in those early days she might be to him, was as nothing compared to what she had become during the long years of renunciation and separation. Even the thought that she might have come to be all in all to some other man—there had been plenty hanging around to take his place, he reflected half humorously—did not trouble him. There had been exquisite, unforgettable things between them. But he wondered anew if she had ever married. With all channels of information closed to him for so long he had never been able to learn whether or not she had yielded to those solicitations of which he knew only too well she had been the object. It was likely that she had yielded,



Drawn by F. Graham Coates.

He stood up, his face white now.—Page 487.

he argued—she was very beautiful, there had been nothing definite between them, and ten years is a perilous test of the most faithful memory. . . .

The Chinaman shuffled softly to the door with a marine glass in his hand.

"Señol!" he murmured liquidly, and pointed out to sea.

Halliwell looked up, his mental gaze still full of the girlish picture before him. For a few minutes he could see nothing, and then up the coast a bit he made out the white bulk of a steam yacht ploughing rapidly along, her nose pointed landward.

Halliwell held out his hand for the glass and gave a look at the incoming craft.

"By Jove, at the rate she's going she ought to be over the bar and docked in an hour!" he thought, glancing at his watch and pleasantly exhilarated by the sight of the fast-coming vessel.

The day had passed when Halliwell feared the arrival of ships. In the five years he had lived in sight of the little seaport, so many thousands had come and gone without consequences of any sort to himself that he had ended by freely indulging that impersonal but lively interest in them that is seemingly never dulled in the breast of the landsman.

He indulged it now, leaning on the railing of the balustrade, and glancing now and then through the glass at the slim white sides and red funnels of the fast-coming vessel. Its arrival was the one touch needed to make the cool morning entirely pleasant. Ships of all sorts were common enough, tramps, fruit steamers, coastwise Spanish liners; but sea-going yachts were more or less rare—a sort of nautical *bonne bouche*. Halliwell savored its approach with pleasurable feelings and a mild curiosity as to its owner. He had always been rather keen about yachts. In the old days he had meant to own one himself.

When *The Gulnare* slid gracefully up to the wharf, Halliwell verified his guess of her speed by a glance at his watch. It had been just fifty-eight minutes since he had first caught sight of her.

"She's what enthusiastic reporters up in New York call 'an ocean greyhound,'" he thought humorously to himself, and he leaned far over the balustrade to try to get a better look at her. All he could see as she lay at anchor was the tops of her red fun-

nels. He knew, however, that he would get a good view of her on his way to the Club, and taking his hat and cane from the waiting Celestial he strolled down the rocky street to the main thoroughfare.

It had been Halliwell's habit for years to spend an hour or so in the morning at the little Anglo-American club that had its quarters on the first floor of the one hotel in the town. It would have been difficult for simplicity to go farther in either "club" or "hotel." Nevertheless Halliwell enjoyed his morning smoke and chat—he never drank—and the companionship of the young engineers and planters who rather looked up to him and invested him with a phantom importance that helped to give a touch of substantiality to his existence. He did not have to play the sneak with them, for they were not the kind to ask questions. In out-of-the-way places curiosity is frowned upon by the majority for multifarious reasons, and Halliwell had never been called upon to give an explanation of his prolonged stay in so modest and retired a seashore resort as Coatzacoalcas.

At the foot of the hill he made a slight détour, passing around by the wharf where the yacht lay. Long years of safety had made him over confident, or perhaps he had grown a thicker skin during his exile. At any rate, he made no effort to avoid a possible meeting with *The Gulnare's* guests, and at a turn in the rocky street he came full upon them, strolling up to the town.

If Halliwell had ever deceived himself into thinking that he had lost sight of his old life and become an integral part of his new makeshift existence, he must have been enlightened in that moment of meeting with his former friends. So constantly had they been in his thoughts that it was with a hardly perceptible thrill of surprise he saw advancing toward him Curtis Burnett, with whom, in the old days, he had shared rooms in a fashionable bachelor establishment, and beside him, chatting gayly, Alice Ware, the woman who had come to be the pivotal fact of his existence.

It was largely because of this absence of surprise on Halliwell's part that his two friends found themselves at ease, and their greetings and his presentation to the others of *The Gulnare's* party, who came up, were accomplished with an astonishing lack of embarrassment.



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"It's wonderful—I'm glad we came!"—Page 488.

But if in the first moment of meeting there had been no room for any emotion so trivial as surprise, there was ample opportunity, in the pause which quickly succeeded greetings and introductions, for a rush of memories sufficiently overwhelming and painful to reduce Halliwell to silence as he walked up the street beside Miss Ware.

She, too, was silent. The most innocent comment, the most commonplace question seemed barbed with hidden meaning. She rejected tumultuously, one after another, every remark that occurred to her, and it was finally in sheer desperation that she took refuge in the banal interrogation:

"Have you been well?"

Halliwell justified her conversational effort by the gravity with which he met her question.

"Entirely. And you?"

"Quite—although our chaperon, the dearest and most tactless of creatures, tells me I am looking fagged!"

"Chaperon—?" he hazarded.

Miss Ware turned an amused eye upon him.

"*Vous n'en voyez pas la nécessité?*" she asked lightly. "Let me tell you that I am still unmarried—I am still Alice Ware!"

"Ah!" said Halliwell helplessly, and he stared at Burnett's back vanishing up the street. "He is a very attractive fellow!" he murmured in apology.

Miss Ware followed his gaze.

"I appreciate the vicarious compliment," she said gayly. "But—we are simply the best of friends."

Halliwell looked at her. An immense rush of gladness flooded his whole being. He had had no idea that he would care so much.

"You see I will make mistakes," he ventured humbly at length. "I have ten whole years to make up!"

Miss Ware stopped in her slow walk. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes were tender with sympathy.

"Ah, let me help you!" she cried impulsively, and she stretched out a slim white hand to him.

II

IN the ten days that followed, Halliwell came into his own again. The old life which he had lived over in imagination during his exile became a reality once more.

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His friends—Halliwell found that the party on board *The Gulnare*, with the exception of Randolph King, her owner, the oil magnate from Pittsburg, Mrs. Ellsworth, the intensely frank chaperon, and Von Graffenried, an attaché of the Austrian Legation, whom they had enticed from his official duties in Mexico City, were all old friends—welcomed him with unaffected cordiality. It was astonishingly simple. They just ignored things. Across the chasm of ten years which had elapsed since he had been one of them, they quickly built a "practicable" bridge, over which they stepped gayly, with but now and then a look downward at the abyss.

No one was as surprised as Halliwell himself at the astounding ease with which this renewal of relations had been effected, and in the waking hours of the night he was given to speculating about it uneasily. But during the day he was for the most part too happy and too busily occupied to be conscious of anything but the pleasantness of his new life.

His mornings were usually spent going about with King; that gentleman, having invested heavily in oil properties in Mexico, was astutely combining business with pleasure, and had invited the party to cruise with him in Mexican waters that he might have the opportunity of selecting the site for a big oil refinery near Coatzacoalcos. In this search Halliwell was, of course, of immense help and gave prodigally of his time and knowledge of the surrounding country. The afternoons and evenings he passed with Miss Ware and the others, making little excursions up the river in the yacht's naphtha launch or idling under the awnings on *The Gulnare's* deck.

It was during these hours of social intercourse that Halliwell stood most in need of the help which Miss Ware had so warmly proffered. In spite of care he sometimes stumbled, in spite of the heroic efforts of his friends there were awkward pauses, perilous lapses. These had been harrowing frequent at first, but as the days passed their intercourse settled down into a normal groove.

Curiously enough, as Halliwell's friends became more and more at ease with him, Halliwell himself began to feel a constraint, a restlessness in their society; they were too

easy, he told himself—took things too confidently for granted. He was sick of the pretence, the false assumptions, the hourly evasions he was put to in their company. At the Club it had been different. He had not had to pretend, because no one knew anything about him. But these people knew. Good heavens! didn't they have any decency? It would have been hard to stand their pity; it was insufferable to have to put up with this social jugglery they were forever palming off on him!

Or was it all pretence? No! Halliwell told himself with a growing contempt that they acted that way because they didn't really care a hang what he had done, what he had been. All, that is, but Alice Ware. He realized, of course, that it was only pity that made her accept him again, even provisionally and under exceptional circumstances, as a friend. He knew that beneath her kind exterior there lurked an ineradicable contempt for him, and he pressed the knowledge to his breast with a sort of joyful pain, much as some martyr might press the spiked cross into his penitent flesh. Between them, if there was silence, there was at least no subterfuge, no compromise. Had kindly pity not sealed her lips, he knew only too well what she would say. In her company he had not the illusion of a blameless past—the illusion the men tried to create—but the purifying sensation of doing penance for remembered sins.

It seemed to Halliwell that he could not see enough of her. As often as possible he took her away—into the country to some lovely, flowery spot; up the river to some old Indian town; anywhere to be alone in her healing presence and away from the others. There were afternoon horseback rides into the interior to some sugar or rubber hacienda, or, best of all, long moonlight flights up the broad Coatzacoalcos in the naphtha launch while the rest were playing bridge in *The Gulnare's* cabin. The fact that the hours, the minutes he could have with her were so few and short made them the more precious. King had announced the stay was to be but for ten days. Halliwell refused to allow his mind to travel beyond that limit—he would enjoy the intermission to the full, he told himself. The first act had been insufferably long and dull, the remaining ones were likely to be still duller, with an inevitable tiresome

finale, but in the mean time the lights were up and the music was playing.

By a miracle of good fortune Halliwell was able to study the woman he loved without disappointment. She had become just what he was sure she would become, he told himself exultantly. If the fair hair was a trifle less abundant, the brow beneath it was still as serenely candid, the eyes as luminously blue. With all her innocence she had never been the *ingénue*, and if her simplicity had now something of the same worldly cut and expensive air as her imported gown, Halliwell assured himself that it was but the natural and desirable maturing of her girlish characteristics.

As for the men, Halliwell sickened at their callousness. They made him savage. "The only thing genuine about them," he told himself contemptuously, "is their genuine indifference to what I have done—to what I am." He longed to tell them what he thought of them. In his bitterness he failed to see the humor of the situation. If they thought that he put any fictitious value on their misdirected kindnesses, if they dreamed for an instant that he didn't thoroughly realize his position, he would show them!

III

His opportunity for "showing" them presented itself in the smoking-room of *The Gulnare* on their last evening together. It was late and the women had gone to bed, leaving the men to a final rubber of bridge. King was shuffling and puffing luxuriously at his cigar. The soft night wind swept aside the thin curtains at the windows. From the shore near by came the sound of a *jarana*, and the melody of a Mexican love song trilled out in a sufficiently mellow tenor.

King laid the cards on the table to be cut.

"By Jove, I like this Mañana-land down here!" he declared pleasantly. "Wish I could stay longer."

"So do I. What's the hour for starting?" inquired Burnett.

"Enrique says the tide will serve about five in the afternoon." King was dealing slowly. As he dropped a card before Halliwell he looked up a little consciously. "I say, Halliwell, if you aren't too enamoured of this country down here, won't you go

back with us? There's an empty cabin, you know. Hamilton was to have come, but his mother's illness kept him at the last minute."

Halliwell sorted his cards while a flush mounted to his forehead.

"Thank you," he said quietly after an instant's silence, "but you all know well enough why I stay and why I must continue to stay here."

Burnett ran his cards together with a rattle. "Oh, confound it, Frank," he growled, "don't be an idiot! It was never actionable, and you've paid for it all with the ten best years of your life. Let the dead past bury its dead, I say!"

Allenby moved uneasily. "My dear Halliwell," he murmured, "surely you are supersensitive!"

Wilcox—Halliwell remembered with a thrill of disgust Wilcox's reputation in the old days—leaned far back in his chair at the next table and stared in undisguised amazement.

"You're mad—absolutely mad, my dear fellow! You don't mean to say you are still worrying over that affair! Why people have forgotten all about it——"

"Then by ——, *I* haven't!" cried Halliwell. He stood up, his face white now and his eyes blazing. "I've done wrong, but thank God, my soul's still alive—I've not forgotten it! Do you take me for a knave clear through, or are you knaves yourselves to think you can wipe out my past by simply ignoring it as you have been doing? Do you think I have misunderstood this interlude in the life I have deliberately chosen as the only possible form of existence left for me? Do you think I can go back to the old life as if nothing had ever happened—sneak in, shielded by my friends' convenient memories; share in its pleasures, its responsibilities, through the generosity of the indifferently forgetful; measure myself again with men who have been growing all these ten years I've been standing still? Perhaps *you* could do it—I'll be damned if I can! I'd have to have a thicker skin, duller brains than I have to do *that*!" He let his cards drop in a heap on the table and turned away. At the door he stopped awkwardly. "You fellows have doubtless meant it for a kindness, but I have my own notions as to the only expiation I can make."

When the door had closed upon him, King picked up the scattered cards.

"Whew!" he said under his breath. "It's gone to his head, poor devil!"

"Not a bit of it! Every mother's son of us knows he's right about it," objected Burnett aggressively. "What in thunder made you ask him to go back?"

"Well, there were several reasons. One of them was, I thought he'd be glad of the chance."

Von Graffenried looked up with a disagreeable smile on his lips.

"There will be one of the party disappointed if Monsieur Halliwell does not return with us," he said.

"If you mean Miss Ware, why don't you say so?" growled Burnett, frowning.

"There was something between her and Halliwell, wasn't there?" demanded Wilcox. "It's a pity—she's getting into the sere and yellow, and it's my belief she realizes it, and isn't any too happy in consequence."

"By Jove, if you had been a woman you'd have been a cat, Wilcox," flung out Burnett obscurely.

"It's always a pity when a beautiful woman misses the mark," murmured Von Graffenried.

Out in the dark Halliwell was walking quickly up the rocky street, chewing viciously at the unlighted cigar that hung on his lower lip. Amid the turbulence of his thoughts there gradually shaped itself the comforting reflection that he had told these men what he thought of them; that he had clearly defined his attitude. He was glad he had done it, even though he doubted whether they would understand. He told himself that he need look for comprehension but from one quarter—from Alice Ware. She who had never condoned his fault would rejoice that he did not either. With her approval he was a thousandfold content. They were to have a last morning together, and he meant to break the silence they had maintained and show her what she had done for him, what she had made of him, in spite of his mistakes.

IV

"It's perfect," declared Miss Ware, sinking down on the rug Halliwell had spread for her and gazing around.

"I thought you'd like it—it's far and

away the prettiest spot for miles around. And just look at the view!"

"It's wonderful—I'm glad we came!"

From the high hill on which they stood, crowned with great mangoes and bewildering masses of gardenias, they could see below them the picturesque old Mexican town of Minititlan basking in the brilliant morning sunlight, and beyond it the broad Coatzacoalcos flowing down to the Gulf. They had started, before the others were astir, in the naphtha launch, alone save for Enrique, the *maquinista*; and as they swung lightly up the river there was a freshness in the air like the freshness of that morning two weeks before when *The Gulnare* had slid gracefully over the bar and dropped anchor at the old wharf.

"You see I saved the best for the last. I wanted this to be your last remembrance of the Isthmus—and of me." He moved over to a big gardenia bush weighted down with waxlike flowers and gathered a handful. Flinging them in Alice's lap, he sank down beside her.

She lifted one of the blooms to her lips. "What do you mean by that?" she asked quickly. "Aren't you going back in *The Gulnare*?"

"No."

She turned sharply around to Halliwell. "But didn't King invite you? He promised he would!"

"Yes—but, of course, you know I wouldn't—couldn't accept."

She leaned forward and a provocative little smile gathered around her lips. "Not even if I asked you?" she said.

Halliwell stared ahead of him with troubled eyes. "But you of all people will never ask me," he declared, after an instant's pause, in a low voice.

The girl opened wide her luminous blue eyes. "I? Why not? But I do!"

"But that is impossible!" he protested. "You—you of all people know why—know why I can never go back," he stammered.

She looked at him with narrowed lids for an instant.

"Ah, you are thinking of that old trouble," she said at length; "you must not—it is forgotten——"

"But you—you!" he cried.

"Yes—I know," she stopped him hastily. "I was very hard on you—the hardest of

all perhaps—but I was very young and very lofty-minded. The young have such impossibly high standards!" she laughed a little. "I have often wondered if you ever forgave me my sternly virtuous attitude! I fear I was a creature of exalted ideals in those days. My moral vision was deficient, I could only see black and white. Now I can distinguish the most delicate *nuances* between right and wrong. I know life better—I know it is made up of compromises and that one of its most useful teachings is, 'there's no use crying over spilt milk.' Believe me, Frank, I wouldn't be so hard on you again." She turned to him with a lift of the eyes Halliwell knew so well. "It was a misfortune, an indiscretion, a grave error, if you like, but it's over and done with! What's the use of punishing yourself any more? I want you to be a reasonable being and come back with us, because—well, because, you see, I care so much!" She blushed brightly as she spoke and, smiling, held out both her white hands to him.

Halliwell rose dizzily to his feet. He felt spent and weak—as though he had been hit by a ball and his life blood was flowing from some severed artery. For the life of him he couldn't so much as lift a hand to touch hers. Something seemed to have snapped within him, leaving him inert, helpless. His illusions crashed about his ears in an almost audible confusion. He looked at her with troubled eyes, and suddenly she seemed quite different to him. The youth with which she had always seemed invested had fallen from her; the calm, luminous eyes had turned brightly hard; the serene brow, smoothly deceptive; the tender smile, merely provocative. With a groan he turned from her.

At his glance and movement she sprang to her feet. They stood thus for an instant, she, puzzled, expectant; he, with averted, miserable eyes, and then, without a word, they started down the hill. . . .

V

It was six o'clock, and the Chinaman came to the piazza door with the marine glass in his hand, proffering it to Halliwell, who sat in his accustomed place staring out to sea.

"Señol!" he murmured and pointed

downward to *The Gulnare* making her way gracefully over the bar.

Halliwell glanced up, but when he saw the glasses he shook his head. He had no need of glasses—he could see only too well!

He leaned forward with folded arms on the balustrade and, in the gathering darkness, stared for the last time at the slim white sides and red funnels of the yacht manœuvring her speedy way to the open sea.

THE PROCESSION

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

No witch's brew, or midnight incantation
Brings them to walk the rafters of my garret;
But a fresh wind, that blows from far the music
Of falling water:

Then do they come, the cavaliers of Raleigh,
Or Pilgrims landing on their frozen headland,
(And playing fearless in the wolfish forest,
The Pilgrim children!)

Sometimes alone, sometimes by moonlight courting,
I see their grave and lily-slender daughters;
Sometimes I hear their stalwart sons rough-riding
To join the muster.

Out of the dark rolls forth the Conestoga:
Westward forever billows its great mainsail:—
Fording at last the fabled Mississippi,
Bound for the Rockies!

Through the green valley of the Old Dominion
Marches the South behind her mighty Captain;
But hark! I hear a hundred thousand voices
Sing "Father Abraham."

Last in the shadowy concourse of my people,
I see the civil soldiers of the future,
Welcomed with ringing of the bells and salvoes
In every township;

Who, where they come, increase, not burn, the harvest:
About whose camp are children safely playing:
And harmless beasts their fathers shot for pastime
Creep near, and trust them.

I am well rested, though with little sleeping:
The mists are rolling seaward from my country;
The morning touches with a golden finger
Schoolhouse and steeple.

THE DRAMATIST AS MAN OF LETTERS

THE CASE OF CLYDE FITCH

By Walter Prichard Eaton



Take Clyde Fitch seriously always surprised many serious people. To take the theatre seriously always surprises many serious people, for that matter—the theatre, that is, not of the printed page, not of the so-called “literary drama,” but the actual playhouse, where farces and musical comedies, vaudeville and moving pictures, trivialities of all sorts, jostle with Shakespeare and Ibsen in the long effort to amuse. Now, Clyde Fitch was a man of that actual playhouse; his plays, though several of them have found their way into type, were designed for the foot-lights with no thought of type in mind. They were almost as much “produced” as written, for Mr. Fitch was his own alert stage manager and shaped his pieces in rehearsal. They were, most of them, frankly wrought to amuse, to entertain an audience in the playhouse, to bring the immediate returns of popularity and patronage. They were neither conceived nor considered as literature in the conventional sense. Mr. Fitch was perfectly willing to be a dramatic tailor, to cut a part to the measure of a star, to adapt from the French or German, to “dramatize” novels. Mostly, he may fairly be said to have been concerned not so much with weaving a fabric as cutting a garment, mostly he wrought, it seemed to his critics, not so much from a central idea, from an impulse of self-expression, as from a purely theatrical impulse to “shape up” an entertaining story. He belonged to Broadway, not the library or the class room. How, then, shall he be considered seriously, in the formal sense, and his work regarded as of literary importance?

It cannot be so regarded unless the critic is willing to make certain concessions. But neither can the stage work of men much more highly esteemed in literary circles than Clyde Fitch, the work, even, of some acknowledged masters of literary form.

“Peter Pan,” by J. M. Barrie, would make a poor showing in print. Yet is it less worthy work than “The Little White Bird,” his prose fantasy between covers, out of which it grew? A literary critic recently wrote of John Galsworthy’s “Plays”:

“While we are all aware that plays frequently get themselves printed in book form, we have very generally come to regard this as a mysterious and purely conventional activity of the publishers. But—and the fact is of some moment—Mr. Galsworthy’s plays are actually readable. They are not of the stage, stagey. They have literary form, fictional interest, and human appeal. . . . It would almost seem as though Mr. Galsworthy had rediscovered the underground passage between literature and the stage.”

This paragraph is more or less typical of the literary critic’s attitude toward the drama regarded as literature. It shows clearly the concession which must be made, not only in the case of Mr. Fitch’s work, but in that of many another dramatist. The critic applies to the printed play the same tests he applies to the novel or story, and finds “the underground passage between literature and the stage” only when the dialogue is sufficiently embellished, the characters reduced to cold type sufficiently plausible, the situations sufficiently interesting or poignant, robbed of the living pulse of interpretation by actors and actresses. Now, the novel or story is written to be read, and what it does in type is all it can do. The drama is not even written; it is constructed. And it is constructed to be acted in a theatre by living men and women, with illusive scenery, artificial lights manipulated at will, the tang of actuality about it, and the mood of it created for the spectator by a thousand aids which have no connection with the printed page, which can and do escape the reckoning of the literary critic. Its characters, impersonated by good actors, may conceivably say things of stinging hu-

mor or pathos which in cold type will look trivial and mean. Its situations, which may conceivably seem stiff and formal on the printed page by their very formality, may rise steadily to a thrilling climax in the theatre, where the interest of the audience is held by the eye and the ear and led on from one moment to the next, step by step, so that a formal, mathematical precision of incident is frequently an aid, not a blemish.

Unless it is drama written frankly for literary effect, as modern blank verse drama always is, its dialogue is the more effective the closer it approximates the inelegant speech of daily life, the closer it fits the characters who speak it, not as we visualize and exalt them in type, but as they walk before us in concrete form. No small part of the charm, the literary distinction of Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country," is in the rhapsodic outpourings of Senhouse, which, on the printed page, carry you irresistibly along. But in an acted drama one dreads to think of their fate, unless they were condensed, made more colloquial, robbed, in short, of what is now their grace of style. Again, addressed as the drama is so much to the eye, its finest passages are often impossible of reproduction in type. Can you get into print the final moments of "Shore Acres," when old Nat Berry, played so beautifully by James A. Herne, climbs the stairs with his candle, and then the empty kitchen glows silently in the fire-light, like a benediction, before the curtain glides down? Can you, indeed, reproduce a thousand and one poignant dramatic situations, carefully planned by the dramatist, when pantomime and silence get the mood and meaning across the foot-lights?

It is obvious, then, that what is most effective in the theatre need not be most effective in type, and what is the literature of the proscenium frame need not be the literature of the printed page. That a great many fine dramas are literature, in the formal sense, when printed—Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, Ibsen—does not prove that a great many fine dramas are not. At best, it proves, perhaps, that the finest dramas transcend the theatre. And even they are never quite satisfactory till played, never quite the same things, at any rate. For ordinary purposes, what is or is not literature in drama should in fair-

ness be determined by the play's effectiveness and truth in actual presentation on the stage. The concession which the critic must make is this—he must learn to visualize the printed play as he reads, and judge it as literature by its stage value. He must understand that it is but the skeleton he has before him. To do this is difficult, but not impossible, the more as most printed plays have been acted. The critic of music would not dream of judging a symphony by the printed score, unless he had the technical ability to read it into sound.

If we apply this test to the work of Clyde Fitch, it is impossible to deny it a place, and an important place, in the stage literature of America. His plays were never concerned with large personages nor profound passions. His comments on the pageant of social life which he depicted were never deep. His preoccupation with the idea of successful "entertainment" was a blemish on much of his work. Nevertheless, that work at its best caught truthfully the surface of the life depicted and occasionally, with a kind of smiling irony, plunged down below the crust; it was made fascinating by a boundless observation and individual by the touches of its author's sprightly fancy. Never stirring profoundly the beholder, and not infrequently annoying him by its petty devices of villainy to bring a situation about, it was yet work which gave much pleasure at the moment, was freshly and vitally contemporaneous, and has counted steadily as influence in the American theatre. The stage literature of to-day in this country is more truthful, more carefully observed, closer to life and more consistently a comment upon it (for merely to observe truthfully is to comment) than it was before Mr. Fitch began to write. In this development his work played a large and important part. It could not have done so had it not been truthful work, had it not been dramatic literature. And one is tempted to add it could not have done so had it been written with the printed page in mind. It is the men of the theatre who do its real work.

That the better of Mr. Fitch's plays were a comment upon life, a truthful comment, and hence literature, although in the main they were designed for purposes of theatrical entertainment, was due to the fact that his instinctive respect for the theatre was

greater than that of the mere theatrical artificer on the one hand—Sardou, for instance, or perhaps Henri Bernstein or W. Somerset Maugham—and greater, on the other hand, than that of the usual “literary dramatist,” self-styled, whom Mr. Fitch probably held in considerable contempt. His respect for the theatre was so great that he saw men and women in the world about him, heard conversations in his daily rambles, observed incidents and characters, in the light of possible stage material. It was not in him to divorce this daily reality from the theatre. If it was good enough for life, it was not too good for the drama nor too mean. This, when you come to think of it, is a high respect. And his respect for the theatre, also, was such that his wish was to appeal to its habitual audiences, to catch their ear and win their favor. For the dramatic cults, the associated “high brows,” as they are known on Broadway, he cared not at all. That, at bottom, the desire for pecuniary gain had anything to do with this, all who knew Mr. Fitch can stoutly deny. It was an instinct with him. It led him, no doubt, into excesses of caricature or “comic relief” which marred even his best plays, as “The Truth.” But, on the other hand, it kept his work immediately and practically effective and enabled him to exert his influence along the only lines that were for him potential. Because he respected the actual theatre too much to give it less than reality, so far as he could, and because he respected the actual theatre too much to withdraw contemptuously from its verdicts, he made the actual theatre a better place within his own too brief lifetime, he helped to increase critical respect for it, and to refine popular appreciation.

When Mr. Fitch began to get a hearing in the theatre, in 1890, he was but four years out of Amherst College. He came on with the new generation who had been born too late for the blank verse heroics of the Victorian era or its silly farces, sentimentalities, and endless adaptations from the French of the school of Scribe. It was incumbent upon the newer dramatists to bend the prose drama into either a convincing substitute for poetical heroics and romance, or a sufficiently truthful picture of men and manners to answer an intellectual need. Unconsciously, perhaps, they chose the latter course. Silly plays, tawdry arrange-

ments of artificial situations, and shop-worn theatrical “passions” still flourished—and still flourish. Doubtless they always will. But at the time Mr. Fitch began to write, in Germany, France, England, and even in America, there were signs of better things. Ibsen’s “Ghosts” was produced in Berlin at the Freie Bühne in 1889, at the Théâtre Libre in Paris in 1890, by the Independent Theatre in London in 1891, and at the Berkeley Lyceum in New York in 1894. Ibsen’s “A Doll’s House” was first played in England, however, in 1889. This performance almost immediately followed the production of Pinero’s “The Profligate,” his first serious drama. Ibsen’s effect thereafter on Jones and Pinero was considerable, even if they had got on the track of what Mr. Jones sententiously called “the great realities of modern life” before the Norwegian was heard in English. What William Archer calls “a declaration of independence from French adaptations” ensued in Great Britain. In America, more remote from the whirlpool of controversy, the declaration of independence was slower in coming. But looking back over the last decade of the nineteenth century, we remember sharply James A. Herne’s realistic dramas, “Shore Acres,” “Sag Harbor,” and “Griffith Davenport,” the Civil War melodramas of Bronson Howard, Belasco, and Gillette, the “state” plays of Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch’s “Nathan Hale” and “Barbara Frietchie.” These stand out as vividly national against the Zenda romances then raging. They did seriously and more or less consciously what Harrigan and Hart and Charles Hoyt were doing unconsciously and farcically—using American material, truthfully observed, for purposes of drama.

But so far only one of these men, James A. Herne, had gone much beyond obvious material. Probably he alone was fully conscious of the stream of tendency which he was alike guiding and guided by. Mr. Herne died, Mr. Howard ceased to write, Mr. Gillette faded into a more or less innocuous adapter of foreign work. Mr. Thomas has only in the past few years come to a full realization of what the drama means to him. But Clyde Fitch, man of the theatre though he was, cutter of garments to the order of any star, adapter and collaborator when the call came, in his numerically huge output continued to furnish a steady proportion of

American dramas, truthfully observed, with an increasing purpose behind them and an increasing wealth of significant and satirical detail. His example did more than any other single influence in the American Theatre to keep the on-coming dramatists lined up to the new standard and the new ideal. His name is writ large as a signer of the American drama's declaration of independence.

In the score of years during which he wrote for the stage, Mr. Fitch produced thirty-three original plays, counting as two plays each shorter dramas later rewritten, and twenty-three "dramatizations" of novels or adaptations of foreign works. He left behind at his death three additional original manuscripts and two adaptations. It has been for years the supposition that if he had written less he would have written better. Probably, however, this is not true. He had a "bottled lightning" mind and little power of reflection. Moreover, invention, the greatest difficulty of play writing, was easy for him, the labor of constructing a plot and situations less than for most men. He wrote as his nature directed; and it is rather foolish to quarrel with any artist's method of composition. The process of adapting a play, though Mr. Fitch, as in "Girls," for instance, often transformed the original into a new thing by his wealth of characteristic detail, is not a severe mental strain. Thirty-six original plays in twenty years of ardent and unceasing toil is not, perhaps, an inordinate number, certainly not a record number. Shakespeare, indeed, wrote almost as many.

And of these original plays all but one of them written since 1900 (and that one, "The Toast of the Town," was made over from an earlier piece) dealt with American subjects, almost all with contemporary American subjects, often in a fresh, vivid, and interesting manner. With increasing sureness the majority of them gained their chief interest not from the old tricks of plot nor the old virtuosity of the actors, so common on our stage a generation before, but from the essential truth of their observation of contemporaneous life and manners.

In 1901 Miss Amelia Bingham produced "The Climbers," after nearly every manager in New York had rejected it because, they said, "the public would never stand for the funeral stuff in the first act." How little the managers understood what was

coming to be vital in drama was shown by the result. The public "stood for" the first act, quite literally, three deep behind the last row of seats, because they recognized its deliciously ironic observation. A shallow social climber and her daughters, in funeral mourning for a father just lost, bargained with two other women for the sale of their now useless wardrobes. The scene was wickedly acid, for all its humor, and written with such observation of feminine trickery and the manners of a certain class of society that it was irresistible. The play went on to develop the tragedy of a Wall Street plunger and his socially aspiring family—a sordid tragedy of rather sordid and trivial people. But it was theatrically effective and proved anew that a popular play could be made without going back of yesterday or beyond New York for the material. And by the salient satire of its surface details, it showed how valuable a thing for the dramatist is the observant eye, the eye which is not shut as soon as the author quits the playhouse, but is then most open, gathering material not from the musty store-room of stage tradition but from the streets and drawing-rooms.

In "Barbara Frietchie," produced by Miss Marlowe in 1899 with great success, Mr. Fitch had shown in the minor detail of stage setting what can be achieved by good taste, solidity and truthfulness of setting, how in the contemporary prose drama sharply framed by a proscenium arch the illusion can be heightened by attention to the "production." Mr. Belasco, among others, was already working on the same tack. But Mr. Belasco's attention to the "production" sometimes results in a swamping of more essential things. With Mr. Fitch the setting was always one detail of a scheme of realism which reached as far as his plots, and only there broke down. In "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (played by Miss Ethel Barrymore in 1901) not only the stage replica of the old Hotel Brevoort in New York during its palmy days and the enormous skirts worn by the ladies gave the proper atmosphere, but the rehearsal of the old-fashioned ballet dance, the old ballet master himself, the pervading sense of a smaller New York of the early 70's gone mad over a pretty singer, after the fashion of our fathers, created an illusion historically truthful.

In "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" (written for Miss Mary Mannering in 1902) not only was the illusion of a pitching steamer created by the stage carpenter—a simple trick of no importance—but the scene on the deck was filled with such countless delightful strokes of observation, both of character and incident, that no printed sketch of an ocean voyage could have caught so vividly its humors. A gentle ridicule pervaded this scene, but ridicule which resided entirely in the aptness of the characters themselves and of what they did. "The Girl with the Green Eyes" (produced by Mrs. Bloodgood in 1902) was a play of more serious mettle. Here Mr. Fitch set earnestly to work at last to study a character. But he could not forego his detail, he could not keep out of his play those strokes of observation. That was one of his weaknesses; he abused his virtues by overworking them. The scene showing the Cook's Tourists before the Apollo Belvidere was capital fun, but hardly belonged in this serious drama of jealousy any more than did the young man who was incessantly taking pills.

"Her Own Way" and "Her Great Match," written in 1903 and 1905 for Miss Maxine Elliott (cut to order, as it were), on the other hand justified the "Fitchian detail"—already this close and sprightly observation of the surface of life had come to be accepted as a sort of standard. One was willing to pause and watch the minor characters and the intimate details of the story which were so vivid a part of the charm. In "Glad of It" (a failure) Mr. Fitch endeavored to dramatize a department store, which was at least daring. In "Girls," an adaptation from the German (1908), he shaped the original so much into his own manner that it became practically his play; and here his vivid observation of surface detail was seen at its best. The life of three bachelor girls in a New York flat—the rattling of water in the steam radiator, the singing of a "vocalist" across the air-shaft, the washing of handkerchiefs in a bowl, later spread to dry on the window pane, the suppers of *éclairs* and chocolate, the rows with the janitor—that was its substance, and that was caught with such smiling assurance, such deft truth, that it had the tang of actuality which the story of the play quite missed, and, slight and

unimportant as the little piece was, it made you dissatisfied with many a more ambitious drama, dissatisfied because the more ambitious drama lacked this surface reality, this sense of scenes and persons lifted out of life and set down upon the stage. A truthful surface texture, indeed, was with Mr. Fitch a matter of style, and almost as much an instinct as personal cleanliness.

It is no criticism of his truth as an artist to say that his people, even in the most ambitious of his plays, were generally small people, engaged in somewhat trivial affairs and moving in a shallow and trivial social world. It made many good people angry when, in "Her Own Way," a family were plunged in tragic gloom because they had lost all their fortune save a paltry \$600,000. Yet, for these shallow little millionaires, that was tragic. So long as Mr. Fitch remained true to the types he chose to depict, and among whom, it must be confessed, he seemed to move with the most pleasure, his art might be limited, but it could not be called false. He set out deliberately to study these types in serious drama, at least twice, to put aside except for the mere purposes of background the adroit surface detail, the array of amusing minor personages, the satirical or comic little interludes which he knew so well how to transfer from the avenue to the stage, and to track down the deeper spiritual truths of character. These plays were "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and "The Truth." In both of them he failed of complete success. In both of them he did demonstrate that he was not fully an artist, not, however, because he chose trivial types—that was his right—but because he could not remain consistently true to his task of tracking them down.

The trouble in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" was the plot, the chain of circumstances which revealed the character of Jinny, the jealous wife. Those circumstances were largely external to her character, arbitrary and artificial, Jinny remains true to herself in this play, to be sure, but it is not the fate of most of us to have unmitigated cads for younger brothers, as Jinny had, and it is only on the stage, perhaps, that a husband would risk his domestic happiness and the love of his wife by concealing the truth about her abominable brother under the mistaken notion that his

"honor" compelled him to keep a promise to that young gentleman. In other words, Mr. Fitch employed not the simple expedients which are, after all, sufficient to bring jealousy to a head and set it gnawing at character and happiness, but a highly colored and artificial—and rather needlessly unpleasant—set of circumstances. To create a play that should excite, he depended in reality more on plot than on character, and his study of character suffered accordingly. It seemed less typical, because its setting was not typical at all, did not spring from the character but the arbitrary will of the dramatist. This is, of course, to admit that Mr. Fitch was here too much a man of the theatre, and not free from the lingering Scribe conventions. But it in no wise proves that he was not an artist because the jealous Jinny, instead of being a regal figure, a modern Cleopatra, perhaps, was a frail, trivial, commonplace, every-day sort of female.

"The Truth," unsuccessful in America, where it was produced by Mrs. Bloodgood in October, 1906, successful in London where Miss Marie Tempest played it in April, 1907, and later taking a place in the repertoire of several Continental theatres, comes the nearest to being a completely satisfactory drama of all Mr. Fitch's works. For two acts, indeed, it has hardly a flaw. His preoccupation with amusing detail for its own sake has vanished. Engaged seriously in the study of a woman who, paradoxically, was both true at heart and a petty liar with her tongue, involving herself in webs of deceit, Mr. Fitch lays his preparation for the final inevitable blow to her husband's love with quiet ease, steady progression, and convincing naturalness. Printed, these acts are almost as engrossing and plausible as on the stage. They must satisfy even the "literary" critic!

And then once more Mr. Fitch is beset by his virtues. Enter Becky's father, a gambling, degenerate old rake, and the serio-comic landlady from Baltimore with whom he lives. The scene is transferred to their establishment, and though the father at least may claim some positive dramatic value, by explaining Becky's inherited proclivities to prevaricate (the playwrights would be hard put without the good old law of heredity!), the key of the drama is appreciably changed, a mood

perilously close to farce creeps in. Mr. Fitch always claimed living originals for these characters. But that does not strengthen his case in the least. Comic characters, however true, distract from the mood of tragedy or of serious character study, divert the attention, and so are false to the higher purpose of the play. One suspects that in Europe these two characters in the presentation were "toned down," and naturally in Europe it was not their comic element of truthful caricature which stood out, but their occasional emotional appeal. That may explain the greater success of the play abroad. Being superficially less realistic there, it was at bottom more so.

Mr. Fitch's faults in these two serious character studies of his, then, were the faults of his virtues—his preoccupation with the desire to make a story for his play that should interest the large general public, and his gift of sprightly, more or less satiric, observation, which he could not quite keep within bounds, even in a drama of grave import. He was too often as one who jested in a sermon. In "The Girl with the Green Eyes" he missed his mark because his plot was artificial and did not fuse with the simple reality of his character study. The plot exposed the character, the character did not condition the plot. In "The Truth" he missed his mark because he could not keep to the one mood of gravity, and lost his hold on the emotions of his audience by losing himself in the comic depiction of exaggerated types quite aside from his main issue. In "The City," Mr. Fitch's last play, posthumously produced in November, 1909, and plainly lacking his guiding and reshaping hand at rehearsal, he created what he himself is said to have regarded as his finest work. It is, at any rate, his most masculine work, for once putting forth a man as the chief personage and seriously studying him. But here again occurs the paradox—his virtue is his fault. His play fails of his higher purpose because plot and purpose do not comport.

"The City" is, supposedly, an exposition of the idea that New York, or, for that matter, any large city "shows up" a man in his true colors, brings to the surface his keenest ambitions and largest interests, so that if those ambitions and interests are unworthy, the man comes to know it, and the

world comes to know it also. The people from the little town of Middleberg in Mr. Fitch's play were moral hypocrites, as their father had been before them. It was not till they satisfied their longings and got into the thick of affairs in New York that they were brought to realize the fact, however. This is a fresh and perhaps a just view of urban influence. But the play fails of making it clear and convincing, because Mr. Fitch, too concerned with his theatrical story, brought about the revelation of hypocrisy to the hero not by the influence of the city, but by the plotting of a single character, the degenerate and illegitimate offspring of the country father. For the working out of that long, lurid, and theatrically exciting second act, the scene of the story need really never have left Middleberg. Mr. Fitch, too intent on his plot, forgot his purpose. His instinct was right. It was a virtue. He lacked the genius, however, to fuse his story with the exposition of character and the development of an intellectual idea. Not his preoccupation with petty people was his artistic weakness—though it may have been his moral weakness—but his lack of a balanced intellectual judgment on his own work, of a sufficient power of concentration on one mood or one idea.

Admitting these, his limitations, his half failures and incomplete realizations, we must at the same time admit his positive merits and, striking the balance, judge him as one whose contributions to stage literature possessed considerable truth and value of themselves, and have been of even more significance as influence and example. In the long array of his plays, stretching over a period of almost twenty years, will be found a varied record of the foibles and fashions of the hour, the turns of speech which characterized the fleeting seasons, our little local ways of looking at little things, the popular songs we were singing, the topics which were uppermost in our social chat, our taste in decoration, our amusements, the deeper interests, even, of our leisured classes; and always a portrait gallery of vividly drawn minor characters of great historic interest. Supplement the texts and stage directions of Mr. Fitch's plays with a collection of flash-light photographs of the original productions, to picture the costumes and settings (a collection of such stage photographs would be of great value

to any historical library), and they will afford twenty, fifty, a hundred years hence a more authentic and vivid record of our American life from 1890 to 1910, so far as it was lived in the gayer parts of town, than any other documents, whether the files of the newspapers or the fiction of the hour. The minute and faithful gift of observation which was his gave Mr. Fitch's plays at once their most immediate appeal and their most lasting value. Ruskin long ago pointed out that the only "historical painting" which will have value for our descendants is our record of our own times. The same is true of drama. Our descendants will not care what we thought of the French Revolution or even of the Civil War. But what we thought of our own immediate surroundings will be to them of historic interest and worth. They, at least, will be glad that the best of Mr. Fitch's plays have been preserved in print.

And because his appeal was so immediate, because his success, due to his keen and sprightly observation, was so great, his influence on other dramatists, consciously or not, was far-reaching and for good. He encouraged a more subtle and painstaking stage-management—a reform that in America still has a long way to go. He taught the value of a seemingly setting for a play, of accuracy and solidity of scenery. He encouraged by his success the choice of American subjects and the stage illustration of American manners. When he began to write, the percentage of native American dramas in a single season was very small, and the characters in them were often native only in name. To-day the percentage of native dramas produced in a given year far exceeds the percentage of foreign plays, and most of them are now concerned with contemporary themes and people with characters recognizably American. It is impossible, of course, to estimate Mr. Fitch's share in this result, but that it was considerably more than that of any other single man, no one familiar with American theatrical conditions can doubt.

A man of the actual theatre, with the failings as well as the virtues of a man of the theatre, without the consciousness of a prophet's call or the intellectual assurance of a self-appointed leader, Clyde Fitch led by his practical success as a maker of popular plays, which were also truthful plays.

That those plays obeyed the tendency of the times and led the theatre still farther from poetry and true romance, there is no question. The pendulum had to swing. It is still swinging. The mission of the theatre to-day is to give reflective realism a full and fair trial. So far as he could, Mr. Fitch instinctively made his plays realistic, he commented upon the life about him by showing it on the stage as he saw it, often through the glass of a kindly irony. Because truth always makes its way when it is not dully presented, he was popularly successful above most other playwrights.

They studied the secrets of his success and wrote better plays themselves. The public—which never studies—felt the secrets of his success and demanded better plays. A man who has done this for the theatre need not fear that the theatre will forget him. But to deserve so well of the theatre, to have contributed so much to stage literature, is not yet, in popular estimation, to have become a man of letters. One is only left to speculate whether, after all, some acknowledged men of letters deserve so well of fame for any contributions they have made to vital truth in art.

LA BONNE COMÉDIE

By Austin Dobson

Les Précieuses ridicules allèrent aux nues dès le premier jour. Un vieillard s'écria du milieu du parterre: "Courage, Molière! voilà de la bonne comédie!" (Notice sur Molière.)

TRUE Comedy *circum præcordia ludit*,—
It cheers the heart's cockles. 'Twas thus that he viewed it,—
That simple old critic, who smote on his knee,
And named it no more than he knew it to be.

"True Comedy!"—ah! there is this thing about it,
If it makes the House merry, you never need doubt it:
It lashes the vicious, it laughs at the fool,
And it brings all the prigs and pretenders to school.

To the poor it is kind; to the plain it is gentle;
It is neither too tragic nor too sentimental;
Its thrust, like a rapier's, though cutting, is clean,
And it pricks Affectation all over the scene.

Its rules are the rules Aristotle has taught us;
Its ways have not altered since Terence and Plautus;
Its mission is neither to praise nor to blame;
Its weapon is Ridicule; Folly, its game.

"True Comedy!"—such as our Poquelin made it!
"True Comedy!"—such as our Coquelin played it!
It clears out the cobwebs, it freshens the air;
And it treads in the steps of its master, MOLIÈRE!

*** Written for Brander Matthews's "Molière."

ON RESPONSIBILITY

By John Grier Hibben



HERE is much loose and confused thinking about the nature of responsibility. Not only are there innumerable instances of persons holding positions of trust who are evading evident responsibilities, but also of those who would seek to justify themselves in such a course. The latter are like the figures in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed Ring, who are all standing in a circle, and each one pointing aside with his thumb to his neighbor as the responsible person. It is the old story of the other man. There are many circumstances in life where it is convenient to shift the responsibility upon some one else; and whenever one sets himself to defend a convenient course of action, he cannot always see straight and think clear. Even though he may succeed in convincing himself, nevertheless if in this process there is any element of self-deception, he is perilously near the danger line.

There are no fallacies so subtle as those which insinuate themselves into our reasonings at a time when our interests are involved. Therefore when we seek to free ourselves of the burden of responsibility in any situation, we must be peculiarly on guard, that we do not allow ourselves to become ensnared in the toils of those artificial distinctions and plausible explanations, which when stripped of their verbal dress appear in their nakedness as contemptible subterfuges.

One of these convenient ideas which serve as a kind of natural anæsthetic to conscience is the belief that any responsibility which is divided is thereby lessened. The director of a corporation may content himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree. On the other hand, when by the ordinary

processes of arithmetical division one number is divided by another, the result is only a small part of the original amount. It is always a lessening process. But the idea of responsibility cannot be expressed in any such quantitative terms. Dividends can be divided into separate parts, but responsibility cannot. Responsibility can never be conceived in the light of a magnitude. It belongs to the class of things which, when divided, each part is equal to the whole.

Responsibility in this respect is like pleasure which, when shared, is not lessened, but the rather increased, as Bacon long ago pointed out. The same quality we find in the rewards of honor, or of fame it may be, which come to the many who have served in a common cause and rejoice in a common victory. Thus the glory of the whole is each one's share. It can be divided among many without loss. So, also, the appreciation of beauty in nature or in art shows no diminishing returns, although the number who experience the joy of it may be increased without limit. This, also, is the characteristic feature of responsibility. Parents share the responsibility of their child, but the complete responsibility and no half measure of it rests upon each. The director of a bank or an insurance company shares the responsibility of his position with his colleagues on the same board; but the shared responsibility is not a per capitem portion, but the whole.

This is not a new doctrine; it comes to us with an immemorial sanction. But it seems to have been forgotten in recent years. "My share of the responsibility is but slight," is a common phrase which may be heard on all sides at the present day. If one would thus seek to minimize his sense of obligation as regards that which may be placed in his keeping as a trust, he should not forget that his share of responsibility is not a part, but the whole, undiminished and untransferable. He may have others associated with him, it is true, but his individual responsibility cannot be shifted upon them. He must meet it in the full rigor of its demands, and regard

himself as though alone in the discharge of his duties.

There is also the fallacy of the delegated responsibility. It is impossible for one at the head of large business interests, for instance, to give his personal attention to every minute detail. He finds himself naturally compelled to delegate much of the work of supervision and of administration to others who act in the capacity of his deputies. Otherwise the business of life would be impossible. This is indeed a commonplace of every-day business routine. But because some one else may assume the responsibility, he is not wholly relieved of it. He passes on the duty of actually performing some specific work, and yet the obligation still rests with him not to do the task, it is true, but at least to see that it is done. We cannot afford to ignore the customary judgment that the act of the agent is the act of the principal. We cannot take it for granted that the mere transfer of responsibility to another assures a satisfactory discharge of all the duties which it involves. We do not dare to shut our eyes to the fact as to whether such duties are fulfilled or not, on the ground that the responsibility now rests upon another and not upon ourselves. It is his responsibility, but it is also ours. A person who is at the head of a large business enterprise cannot be omnipresent or omniscient; but he is responsible for the kind of men who are his partners in responsibility, and also for the atmosphere which pervades his business, for the general morale of the service, for the discipline that is enforced, for the prevailing policy and method pursued, and for the spirit and tone which characterize all departments, however various they may be. Division of labor is not a dissipation of responsibility. He who is responsible for a particular task is relieved of that responsibility only when there is evidence that the given work has been done. The head of a corporation should devise certain methods by which such evidence can be regularly forthcoming, so that when any cog in any wheel may chance to slip, the fact may be at once apparent at the central seat of responsibility.

There is, of course, such a thing as a serial responsibility, as I would style it, that is, where a number of persons in turn

assume the responsibility for a certain task, each contributing his share to its accomplishment, and then pass on the full responsibility to some other. This is illustrated in the sending of a registered package. Each one in the series does his part in the process of forwarding it, and receives a signed acknowledgment that another has relieved him of his particular duty and of all responsibility connected with it. The ordinary business of life, however, cannot always be so nicely adjusted. Responsibility appears more often in an indefinite and diffused form, in which many persons are involved, and no one at any time carries the full burden alone. There is no way of escaping responsibility of this kind as long as we remain within the area of its pervading power. We dare not hang about the outer edge of this region, hoping to reap the possible rewards, and yet think to evade all blame or loss in the event of untoward results. There are many who thus endeavor to hold their course along some such imaginary line, so that they may shrewdly keep within it to share the honor or dividends which may accrue, and yet be able to swerve to the other side of it whenever the area within may become the storm centre of indignant protest and recrimination.

There is another fallacy which many fall into of securing freedom from responsibility by the assumption of a convenient ignorance. A candidate, for instance, may not choose to know the detail of method and of policy pursued by a campaign committee in charge of his interests. The members of the committee in turn deem it wise to have him kept in ignorance. It is generally understood that whatever happens, he is to know nothing about it. The comforting theory is that no responsibility can attach to a person concerning an act of which he is ignorant. This is doubtless true, provided he is not purposely ignorant. A person may not be held responsible for failure to see some obvious circumstance when his eyes are shut; but he is responsible for his eyes being shut when they ought to be open.

There are men who know that certain results could not possibly be accomplished without certain definite means being used; and yet consent weakly to profit by these results on the ground that they do not know

explicitly the character of the means used to attain them. It is a lame excuse. We are responsible not only for that which we see and hear, but also for that which may be implied in the things seen and heard, and which we are compelled to recognize as the necessary consequence of them. It is not merely the actual situation in which we find ourselves, but also the logic of such situation that must be interpreted and judged by us as to the measure of our responsibility for them. It must be remembered that the very ground of our responsibility is the presupposition that we are in complete possession of our reason. How absurd therefore to narrow the range of responsibility by excluding the obvious inferences which the reason of any man of ordinary intelligence must surely recognize. If a campaign committee, for instance, expends large sums of money, it stands to reason that the one in whose interests it has been raised must know that revenues are not created by magic. Merely to choose not to know, is to ignore a definite responsibility and thereby assume an indefinite one. It is like signing a blank check to an unknown order and for an unknown amount. The man who would rather not know what his friends are doing in his behalf should be held to strict account for his voluntary ignorance. No one can afford to have things done for him which he would scorn to do or be afraid to do himself.

There is also a very common feeling that any one can repudiate all responsibility in a given situation, if he will only declare forcibly and loudly enough that he does not regard himself as in the least responsible for the same. He may insist that he will wash his hands of the whole matter; but there are certain stains that cannot be thus removed. The hands may be washed; but they may not be made clean by the process. How often do men justify themselves when feebly yielding to the prevailing opinion of the many associated with them in some position of trust, by the ready excuse, that after all the majority must rule. It is true that the majority must rule; but it is equally true that the minority must often fight. A mere verbal protest followed by a quiet acquiescence is not sufficient when honor or honesty is the issue. An uncompromising attitude of opposition may

have to be maintained until the court of last appeal is reached; that court may be a board of directors, or the stockholders, or public opinion, or in the regular course of legal procedure even the Supreme Court of the United States itself. Responsibility often means a fight to the finish.

We are responsible for our silence, for our inertia, for our ignorance, for our indifference—in short for all those negative qualities which commonly constitute the “dummy” directors,—those inconsequent personages who would enjoy the honor and the perquisites of their office without allowing themselves to be unduly burdened with its duties and cares. The president of a corporation or a superintendent does not assume the responsibility vested in its board of directors; he merely represents that responsibility. And when they would implicitly assign all sense of their personal obligations to his keeping, they not only put themselves in a position to be easily fooled, but actually offer a ready temptation to such an one to fool them. They are thus doubly reprehensible; for the neglect of duty on the one hand and on the other for actually extending a virtual invitation for some one to use them as tools for unlawful ends. Not only the wreck of a business, but the wreck of a human being must be laid at their door, who by a splendid capacity for negligence do thus expose another to the play of the most subtle temptations which can be conceived.

There is also the mistaken notion that we may escape certain responsibilities by simply not assuming them. There are some obligations, however, which we do not dare to refuse, and which indeed it is not possible to refuse. We have no choice in the matter. We cannot say in truth that we have no responsibility, for instance, for the general decency and good order of the community in which we live, merely because we have chosen to keep out of the village politics, and therefore, not being on the borough council or the board of health, it is none of our business if the laws of nature, of man, or of God are violated. It must be remembered that responsibilities of such a kind are not assumed by definite choice, but belong to us whether we will or not. Certain responsibilities we do not choose; they rather choose us. If at times they seem to us vague and in-

definite, it becomes our duty then to make them definite through some effort on our part. We are held to account not merely for doing the obvious duty that circumstance may urge upon us, but also for creating the circumstance which may give rise to a wholly new set of duties. We are not only responsible for lending our service to the cause which has a rightful claim upon us, but also we may be responsible for the establishing of a cause to serve.

There are those who imagine that in certain relations of life there can be devised some natural substitute for the sense of responsibility. It is possible, of course, to establish a set of automatic checks upon an employee's activities, of such a nature as to reduce his personal responsibility to a minimum. Any failure in the performance of his duties is at once mechanically discovered by the various systems of time clocks, bell punches, cash registers, and the like. This is very well in all cases where the labor is that of simple routine. Mechanical activity can be checked by a mechanical device. Not so, however, as regards those duties which demand a higher order of capacity—such as that of sound

judgment, a fine sense of discrimination, and the power of resourceful initiative. In all such matters there can be no substitute for the responsible personality. Man is a responsible being because of this very element of free activity in his nature which no mechanical contrivance, however ingenious, can ever gauge. We are all so dependent upon the integrity, fidelity, and efficiency of man in the more complex relations of life that we must at times, and often the most critical, trust him implicitly. We do not proceed far in any undertaking without being aware that we are holding another responsible, or that some one is holding us responsible for those inevitable duties which arise out of the relations of man to man the world over. If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of the relations of life; for life is responsibility. As we have seen, responsibility remains with us even though we may ask others to assume it; we share it with others, but our portion is the same; when we turn our backs upon it, we find it still facing us; we flee from it, and, however far it may be, we see it waiting for us at the journey's end.

THE EVOLUTION OF COLLEGE BASE-BALL

By H. S. Pritchett

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching



DEAL has been said in print of late years concerning college games. I have been interested to see that these discussions have in the main been carried on by

men who never played the games themselves and who, in nearly all cases, lacked any sympathetic knowledge of what it means to let one's self go in the keen excitement of a foot-ball or base-ball match.

While such criticism from the outside is to be welcomed, I have some doubt whether any man can criticise a game from the best stand-point unless he himself has taken part in it, and not only taken part in it, but has entered into it with such zest and enthusiasm that he has found his greatest joy and pleasure in it.

It is from some such consideration as this that I venture a few words concerning the development of college base-ball for the last forty years, during which I have been closely associated with the game, first as a player, secondly as a coach of my boys, and lastly as an observer. My recollections of base-ball go back to the time when in the small Western town in which I lived base-ball was just beginning to displace town-ball. I remember with great distinctness the struggle between the two games and how quickly the better game displaced the less skilful and more poorly organized game. In the small institution which I attended I played steadily for four years, and at the end of that period was offered a modest salary in a professional team. I have sometimes imagined that had I ac-

cepted this opening I might have reached real fame.

To one who has known the game in this way, who remembers the early heroes whose names were on the lips of every college boy, who has seen the game developed until it has become truly a national game, the story of its primacy over other American games and of its development is extremely interesting.

That base-ball is our real national game, so far as that term can be given to an organized sport, is, I think, beyond question, and the reasons for it are not far to seek. To become such a sport a game must first of all present a large opportunity for skill in various directions; it must afford a field for organization and co-operation; and finally it must be a good game for the looker-on.

Base-ball possesses more completely than any other of our organized sports all these qualifications. It calls for skill of a high order in throwing, running, batting, and in that quick co-ordination of eye and hand which goes to make up skill. Its co-operative feature affords play for the best kind of organization. It shares with cricket the great advantage of offering all these opportunities for skill and for organized play without that temptation to irritation which comes from the personal contact of foot-ball, and it excels cricket in the quickness of the play and the number of thrilling and interesting moments which the ordinary match will develop. Take it by and large, there is no question in my mind that it presents the most wholesome and, on the whole, the best game for developing the manly qualities of youth which has been brought into our college life.

To one who has known the game almost from its beginning, it is interesting to see that while there has been a gradual evolution in certain points, it is to-day essentially the same game it was a generation ago. No great modification has been made since the days of the early seventies, when pitching was replaced by throwing. Up to that time the batter faced a ball pitched by a motion of the arm which never allowed the hand to rise above the elbow. When that form of delivering the ball was replaced by the thrown ball, the day of swift balls came in. Outside of this great change the general features of the game remain the same.

To the old-time player who looks back over this interval the main technical changes

which have taken place have arisen out of the development of the thrown ball and of the gradually increasing rôle which the pitcher has played thereby. With throwing allowed, the balls became far swifter; the curved ball was gradually developed; and the game has therefore tended to become more and more a pitcher's game, with less and less batting. This tendency has probably gone further than it ought to go for the best interest of the game, but it has not materially modified the need for good base-running and throwing and fielding and batting. It has simply magnified the pitcher's importance and tended to make the game more and more a duel between pitchers, assuming the other players to be fairly well trained in their places.

Another development of the game which the old-timer is quickly aware of when he watches a present-day match is the development of a complex organization. Signals began to be used almost as early as the game itself came to be well played, but at the beginning they were restricted to a few simple ones. For example, the pitcher and catcher had a set of signals, and later on, as the signals were extended, they always originated from one of the players, usually from the catcher, who is in a position facing the pitcher, the basemen, and the short-stop, the men who have most need for signals. To-day the use of signals has been so highly developed that it covers all sorts of operations and the player, instead of being under the control of the captain, is in a great number of cases commanded from the bench by the manager. While the development of signals has unquestionably made the game more scientific, this has also, as it seems to me, been developed beyond the point where it exercises its best influence. I am inclined to believe that such signals as are used should be entirely under the management of some man in the game, and that they should be restricted to such as are quickly and easily recognized and which do not require a complicated set of manœuvres in order to make them known.

The college game has always reflected the tendencies of the professional game. Forty years ago the college players of that day read with thrills of excitement the accounts of the professional games and knew in great detail the records of the base-ball

heroes of that prehistoric time, just as the college boy of to-day can tell you the points of each of the noted professional players of 1909. Any improvement in the professional game has been quickly reflected in the college game, so that the college game to-day, so far as its technique is concerned, is almost completely a reproduction of the professional game. In many ways this has been a good thing, for it lends to the college game the snap and quickness and skill which the professional handling has developed.

In other ways, however, the imitation of professional base-ball in the college has been a loss, not a gain. Perhaps the most harmful feature of the professional game which the college boys have adopted is the continual chorus of cries on the part of the players as soon as the pitcher takes the ball in hand and gets ready to deliver it to the batter. Every player on the nine gives tongue, and the spectators are treated to one continual shower of puerile and silly cries. The professionals do this partly with the idea of rattling their opponents, but chiefly with the purpose of covering up a complicated set of signals. Even in the professional games the practice is wholly inexcusable and takes away from the pleasure and the fairness of the game, but when introduced into the college games, it is vulgar beyond expression. Such games as, for example, the last Harvard-Princeton matches are enough to disgust the ordinary man with the whole game of base-ball. Not only is the audience subjected to a continual chorus of yells from the players, but the audience itself is encouraged to take a hand in the game by concerted cheering and calls. The result is that the visiting nine not only has to play against the home nine, but it has to play also against the home audience. This whole process is absolutely unfair. It is vulgar in the last extreme and college men ought to stop it. The college games of the old day, when each man did his work without screaming, were infinitely superior to the games of to-day in that respect, and they offered just as good an opportunity for team-play as can be had by this indiscriminate yelping.

Most of the abuses and vulgarity of the college base-ball of to-day have come from the importation during the last twenty years into the college of the professional coach. Sometimes he is a professional

from the outside; sometimes he is an alumnus, who is called by a stretch of courtesy an amateur; but generally these two breeds of coach do not greatly differ. The methods of both are thoroughly professional, and not only base-ball but other college sports suffer from their presence and pay dearly for the meagre gains which their coaching brings. Any father who will go out to the coaching exercises on one of the practice days and listen to the talk which these men visit upon their young charges, would not willingly have his son live long under such tuition. The college game has little to lose in skill and everything to gain in fairness and decency by returning to the plan of leaving the direction of the game entirely to the students and by eliminating the professional coach. The colleges should go out of base-ball as a business and take it up once more as a game.

To the old-timer who played base-ball in college thirty-five years ago one of the most striking differences of the base-ball of to-day is to be found in its enormous cost as compared with the cost then. Like foot-ball, base-ball has come to be conducted in the larger institutions as a business. The young fellow who plays upon a team, instead of buying his own suit, as we did a generation ago, and chipping in a certain modest sum to purchase bats and balls, finds everything bought for him. Boys who have come from modest homes suddenly find themselves living at a rate which they never before imagined. From the ample receipts of the athletic committee, expensive suits and sweaters are furnished in profusion. The nine is carried about the country in Pullman cars at the expense of the college athletic association and lead a life as college athletes so far beyond their means in luxury and in expense as to prove thoroughly demoralizing to many.

Of all the affectations which this business has brought in, there is nothing which seems to us old-timers so absurd as the fad of the college training-table. The idea that a young fellow of eighteen to twenty-two who is leading a decent, clean life, eating wholesome food, and dividing his time between work and play, must be provided with a special table in order that he may play good foot-ball or base-ball, is an affectation so extreme that it is difficult to treat it seriously. It belongs to that régime of ex-

travagance which has come in with big gate receipts and expensive coaches and free base-ball suits. The quicker it is dropped, the greater respect men will have for the college conduct of athletics.

How wide-spread the demoralization is which comes from the use of these large sums, few fathers realize unless their attention is called especially to the matter. In this respect the military schools—for example, West Point—have set a better example. It allows no gate receipts. It takes its students off on no expensive trips, and runs its athletic expenses on a modest scale. Not only is this true, but it does not diminish in any respect the scholarly demands upon its players on account of their athletic participation; and yet West Point puts up a game of base-ball very nearly comparable with those college teams which are practically professional.

Two years ago I went up to West Point to see a game between the cadets and Harvard. It was amongst the earliest games of the season. I had a particular interest in it, because I had one boy on the West Point team and another playing as a substitute on the Harvard team. The Harvard team had returned from a ten days' or two weeks' absence in the South, where, at an expense of some three thousand dollars, they had been kept at a good hotel and had been coached daily by a professional. The cadets had had no coaching except what could be had in connection with their regular studies and in the intervals of their ordinary work, and yet the two nines played so nearly the same game that the difference between the two was very small. The gain in skill which is secured from these expensive trips and from this enormous outlay of money is meagre in the extreme and quite out of proportion to the demoralization and extravagance which the custom carries with it.

We old-timers also cannot help regretting that the hospitality and simplicity of the old matches have in large measure passed away. In the old simple days when two college teams played and when the boys went into their own pockets to pay their fares, the players were received by the home club as guests. Generally each fellow on the nine took some visitor to his home for the night or for dinner, and the two teams mingled on the basis of wholesome and

friendly social intercourse. To-day all this is changed. The college team drives to the field exactly like a professional base-ball aggregation; its players take up their work in exactly the same way that the professionals take up theirs; and nearly all the old-time hospitality and sociability has been squeezed out by the professional organization. It may be that a sharper game is played in certain minute technical ways, but I doubt whether it is worth the sacrifice of intercollegiate comradeship and friendly association.

Those of us who knew the game in its early days, who believe in it as the best game for American college boys, would like to see it go back into the hands of the boys themselves. We should be glad to have the gate receipts and the professional coach abolished and to see the game once more managed by college boys in their own way along college ideals and with something of the hospitality and the sociability which came from the mingling of educated men who, while they may be for the moment competitors in athletics, are nevertheless friends and comrades. Personally I do not believe that the game will ever be what it ought to be until our colleges have the courage to take this action. Yale and Harvard publish each year statements showing the enormous receipts of the year for athletics, receipts so great that their very expenditure almost necessarily involves demoralizing consequences. It would be altogether to the honor and the dignity of these two great colleges to eliminate this feature of their college life and to introduce an athletic régime which shall stand first of all for the skill which may legitimately lie within student efforts rather than for the skill which may be reached by putting the sport upon a professional basis of such character as to demand enormous expenditures and complicated organization.

Looking back over the history of the game for a generation, the player who started with it feels that it remains to-day essentially a sound and wholesome game for American youth. It possesses perhaps greater possibilities for team-play and for individual skill than any other of our games, and it needs only to be separated from professionalism and from the vulgarity and extravagance which professionalism brings to restore not only its old-time prestige, but also its old-time hospitality.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

A Sabbatical
Year

I SOMETIMES wonder, in my leisure moments—and they are all leisure moments now—how the story of the Garden would have run if it had been the other way about,—if our first parents, instead of being driven out of Eden, had been ordered in. Sitting here with my windows open to the sky of Greece; the Parthenon, beyond the flat roofs of the city, standing against the blue; all the wonder and glory of the ancient world drifting dimly about the long ridge of Hymettus to the east, and the mountains of Argolis to the south, I fall to thinking, first of that far-away den where so many hours of my life have been ground out, with its grim desk of many pigeon-holes, its shelves of books, its severe ink-bottle, and its relentless pens, and then, unaccountably enough, I begin to think of Adam and Eve. Suppose they had been created of earth outside the Garden; imagine them some evening sitting at the door of their wattled hut, tired of the long day's work at the wooden plough,—I doubt not that it would take both of them to manage it, as it does to-day on the uplands of Greece. One can see the tired donkey browsing on the slightly browned grass, the sheep and goats lying about under the guardianship of the dog, the chickens slowly finding their way to their roost in the olive tree, the red rim of sunset in the west, and Adam, taking a draught of water, rare and precious in this dry land, out of one of those gourd-shaped jars that antedate human history. One can hear Eve—the kerchief that has protected her head from the burning sun all day folded about baby Cain to keep out the evening damp—one can hear tired Eve crooning her first-born to sleep, and then—

Suppose that an angel, beautiful and blind-ing, had swept toward earth's first poor home, frightening the sheep and the donkey, who would take to their heels over dry acanthus and withered grass, scaring the chickens until they fluttered squawking from the olive tree, waking baby Cain to his first roar of defiance against divine command,—suppose that this terrible angel, I say, instead of barring them from Paradise, had commanded them to go in.

One can almost share the anxious hours of planning in the dark, the wonderment about what to take, Adam's uncertainty as to the need of his sheep-skin coat, Eve's decision against her distaff, the whole bewildered debating that attends any packing, that would attend most of all this august preparation for Paradise. One can imagine the broken sleep, those glory-haunted dreams that verge on nightmare, and that waking, in the clear golden dawn, to grief at parting with dog and donkey, and to fear that wolf and jackal would spoil the little herd. One can follow that slow journey eastward to the flaming gate, eyes shaded by the hand to make its glory bearable, eyes shaded by the hand to catch the last glimpse of the hut that was home.

And then—but I have no way of picturing the splendor of Paradise; have I ever been there? Certain long-past moments of vivid life might perhaps give a suggestion of the awe and wonder it would rouse: that first glimpse of Italy, for instance; years and years ago, with southern sunshine on brown hill and cypress, or the glory of white Alps at sunrise. Dimly one can realize the awful joy of those first moments, broken suddenly by a grating sound as the angel shuts the gate.

And then, the greenness, the witchery of strange paths, the glamour of it all. Set with trees of all kinds, its loveliness was assured; cedars of Lebanon, tall fronded palms, cypresses; and surely writ, if not holy writ, assures us that the silver birch is there:

"And by the gates of Paradise
The birk grew fair enough."

That, of course, may mean inside, and should; no tree is fitter. One can imagine—inadequately of course, if one could imagine anything adequately it would not be imagining,—the innumerable, many-colored, feathered things among the bewildering branches, and the delight in watching their strange manœuvres. One can share Eve's surprise and delight in finding little Cain no longer heavy to carry, for one is not allowed to imagine burdens in Eden. Stream by stream they would wander, exploring the four rivers; tree by tree

would lead them on; and many an innocent fruit, even unforbidden apple, would they test, Cain doubtless struggling vainly for his share. One can dimly see the undiscovered flowers, tall, white lilies, saffron roses, and a million many-tinted, fragrant things. One can be glad for that lightness of the heart in relief from old troubles, the sense of the illimitable riches of idleness, the joy of endless sunshine and endless leisure.

And yet it is easy to see how, after a little, the hands of these two honest toilers would begin, unconsciously, to reach out toward the old plough handle, drawing quickly back in shame; how Eve would begin to worry about the lightness of Cain upon her back, longing for the pressure of the old sweet burden. One can understand the sidelong glances with which their eyes would wander past the bird of paradise, in search of those familiar feathered things of home. After all, could one spend eternity at the Zoo? With the "honeydew" of Paradise on their lips they would think wistfully of the humble noon-day meal of old days, taken as they sat cross-legged under the olive trees. With their first misgivings how they would begin to entertain each other! How they would point out effects of line and of color! One can hear their increasing assurances to each other of how delightful it all was; but, in the silences, all the old hard things would come trooping back in memory: the death of their first donkey, the hunger of that first year of tilling the soil before the crops were ripe, and remembered anguish would be twice as hard to bear as any day's brave facing of present hardships. So, shade by shade, one becomes aware of the misery of their splendid loneliness as they sit under alien palms, their anguish of heart when the day's sight-seeing is over, and evening comes, the time for the folding of the sheep. How Eve would long to set to rights the wattled hut, but oh, the goats might already have eaten the wattled hut! Alas, for the pointlessness of Paradise: no spot more sacred than another, in all this magnificent expanse, no centre called home. Where is the old preciousness of water, with water everywhere? Where the sense of the divine right of well-earned rest? For some reason the story seems far sadder than that of the expulsion from the Garden. One has not the heart to follow these poor exiles in Eden, doomed to endless holiday, through more than one day; how then shall one endure a year, a Sabbatical year?

But I must stop lest I blaspheme; and see, the sun is going down in golden glory behind the Parthenon, with promise of a fine-day for sight-seeing to-morrow. It is not for one of unimpeachable Presbyterian descent to minimize the primal curse of toil.

THERE is no commoner topic among the philosophers, from Solomon and Horace even unto this day, than the melancholy waste of human life involved in the endeavor to do as other people do, specifically to spend as other people spend. From the mad and maddening pretension of the earthen pots to swim with the brass pots, to keep up with the procession, one's daily newspaper daily assures him that there ensue countless physical and mental and moral wrecks. Men are going to jail or to the "sanatorium" every day for no other reason than that they have felt it incumbent upon them to adopt the same scale and style of living as their possibly better-to-do neighbors. It is not that they acknowledge any benefit to themselves from this increased strain of expenditure. Contrariwise, the male partner of an extravagant household is commonly free to acknowledge that, for his part, he gets no good whatever from the excessive outgo, that he would be more comfortable if it were reduced to the measure of his real requirements. But for the chivalry which still more or less survives, he would openly blame "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me." In spite of the chivalry, the circumstances so often indict "the woman" in the crimes or the disasters which attend the attempt either to live beyond one's means or to increase them with inattention to moral or legal conditions.

Frugal
Hospitality

As to this aspect of the problem, which is the prevailing modern aspect, neither of the two philosophers we have named does the modern patient any good at all. There were so many of Mrs. Solomon! And there was no Mrs. Horace at all! "What did they know about it?" is tempted to inquire the heavy-laden twentieth century when you put their adages to him. He knows them already, poor man. If to be a Solomonian or a Horatian philosopher would make his wife one, he would cheerfully addict himself to Hebrew and Latin. But the wife of his bosom finds no consolation in these trite dicta, in presence of the glaring fact that her neighbor has had two new suits, or two new hats, since she has had one.

It is in the article of dress, doubtless, that the heavy-laden husband oftenest finds himself so oppressed as to seek relief at the peril of the Bedlam or the jail. But there are other articles. Take the common case of hospitality. The British middle-class dinner-party is an inexhaustible theme for the British satirist, the ill-made made-dishes which one must have because everybody has them, the "pastrycook's men" for the waiters, which every guest knows the family does not maintain, and so forth, and so forth. Listen to that impeccable authority, Anthony Trollope:

"People are getting to be so luxurious that one can't live up to them at all," said Mrs. Toogood. "We dined out here with some new-comers in the Square only last week. We had asked them before, and they came quite in a quiet way,—just like this; and when we got there we found they'd four kinds of ices after dinner!"

"And not a morsel of food on the table fit to eat," said Toogood. "I never was so poisoned in my life. As for soup,—it was just the washings of the pastrycook's kettle next door."

"And how is one to live with such people, Mr. Walker?" continued Mrs. Toogood. "Of course we can't ask them back again. We can't give them four kinds of ices."

"But would that be necessary? Perhaps they haven't got twelve children."

"They haven't got any," said Toogood, triumphing; "not a chick belonging to them. But you see one must do as other people do."

The American husband, husband of a certain kind of wife, is falling into the same sordid subjection into which his British brother fell long ago. He is confronted with the painful dilemma, either we must do as other people do, and spend more money on entertainment than we can afford, or else we must fail to reciprocate the hospitality we receive. This is a dilemma which every husband of what we may (with the highest respect) describe as a Philistine wife finds himself at some time, and probably many times, called to confront.

Happily, it is not really a dilemma at all. The "pastrycook's man" is happily not yet a factor in ordinary American entertainments. It is a question of things good to eat only and of things decently served. And this is a question of the skill of the hostess. There are delightful interchanges of hospitality, for example, at army posts, where the convives are all poor together, and where everybody knows accurately what every other body's income is. Likewise in colleges under like conditions. It is here only a question of housewifely skill whose entertainments are most acceptable and

welcome. But what the Philistine housewife overlooks is that what appreciative guests crave and value is not what they get everywhere else but, precisely, what they get nowhere else. Following a multitude to do evil is by no means the way to make yourself popular by means of little dinners and little suppers. "I advised Mrs. Thrale," observed Dr. Johnson, with his usual "massive sagacity," "who has no card-parties at her house, to give sweetmeats, and such good things in an evening, as are not commonly given, and she would find company enough come to her." And who can possibly have forgotten, in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the dinner which the frugal but humorous Gray gave to the locuplete Goldmore, who was at first appalled by the evidence of "utter destitution," but who, when he was finally appealed to by his host with "Haven't you had a good dinner?" had to answer, "'Pon my word—now you say so—I have really had a monsous good dinner, monsous good, upon my word."

A friend of mine declares that, well within living memory, he and his wife made a marked social success, in a considerable town in the State of New York, by serving, when it came their turn to entertain a certain social club at supper, a concoction of sweetbreads, which were not only unfamiliar to most of the guests, but for which the very butcher declined to make a charge upon the ground that he was in the habit of throwing them away! And I who speak to you have enjoyed the experience in a Connecticut village, hard by the confines of New York, of having the local butcher refuse to charge for ox-tails, and eke for calves' brains, seeing that they were both "offal." The late John Sutherland, whom many gastronomers of Manhattan fondly remember, used to say, with some plausibility, that he could move into any village of New England and live better than any of the inhabitants thereof on what the other inhabitants threw away. Those Arcadian days may be past. But the moral of them remains. And the moral is that acceptable hospitality consists, not in doing as other people do, but as other people do not do; that it is an affair, not primarily of the expenditure of money, but of the expenditure of care and skill. If these few lines shall meet the eye of my admired friend, Phyllis of Philistia, and shall induce her to withhold her much-enduring husband yet a while longer from the state's prison or the sanatorium, they will not have been written in vain.

I AM at the moment using a writing-chair which has been in constant service for at least half a century. It is not of very pleasing design, but it is exceedingly comfortable and convenient, and has the attractiveness and dignity of robust old age. It has none of the marks which the arts-and-crafts people of our day like to insist on as indispensable in well-made furniture. I suspect that its joints are dowelled, though none of them has ever opened its walnut lips sufficiently to disclose the secret of its construction. I fear it is not wholly hand-made, but was in considerable part the product of such machinery as was available at the time of its origin. It certainly was not costly, but was purchased by one of my forebears of an English manufacturer who

Ex Cathedra had, I have been told, a reputation for solid workmanship. It sustains that reputation, for there is no apparent reason why it should not be as strong and usable threescore years hence as it has been during the twoscore that I have owned it.

Now if I were in need of such a chair, I should not know where to go to be sure of getting one having the same solidity and endurance. Doubtless they can be had; but, whereas I have been assured that when this chair was bought there were in the interior city of some hundred thousand inhabitants in which its purchaser resided, three or four shops in which furniture as trustworthy could be got, there is not known to me in the far larger town from which I write a single shop in which I could have as implicit confidence. In the procession of purchased furniture that has taken its course through my own home since this chair came in, there has been no article that bids fair to stand so well the test of steady use. I have come to feel that furniture bills are a sort of lottery tickets, the greater number of which, in the nature of things, do not draw prizes. And I may say that my experience is much the same in the purchase of other necessities of family life, hangings, floor coverings (except Oriental rugs), raiment for either sex, and so on. In short the sense of confidence in buying and of responsibility in making and selling seems distinctly to have lessened under the conditions of modern American life.

I suppose that the fact may be attributed to the greater scale of production, to the wider

markets and to the more elaborate organization of business separating the manufacturer from the consumer and making it more difficult for the latter to hold the former to any definite and practical accountability. The dependence to be placed on the shop where my chair was made was known probably to pretty nearly every head of a family in the town, not by advertisement, but by experience, or by direct report of the experience of others. Such knowledge is no longer attainable. The chairs offered to me in my town may be, and generally are, made a thousand miles away, and a hundred stores draw their supplies from the same or like sources. Moreover, while the sale of my chair at its modest price was a matter of appreciable consequence to the maker, I should to-day in most shops be but one of a host of purchasers, and any content or disappointment of mine would be a negligible quantity. I should, indeed, probably make my purchase in a "department," one of a score in a big, highly organized concern, the profits of which depend chiefly on the quantities sold and are not intimately affected by the quality of the wares dealt in.

Of course, the system has its advantages and some of them are important. The cost of many staple commodities of a quality that does not greatly vary, for which the demand is large and relatively steady, has diminished. In this class of commodities the competition is mainly concentrated on cheapness, while the quality is fairly "standardized," as the phrase goes in the trading world. I think, though one cannot be sure, that the tendency is to include in this process a gradually increasing number of things and to make the expense of living, as far as these things go, less for the mass than otherwise it would be. That obviously is desirable. But I am not exactly one of the mass. I have a strong liking for comfortable and enduring furniture, fitted to sustain the continuous use of successive owners; furniture that may have come down from former generations or such as will pass to my children's children, with a certain accumulation of pleasant associations, and I could afford, within limits, to indulge that fondness. That I cannot do so with the ease and security enjoyed by the ancestor in whose seat I am writing is to me a matter of real regret and annoyance.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



1908.

The Nun.

Albert Sterner

MONOTYPES

IT is but natural that the artistic temperament should tire, now and then, of the more conventional and formal methods of expression, and find both recreation and pleasure in experimenting in new fields. Delightful personal and characteristic achievements are to be found in what may be called the by-

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paths of art. It is indeed here, where all restraint has been removed, that self-revelation is more apt to take place; it is here that the true spirit of creation often resides and the individual really expresses himself. Art such as this, modest as it is, can speak for itself. The drawings of Leonardo, the sanguines of Watteau, the faintly rubbed lithographs of



1908

The Old Mother.

Albert Henry

Whistler, or the sketches of Auguste Rodin tell a story of zest and joy in the doing which would be found difficult to equal in the work of these men in other channels. There is no minimizing the general value of such a legacy. In order to understand the broader message and meaning of art one must turn the pages of portfolios as well as stand before gilt frames, for it is in the print-room of gallery or museum as well as in the crowded Salon Carré that the secrets of art are to be surprised.

A new nation, and somewhat self-conscious and jealous of our position in the world of taste, we have exhibited a tendency to ignore everything save the approved and crystallized forms of expression. Any one who devoted his energies to etching or lithographing, for instance, was looked upon somewhat as a trifler and a person devoid of serious aim. The graphic arts have led rather a precarious existence with us, and it is only comparatively recently that they have enlisted reasonable attention. Of late years, however, the situation has improved, and such enlightenment has been mainly due to the returning from Continental art school and atelier of young men who have absorbed abroad valuable lessons of æsthetic freedom and independence. Though their work occasionally achieves academic acceptance, much of it is done privately for their own delectation. They

meet, as a rule, for youth is gregarious, in the studio of some fellow-worker. They sketch one season, they etch another, and certain of them, as well as some of the older men within recent years, have found a charming means of expression in the monotype.

The literature of the monotype is singularly scant. The art has been practised by few and at widely scattered intervals, and its history, such as it is, still remains unwritten. Although the process has long been known to professional craftsmen, it is to Mr. Charles A. Walker, of Boston, that we are chiefly indebted for the present revival of the monotype, as he it is who has substantially rescued its delightful possibilities from oblivion. Not the least important feature of the monotype is that it is a medium which possesses particular appeal for the painter as distinguished from the engraver or the purely graphic draughtsman. In point of fact it can only be mastered by one versed in the technique of painting, and was thus not long in finding early champions in the ranks of the artists, notable among whom, in America, were William M. Chase, Charles Warren Eaton, Professor Rufus Sheldon, who has made some remarkable monotypes in colors, Joseph Jefferson, who was an enthusiastic maker of monotypes, and Sir Hubert von Herkomer abroad. The actual production of a monotype is simplicity itself. In



1908

La Liseuse.

Albert Henry



1908

A Study.

Albert M. Henry

essentials it consists in nothing more or less than painting in black or in colors upon a zinc or copper plate and running such a plate through the press, the resultant print being a monotype. Unlike etching or engraving, it is strictly planographic art, there being no marks or incisions whatever from needle, acid, or graver upon the surface of the plate. In the very directness of the process, however, lie both its possibilities and its pitfalls, and, for the sake of the uninitiated, some of these will be briefly considered.

The first step consists in covering the plate with an even ground tone, and then sketching

in the composition with free, rapid strokes, bearing constantly in mind the fact that the lights are secured by rubbing or smudging away the pigment, a perfectly clean surface giving absolute white. Great care must be taken not to have the paint too thick, or to use overmuch oil in the mixing, or the effect will be utterly ruined. To obtain an impression the printing must be done while the pigment is still wet. In printing, the paper must first be moistened, and just the proper amount of pressure used that the finer qualities of the design may be preserved. The whole programme must be carried forward rapidly and with such

deftness and tact that the monotype easily takes rank as one of the most attractive of media for the production of rapid, spirited sketches in portraiture, genre, or landscape. One may use either brushes, a bit of rag, the thumb, or anything one likes in outlining the composition, or in dexterous feats of modelling. The smoothness of the surface makes it possible to work the paint about in any direction, and the most enticing effects are secured by the slenderest means. Yet it is in the printing of these rapid-fire impressions that success or failure, of course, lies. The ideal paper to use is Japanese paper, and it is not until the paint is fundamentally incorporated with these fine, semi-transparent sheets by means of pressure that the ultimate result is achieved. For mere experimental work excellent results may also be obtained by using ordinary blotting-paper. The charm of the monotype, as a whole, resides in its utter freedom. A painter may employ any sort of technique, and, if the printing be carefully done, the result will give a charming fineness of tone, richness of texture, and the subdued brilliance of the lights and shadows. The element of chance also plays a piquant rôle, sometimes working for and sometimes against the desired result. And, finally, it must be always borne in mind that monotyping is not, as are etchings and lithography, a reproductive art. Each of these prints is an original; the same effect cannot be attained again no matter what amount of care and effort may be expended toward such an end.

It is not surprising that a process at once so flexible and so full of fascination should appeal to artists. Quite unknown to the public at large, there was formed, some several years since in New York city, a Monotype Club. The club was composed of men who had studied at Julien's, in Paris, and who sought by this means to keep alive the comradeship and pleasant associations of former days. They used to meet once a month under the presidency of Mr. Leslie Cauldwell, and among the more active members were such men as Albert Sterner, Ernest Peixotto, and the late Louis Loeb. Some were already familiar with the process, while to others it was wholly new, yet all worked with enthusiasm, now sketching from models, and now improvising their compositions. A member who displayed great interest in the medium, and who has since devoted more of his time than the rest to studying its possibilities, is Mr. Albert Sterner, a number of whose monotypes are herewith reproduced.

Mr. Sterner recognizes few limitations in his handling of this particular process. The simpler range of black-and-white he employs with force and vigor, but what he loves most is to paint in full colors upon the smooth surface of the plate, and produce prints of great variety and brilliancy of tone. He employs, as he may see fit, his customary painter's palette of five or six colors, and with brush, bit of cloth, or fingers sketches and models with his habitual rapidity and energy. Though he has thus far succeeded best with Rembrandtesque character studies, such as "The Old Mother," or pensive bits of domestic genre, such as "La Liseuse," his range is wide. He has executed numerous portraits, has essayed beach scenes with boats riding at anchor in the vein of Whistler's nocturnes, and in "The Nymph" invades with success that kingdom of fancy and sentiment which traces its origin to Rubens and achieves its apogee with Boucher and Fragonard.

Mr. Sterner's monotypes already number upward of fifty more or less formal subjects, besides innumerable experimental studies. They add a novel and stimulating page to the chapter devoted to this branch of art. Both by temperament and by training Mr. Sterner is one to whom the particular characteristics of the process are exceptionally suited. His work has never, indeed, shown that elaborate finish which is incompatible with the swift rendition which constitutes the very spirit of the medium under consideration. To master the monotype one must be flexible and impressionistic; ready to make instant use of every possible advantage, for, once the print is made, no alteration is possible. There is no medium which offers more facility in impromptu sketching, and none better adapted for making characteristic copies of one's larger finished work. An engraving or an etching after a painting is clearly an anomaly, whereas a monotype done by the artist himself preserves all the essentials, and is often superior to the original in spirit and freedom.

Whistler it was, and no one was ever more essentially American than he, who raised the lithograph from the slough of commercialism and made it a thing of exquisite and subtle beauty, and it now remains for others to place the monotype where it belongs in the category of art. The start has already been made, and it is to be hoped that the work may be continued along these same promising lines.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.



Drawn by Frank Craig

PLOUGHMEN IN THE VALES WOULD SOMETIMES SEE HIS GAUNT FIGURE ON THE SKY-LINE.

—"Rest Harrow."—Page 589.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

MAY, 1910

NO. 5

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

VIII.—TO LAKE NAIVASHA.



FROM this camp we turned north toward Lake Naivasha.

The Sotik country through which we had hunted was sorely stricken by drought.

The grass was short and withered and most of the waterholes were drying up, while both the game and the flocks and herds of the nomad Masai gathered round the watercourses in which there were still occasional muddy pools, and grazed their neighborhood bare of pasturage. It was an unceasing pleasure to watch the ways of the game and to study their varying habits. Where there was a river from which to drink or where there were many pools, the different kinds of buck, and the zebra, showed comparatively little timidity about drinking, and came boldly down to the water's edge, sometimes in broad daylight, sometimes in darkness. But where the pools were few they never approached one without feeling panic dread of their great enemy the lion, who, they knew well, liked to lurk around their drinking places. At such a pool I once saw a herd of zebras come to water at nightfall. They stood motionless some distance off; then they

slowly approached, and twice on false alarms wheeled and fled at speed; at last the leaders ventured to the brink of the pool and at once the whole herd came jostling and crowding in behind them, the water gurgling down their thirsty throats; and immediately afterward off they went at a gallop, stopping to graze some hundreds of yards away. The ceaseless dread of the lion felt by all but the heaviest game is amply justified by his ravages among them. A lion will eat a zebra (beginning at the hind quarters, by the way, and sometimes having, and sometimes not having, previously disembowelled the animal), or one of the bigger buck at least once a week—perhaps once every five days. The dozen lions we had killed would probably, if left alive, have accounted for seven or eight hundred buck, pig, and zebra within the next year. Our hunting was a net advantage to the harmless game.

The zebras were the noisiest of the game. After them came the wildebeeste, which often uttered their queer grunt; sometimes a herd would stand and grunt at me for some minutes as I passed, a few hundred yards distant. The topi uttered only a kind of sneeze, and the hartebeeste a somewhat similar sound. The so-called Roberts' gazelle was merely the Grant's gazelle

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The rhino stood looking at us with his big ears cocked forward.—Page 519.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

of the Athi, with the lyrate shape of the horns tending to be carried to an extreme of spread and backward bend. The tommy bucks carried good horns; the horns of the does were usually aborted, and were never more than four or five inches long. The most notable feature about the tommyes was the incessant switching of their tails, as if jerked by electricity. In the Sotik the topis all seemed to have calves of about the same age, as if born from four to six months earlier; the young of the other game were of every age. The males of all the antelope fought much among themselves. The gazelle bucks of both species would face one another, their heads between the forelegs and the horns level with the ground, and each would punch his opponent until the hair flew.

Watching the game, one was struck by the intensity and the evanescence of their emotions. Civilized man now usually passes his life under conditions which eliminate the intensity of terror felt by his ancestors when death by violence was their normal end, and threatened them during every hour of the day and night. It is only in nightmares that the average dweller in

civilized countries now undergoes the hideous horror which was the regular and frequent portion of his ages-vanished forefathers, and which is still an everyday incident in the lives of most wild creatures. But the dread is short-lived, and its horror vanishes with instantaneous rapidity. In these wilds the game dreaded the lion and the other flesh-eating beasts rather than man. We saw innumerable kills of all the buck, and of zebra, the neck being usually dislocated, and it being evident that none of the lion's victims, not even the truculent wildebeeste or huge eland, had been able to make any fight against him. The game is ever on the alert against this greatest of foes, and every herd, almost every individual, is in imminent and deadly peril every few days or nights, and of course suffers in addition from countless false alarms. But no sooner is the danger over than the animals resume their feeding, or love making, or their fighting among themselves. Two bucks will do battle the minute the herd has stopped running from the foe that has seized one of its number, and a buck resumes his love making with ardor, in the brief interval between the first

and the second alarm, from hunter or lion. Zebra will make much noise when one of their number has been killed; but their fright has vanished when once they begin their barking calls

Death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation—these are the normal end-

The savage of to-day shows us what the fancied age of gold of our ancestors was really like; it was an age when hunger, cold, violence, and iron cruelty were the ordinary accompaniments of life. If Matthew Arnold, when he expressed the wish to know the thoughts of Earth's "vigorous, primi-



The waterhole we struck after having made a dry camp on our trek to Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

ings of the stately and beautiful creatures of the wilderness. The sentimentalists who prattle about the peaceful life of nature do not realize its utter mercilessness; although all they would have to do would be to look at the birds in the winter woods, or even at the insects on a cold morning or cold evening. Life is hard and cruel for all the lower creatures, and for man also in what the sentimentalists call a "state of nature."

primitive" tribes of the past, had really desired an answer to his question, he would have done well to visit the homes of the existing representatives of his "vigorous, primitive" ancestors, and to watch them feasting on blood and guts; while as for the "pellucid and pure" feelings of his imaginary primitive maiden, they were those of any meek, cowlike creature who accepted marriage by purchase or of convenience, as a matter of course.



Loring with an elephant shrew.

Loring is called Wamma Panya, the Mouse Wamma by the blacks.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

It was to me a perpetual source of wonderment to notice the difference in the behavior of different individuals of the same species, and in the behavior of the same individual at different times; as, for example, in the matter of wariness, of the times for going to water, of the times for resting, and, as regards dangerous game, in the matter of ferocity. Their very looks changed. At one moment the sun would turn the zebras of a mixed herd white, and the hartebeeste straw colored, so that the former could be seen much farther off than the latter; and again the conditions would be reversed when under the light the zebras would show up gray, and the hartebeeste as red as foxes.

I had now killed almost all the specimens of the common game that the Museum needed. However, we kept the skin or skeleton of whatever we shot for meat. Now and then, after a good stalk, I would get a boar with unusually fine tusks, a big gazelle with unusually long and graceful horns, or a fine old wildebeeste bull, its horns thick and battered, its knees bare and



A black-
backed jackal.



A tree hyrax.



A buck of the
big gazelle
with unusu-
ally fine horns.
Shot at S. marsh camp.



A pelican.

calloused from its habit of going down on them when fighting or threatening fight.

Our march was northward, a long day's journey to what was called a salt marsh. An hour or two after starting we had a characteristic experience with a rhino. It was a bull, with poor horns, standing in a plain which was dotted by a few straggling thorn trees and wild olives. The safari's course would have taken it to windward of the rhino, which then might have charged in sheer irritable bewilderment; so we turned off at right angles. The long line of porters passed him two hundred yards away, while we gun men stood between with our rifles ready; except Kermit, who was busy taking photos. The rhino saw us, but apparently indistinctly. He made little dashes to and fro, and finally stood looking at us, with his big ears cocked forward; but he did nothing more, and we left him standing, plunged in meditation—probably it would be more accurate to say, thinking of absolutely nothing, as if he had been a huge turtle. After leaving him we also passed by files of zebra and topi who gazed at us, intent and curious, within two hundred yards, until we had gone by and the danger was over; whereupon they fled in fright.

The so-called salt marsh consisted of a dry watercourse, with here and there a deep muddy pool. The ground was impregnated with some saline substance, and the game licked it, as well as coming to water. Our camp was near two reedy pools, in which there were big yellow-billed ducks, while queer brown heron, the hammer-head, had built big nests of sticks in the tall acacias. Bush cuckoos gurgled in the underbrush by night and day. Brilliant rollers flitted through the trees. There was much sweet bird music in the morning. Funny little elephant shrews with long snouts, and pretty zebra mice, evidently of diurnal habit, scampered among the bushes or scuttled into their burrows. Tiny dik-diks, antelopes no bigger than hares, with swollen muzzles, and their little horns half hidden by tufts of hair, ran like rabbits through the grass; the females were at least as large as the males. Another seven-foot cobra was killed. There were brilliant masses of the red aloe flowers, and of yellow-blossomed vines. Around the pools the ground was bare, and the game trails



A spotted cat.



A white-tailed mongoose.



A porcupine.



A baboon.



Masai guides on Sotik trip.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

leading to the water were deeply rutted by the hooves of the wild creatures that had travelled them for countless generations.

The day after reaching this camp, Cunningham and I hunted on the plains. Before noon we made out with our glasses two rhino lying down, a mile off. As usual with these sluggish creatures we made our preparations in leisurely style, and with scant regard to the animal itself. Moreover we did not intend to kill any rhino unless its horns were out of the common. I first stalked and shot a buck Roberts gazelle with a good head. Then we off saddled the horses and sat down to lunch under a huge thorn tree, which stood by itself, lonely and beautiful, and offered a shelter from the blazing sun. The game was grazing on every side; and I kept thinking of all the life of the wilderness, and of its many tragedies, which the great tree must have witnessed during the centuries since it was a seedling.

Lunch over, I looked to the loading of the heavy rifle, and we started

toward the rhinos, well to leeward. But the wind shifted every which way; and suddenly my gun bearers called my attention to the rhinos, a quarter of a mile off, saying, "He charging, he charging." Sure enough, they had caught our wind, and were rushing toward us. I jumped off the horse and studied the oncoming beasts through my field-glass; but head on it was hard to tell about the horns. However, the wind shifted again, and when two hundred yards off they lost our scent, and turned to one side, tails in the air, heads tossing, evidently much wrought up. They were a large cow and a young heifer, nearly two-thirds grown. As they trotted sideways I could see the cow's horns, and her doom was sealed; for they were of good length, and the hind one (it proved to be two feet long) was slightly longer than the stouter front one; it was a specimen which the Museum needed.

So after them we trudged over the brown plain. But they were uneasy, and kept trotting and walking. They never saw us with their dull eyes; but a herd of wildebeeste galloping by renewed their alarm; it



A sick Masai boy and his father.
The sheep is a present to Dr. Mearns for services.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

was curious to see them sweeping the ground with their long, ugly heads, endeavoring to catch the scent. A mile's rapid walk brought us within two hundred yards, and we dared not risk the effort for a closer approach lest they should break and run. The cow turned broadside to, and I hit her behind the shoulder; but I was not familiar with the heavy Holland rifle at that range, and my bullet went rather too low. I think the wound would eventually have proved fatal; but both beasts went off at a gallop, the cow now and then turning from side to side in high dudgeon, trying to catch the wind of her foe. We mounted our horses, and after a couple of miles' canter overhauled our quarry. Cuninghame took me well to leeward, and ahead, of the rhinos, which never saw us; and then we walked to within a hundred yards, and I killed the cow. But we

were now much puzzled by the young one, which refused to leave; we did not wish to kill it, for it was big enough to shift for itself; but it was also big enough to kill either of us. We drew back, hoping it would go away; but it did not. So when the gun bearers arrived we advanced and tried to frighten it; but this plan also failed. It threatened to charge, but could not quite make up its mind. Watching my chance I then creased its stern with a bullet from the little Springfield, and after some wild circular galloping it finally decided to leave.

Kermit, about this time, killed a heavy boar from horseback after a three-miles run. The boar charged twice, causing the horse to buck and shy. Finally, just as he was going into his burrow backward, Kermit raced by and shot him, firing his rifle from the saddle after the manner of the old-time Western buffalo runners.

We now rejoined Mearns and Loring on the banks of the Guaso Nyero. They had

collected hundreds of birds and small mammals, among them several new species. We had already heard that a Mr. Williams, whom we had met at McMillan's ranch,



Masai man and wife.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

had been rather badly mauled by a lion, which he had mortally wounded, but which managed to charge home. Now we found that Dr. Mearns had been quite busily engaged in attending to cases of men who were hurt by lions. Loring nearly got in the category. He killed his lioness with a light automatic rifle, utterly unfit for use against African game. Though he actually put a bullet right through the beast's heart, the shock from the blow was so slight that she was not stopped even for a second; he hit her four times in all, each shot being mortal—for he was an excellent marksman,—and she died nearly at his feet, her charge carrying her several yards by him. Mearns had galloped into a herd of wildebeest and killed the big bull of the herd, after first running clean through a mob of zebras, which, as he passed, skinned their long yellow teeth threateningly at him, but made no attempt actually to attack him.

A settler had come down to trade with



Masai woman in a "mynyata" (village of huts) we passed on return to Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

the Masai during our absence. He ran into a large party of lions, killed two, and wounded a lioness which escaped after mauling one of his gun bearers. The gun bearer rode into camp, and the Doctor treated his wounds. Next day Mearns was summoned to a Masai kraal sixteen miles off to treat the wounds of two of the Masai; it appeared that a body of them had followed and killed the wounded lioness, but that two of their number had been much maltreated in the fight. One, especially, had been fearfully bitten, the lioness having pulled the flesh loose from the bones with her fixed teeth. The Doctor attended to all three cases. The gun bearer recovered; both the Masai died, although the Doctor did all in his power for the two gallant fellows. Their deaths did not hinder the Masai from sending to him all kinds of cases in which men or boys had met with accidents. He attended to them all, and gained a high reputation with the tribe; when the case was serious the patient's kinsfolk would usually present him with a sheep or war-spear, or

something else of value. He took a great fancy to the Masai, as indeed all of us did. They are a fine, manly set of savages, bold and independent in their bearing. They never eat vegetables, subsisting exclusively on milk, blood, and flesh; and are remarkably hardy and enduring.

Kermit found a cave which had recently been the abode of a party of 'Ndorobo, the wild hunter-savages of the wilderness, who are more primitive in their ways of life than any other tribes of this region. They live on honey and the flesh of the wild beasts they kill; they are naked, with few and rude arms and utensils; and, in short, carry on existence as our own ancestors did at a very early period of palæolithic time. Around this cave were many bones. Within it were beds of grass, and a small roofed enclosure of thorn bushes for the dogs. Fire sticks had been left on the walls, to be ready when the owners' wanderings again brought them back to the cave; and also very curious soup sticks, each a rod with one of the vertebra of some animal stuck on the end,

and designed for use in stirring their boiled meat.

From our camp on the Guaso Nyero we trekked in a little over four days to a point on Lake Naivasha where we intended to spend some time. The first two days were easy travelling, the porters not being pressed and there being plenty of time in the after-

wagons left us with their loads of hides and horns and spare baggage. The third day we rose long before dawn, breakfasted, broke camp, and were off just at sunrise. There was no path; at one time we followed game trails, at another the trails made by the Masai sheep and cattle, and again we might make our own trail. We had two Masai guides, tireless runners, as graceful



Mr. Roosevelt and Cuninghame discussing the next few days' march, over a wildebeest shot by Mr. Roosevelt.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



Camp at Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and sinewy as panthers; they helped us; which it was hard to place with exactness. but Cuninghame had to do most of the We had seen that each porter had his water pathfinding himself. It was a difficult bottle full before starting; but, though willing, good-humored fellows, strong as bulls, country, passable only at certain points,



What one has to shoot at when after hippo on water.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

in forethought they are of the grasshopper type; and all but a few exhausted their supply by mid-afternoon. At this time we were among bold mountain ridges, and here we struck the kraal of some Masai, who watered their cattle at some spring pools, three miles to one side, up a valley. It was too far for the heavily laden porters; but we cantered our horses thither and let them

into what looked like rivers; the thick grass grew waist high. It looked like a well-watered country; but it was of porous, volcanic nature, and the soil was a sieve. After nightfall we came to where we hoped to find water; but there was not a drop in the dried pools; and we had to make a waterless camp. A drizzling rain had set in, enough to wet everything, but not enough



Mr. Roosevelt's hippo charging open-mouthed.—Page 531.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

drink their fill; and then cantered along the trail left by the safari until we overtook the rear men just as they were going over the brink of the Mau escarpment. The scenery was wild and beautiful; in the open places the ground was starred with flowers of many colors; we rode under vine-tangled archways through forests of strange trees.

Down the steep mountain side went the safari, and at its foot struck off nearly parallel to the high ridge. On our left the tree-clad mountain side hung above us; ravines, with mimosas clustering in them, sundered the foot-hills, and wound until they joined

to give any water for drinking. It was eight o'clock before the last of the weary, thirsty burden-carriers stumbled through the black, boulder-strewn ravine on whose farther side we were camped, and threw down his load among his fellows, who were already clustered around the little fires they had started in the tall grass. We slept as we were, and comfortably enough; indeed, there was no hardship for us white men, with our heavy overcoats, and our food and water—which we shared with our personal attendants; but I was uneasy for the porters, as there was another long and exhausting day's march ahead. Before sunrise we

started; and four hours later, in the bottom of a deep ravine, Cuninghame found a pool of green water in a scooped-out cavity in the rock. It was a pleasant sight to see the thirsty porters drink. Then they sat down, built fires and boiled their food; and went on in good heart.

Two or three times we crossed singularly beautiful ravines, the trail winding through narrow clefts that were almost tunnels, and along the brinks of sheer cliffs, while the green mat of trees and vines was spangled with many colored flowers. Then we came to barren ridges and bare, dusty plains; and at nightfall pitched camp near the shores of Lake Naivasha. It is a lovely sheet of water, surrounded by hills and mountains, the shores broken by rocky promontories, and indented by papyrus-fringed bays. Next morning we shifted camp four miles to a place on the farm, and near the house, of the Messrs. Attenborough, settlers on the shores of the lake, who treated us with the most generous courtesy and hospitality—as, indeed, did all the settlers we met. They were two brothers; one had lived twenty years on the Pacific Coast, mining in the Sierras, and the other had just retired from the British navy, with the rank of commander; they were able to turn their hands to anything, and were just the men for work in a new country—for a new country is a poor place for the weak and incompetent, whether of body or mind. They had a steam launch and a big heavy row-boat, and they most kindly and generously put both at our disposal for hippo hunting.

At this camp I presented the porters with twenty-five sheep, as a recognition of their good conduct and hard work; whereupon

they improvised long chants in my honor, and feasted royally.

We spent one entire day with the row-boat in a series of lagoons near camp, which marked an inlet of the lake. We did not get any hippo, but it was a most interesting day. A broad belt of papyrus fringed the lagoons and jutted out between them. The straight green stalks with their feathery

heads rose high and close, forming a mass so dense that it was practically impenetrable save where the huge bulk of the hippos had made tunnels. Indeed, even for the hippos it was not readily penetrable. The green monotony of a papyrus swamp becomes wearisome after a while; yet it is very beautiful, for each reed is tall, slender, graceful, with its pale flowering crown; and they are typical



Rhino shot from Salt-marsh camp, of the "Keitloa" type with rear horn longer than front horn — Page 520.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

of the tropics, and their mere sight suggests a vertical sun and hot, steaming swamps, where great marsh beasts feed and wallow and bellow, amidst a teeming reptilian life. A fringe of papyrus here and there adds much to the beauty of a lake, and also to the beauty of the river pools, where clumps of them grow under the shade of the vine-tangled tropical trees.

The open waters of the lagoons were covered with water-lilies, bearing purple or sometimes pink flowers. Across the broad lily pads ran the curious "lily trotters," or jacanas, richly colored birds, with toes so long and slender that the lily pads would support them without sinking. They were not shy, and their varied coloring—a bright chestnut being the most conspicuous hue—and singular habits made them very conspicuous. There was a wealth of bird life in the lagoons. Small gulls, somewhat



Bringing the big bull hippo to shore.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

like our black-headed gull, but with their hoods gray, flew screaming around us. Black and white kingfishers, tiny red-billed kingfishers, with colors so brilliant that they flashed like jewels in the sun, and brilliant green bee-eaters with chestnut breasts perched among the reeds. Spur-winged plover clamored as they circled overhead near the edges of the water. Little rails and red-legged water hens threaded the edges of the papyrus, and grebes dived in the open water. A giant heron, the

its edge; toward evening they splashed and waded among the water-lilies, tearing them up with their huge jaws; and during the night they came ashore to feed on the grass and land plants. In consequence those killed during the day, until the late afternoon, had their stomachs filled, not with water plants, but with grasses which they must have obtained in their night journeys on dry land. At night I heard the bulls bellowing and roaring. They fight savagely among themselves, and where they are not



Water-lilies, Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

Goliath, flew up at our approach; and there were many smaller herons and egrets, white or particolored. There were small, dark cormorants, and larger ones with white throats; and African ruddy ducks, and teal and big yellow-billed ducks, somewhat like mallards. Among the many kinds of ducks was one which made a whistling noise with its wings as it flew. Most plentiful of all were the coots, much resembling our common bald-pate coot, but with a pair of horns or papillæ at the hinder end of the bare frontal space.

There were a number of hippo in these lagoons. One afternoon after four o'clock I saw two standing half out of water in a shallow, eating the water-lilies. They seemed to spend the fore part of the day sleeping or resting in the papyrus or near

molested, and the natives are timid, they not only do great damage to the gardens and crops, trampling them down and shovelling basketfuls into their huge mouths, but also become dangerous to human beings, attacking boats or canoes in a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief. At this place, a few weeks before our arrival, a young bull, badly scarred, and evidently having been mishandled by some bigger bull, came ashore in the daytime and actually attacked the cattle, and was promptly shot in consequence. They are astonishingly quick in their movements for such shapeless-looking, short-legged things. Of course they cannot swim in deep water with anything like the speed of the real swimming mammals, nor move on shore with the agility and speed of the true denizens of



Towing in bull hippo, Lake Navasha.
From a photograph by I. Alden Loring.

the land; nevertheless, by sheer muscular power and in spite of their shape, they move at an unexpected rate of speed both on dry land and in deep water; and in shallow water, their true home, they gallop very fast on the bottom, under water. Ordinarily only their heads can be seen, and they must be shot in the brain. If they are found in a pool with little cover, and if the

game. My shot was at the head of a hippo facing me in a bay about a hundred yards off, so that I had to try to shoot very low between the eyes; the water was smooth, and I braced my legs well and fired offhand. I hit him, but was confident that I had missed the brain, for he lifted slightly, and then went under, nose last; and when a hippo is shot in the brain the head usually goes under nose first. An exasperating feature of hippo shooting is that, save in exceptional circumstances, where the water is very shallow, the animal sinks at once when killed outright, and does not float for one or two or three hours; so that one has to wait that length of time before finding out whether the game has or has not been bagged. On this occasion we never saw a sign of the animal after I fired, and as it seemed impossible that in that situation the hippo could get off unobserved, my companions thought I had killed him; I thought not, and unfortunately my judgment proved to be correct.

Another day, in the launch, I did much the same thing. Again the hippo was a long distance off, only his head appearing, but unfortunately not in profile, much the best position for a shot; again I hit him; again he sank and, look as hard as we could, not a sign of him appeared, so that every one was sure he was dead; and again no body ever floated. But on this day Kermit got his hippo. He hit it first in the head, merely a flesh wound; but the startled creature then rose high in the water and he shot it in the lungs. It now found difficulty in staying under, and continually



Cuninghame coming ashore on boy's back, Lake Naivasha.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

shots can be taken close up, from firm ground, there is no sport whatever in killing them. But the brain is small and the skull huge, and if they are any distance off, and especially if the shot has to be taken from an unsteady boat, there is ample opportunity to miss.

On the day we spent with the big row-boat in the lagoons both Kermit and I had shots; each of us hit, but neither of us got his

rose to the surface with a plunge like a porpoise, going as fast as it could toward the papyrus. After it we went, full speed, for once in the papyrus we could not have followed it; and Kermit finally killed it, just before it reached the edge of the swamp, and, luckily, where the water was so shallow that we did not have to wait for it to float, but fastened a rope to two of its turtle-like legs, and towed it back forthwith.



Mr. Roosevelt's big bull hippo.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

There were others in the lake. One day we saw two playing together near the shore; and at first we were all of us certain that it was some big water snake. It was not until we were very close that we made out the supposed one big snake to be two others; it was rather interesting, as giving one of the explanations of the stories that always appear about large water snakes, or similar monsters, existing in almost every lake of any size in a wild country. On another day I shot another near shore; he turned over and over, splashing and tumbling; but just as we were about to grasp him, he partially recovered and dived to safety in the reeds.

On the second day we went out in the launch I got my hippo. We steamed down the lake, not far from the shore, for over ten miles, dragging the big, clumsy row-boat, in which Cuninghame had put three of our porters who knew how to row. Then we spied a big hippo walking entirely out of water on the edge of the papyrus, at the farther end of a little bay which was filled with water-lilies. Thither we steamed, and when a few rods from the bay, Cuning-

hame, Kermit, and I got into the row-boat; Cuninghame steered, Kermit carried his camera, and I steadied myself in the bow with the little Springfield rifle. The hippo was a self-confident, truculent beast; it went under water once or twice, but again came out to the papyrus and waded along the edge, its body out of water. We headed toward it, and thrust the boat in among the water-lilies, finding that the bay was shallow, from three to six feet deep. While still over a hundred yards from the hippo, I saw it turn as if to break into the papyrus, and at once fired into its shoulder, the tiny pointed bullet smashing the big bones. Round spun the great beast, plunged into the water, and with its huge jaws open came straight for the boat, floundering and splashing through the thick-growing water-lilies. I think that its chief object was to get to deep water; but we were between it and the deep water, and instead of trying to pass to one side it charged straight for the boat, with open jaws, bent on mischief. But I hit it again and again with the little sharp-pointed bullet. Once

I struck it between neck and shoulder; once, as it rushed forward with its huge jaws stretched to their threatening utmost, I fired right between them, whereat it closed them with the clash of a sprung bear trap; and then, when under the punishment it swerved for a moment, I hit it at the base of the ear, a brain shot which dropped it in its tracks. Meanwhile Kermit was busily taking photos of it as it charged, and,

trich feathers. The two Kikins were unconsciously entertaining companions. Without any warning they would suddenly start a song or chant, usually an impromptu recitative of whatever at the moment interested them. They chanted for half an hour over the feat of the "B'wana Makuba" (great master, or chief—my name) in killing the hippo; laying especial stress upon the quantity of excellent meat it would fur-



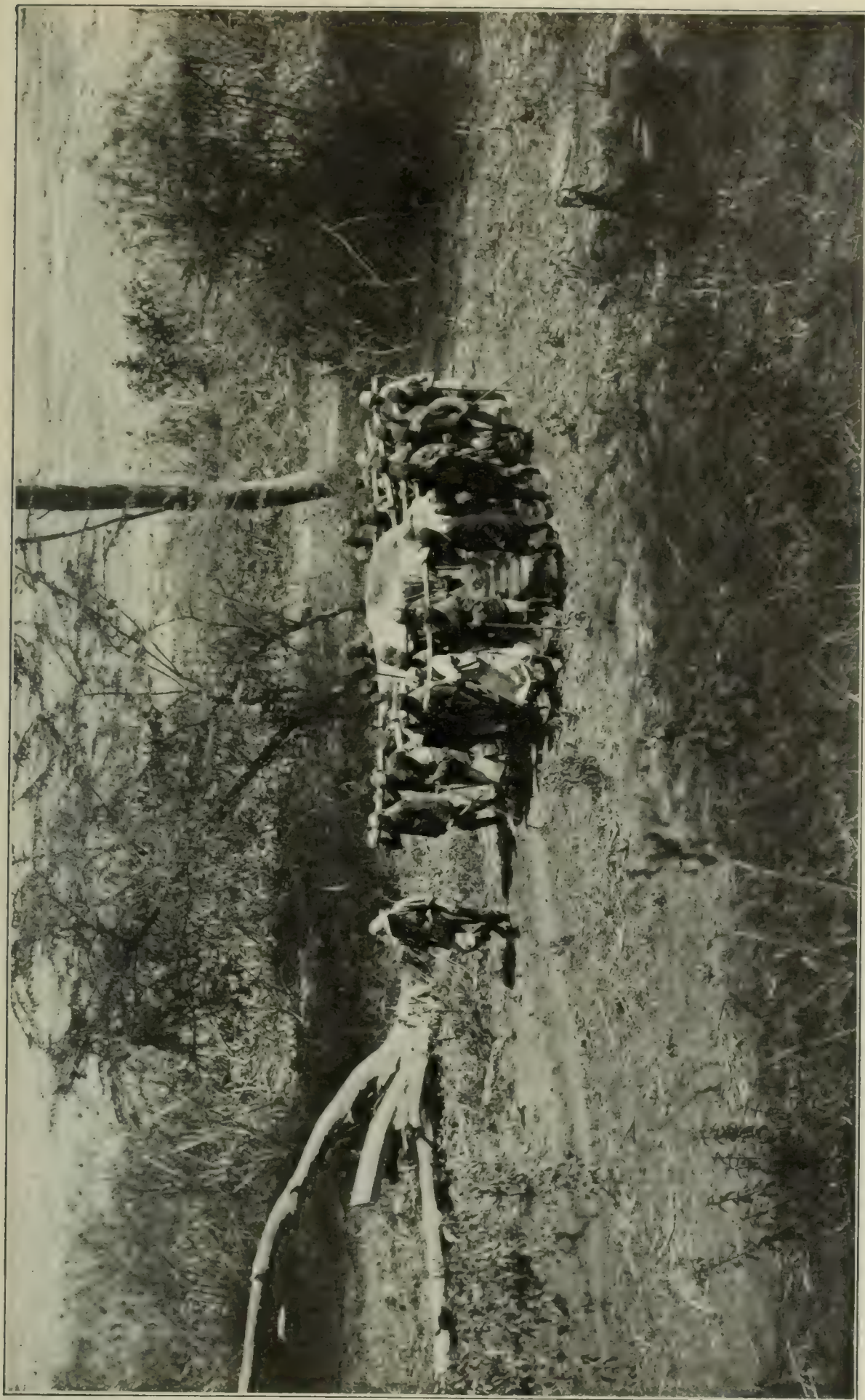
Giant aloes, Salt-marsh,
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

as he mentioned afterward, until it was dead he never saw it except in the "finder" of his camera. The water was so shallow where I had killed the hippo that its body projected slightly above the surface. It was the hardest kind of work getting it out from among the water-lilies; then we towed it to camp behind the launch.

The engineer of the launch was an Indian Moslem. The fireman and the steersman were two half-naked and much-ornamented Kikins. The fireman wore a blue bead chain on one ankle, a brass armlet on the opposite arm, a belt of short steel chains, a dingy blanket (no loin cloth), and a skull cap surmounted by a plume of os-

nish, and how very good the eating would be. Usually one would improvise the chant, and the other join in the chorus. Sometimes they would solemnly sing complimentary songs to one another, each in turn chanting the manifold good qualities of his companion.

Around this camp were many birds. The most noteworthy was a handsome gray eagle owl, bigger than our great horned owl, to which it is closely akin. It did not hoot or scream, its voice being a kind of grunt, followed in a second or two by a succession of similar sounds, uttered more quickly and in a lower tone. These big owls frequently came round camp after dark, and at first their notes completely



Bringing the skin of the large hippo to camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

puzzled me, as I thought they must be made by some beast. The bulbuls sang well. Most of the birds were in no way like our home birds.

Loring trapped quantities of mice and rats, and it was curious to see how many of them had acquired characters which

Heller trapped various beasts; beautifully marked genets and a big white-tailed mongoose which was very savage. But his most remarkable catch was a leopard. He had set a steel trap, fastened to a loose thorn branch, for mongoose, civets, or jackals; it was a number two Blake, such as in Amer-



Johari and marabou stork.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

caused them superficially to resemble American animals with which they had no real kinship. The sand rats that burrowed in the dry plains were in shape, in color, eyes, tail, and paws strikingly like our pocket gophers, which have similar habits. So the long-tailed gerbilles, or gerbille-like rats, resembled our kangaroo rats; and there was a blunt-nosed, stubby-tailed little rat superficially hardly to be told from our rice rat. But the most characteristic rodent, the big long-tailed, jumping springhaas, resembled nothing of ours; and there were tree rats and spiny mice. There were gray monkeys in the trees around camp, which the naturalists shot.

ica we use for coons, skunks, foxes, and perhaps bobcats and coyotes. In the morning he found it gone, and followed the trail of the thorn branch until it led into a dense thicket, from which issued an ominous growl. His native boy shouted "simba"; but it was a leopard, not a lion. He could not see into the thicket: so he sent back to camp for his rifle, and when it came he climbed a tree and endeavored to catch a glimpse of the animal. He could see nothing, however; and finally fired into the thicket rather at random. The answer was a furious growl, and the leopard charged out to the foot of the tree, much hampered by the big thorn branch. He put a bullet

into it, and back it went, only again to come out and to receive another bullet; and he killed it. It was an old male, in good condition, weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds. The trap was not big enough to contain his whole paw, and he had been caught firmly by one toe. The thorn bush acted as a drag, which prevented him from going far, and yet always yielded somewhat when he pulled. A bear thus caught would have chewed up the trap or else pulled his foot loose, even at the cost of sacrificing the toe; but the cats are more sensitive to pain. This leopard was smaller than any full-grown male cougar I have ever killed, and yet cougars often kill game rather heavier than leopards usually venture upon; yet very few cougars indeed would show anything like the pluck and ferocity shown by this leopard, and characteristic of its kind.

Kermit killed a waterbuck of a kind new to us, the sing-sing. He also killed two porcupines and two baboons. The porcupines are terrestrial animals, living in burrows to which they keep during the daytime. They are much heavier than, and in all their ways totally different from, our sluggish tree porcupines. The baboons were numerous around this camp, living

both among the rocks and in the tree tops. They are hideous creatures. They ravage the crops and tear open new-born lambs to get at the milk inside them; and where the natives are timid and unable to harm them, they become wantonly savage and aggressive and attack and even kill women and children. In Uganda, Cuninghame had once been asked by a native chief to come to his village and shoot the baboons, as they had just killed two women, badly bitten several children, and caused such a reign of terror that the village would be abandoned if they were not killed or intimidated. He himself saw the torn and mutilated bodies of the dead women; and he stayed in the village a week, shooting so many baboons that the remainder were thoroughly cowed. Baboons and boars are the most formidable of all foes to the dogs that hunt them—just as leopards are of all wild animals those most apt to prey on dogs. A baboon's teeth and hands are far more formidable weapons than those of any dog, and only a very few wholly exceptional dogs of huge size, and great courage and intelligence, can single-handed contend with an old male. But we saw a settler whose three big terriers could themselves kill a full-grown



Heller's leopard.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



African yew-trees.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

warthog boar; an almost unheard-of feat. They backed one another up with equal courage and adroitness, their aim being for two to seize the hind legs; then the third, watching his chance, would get one foreleg, when the boar was speedily thrown, and when weakened, killed by bites in his stomach.

Hitherto we had not obtained a bull hippo, and I made up my mind to devote myself to getting one, as otherwise the group for the Museum would be incomplete. Save in exceptional cases I do not think hippo hunting, after the first one has been obtained, a very attractive sport, because usually one has to wait an hour before it is possible to tell whether or not a shot has been successful, and also because, a portion of the head being all that is usually visible, it is exceedingly difficult to say whether the animal seen is a bull or a cow. As the time allowed for a shot is very short, and any hesitation probably insures the animal's escape, this means that two or three hippo may be killed, quite unavoidably, before the right specimen is secured. Still there may be interesting and

exciting incidents in a hippo hunt. Cunningham, the two Attenboroughs, and I started early in the launch, towing the big, clumsy row-boat, with as crew three of our porters who could row. We steamed down the lake some fifteen miles to a wide bay, indented by smaller bays, lagoons, and inlets, all fringed by a broad belt of impenetrable papyrus, while the beautiful purple lilies, with their leathery-tough stems and broad surface-floating leaves, filled the shallows. At the mouth of the main bay we passed a floating island, a mass of papyrus perhaps a hundred and fifty acres in extent, which had been broken off from the shore somewhere, and was floating over the lake as the winds happened to drive it.

In an opening in the dense papyrus masses we left the launch moored, and Cunningham and I started in the row-boat to coast the green wall of tall, thick-growing, feather-topped reeds. Under the bright sunshine the shallow flats were alive with bird life. Gulls, both the gray-hooded and the black-backed, screamed harshly overhead. The chestnut-colored lily trot-

ters tripped daintily over the lily pads, and when they flew, held their long legs straight behind them, so that they looked as if they had tails like pheasants. Sacred ibis, white with naked black head and neck, stalked along the edge of the water, and on the bent papyrus small cormorants and herons perched. Everywhere there were coots and ducks, and crested grebes, big and little. Huge white pelicans floated on the water. Once we saw a string of flamingoes fly by, their plumage a wonderful red.

Immediately after leaving the launch we heard a hippo, hidden in the green fastness on our right, uttering a meditative soliloquy, consisting of a succession of squealing grunts. Then we turned a point, and in a little bay saw six or eight hippo, floating with their heads above water. There were two much bigger than the others, and Cuninghame, while of course unable to be certain, thought these were probably males. The smaller ones, including a cow and her calf, were not much alarmed, and floated quietly, looking at us, as we cautiously paddled and drifted nearer; but the bigger ones dove and began to work their way past us toward deep water. We could trace their course by the twisting of the lily pads. Motionless the rowers lay on their oars; the line of moving lily pads showed that one of the big hippo was about to pass the boat; suddenly the waters opened close at hand and a monstrous head appeared. "Shoot," said Cuninghame; and I fired into the back of the head just as it disappeared. It sank out of sight without a splash, almost without a ripple; the lily pads ceased twisting; a few bubbles of air rose to the surface; evidently the hippo lay dead underneath. Poling to the spot, we at once felt the huge body with our oar blades. But, alas, when the launch came round, and we raised the body, it proved to be that of a big cow.

So I left Cuninghame to cut off the head for the Museum, and started off by myself in the boat with two rowers, neither of whom spoke a word of English. For an hour we saw only the teeming bird life. Then, in a broad, shallow lagoon, we made out a dozen hippo, two or three very big. Cautiously we approached them, and when seventy yards off I fired at the base of the ear of one of the largest. Down went every head, and utter calm succeeded. I had marked the spot where the one at

which I shot had disappeared, and thither we rowed. When we reached the place, I told one of the rowers to thrust a pole down and see if he could touch the dead body. He thrust according, and at once shouted that he had found the hippo; in another moment his face altered, and he shouted much more loudly that the hippo was alive. Sure enough, bump went the hippo against the bottom of the boat, the jar causing us all to sit suddenly down—for we were standing. Another bump showed that we had again been struck; and the shallow, muddy water boiled, as the huge beasts, above and below the surface, scattered every which way. Their eyes starting, the two rowers began to back water out of the dangerous neighborhood, while I shot at an animal whose head appeared to my left, as it made off with frantic haste; for I took it for granted that the hippo at which I had first fired (and which was really dead) had escaped. This one disappeared as usual, and I had not the slightest idea whether or not I had killed it. I had small opportunity to ponder the subject, for twenty feet away the water bubbled and a huge head shot out facing me, the jaws wide open. There was no time to guess at its intentions, and I fired on the instant. Down went the head, and I felt the boat quiver as the hippo passed underneath. Just here the lily pads were thick; so I marked its course, fired as it rose, and down it went. But on the other quarter of the boat a beast, evidently of great size—it proved to be a big bull—now appeared, well above water; and I put a bullet into its brain.

I did not wish to shoot again unless I had to, and stood motionless, with the little Springfield at the ready. A head burst up twenty yards off, with a lily pad plastered over one eye, giving the hippo an absurd resemblance to a discomfited prize-fighter, and then disappeared with great agitation. Two half-grown beasts stupid from fright appeared, and stayed up for a minute or two at a time, not knowing what to do. Other heads popped up, getting farther and farther away. By degrees everything vanished, the water grew calm, and we rowed over to the papyrus, moored ourselves by catching hold of a couple of stems, and awaited events. Within an hour four dead hippos appeared: a very big bull and three big cows. Of course, I would not have

shot the latter if it could have been avoided; but under the circumstances I do not see how it was possible to help it. The meat was not wasted; on the contrary it was a god-send, not only to our own porters, but to the natives round about, many of whom were on short commons on account of the drought.

Bringing over the launch we worked until after dark to get the bull out of the difficult position in which he lay. It was nearly seven o'clock before we had him fixed for towing on one quarter, the row-boat towing on the other, by which time two hippos were snorting and blowing within a few yards of us, their curiosity much excited as to what was going on. The night was overcast; there were drenching rain squalls, and a rather heavy sea was running, and I did not get back to camp until after three. Next day the launch fetched in the rest of the hippo meat.

From this camp we went into Naivasha, on the line of the railway. In many places the road was beautiful, leading among the huge yellow trunks of giant thorn trees, the ground rising sheer on our left as we cantered along the edge of the lake. We passed impalla, tommies, zebra, and wart-hog; and in one place saw three waterbuck cows feeding just outside the papyrus at high noon. They belonged to a herd that lived in the papyrus and fed on the grassy flats outside; and their feeding in the open exactly at noon was another proof of the fact that the custom of feeding in the early morning and late evening is with most game entirely artificial and the result of fear of man. Birds abounded. Parties of the dark-colored ant-eating wheatear sang sweetly from trees and bushes, and even from the roofs of the settlers' houses. The tri-colored starlings—black, white, and chestnut—sang in the air, as well as when perched on twigs. Stopping at the government farm (which is most interesting; the results obtained in improving the native sheep, goats, and cattle by the use of imported thoroughbred bulls and rams have been astonishingly successful) we saw the little long-tailed, red-billed, black and white

whydahs flitting around the out-buildings as familiarly as sparrows. Water birds of all kinds thronged the meadows bordering the papyrus, and swam and waded among the water-lilies; sacred ibis, herons, beautiful white spoonbills, darters, cormorants, Egyptian geese, ducks, coots, and water hens. I got up within rifle range of a flock of the queer ibis stork, black and white birds with curved yellow bills, naked red faces, and wonderful purple tints on the edges and the insides of the wings; with the little Springfield I shot one on the ground and another on the wing, after the flock had risen.

That night Kermit and Dr. Mearns went out with lanterns and shot-guns, and each killed one of the springhaas, the jumping hares, which abounded in the neighborhood. These big, burrowing animals, which progress by jumping like kangaroos, are strictly nocturnal, and their eyes shine in the glare of the lanterns.

Next day I took the Fox gun, which had already on ducks, guinea-fowl, and francolin, shown itself an exceptionally hard-hitting and close-shooting weapon, and collected various water birds for the naturalists; among others, a couple of Egyptian geese. I also shot a white pelican with the Springfield rifle; there was a beautiful rosy flush on the breast.

Here we again got news of the outside world. While on safari the only newspaper which any of us ever saw was the *Owego Times*, which Loring, in a fine spirit of neighborhood loyalty, always had sent to him in his mail. To the Doctor, by the way, I had become knit in a bond of close intellectual sympathy ever since a chance allusion to "William Henry's Letters to His Grandmother" had disclosed the fact that each of us, ever since the days of his youth, had preserved the bound volumes of "Our Young Folks," and moreover firmly believed that there never had been its equal as a magazine, whether for old or young; even though the Plancus of our golden consulship was the not wholly happy Andrew Johnson.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I



HE price of any article is a statement of its relation to some standard like gold. Therefore, prices may vary for causes affecting either gold or the articles compared with gold. The whole price problem has thus two distinct sides: (1) a study of the influences directly touching the demand and supply of gold itself, and (2) the influences directly touching the demand and supply of goods, and their expenses of production. It would be one-sided and inadequate to reason that prices have risen solely from the new supply of gold, without taking into account the new demand for gold; and it would be still more inadequate to reason solely from influences affecting gold, and disregard the many potent influences working directly on the conditions under which goods are produced and marketed. It will be our purpose, then, to study the causes affecting the recent rise in prices, by first presenting the forces working directly on gold, and by later unfolding the forces operating on the goods themselves.

II

WHEN Orpheus was leading Eurydice back to earth, although forbidden he looked back at her, and she was lost to him forever. In order to shield the tariff, politicians and men high in office have already determined to assign the cause of our high prices to the abundance of gold. If, however, they dare to look back to the period from 1873 to 1890, they will find their favorite theory ruthlessly snatched away from them. Inexorable logic and the facts are against them, as well as against those theorists who have not studied all of the case. To get light on our problem, let us contrast the period of 1875-1890 with the later period of 1890-1908, the facts of which in regard to

prices and the production of gold are presented in Diagram I.

Before doing so, attention should be called to the fact that some writers carelessly reason directly from the recent large annual production of gold to the recent contemporary rise of prices. This is an old fallacy. The new supply should be compared with the total stock of gold in existence. The total available stock is not—as it is, for instance, in the case of wheat—the annual supply, but the total product in all past years, less the amount lost by accident, abrasion, or destruction in the arts. Owing to its durability the total stock is constantly increasing, and as we approach the present time the annual production, even though large, bears a constantly smaller ratio to the total supply. Then, to change the value of the whole stock, the new supply must be large—not absolutely, but—in relation to the total world's supply. A great rainfall in France may disastrously raise the level of the Seine; but it will not perceptibly raise the level of the Atlantic Ocean. It takes a long time, moreover, for an increasing supply of gold to make its influence felt on the value of the total stock. It may be months after heavy rains in Abyssinia before the water rises in the lower Nile in Egypt. That is, changes in prices due to changes in the value of the total stock of gold in the world, under the influence of new production, must necessarily be slow and gradual. Serious and rapid changes of prices, therefore, must be due to other causes than gold—that is, to causes directly affecting the commodities themselves. Keeping this point in mind, we may now proceed to contrast the two periods.

(1) To 1850, the total production of gold was \$3,158,000,000, from which we should deduct for destruction in the arts and in other ways enough to reduce the total supply to not more than \$2,500,000,000. In the years 1851-1875 the supply of gold was more than doubled; but the demands for it

also increased. Yet it is probable that the new gold, being very large relatively to the total stock, may have helped in the rise of prices to 1873. But, if to the total stock of \$5,674,000,000 in 1875 (\$2,500,000,000 + \$3,174,000,000) be added the new product from 1876 to 1895, or \$2,467,000,000, it will be seen from Diagram I that this addition of 43 per cent. to the total supply was attended by steadily falling prices. Gold prices fell from 138.28 in 1873 (in Soetbeer's table) to 108.13 in 1890; or from

gold have a dominating influence on the prices of goods.

(2) In the later period, 1890-1908, we have also had a great new production of gold. In the ten years 1895-1905 it was \$2,899,000,000. But the total stock in 1895 (assuming a stock of \$2,500,000,000 in 1850 and no losses whatever since 1850) was within \$8,141,000,000. Thus the new gold in this period was 35 per cent. of the existing stock; while in 1876-1895 it was 43 per cent. Yet in this later period prices

DIAGRAM I



122.0 in 1873 (in the Aldrich table for the United States) to 92.3 in 1890; or, if we make comparison with the prices of 1895, the fall was still greater. In this period, when the new production was greater relatively to the total stock than in recent years, we heard nothing about the great new supply, but everything about the great new demand for gold. In this period a new production greater than that of to-day relatively to the total stock has been attended by a prolonged fall of prices. It is obvious, then, that other things than the supply of

rose from 112.9 in 1890, or from 93.6 in 1895, to 115.9 in 1905, or to 122.8 in 1908 (in the Bureau of Labor tables). With a greater relative supply of gold in the earlier than in the later period, we had falling prices in the former, and rising prices in the latter. In this later period we hear everything about the new supply, but nothing about the new demands (so much emphasized before). To reason from the abundance of gold in recent years directly to the rise of prices is unscientific and one-sided: it fails to take into account the new de-

mands for gold—as well as the factors in the problem touching the goods themselves independently of gold.

In these days of increasing wealth and great extravagance the consumption of gold in the arts, for decoration, and for jewelry, is no less than when Soetbeer estimated it at \$60,000,000 or more annually. Although this figure is only a guess, we may use it as a rough means of computing the world's consumption of gold in the arts for 1895–1905 at about \$600,000,000. Moreover, in the years 1895–1907, according to the reports of our Mint,* about \$700,000,000 of silver have been displaced in the currencies of the world and supplanted by gold. That is, just as in the earlier period, 1873–1890, so in the later one, about in proportion to the new supply of gold various countries found it possible to change or to improve their monetary systems by taking on gold. Besides Japan, there are most of the South American countries, the developing populations of Africa, and especially silver-producing Mexico that have adopted the gold standard. From all the available data at hand, it seems probable that the new production of gold since 1895 has not been much more than enough to equal the new demands in the arts and in the currencies of the world. If so, the forces working on gold alone have probably equalized each other, and its value—for causes affecting itself—cannot be said to have been materially changed. In other words, the recent rise of prices cannot be accounted for by causes originating with gold.

These, moreover, are not the only objections to ascribing the rise of prices to the abundance of new gold. No doubt many persons have been led to assign the chief rôle to gold under the impression that the rise of prices has been general throughout the world, that all commodities have been affected, and that this must have been due to a single universal cause like gold. First, let us look at the facts in England. Strangely enough, two inadequate tables of English prices have been recently quoted as if they were decisive—the main reason being that, though deficient, they were accessible to date. The index numbers of the London *Economist* (for only 22 series) show a figure of 2,236 in 1890, of 2,136 in

1905, and of 2,197 in 1909. On this showing there has been no rise at all. In Sauerbeck's table (chiefly extractive products) the index number for 1890 and 1891 was 72, for 1905, 72, and for 1908 only 73. And yet Sauerbeck's figures have been quoted by high officials in Washington as evidence that gold has fallen in value. Obviously these facts do not prove that the rise of prices has been general in all countries.

Even in the United States the rise in wholesale prices is not as great as is generally supposed. *Bradstreet's* index number for January 1, 1892, is 8.1382; for January 1, 1905, 8.0827; and for January 1, 1909, 8.2631. The table of the United States Bureau of Labor (Bulletin 81) shows a number for 1890 of 112.9; for 1905 of 115.9; and for 1908 of 122.8. That is, an average rise of 9 per cent. between 1890 and 1908 for 203 articles.

But neither has the rise of prices been uniform—a point used to prove a single common cause like gold. The Bureau of Labor uses as a base number of 100 the average prices of the years 1890–1899 with which the prices of other years are compared. A study of these tables discloses the remarkable fact that out of 203 commodities, 36 actually fell in price by 1908, and 2 remained unchanged. These 36 were: hops, sugar (granulated), mutton (dressed), soda crackers, apples (evaporated), pepper, prunes (California), tea (Formosa), mackerel, Rio coffee, soda (bicarbonate), covert cloth, gingham, sheetings, chinchilla overcoatings, candles, matches, lead-pipe, shovels, nails (wire), wood screws, silver, putty, quinine, alcohol (wood), white granite cups and saucers, nappies (glass), tumblers (glass), carving knives, knives and forks, manila rope, manila wrapping paper, and wood paper for newspapers.

Then, too, while the average rise of all the 203 commodities from 1890 to 1908 was only 9 per cent., there was no uniformity of movement in the various groups within the whole list. For instance, farm products rose from 110.0 to 133.1; fuel and lighting from 104.7 to 130.8; while drugs and chemicals show little or no rise at all. Moreover, there are wide variations in the prices of the same goods within any one year, which show how important other causes than gold must be; for these great changes

* Report of the Director of the Mint, 1896, pp. 46–7; 1908, pp. 68–9.

cannot possibly be assigned to gold. A few instances of changes of wholesale prices entirely within the year 1908 will suffice:

Cattle	110.3-142.0
Fresh beef	117.0-142.3
Hides	100.7-170.8
Milk	88.2-156.9
Butter	102.5-141.8
Bacon	106.4-161.2
Hams	97.2-131.8
Lard	115.4-159.0
Mutton	87.5-150.0
Cotton	118.7-150.4
Calico	90.6-133.7
Cotton flannels	109.6-128.9
Ginghams	90.6-115.3
Print cloths	105.7-145.3

Those who believe that the rise of prices is due to an abundance of new gold find a difficulty in showing by what direct economic processes the new gold affects prices. Theoretically, it is assumed that the increased gold must be offered against goods and thus declines in value. Such a theory, however, is too detached from the facts to receive credence, quite apart from the fact that, in the United States, even though gold is our standard of prices, we practically do not use gold as a medium of exchange. With the better thinkers, however, it is urged that the new gold flows into the bank reserves, makes possible larger loans, increases the credit offered against goods, and consequently raises general prices. Now, let us appeal to banking practice. Because there is more gold in the world, do banks in the United States expand their loans? Certainly not. First a bank decides whether the loan is safe or not; then, if the loan is made, and a credit in a deposit account is given, the bank may need more reserves. An increasing number of those who have goods, in warehouse or in transit, may wish loans. Speaking generally, the more goods produced and exchanged, the more loans are wanted. Then, first having the demand for legitimate loans, the bank as a consequence arranges to supply the reserves required by law or experience. In banking common-sense, the increase of loans is the cause of increased reserves; it is not the presence of gold in the country which is the cause of increased loans. If increased loans are wanted, the ease in getting gold makes the process easier; but, no matter how plentiful gold may be, if the bank has not the means to offer for the gold,

how can it increase its reserves? No matter how abundant gold is, a bank can meet the demand for increased loans only by the capital or deposits in its possession. Is it not an absurd theory that an abundance of new gold would allow a bank of \$100,000 capital to lend indefinitely, say, to \$100,000,000? A large bank carries a large sum of loans, not because gold is abundant, but because its funds are large; it uses out of its large funds only that sum which is necessary to get the gold or money reserves which experience shows are necessary for its discounting business. To say that the presence of abundant gold is the cause of increased loans is to put the cart before the horse. It would be like saying that the cause of the excavation of dirt in the Panama Canal was the existence of steam shovels. The shovels make the excavation easier, but the cause is the hundreds of millions of dollars voted by the United States. The banks lend capital, not money; and cash reserves are only a tool, or a part of the banking machinery necessary in banking operations. Indeed millions of loans may be made and repaid by checks without the use of a cent of money. And, no matter how abundant gold is, a bank supplies not a dollar more of inert, non-earning reserves than is necessary for carrying the sum of loans consistent with its present resources.

It may be said, however, that if much new gold has gone into the currencies of the world in the past ten years, that is precisely the way by which it can be offered against goods, and thus increase prices. But in precisely the same way one might say that the new crops of the United States, new wealth created in one season from the soil to the amount of \$6,000,000,000, is new purchasing power to its owners, as well as the new gold; that it is offered for other goods, and ought to raise prices. But, more than this, if the new gold has increased prices by entering the currencies of the world, how does it happen that prices have risen most in the United States in which gold, although the standard of prices, is almost never used in the actual purchase of goods? It will certainly be startling to those who have declared themselves without going into the facts to discover—as shown in Diagram I—that, although the stock of gold has been quadrupled since 1850 (being in 1905 about \$11,000,000,000),

prices in gold on the average are no higher in 1908 than they were in 1860, and less than they were in 1850.

III

ON the other hand, no one in this country doubts that there has been a rise of prices greatly increasing the cost of living. In proceeding to the second general division of our field, it will be found that the causes of this upward movement are to be found in the forces affecting—not the value of gold, but—the expenses of producing and distributing the goods themselves. That is, if the gold standard in which the prices are expressed has not varied much for causes affecting itself, the prices of goods may have varied greatly for causes directly affecting the value of goods relatively to gold. It is as if a mountain peak had not changed its elevation above the sea; yet men may have gone up or down its side and thus have changed their position relatively to the top. If, then, we can explain these forces which have been increasing the expenses of living, the reader can see for himself whether they are permanent or not, and whether they are capable of control or abolition.

The moment we pass from considerations touching gold, or the standard of prices, to those touching the expenses of production, or the demand and supply of goods, we find at once a large group of commodities which have risen in price for reasons which can in no possible sense be ascribed to the cheapened gold. Farm and food products have changed in price for obvious causes peculiar to these articles themselves. Moreover, it is in connection with these products—especially meat—that we have heard most in the recent discussion about the high cost of living. Averages of many commodities have little practical significance to the mass of people. The social importance in changes of prices resides in those which affect the articles entering into the budgets of the plain people. When food rises in price it is serious; but when furs and silks rise it is not serious.

First, what are the facts as to the rise of prices? Taking the basis of 1896–1900 as 100, according to the Secretary of Agriculture, the 14 farm products (hay, cotton, hogs, flaxseed, cattle, barley, wheat, rye, corn, hides, oats, etc.) have risen most. As

compared with an average of 126.4 for all the groups combined, the farm products have risen in 1908 to 141.9, as compared with 128.7 for food products (47 articles); 132.8 for lumber; 121.9 for clothing; 125.3 for fuel and lighting; 124.9 for metals; 119.5 for house furnishings; and 106 for drugs.

But averages of wholesale prices for groups of articles have very little interest for the housekeeper. Food products as a group have risen to 128.7 in 1908; but how as to specific articles? Taking 1896–1900 as a base of 100, the following table will show how much such articles of every-day consumption have risen: *

Milk (N. Y.)	129.8
Eggs	205.1
Creamery butter	151.7
Factory cheese	145.3
Mackerel	108.2
Codfish	153.1
Beans	163.4
Peas	146.8
Potatoes	152.2
Apples	190.8
Wool (Ohio)	137.3
Hides (native)	167.9
Burley tobacco	177.5

Here is an increase of from 30 to 100 per cent. in articles of food; while other groups, such as clothing and house furnishings, have risen some 20 per cent.

Such being the facts, what are the causes of the increase in the prices of farm and food products? As regards those articles consumed in every family, rich or poor—such as milk, eggs, butter, cheese, beans, peas, potatoes, apples, and the like—the answer is not far to seek. In the main it is an increase of demand out of proportion to the available supply. The movement of population from the farm to the city has been going on for decades, as every one knows. The less enterprising, the less active, the less educated have been left on the farms; the bad roads, the remoteness of farm-houses, have made social life less attractive in the country. The great prizes of success in the professions and in industry, the eager, busy life of the towns and the cities, the glamour and lure of the varied excitements in the town, and the desire to escape physical exertion and hardship, have drawn the

* Report of the Secretary of Agriculture, No. 91, 1909, p. 20.

youth away from the land, and made agricultural labor scarce and inefficient. The labor-economy of agricultural machinery cannot fill the gap; for the operations of agriculture are not continuous and uniform, as in the factory. Therefore, the actual practices of dairy-farming, crop-growing, and treatment of the soil have deteriorated, with the loss of brains and labor—only to be checked (but not yet by any means reversed) by the splendid teaching of experiment stations and the Department of Agriculture. To-day, much of our land does not begin to yield what it is capable of. Our methods are bad and wasteful—and the supply of food for the urban demand is not coming forward in the proportion of the new demand.

Moreover, in the older States farm land has enormously increased in value. The farmers who have accumulated a competence and retired to the towns, for instance in Illinois, have not grown rich primarily by the sale of their crops, but chiefly by the rising value of the land. The farmer who now buys land at \$80 to \$150 an acre, and who pays wages high enough to draw labor away from the city, must get higher prices for his products than in the past, in order to cover his higher expenses of production. Including the greater cost of the land, the higher prices of labor, the phenomenal rise in the prices of lumber and building materials, it is but natural that the expenses of producing foodstuffs should have gone up, and should stay up permanently, unless there is to be a great national reaction in favor of country life. From this time on we must expect to see the effects of an increasing pressure on the land. Dry farming and irrigation are taking up lands hitherto unoccupied; but, in truth, our only real recourse is in improved methods of cultivating the land now under tillage.

How much, in particular, has meat risen? Unfed beef at the farm is not much higher than it was nine to fourteen years ago. The price of beef, however, is affected by four processes before it gets to the consumer: (1) feeding; (2) slaughtering; (3) wholesaling; and (4) retailing. As against 100 in 1896-1900, steers at Chicago have risen in 1909 to 126-136; dressed carcasses to 123.7-129.7; retail prices of roasts to 132.3; and of steaks to 133.7. That is, beef has risen by about one-third of its

price as compared with the average of 1896-1900.

Hogs have risen in price at the farm in about the proportional rise in price of other things. Hogs have risen to 147.3 in 1909; wholesale carcasses to 180.5; the retail prices of fresh pork to about 142 (1907); and bacon to about 164 (1907).

But how as to live-stock? Live-stock and farm crops have shown a special increase in price, at the farm, as follows:

(100=average of 1896-1900.)

Live-Stock, 1909		Farm Crops, 1909	
Horses . . .	264.4	Corn . . .	218.6
Mules . . .	235.1	Oats . . .	209.6
Swine . . .	147.3	Potatoes . .	192.4
Sheep . . .	147.1	Wheat . . .	166.2
Milch cows .	120.4	Rye . . .	162.1
		Buckwheat .	161.9
		Tobacco . .	161.4
		Barley . . .	147.3
		Cotton . . .	138.4
		Hay . . .	122.9
Live-stock average . . .		193.1	
Average of live-stock and crops . . .			186.9
		Crops average	180.9

There is not much difficulty in finding the special causes of the high prices of beef. The free range has disappeared; government lands can no longer be fenced by cattle rangers; the old ranges have been taken up and cultivated as farms; and the future supply of cattle must come from the stock produced in connection with general farming. The old sources of supply of cattle can no longer be counted on. Moreover, in 1906 there was a rush to market cattle, and a general decrease in the existing supply in that year is still felt. In addition, the doubling of the price of corn and oats, the high prices of alfalfa and hay, have very greatly raised the cost of feeding cattle before they are sent to slaughter. To-day, the price of fed cattle is the highest on record. If so, the wholesale and retail prices must rise in proportion. The recent somewhat hysterical boycott of meat cannot change the underlying cause of the high prices of farm products, including meat. By refraining from eating high-priced meats a consumer can lower his expenses, but not the general level of meat prices. It is possible, however, for him to buy cheaper cuts, and learn how to prepare nutritious food by more skilful cooking. In the choice of our

dietary there is certainly a wide margin for saving without loss—or even with a gain—in nutriment.

IV

ONE universal element in the expense of producing goods of any kind, manufacturing or agricultural, is the wages of labor. In the United States money wages per hour, expressed in gold, have risen between 1890 and 1907 by about 28 per cent. These facts may be seen in the following table:

Year	Wages per hour	Year	Wages per hour
1890	100.3	1899	102.0
1891	100.3	1900	105.5
1892	100.8	1901	108.0
1893	100.9	1902	112.2
1894	97.9	1903	116.3
1895	98.3	1904	117.0
1896	99.7	1905	118.9
1897	99.6	1906	124.2
1898	100.2	1907	128.8

Nor is the higher range of wages confined to the United States; it is that part of an increased expense of production which is undoubtedly common to many countries, and which, by making the phenomena of higher prices widespread, probably gives occasion for the belief that the higher prices, being world-wide, must be due to some one general cause like gold. But it certainly is true in other lands that there is little complaint of higher prices where wages have not risen. In England, for instance, cost of living has not increased as much as with us—even as regards dairy products and meat. But English wages are much less than ours, as a few examples will show: *

	England and Wales per 48 hours week	United States
Bricklayers . . .	\$9.12-\$9.85	\$28.80-\$33.60
Carpenters . . .	8.80- 9.57	14.40- 28.80
Plumbers . . .	8.60- 9.67	19.20- 28.80
Plasterers . . .	8.88-10.14	24.00- 33.60

Certainly, cost of living also in France has not yet risen as much as it has with us. Since 1905 wages have risen about 5½ per cent., or about the same as food.

It is important to remember, also, that a rise of wages once made is not easy to reduce; and that it is likely to remain as a permanent cause of higher prices in the future. Moreover, in so far as the rise of wages is general, it will work for a general rise of prices.

* Computed from data in Bureau of Labor Bulletin, 77.

V

ANOTHER cause of the higher cost of living—one which is especially operative in the United States and the Continental countries of Europe—is the increasing rates of customs tariffs, and of taxation due to militarism. It is impossible to attribute the generally higher prices due to the heavy load of taxation laid upon the consumer to a general cause like the cheapening of gold. In the United States the enormous sums spent by our national government on harbors and rivers, on pensions, on the army, and especially on the new navy, must be paid for by somebody; and that somebody is the consumer of the taxed goods. On an average imported dutiable goods are increased in price to the American consumer by over 40 per cent. But, to the extent that importations are impeded, not all of this tax of over 40 per cent. goes to the government, but much of it goes to the protected interests. The duties are so high as not to be revenue duties, and our treasury gets only about \$300,000,000 of this tax, or less than half of its annual expenditure. The truth is just coming home to the mass of people that our extremely high protective duties have raised the expenses of producing many goods, raised prices, and raised the cost of living to every family throughout the length and breadth of the land. This is one reason why industrial activity to-day spells "hard times" for the unorganized consumer.

Some of our public men are not dealing fairly with the people when they direct attention solely to the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909, and assert that it has in some respects lowered duties. Suppose that it had done so, as compared with the Dingley Act of 1897. Then, that only transfers the cause of offending to the duties fixed by the Dingley Act, which were, on the whole, the highest in our list of high-tariff enactments. It is no comfort to a drowning man in forty feet of water to be told that just back of him the water was forty-one feet deep. It is no comfort to the consumer submerged by import duties of forty, or a hundred, or several hundred per cent., to be told that a microscope will discover a fractional change of a per cent. here and there—when in fact hosiery, gloves, and clothing bear increased duties. It is not ingenuous to harp on the

insignificant changes in the act of 1909, when the real burden was made heavy in 1897, and only continued in 1909.

It is not fair, of course, to charge the increase in the prices of all goods to the tariff. The most pernicious and the most direct effect of our high protective tariff is to be found in the duties upon raw materials, where the taxes on materials unduly raise the prices of finished goods. For instance, if foreign wools (required in various mixtures of clothing fabrics) be taxed 40 per cent., then, if the woollen manufacturers were to receive an additional protection of 40 per cent. on their finished goods, it would be 40 per cent. on an outlay increased by the tax on their materials. Thus by complicated compensatory duties, the consumer pays 60 or 80 per cent. more, in cases where he should pay on woollen goods only 40 per cent., provided raw materials were free. An illustration of the heavy burden thus laid upon all of us by the tariff may be found in the case of wool and woollen goods. Wool was made free in the Wilson Act of 1894; and taking the average prices of 1890-1898 as 100, the comparison between the prices of wool and woollen goods in 1896, before the Dingley Act, and 1908 may be seen in the following table:

PRICES, 1896-1908		1890-98=100	
Articles	1896	1908	
Wool	70.6	118.3	
Blankets (wool)	89.3	113.1	
Broadcloths	79.7	115.6	
Carpets	90.2	118.9	
Flannels	85.4	122.4	
Horse blankets	90.8	126.5	
Overcoatings (wool)	86.7	122.6	
Shawls	89.1	*107.0	
Suitings	87.8	127.6	
Underwear (wool)	92.7	115.8	
Women's dress goods (wool)	67.5	127.1	
Worsted yarn	72.9	117.6	
Two-bushel bags	91.6	134.3	
Cotton flannels	93.9	119.2	
Cotton thread	99.6	131.7	
Drillings	100.2	130.6	
Sheetings	97.4	120.0	
Shirtings	97.9	120.0	
Hides	86.6	142.6	
Leather (harness)	98.6	121.1	
Currants	87.2	162.4	
Molasses (1897)	83.1	112.7	
(All) Metals and implements	93.0	125.4	

* 1907.

In order to show the actual rise of prices fairly chargeable to the protection of the extremely high tariffs since 1897, besides wool and woollens, a few other articles have been added to this table, especially under the cotton schedules (where the increase cannot be charged to the duty on raw cotton). An increase of 25 to 35 per cent. is not infrequent. And in the metals schedule (where we also have our own raw materials) the rise is also affected by the duties on the finished goods.

The unprejudiced student will certainly be struck by the precipitous climb of prices of articles affected by the tariff after the passage of the Dingley Act in 1897, as shown in Diagram II. These lines disclose the movement of wholesale prices from 1890-1908, by groups of commodities. Of course, the changes in individual articles are still more striking, since their extremes are not hidden in the general group average. For my personal enlightenment I have had over a hundred of these prices charted, and their connection with the act of 1897 is often unmistakable. This more detailed presentation of prices from 1890 to 1908 in Diagram II should be studied in connection with the movement of the average of prices from 1850 to 1890, in Diagram I.

It may be said that as far back as 1898 no one grumbled about the high cost of living, since we had as high a tariff then as now; hence, it may be said, the present high prices could not be ascribed to the tariff. The true comparison, however, should be made between the period from 1894-1897, and the period from 1897 to the present. The former was a time of low prices, aggravated to be sure by the panic of 1893; while the latter was a period of rapidly rising prices throughout. The panic of 1893, however, was due ultimately to over-expansion, and immediately to the fear of a silver standard; but not at all to the absurd reason sometimes set forth—that it was caused by the Wilson Act, or the fear of its passage—an act passed after the panic, in 1894.

Moreover, although it is said that the act of 1909 made inconsiderable changes in duties, it is very significant that, in anticipation of, and following, the act of August, 1909, *Bradstreet's* index number should

have shown such a marked upward tendency, as follows:

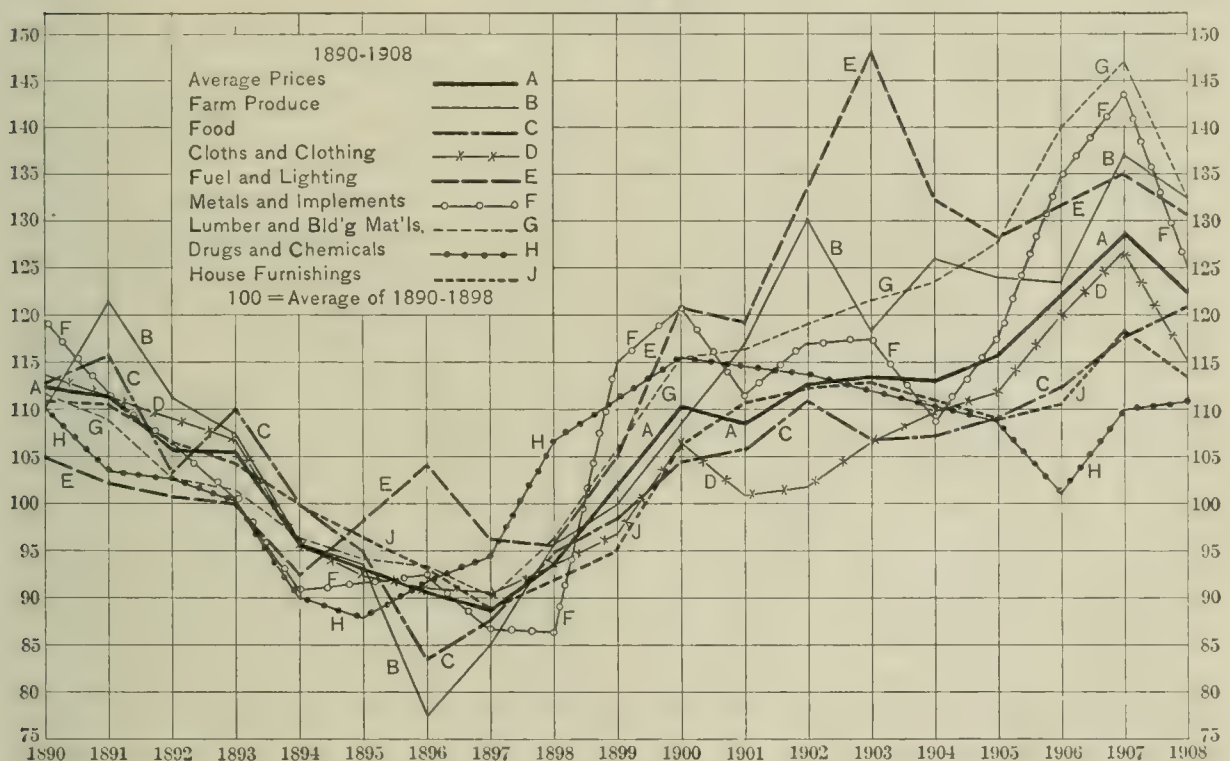
January 1, 1909	8.2631
February 1	8.3022
March 1	8.2167
April 1	8.3157
May 1	8.3016
June 1	8.3960
July 1	8.4573
August 1	8.5039
September 1	8.5906
October 1	8.7478
November 1	8.9635
December 1	9.1262
January 1, 1910	9.2310

The rise of prices due to heavy taxation has certainly not been confined to the

VI

THERE is another special cause tending to raise the cost of living, which is quite independent of the value of gold. In examining the forces affecting the market price to the consumer, it is obvious to every one that the seller is constantly trying to get "all that the traffic will bear." The buyers are a loose, unorganized mass, while the producers and sellers are better organized than we realize. But more than mere compact organization—if the producers and sellers can continue to control the supply of the article, and create even a quasi-monopoly, then the unorganized consumers are at their mercy. Here we have a cause

DIAGRAM II



United States; and the tendency to higher protective duties in Europe, and the phenomenally heavy taxes required by military and naval establishments, all help to explain whatever there may be of a general cause behind the movement of prices to a higher level in all countries. The extravagance of States and municipalities in public works, the waste of city funds in official corruption in our land, is all being paid for by the individual consumer; and in many cases it appears in a higher expense of production, and consequently in a higher level of prices.

which can directly raise the prices of goods whose expenses of production have not been increased. That is, combinations, which are the characteristic industrial phenomena of to-day, can raise prices by a greater or less control of the market. And in cutting off competition from foreign countries the protective tariffs materially assist the combinations in controlling the home market, to the serious disadvantage of the consumer.

In the discussion of protectionism, it has been argued that tariffs do not raise the prices of protected goods to the home con-

sumer, because competition between the home producers will always prevent more than ordinary gains, and keep prices at a normal level. But when combinations succeed in controlling the price this is no longer true. Thus, the maintenance of monopoly prices becomes possible to the full extent of protecting duties, provided imports are prevented from competing with the monopolized products at home. An illustration in point appears in the duty on wood pulp and paper, which has allowed the combination to control the price of printing paper to the American newspapers. And there are many similar cases.

The influence of the tariffs and of combinations in recent years is closely connected. The passage of the Dingley Act in 1897 was followed directly by the remarkable creation of combinations, beginning in 1898-1900—such as those in tin-plate, wire, steel, copper, and a long list of others.

Tariffs and combinations affecting raw materials have a pervasive and sinuous influence upon the prices of related and finished goods. Combinations, or understandings, to control the supply price of coal, tar, hides, zinc, lead, copper, and other metals; tin-plate, turpentine, cotton, dyes—and a great number of other commodities used in further manufacture—tend to increase the expenses of production of a wide range of articles. In some cases, of course, the larger the scale of production, the cheaper each unit of product can be marketed; but the economics are sometimes offset by the higher cost of raw materials, the higher range of wages, and other items entering into expenses of production.

As every one knows, combination is the order of the day, and it has affected nearly every article of general consumption, among which may be mentioned anthracite coal, turpentine, jute, augers, axes, planes, files, hammers, door-knobs, mortise-locks, chisels, building materials, linseed oil, furniture, tobacco, wire nails, petroleum, cottonseed oil, lard, tallow, codfish, her-ring, crackers, glucose, barbed wire, molasses, salt, and pig-iron. The rise in the prices of these articles after the Dingley Act of 1897, and during the period of the greatest activity in the formation of trusts, is certainly very significant.

VII

FINALLY, we must remember that the above conclusions have been based on an examination of wholesale prices. Yet the family buys at retail; and the forces bearing on the level of retail prices have in effect much to do with the actual cost of living. If the truth must be told, there are no reliable retail prices. They vary with the buyer's social position, the quarter of the city, the season, very often with the understandings and agreements between the wholesale and retail dealers, and those between the retail dealers themselves. In fact, the strongest hold the so-called trusts have upon prices is to be found in the agreements with the retailers to sell at a fixed price. Even the evolution of the cold-storage warehouses—like the use of certificates for wheat in elevators—has come to allow of speculation, agreements, and the control of the supply of eggs, poultry, fish, apples, and the like.

There can be little doubt that the retail organization by which goods go from the wholesaler to the consumer is unnecessarily wasteful and expensive. There are twenty butcher-shops and groceries in every neighborhood where only one is needed. Each must spend much in advertising, in show-windows, in rents, in costly fixtures, in telephones, in wages, in horses and delivery wagons, which are not essential to the total result. Five or six wagons, with salaried drivers, distribute trifling quantities of goods to houses in the same street. The consumer pays for this waste in the margin of retail over wholesale prices. From 1890 to 1908, on an average, wholesale prices have increased 9 per cent., while retail prices have increased 18 per cent. The difference between wholesale and retail prices, in particular cases, varies from 10-25 per cent. to 100-150 per cent.

If one stops to analyze the process of retail buying, it will be realized that it is the seller only who practically sets the price. There is no true retail market price. Busy or ignorant people pay what is charged them without the patience or the power to select. In these days we pay for the additional costs of dainty and attractive packages for cereals, crackers, figs, and the like. Indeed, under the cover of special tins, an amount of an article is sold at a price which

makes a pound cost two or three times as much as formerly. The psychology of the retail market is itself a study of no mean interest. Habit, fancy, caprice, rumor, emulation, gregarious action of a set, may play a part. Once a man gets established with a clientele, he puts up his prices. He charges all he can get; and the confiding customer goes on paying the bills—until there rises a general cry of high cost of living, like that of the present day. There are different retail prices for each half-mile as one passes from the centre of a city to its outskirts. Yet some persons think it demeaning to bargain or seek for lower prices. To spend recklessly is an evidence of what some regard as belonging to social position.

VIII

IN the margin of the retail over the wholesale price, in a community not well shaken down into form, there is an opportunity for serious changes in the cost of living. Out of this margin, the catalogue houses, the wholesale grocery houses, the tea and coffee houses, have accumulated great fortunes—at the expense of the helpless consumer. Then, what is the remedy? Obviously, the creation in every neighborhood of co-operative societies for the distribution of goods directly from the producer to the consumer at actual cost—obviating the waste of advertising, high rents, and useless duplication of service. It calls for social organization: a thing, of course, which is always slow of development because the Almighty made every man an individualist, who wishes each thing done to suit his individual tastes, and at the time and place to suit his pleasure. If co-operation succeeds, however, it will remove the wide margin of differential gains, which, lying above the actual expenses of production, afford an opportunity for combination and for manipulation to control prices. It may be said that the manufacturers and producers will refuse to sell to the co-operative societies under threats from the present large body of retailers; but in the long run producers will arise wherever there is a sustained demand. And the success of distributive co-operation in England, where the societies buy largely from outside producers, is one of the reasons for the lower expenses of living in England than in America—apart from

the fact that good, warm woollen clothing is there no more than one-half what it is here.

IX

IN conclusion, we may summarize our results. The great recent production of gold—great as it is—is not as large in proportion to the total stock in 1895, as was the new gold from 1875–1895 to the total stock in 1875. Yet in the earlier period there were falling prices, and in the later rising prices. It is said, of course, that new gold increased bank reserves, made possible enlarged credits, and so worked for higher prices; but this influence must have been as active in the earlier as in the later period. Therefore, even if we should admit that the flood of new gold has finally begun to lift somewhat the level of prices, it could not be the cause of the changes which have to-day so thoroughly aroused public attention. The rise of prices now most discussed, such as those of farm and food products, is due to special causes, and not to gold. Part of the sudden rise of prices since 1896 is obviously due to the reaction from a time of depression; but the period since 1897 is one in which business organization has in the main taken on new form, and in which prices have been under powerful control. Moreover, special causes, such as high tariffs, agricultural readjustment, higher wages, and increasing expenditures of the rich have operated to raise prices. The resultant seems to be the outcome of special forces on the goods side of the price-ratio working to raise the prices of goods, more than inventions and progress in the arts have been able to depress them. In this respect the later differs from the earlier period.

Lastly, it must be admitted that, aside from the higher prices of many staple articles, our standard of living has changed with the growing wealth of the country. Each family now wishes more expensive food, better clothes, more costly millinery, more pictures and books and those of a higher price, more bicycles and automobiles, more horseback riding, more travelling, stays at higher-priced hotels, passage on more expensive steamers, than formerly—all to keep up in the procession with the successful rich, who are increasing enormously in numbers. Every one ex-

pects, as a matter of course, to buy fruits and vegetables out of season—such as a very short time ago were considered within the reach of only the largest purses. Our kitchen economy is quite too wasteful; we throw away fats and buy lard to take their place. May it not be the psychological hour to call for the creation of a new aristocracy of the simple life, of those who care for the reality and not for the shadow,

for the true inward pleasures of the mind rather than for the external, evanescent show? May it not be high time to create a free-masonry of those who do not ask how much one has, nor how much one knows, but what one is? Gold, in the sense of riches, may be the root of all evil; but gold, in the sense of a standard of prices, cannot be the sole root of the evil in our increased cost of living.

THE ANACHRONISM

By Donal Hamilton Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



MALONEY, second lieutenant of the Tenth Cavalry, sat cross-legged at the feet of his patient horse, while a battle passed over his head almost unnoticed. His naked sabre lay across the knees of his olive-green uniform, and a blade of grass moved back and forth between his firm teeth. Now and then he cast glances of approval at the troopers and horses scattered behind him—six companies of the Tenth, dismounted and idle in a wide glade which sheltered them as completely from the sweep of the hostile fire as though they had been a dozen miles away.

A corporal, scarcely younger or less grizzled than Maloney, caught the lieutenant's eye and read its expression with accuracy.

"Kind o' slow, ain't it?" he inquired with a cheerful grin.

Maloney nodded several times vigorously, and the corporal, thus emboldened, crept closer, keeping hold of his horse's bridle.

"An' I suppose we'll have to lay here all day, too," he continued.

"I suppose so," agreed Maloney, to whom speech came slowly.

The corporal looked at Maloney keenly. He knew his story like every other man in B company, for Maloney had become a fixture, an institution, a personality, so thoroughly at one with the thought of second lieutenants that the terms had grown to be almost synonymous. It was known in B company that Maloney had come from

West Point just in time to witness the last thin edge of Indian-fighting, that he was probably the best second lieutenant in the cavalry—but that he would never be anything else. He had witnessed whole batches of younger officers sent above him, and if the situation rankled him, he never showed it. "Maloney's way behind the times!" his superiors were wont to say of him, but they were equally ready to admit that he could handle a company better than most captains, and even colonels were very ready in answering Maloney's careful salute.

"Well, anyhow," persisted the corporal with obvious intent, "this is better'n guard-in' wagon-trains."

"I don't know that it is," returned the lieutenant slowly. "There's a chance for action with the commissariat; there doesn't seem to be any here."

"Oh, well," argued the corporal, "what can ye do with cavalry in a country that's set on end?"

Maloney glanced at the sheer, bare hill that rose in front of them, and then at the legs of his horse.

"I've sent Billy up worse things than that, and you've followed me, Hogan," he said.

"I know, I know," admitted Hogan readily, a glint of pride in his eyes, "but them days are gone. They couldn't shoot three miles then, an' we didn't have a fight-in' front twenty-five miles long."

Maloney gave no sign of having heard. He chewed almost savagely on the blade of

grass, and the tanned hand which grasped the worn hilt of the sabre tightened until the cords stood out sharply. Hogan watched him and kept silence; he knew Maloney's hobby, and knew that he would ride it in time.

"You're right, corporal," he said finally. "They don't win battles with charges any more; they win them with higher mathematics. When I put on straps for the first time, we had an army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Now we have one of infantry and artillery, with a few mounted men who make a good appearance on parade. That's all we're good for, Hogan."

A shell, fired at high angle by the enemy, dropped a hundred yards to the rear of the horsemen and exploded with a roar. Hogan and the lieutenant cast disapproving glances toward it, and turned away their heads.

"It's been so long," Maloney went on, "since there was any use for cavalry, that there aren't many field officers would know what to do with us. The colleges are teaching that good infantry is worth more than any sort of cavalry, and there you are."

"Maloney, you ought not to be preaching your heresies to your men," said a voice behind them.

Hogan and Maloney scrambled to their feet and saluted, Maloney rather red but unabashed. Colonel Hunt regarded them critically.

"Can't you let Hogan be modern?" he asked.

"Why, no, sir, not if he starts me talking," confessed Maloney.

Hunt laughed with much good nature, for he knew the worth of the two before him.

"I'm going up this hill," he said, "and work a little farther forward to try and make out just what's going on on the other side. You come with me, Maloney, and I'll teach you why we're lying here idle."

Maloney saluted and walked away behind the tall, lank figure of the colonel. Above their heads as they walked droned an occasional bullet, while now and then a puff of smoke, high in the air above the crest of a hill, or farther away on some distant slope, marked the bursting of a shell. In their ears, so deadened now to it that their hearing of it was almost subconscious, was the roar of a great battle—a steady thunder of gun-fire which had pulsed for hours.

Silently they trudged up the slope, dotted

here and there with small clumps of bushes, but for the most part clear and covered only with sere, brown grass. With a smile, Hunt noticed that Maloney carried the naked sabre in his hand.

"If you were a staff officer, Maloney," he panted as they neared the crest, "I wouldn't have to explain anything. You'd know what is going on."

"I do," answered Maloney shortly.

"Well, then," continued Hunt, "you'll have a chance to see how it looks."

Above them they could see three guns, carefully screened from sight by brush, and snugly set down in gun-pits, around which the artillerymen were busy. Twenty-five feet in front of the guns, whose shells ripped through the air a few feet above their heads, a supporting company of infantry lay in the bottom of a curving trench, as perfect in construction as a railroad embankment. Hunt turned aside slightly, and led the way to a point twenty feet or so above the level of the battery. Behind the crest, daring the chances of battle in its exposed position, was a little cluster of men about one of the poles from which were strung the wires of the field telephone. Hunt threw himself onto the ground and pulled out his binoculars. Maloney followed suit.

"Now," said Hunt, "look your fill!"

Maloney looked off across an endless series of hills, some larger, some smaller than that on which he lay, their many-shaped peaks rising in every direction, outlined against the background of a chain of mountains, misty along the horizon. In front of him was a treeless valley, and yet in the scant cover beneath, his glass picked out the men of half a dozen infantry companies, and other companies showed against the brown of the treeless slope beyond. On a far-off crest, fully four miles distant, he saw the shells from the battery at his side bursting, and soon made out the puffs of smoke which marked the position of the hostile guns. Of moving troops he could see almost nothing; of the enemy nothing at all save the hazy puffs of smoke which marked the far-off battery positions.

"Well," said the colonel, "where would you take your cavalry, lieutenant?"

Maloney turned a stiff, unconvinced countenance toward his superior.

"I'd find a place to use them," he said stubbornly.

"You're loyal to the horse," said Hunt, not displeased with Maloney's stubbornness.

The remark was enough to give Maloney his tongue.

"Colonel," he asked, "can I help it? It's thirty years now since I went into the army and not a day of those thirty years that I haven't put leg over a saddle. That old gray of mine down there is fifteen years old; and he's the son of a horse that pulled me out of many a tight place. I've fought on horseback until I'd be helpless as a babe on foot. I know that doesn't look like cavalry ground"—and he swept his hand over the barren, seemingly unpeopled landscape—"but I'm too old to learn the new ways. Yes, sir, I'd find use for them."

Behind them they could hear the voice of one of the men at the field telephone, conversing with a staff officer half a dozen miles to the right, and then relaying his information toward a hill a dozen miles in the other direction, where head-quarters lay.

"I know how you feel," admitted Hunt. "It was hard for me to make way for the new order. I love the cavalry as much as you do; I'd give a good deal to be able to lead the Tenth, boot to boot, against anything in the world—but that's all past and gone, Maloney. Why, look——"

He swept his hand about the horizon.

"Here are two armies, three hundred thousand men altogether, scattered over thirty miles of territory. We've been beaten once, and now they're hammering at us again, both wings and the centre. And yet you can't see it from here; you wouldn't dream there was such an engagement but for the noise. Where would you drop half a dozen companies of horse in such a wilderness?"

Again Maloney shook his head and answered, without taking his eye from his binoculars:

"I'd find a place."

Hunt shook his head in despair. A staff officer came up from the telephone and dropped onto the ground at Hunt's side. Maloney listened and watched them with interest.

"I wish something would happen," the staff officer confessed. "They've been hammering away at us now for eight hours, and we've hammered back, and nothing's happened. Why don't they develop their attack and be done with it?"

Hunt shrugged his shoulders.

"They're not pressing us here," he said. "That one battery keeps hammering away, and there seem to be infantry moving forward in front of it, but they come slowly."

"The main attack," said the staff officer's superior knowledge, "is coming 'way off to the left. They've been pushing up troops and guns in that direction all the morning."

Both paused and studied the throbbing, roaring pulse of battle. A company of infantry, plodding with long steps under the weight of full equipment, deployed behind the crest and moved down the slope.

"There's something queer about this lull in front of us," said the staff officer with a note of nervousness in his voice. "we can't have checked them here—it hasn't been hot enough."

Both officers swung their field-glasses across the hill-tops in silence. A perspiring officer from the battery climbed the slope to their side and levelled his own glass.

"Those chaps over there seem to be quitting," he said, pointing toward the slope on which the distant guns had been thumping. "We must have been pinking 'em pretty steady!"

"I can't get used to it," Hunt admitted to the staff officer, "this knowing things are going on all right and not being able to see them."

There was a buzz of excitement around the field telephone behind them. The little group turned around. The battery had almost entirely ceased firing, the gunners standing easily by their pieces, the officers using their glasses. Steady dribblets of infantry poured through gaps in the ridges, and wriggled their way down into the next valley.

A tall man, wearing shiny riding-boots instead of the usual puttees, suddenly appeared near the telephone. The group parted, saluting. Maloney watched this new-comer, his practised eye quickly noting the stars on the shoulder-straps. An instant later the group seemed to fly apart, and the general came striding up the slope; a diminutive staff officer almost trotted at his side.

"They wouldn't dare do it—it's not safe," he expostulated breathlessly.

"Dare, sir!" sniffed the general, "that's just what they have done."

He glared back over his shoulder at an aide who had turned from the telephone.

"Well?" he demanded, "what did you find out?"

"Some of the enemy's troops have made their appearance on the extreme left," the aide reported, saluting. "Sounds of artillery firing have been heard well toward the rear of General Warren's position."

Maloney was on his feet in an instant, his lips open to speak, the bare blade swinging from his wrist, but discipline held him, and he looked at Hunt.

"There are six companies of the Tenth in the dip behind this ridge, General," Hunt said quietly.



"Kind o' slow, ain't it?" he inquired with a cheerful grin.—Page 550.

The general slapped his leg with his gauntlets.

"Gentlemen," he said to the group about him, "this inactivity before us is explained. The enemy has deliberately thrown a wing into the air, left his flank unprotected, and already is threatening our own extreme flank. The thing has been done before our very eyes."

The group stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I would give all my batteries," said the general fiercely, "for a few regiments of cavalry!"

The general wheeled and stared at him fixedly.

"It's sheer madness," he said, more to himself than to Hunt. "This isn't 1850."

Hunt was silent, but Maloney broke over the bounds of discipline. He strode forward, stopped at the regulation distance, and saluted. The general eyed his sturdy figure and grizzled face in surprise.

"Well?" he demanded.

"It isn't 1850, General," Maloney said hoarsely, "and it isn't scientific, but we can do it!"

The group stared at him in astonishment, too surprised to silence him.

"For God's sake let us go, sir," Maloney went on, tumbling the words out in his eagerness. "There's six hundred horses down there that would make nothing of these hills, and six hundred men that haven't seen real service since the war began. Aren't we good for something besides conveying baggage trains?"

"That will do, Maloney," snapped Hunt, and Maloney fell back, his face red. The general gnawed his mustache.

Suddenly he turned to Hunt, his eye having caught something of Maloney's fire.

"Colonel Hunt," he said in cool, even tones, "you will take your six companies of cavalry, pass through the gap and into the main Thornville road. You will proceed as far along that road as you deem necessary to take you well into the enemy's lines, then wheel to the left and parallel the line of the enemy's front, attacking any bodies of troops you may encounter."

For an instant Hunt looked at him almost uncomprehendingly, then there sprang to his cheeks an answering flush, he saluted and went down the hill with Maloney at his heels. The general sat down on the ground and lighted a cigar. His staff and the artillery officers looked at him as one demented.

"When those cavalry are out of sight," he snapped to the aide, "you needn't bother with that instrument. I don't want to hear about it!"

In the hollow behind the ridge there rang out the sudden clamor of cavalry trumpets, and the clatter of mounting men.

"Maloney," said Hunt, as the lieutenant started for his own company, "you ride at my side!"

Around the base of the ridge on which the general sat puffing at his cigar like a wild man, six companies of cavalry moved at the trot. A company of blacks, two of sorrels, and three of bays, and at their head, a horse's length behind his colonel, rode Second Lieutenant Maloney, his drawn sabre gripped in his hand, his hat off, and the wind snapping through his whitening hair.

"Gentlemen," said the general gravely, "there rides a splendid anachronism!"

Past plodding columns of infantry, past sweating batteries, streamed the cavalry. Gunners halted with the shells half raised to the smoking breeches of their guns,

looked, and then stopped to shout. Infantry moved to one side, and yelled themselves hoarse as the roaring column went past. Straight into the broad road, for whose possession a month's campaigning had been spent, went the drumming hoofs. A few bullets commenced to whistle overhead.

"It's true," Hunt yelled back to the white-haired man behind him, "they've jerked an army out from in front of us, and thrown it at our flank!"

Maloney nodded grimly, and looked back once at the big horses behind him. Then he smiled.

From a ridge far off to the right, a battery began reaching for this long, flying column with shrapnel, and the wicked charges commenced humming and screaming over the tops of the trees. A little knot of infantry, clad in the bluish fatigue uniforms of the enemy, halted in the road before them, fired a few harmless shots, and melted into the underbrush. A moment later a whole company commenced deploying before them. With hardly a pause, the first company of the flying column uncoiled into a long line. The fire of magazine rifles spit at them, but they rode through. On the other side of the wreck of the infantry, Hunt caught sight of Maloney, still riding a dozen lengths in front of the foremost trooper. The old man was sitting his horse like a rock, and the bright blade of his sabre was red.

A belated battery of the enemy's artillery, trotting securely along under cover of a wooded road, tried frantically to wheel into position, only to be ridden down by two companies of the cavalry without firing a shot. Through the tangled mass of men and guns, the six companies streamed without pause. Hunt raised himself in the stirrups at the end of the long line, waving his sabre, and the orderly bugler at his side blew himself black in the face. The six companies wheeled to the left and left the road.

From hill-tops far back in the heart of the enemy's lines heliographs commenced to flicker, and strange tidings clicked over the wires of the field telegraph. The six companies had ridden eight miles, and their path could be traced by other than their own dead.

For an hour the general sat silent on the top of his crest, watching without interest the progress of the long-range fight before him, then he whirled on his aide.



Drawn by George Wright.

Maloney sabred the gunner who had struck Hunt down.—Page 556.

"Heat those wires red-hot," he shouted, "until you find out if anybody's seen anything of a wild, white-haired Irishman and what's left of six companies of horse!"

One of the enemy's batteries, far from the ridge on which the tall general was lighting his third cigar, had been planted in the shelter of a corn-field. Onto its unprotected flank, brushing aside a fringe of riflemen like a morning mist, swept a mad, wild-eyed crowd of hatless, howling cavalry. The battery crumpled up, but one of the gunners found time and chance to send his short sword through the tunic of a tall officer riding at the head of the cloud of troopers.

Maloney sabred the gunner who had struck Hunt down, and looked back for the lieutenant-colonel. There was not an officer in sight, and Maloney's long-delayed promotions fell upon his shoulders at once.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, whirling

about in his saddle. "We're going clean through and out the other side!"

There came a check in the enemy's brilliant flanking movement. For three hours the great, five-mile gap in the centre of his lines had gone unnoticed, and his daring flanking manœuvre had progressed with oily smoothness. But now, strangely persistent rumors of something gone wrong in the great hole shot from tip to tip of the great host. A thin wedge had been thrust through the opening, and the army paused, even though the greater part of it had not felt the shock.

The general stood over the aide, watching him like a cat. The youth's ear was fast to the receiver of the instrument, and he waved the impatient general aside with unconscious temerity.

"The fire's slackening on the left," shouted the aide, suddenly dropping the receiver,



"The fire's slackening on the left," shouted the aide.



"Don't," he muttered thickly. "Let me alone."—Page 558.

"they're limbering up their batteries along the Whalebone ridge, and our troops have retaken Wolfsburg!"

"By the eternal," said the general slowly, "the impossible has happened. They've stumbled over those six companies! We've stopped an army with half a regiment! We've won a battle with half a thousand horses!"

Then he whirled on his staff, and his orders crackled out like the reports of a whip. On the tracks of the cavalry, dense columns of infantry spread out fanlike and moved forward. Gun-teams struggled up every incline, and the air was thick with shrapnel bursts.

"We're bombarding the air!" the general chuckled to an officer at his side, "but it makes no difference. We'll break 'em in three pieces!"

Maloney put his gasping horse over a hedge and looked behind him as he landed. The remnants of six companies were scattered across the landscape in a whirling crowd, black, brown, and sorrel horses mingled together. But he could see officers driving the flying mass into lines. He had no conception of how far he had ridden, how many men had fallen, or how many lines of scared, madly firing infantry he had

passed through. His empty revolver he had thrown away, and the empty cartridge-pouch flapped noisily at his side. Three inches of his sabre was missing; he had broken the blade when a savage slash missed a gunner's head and struck the shining barrel of a three-inch field-gun.

He pushed his staggering horse through a corn-field, and rode out into the very muzzles of a field battery. Back of them he could see long lines of infantry, wheeled about into line to meet the charge of the cavalry.

"It's the end," he panted, "but what an end, my God, what an end!"

He heard the crash of the troopers behind him as the horses thundered into the corn, and then the battery before him swept the charging horsemen with shrapnel. Maloney felt the horse stagger, and something weighing a thousand pounds struck him in the shoulder. Once more, however, he whirled about in his saddle, and his hoarse, cracked voice roared out:

"Come on, boys, there's a few of 'em left!"

The general mounted his horse and looked toward the west, where the setting sun glinted on the white ribbon of the Thornville road.

"This has been a day of impossibilities,"

he muttered. "We meet a deliberate advance in military tactics by a charge which would have been folly a quarter of a century ago—and we check an army in the midst of victory. I don't know, I don't know—" and the general lighted another cigar.

Maloney became sleepily conscious that some one was trying to pull his leg out from under his fallen horse. Dimly he resented the act. He was perfectly comfortable as he was; there was no feeling in the leg anyway.

"Don't," he muttered thickly. "Let me alone."

"Careful of him, men," said a voice; "the poor chap's alive yet!"

Maloney rolled over and opened his eyes. A lantern flared at him in the darkness, and an infantryman let go of his shoulders suddenly.

"Alive!" he snorted. "Course I'm alive!" Very carefully they moved the horse, and

laid Maloney on a stretcher. An officer with a note-book stood beside the stretcher solicitously.

"Will you give me your name?" he asked, his pencil poised. "I don't need to ask the regiment"—and he smiled cordially.

"Maloney—second lieutenant, B company," Maloney said sleepily.

"Then you're—" commenced the officer, then paused and took off his cap. "Do you know what you've done?" he finished.

Maloney shook his head rather weakly.

"You've led six companies of cavalry half-way through the rear of an army, and turned the tide of battle in half an hour! You've——"

Maloney rolled over and closed his eyes.

"Oh, hell," he said drowsily, "that's nothing. You can do anything with good cavalry."

And Maloney dozed off with a satisfied grin visible beneath his gray mustache.

MALBONE AND HIS MINIATURES

By R. T. H. Halsey



EDWARD GREENE MALBONE, America's greatest painter of portraits on ivory, was born at Newport, R. I., in August, 1777, and died at Savannah, Ga., May 7, 1807.

Malbone was peculiarly fortunate in living his short professional life at the very inception of the nineteenth century. The country had fully recovered from the disastrous effects of the War of the Revolution. The adoption of the constitution, and the subsidence of the mutual jealousies long existing between the separate colonies had developed a strong national spirit and an enthusiasm for things American, with its encouragement for native craftsmen sadly lacking to-day. Pride in past achievements walked hand in hand with the stern realization of the duty of building for the future. A desire for education and the finer things of life was springing up. The patronage given to home manufacturers was extended to those working in science, literature, and art; an encouragement which

made possible the achievements notably of Fulton in science, of Cooper, Irving, Paulding, and later Poe and Hawthorne in literature, and Stuart, Morse, Vanderlyn, and others in art.

Social conditions in the early history of the colonies tended in no way to the building up of a school of American painting. The intensity of the struggle for existence, the simplicity of life and thought attendant thereto, and the absence of sentiment left little place in the social structure for the enjoyment of things merely beautiful in themselves and purely decorative in conception. Evidence, however, that the artistic sense was here existent in a highly developed state along useful lines is demonstrated by a study of the splendid work of our numerous native born silversmiths, early communion vessels, beakers and tankards, beautiful in design and workmanship, and reminders of the days when no business transaction was consummated, marriage ceremony performed, or funeral service held without a copious pouring of liquor.



Miss Poinsett.



Joel R. Poinsett.



Mrs. William Blacklock.

The attitude of the Puritan mind toward portrait painting as a profession was concisely expressed in the following extract from the "Records of the Selectmen of the Town of Boston" under date of August 25, 1701, wherein it is stated that "Lawrence Brown, a Limner, asks admittance to be an inhabitant of this Towne wh^{ch} is granted On condition that he gives Security to Save the Town harmless."

As the eighteenth century progressed the magnificent trade which the colonies had developed with the West Indies and Spanish America brought wealth, and with it a gradual increase in the luxury of living. Certain foreign painters, notably Smibert, were able to eke out a meagre existence in vagrant portrait painting. Their austere and painfully labored portraits, however, cannot be accepted as satisfactory representations of the mentality of the men who were laying the foundations of our republic.

The second half of the century brought Copley, native born and almost self-taught. In his early portraits we find the beginnings of the school in which the distinctly American type of face and character are delineated as by one possessing a thorough understanding of the character of American men and women. Much of his portraiture is accessoried by a wealth of color and gorgeousness of surroundings suggestive of the colonial aristocracy among whom Copley lived and worked.

The spirit of political unrest and the hardships of the War of the Revolution effectually stifled the budding interest in things æsthetic, and it was not until the return of Gilbert Stuart in 1792 that art in America obtained its needed stimulus. The carefully drawn canvases of Peale and Trumbull must be accepted as interesting records of the personages living at the beginning of the new nation, rather than as works of men whose art was highly developed.

Malbone's ancestry was thoroughly American. His great grandfather, Peter

Malbone, was born February 10, 1667, and died at Norfolk, Va., May 26, 1738, in the vicinity of which his son Godfrey was born January 18, 1695. Godfrey Malbone, as was the case with his distinguished grandson, matured early in life and settled in Newport, R. I., where, in 1718, in the deed in which he took title to a piece of land on Thames Street for his "Mansion House," he is styled "Capt. Godfrey Malbone, Mariner." He was one of New England's princely merchant navigators, and early acquired a fortune in the then eminently

respectable trade of importing rum from the West Indies and slaves from Africa, and later turned many an honest and patriotic dollar in fitting out his ships to act as privateersmen during the wars with France. His house on Miantonomoh Hill was notable among the finest dwellings in the colonies for its sumptuous furnishings and lavish use of mahogany in its door and circular stairway leading to the cupola. Its dimensions were sixty-four by fifty-two feet, and it was

topped by a double pitched roof with dormer windows and surrounded by elaborate gardens.

In 1719 Godfrey Malbone married Catharine Scott, by whom he had ten children, the eighth of whom, John, born August 21, 1735, was the father of Edward Greene Malbone, the subject of this sketch.

For a proper understanding of the disadvantages under which Malbone labored and eventually won his position in society and in the art world, it must be stated that he was an illegitimate son, and in early life bore the name of Edward Greene, given him by his mother. The five children of the alliance, however, were legitimized and allowed to take the name of Malbone by Act of Legislature, after Malbone's personality and brush had won recognition among his fellow-townsmen.

All that we know of Malbone's childhood is obtained from the long letter written by his sister, Mrs. Whitehorne, published in



"The Birth of Shakespeare."

Dunlap's "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States." (1834.) This period of his life must be dismissed with the bare statement that from early childhood Malbone evidenced great interest in the study of prints. The family were living in seclusion. Malbone spent much of his playtime alone in his room, drawing and painting in colors of his own manufacture. His devotion to art and its kindred subjects was discouraged at

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 11th, 1794.

"HONORED SIRE:—

"Pardon me for leaving Newport so abruptly without informing you of my intention to stay at Providence, nor would I have you think me so bigoted to ingratitude as not to wish to repay with future services the many favours I have received from you, as I thought it was highly necessary for me to do something I chuse this for my first attempt which is like to prove successful as I



"The Little Scotch Girl."

home as his father believed it would interfere with success in the profession chosen for him. At the age of fifteen his drawings of heads gave him a local reputation, which two years later was added to by the voluntary painting of scenes for the local theatre—a field far removed from that in which he made his reputation. It was at this period that he began his lifelong friendship with Washington Allston, then at school at Newport.

In 1794 Malbone disappeared from his home and went to Providence, R. I., where he established himself as a miniature painter, which fact some weeks later he announced to his father in the following letter:

have hitherto been fortunate enough to give general satisfaction and have met with public approbation. I hope I may never be guilty of an action that may merit your displeasure & sincerely wish that I may soon be able to render the family those services which cannot yet be expected; it shall be my fervent prayer that I may be qualified to succeed you (in that respect) before you make your exit. I must conclude with making use of that name which I shall study never to dishonour.

"Your dutiful son,

"EDWARD G. MALBONE."

"JOHN MALBONE, ESQ."

In this letter we see that the seventeen-year-old Malbone showed a stern realization of the step which he had taken, and a sense of responsibility to sisters and beloved mother, a sense of responsibility that repeatedly obliged him to forego opportunities for study abroad offered him by friends who recognized his talent. It foreshadowed also his devotion to the material needs of his family and the resulting overwork which laid his system open to the pulmonary trouble which caused his early death. In adopting the name of his father he merely added it to the name of Edward Greene, given him by his mother.

While at Providence Malbone painted in sepia the miniature reproduced on page 559, which remained in his possession until his death. This has been long thought to have been an original composition until search in the print department of the British Museum revealed it to be a copy of an engraving by Bartolozzi after a painting by Angelica Kauffman, entitled "The Birth of Shakespeare," and published in London in 1782.

The composition of the original is perfectly preserved and the drawing is strong. With the aid of a magnifying glass minuteness of detail is disclosed undiscoverable by the naked eye. The card which backed the ivory bears Malbone's signature and date, 1795. On the back of the gold case are scratched in Malbone's boyish hand the following lines from "The Enthusiast," by Wharton Dodsley, which accompanied the original engraving:

Shakspear
Whom on the winding Avon's willowed banks
fair Fancy found |
And bore the Smiling babe to a | close cavern
Here as with honey | gathered from the rock
She fed the | little prattler and with songs oft |
soothed his wondering ears— | With deep delight
on her soft lap | he sat and caught the sounds—

In 1796 Malbone moved to Boston, where he was successful in obtaining many sitters, and while there was able to renew his friendship with Washington Allston, then a student at Harvard.

The miniature reproduced facing page 562 was painted at this time, and shows us the twenty-year-old Malbone's conception of himself. The drawing is as powerful as in his portrait work of later years. Strength and tenderness are strongly defined in the

mouth, and the eyes show that fixedness of purpose which made Malbone's life a continued success. Another side of his character is emphasized by the treatment of the hair in the style worn only by the exquisites of the day, the artificiality of the coloring of which is shown by the powder fallen on the shoulders. The same characteristics are found in the self-portrait in oil which hangs on the walls of the Smithsonian at Washington. The larger portrait, however, was painted some years later and shows marked traces of the disease which ended his life. The background of the miniature is crude and allows the conjecture that it was done at odd hours and never completed, being laid aside when remunerative employment presented itself. The miniature bears the signature *E. S. M.* upon its face, and the card on the back in his own handwriting:

Edw^d G. Malbone
Miniature painter
 1797.

Few if any of Malbone's later portraits were signed. On some of his early work is found his initials, or *Malbone* firmly inscribed.

During the next three years Malbone was eagerly sought as a painter in New York, Philadelphia, and Newport. In the late summer of 1800 his failing health made it advisable that he avoid the vigor of the northern winters and he went to Charleston, where shortly he was joined by Washington Allston. Orders poured in to his studio and the peculiar hospitality for which this southern city has always been famed opened up to him the homes of its people. It was accentuated by the endearing qualities of the young northern painter. Much of his leisure time was spent in the company of Charles Fraser, then a law student, and later a miniaturist, whose work is second only to Malbone's in this country.

In May, 1801, the profits from his brush allowed Malbone to accompany Allston on a long looked-for trip abroad. His reception by Benjamin West is thus recorded by Charles Fraser, when writing of his friend: "When in England he was introduced to the president of the Royal Academy, who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and showed him those marked and friendly at-

tentions which were more flattering than empty praises to the mind of his young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition. But he preferred his own country, and returned to Charleston in the winter of 1801."

Malbone's own impressions of the work then being done in England are found in a letter to Charles Fraser:

"Mr. West is decidedly the greatest painter amongst them for history. Mr. Lawrence is the best portrait painter. Mr. Fuseli, from whom we expected so much, I was disappointed in. After Lawrence, I think Sir William Beechey the next in portrait painting, and then Mr. Hopner. Some of Mr. Copley's historical pieces I think very fine. So are Mr. Trumbull's, but I do not admire his portraits. Amongst miniature painters, I think Mr. Shelley and Mr. Cosway the best. Mr. West has complimented Mr. Allston and myself, and tells us we shall excel in the art. Yesterday was the first time he has seen a picture of my painting; to-day he condescended to walk a mile to pay me a visit, and told me that I must not look forward to anything short of the highest excellence. He was surprised to see how far I had advanced without instruction."

For a short time Malbone drew at the Royal Academy. The necessity of providing for those at home cut short his stay abroad, and obliged him to return to Charleston in December, 1801. During the next two years he filled many engagements in the cities along the seaboard. His charm and personality made him more than welcome everywhere. However, he allowed nothing to interfere with the eight hours a day set aside for his profession. The confinement to his studio wore on his constitution, and in 1805 he was obliged to give up work and seek to re-establish his health. The next year he went to Jamaica where he failed to secure the hoped-for benefit. In December he returned to the United States and landed at Savannah where he died on the 7th of May, 1807, at the home of his cousin Robert Mackay.*

* To Robert Mackay's great grand-daughters, Mrs. Clifford Carleton and Mrs. H. Snowden Marshall, I desire to express my obligation for the information as to Malbone's family history, and the permission to reproduce the miniature "The Birth of Shakespeare." Page 550.

Malbone's clientèle was largely among the aristocracy of the period, and almost all of his portraits have added interest on account of the personality of the subjects. None of his miniatures show more forcible handling than his portrait of Captain George Izard, reproduced facing page 562. The drawing is powerful and the technic faultless. It possesses the unusual combination of strong modelling without heavy shadows. The composition is well conceived. The dark blue of the coat is in striking contrast to the fleecy sky of the background and light brown hair and warm complexion of the subject. The brilliant scarlet neckerchief adds life to the portrait and is only kept subordinate to the features by the free use of vermilion in all the shadows of the face. The face has intensity and sincerity of feeling and lacks all forced and theatrical effects. The eyes are strong and commanding. The portrait possesses the quality of bigness so lacking in the work of other miniaturists of the period.

For a proper appreciation of Malbone's power of delineating character as here shown, a brief sketch of Izard's previous career is necessary. He had passed twenty-seven eventful and character-making years and had opportunities for acquiring an education and culture such as fall to the lot of few. He was of aristocratic lineage, being the son of Ralph Izard, of Westover, S. C., and Alice Delancey, of New York, both of Huguenot ancestry, and both from families long prominent in the social and political upbuilding of their respective colonies.

George Izard was born in Richmond, England, October 21, 1776, shortly after Copley had painted the portrait of his parents, now hanging on the walls of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. His early days were spent in Paris, where his father was in the diplomatic service of the United States. In 1780 the family returned to South Carolina.

In 1789 Ralph Izard took up his residence in New York and represented his State in the newly formed Senate of the United States; at the same time George entered Columbia College. The removal of the Federal Capital to Philadelphia caused the Izard family to follow it, and in 1791 George entered the Junior class of the University of Pennsylvania, and grad-



Captain George Izard.



A portrait.



Edward Greene Malbone.

uated the next year while still in his sixteenth year. A military career was chosen for him. In order to complete his education he was sent abroad in the care of Thomas Pinckney, the newly appointed American minister at the Court of St. James.

He entered the military school at Kensington from whence he went to Edinburgh where Angelo taught him riding and fencing. He then spent two years at the military school at Marburg, and an equal time at the French engineering school at Metz.

In 1794, while still abroad, he was appointed lieutenant of the United States Artillery. On his return to America in 1797 he was ordered to Charleston as engineer in charge of the fortification of Castle Pinckney. In 1799 he obtained his captaincy. The war with France seemed imminent, and he was ordered to New York as aid to General Alexander Hamilton. When the war clouds dispersed he went to Portugal as secretary to his brother-in-law, William L. Smith, our chargé there, which position he resigned in 1801 and leisurely visited England and Paris. On his return he was given the command of Fort Mifflin, and later of the military post at West Point. In 1803, just before his marriage, he left the army and visited his former home, when undoubtedly the miniature was painted.*

In his miniature of Joel R. Poinsett (facing page 560) Malbone gives us the portrait in the flush of early manhood of another aristocratic young South Carolinian, whose later services to his country demand that his name, now almost forgotten, be ever preserved high on her roll of diplomats and statesmen. Poinsett, as we see him in the miniature, belonged to that interesting group of Americans sent abroad to secure the advantages in education which our own institutions were unable to supply. They were provided with leisure and abundant means for travel, and in their journeyings on the continent, for their personal charm and intellectuality were welcomed in royal and official circles on terms of intimacy unattainable by others of later years.

Joel R. Poinsett was born in Charleston, March 2, 1778. He received his early

schooling in Charleston, and had spent two years at the School at Greenfield, Conn., under Dr. Timothy Dwight, when failing health obliged him to return home.

In 1796 he entered St. Paul's School, London, where he added to his knowledge of the classics. He was a natural linguist and soon acquired a good knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. He then went to Edinburgh and took up the study of medicine. Again his health broke down. A trip to Portugal was most beneficial; on his return to England he decided to fit himself for the army and placed himself under the care of Marquis, a former professor of the Military School at Woolwich. The decision was a happy one, for Poinsett acquired a thorough practical knowledge of military affairs, which later on equipped him for the position of Secretary of War, to which he was appointed by President Van Buren in 1837. Of greater value still was the building up of his health through the out-of-door life he was obliged to lead. He returned home, and, at the wish of his father, entered upon the study of law—an occupation which soon proved uncongenial and was abandoned for another trip to Europe. The winter of 1801-02 was spent in Paris, where he lived in a circle of interesting people attracted thither to watch Napoleon's efforts to efface the principles of the French Revolution from the minds of the people and bring order out of chaos. The study of political economy became a passion, and he made a visit to Italy for the purpose of viewing at short range the causes of political unrest there. Thence he travelled to Switzerland, then in the turmoil of her struggles for Cantonal independence. He visited the camp of Aloys Reding, the insurgent leader, and by him was induced to enter his army. The campaign, which at first bid fair to be successful, was ended by the crushing defeat of the patriots. Through an introduction from Edward Livingston, our minister to France, Poinsett met Necker and his daughter, Madame de Staël, then living in exile in Coppet, on Lake Geneva. With them he passed several months of intimate companionship, and acquired from the veteran statesman and his talented daughter knowledge of much of the unwritten diplomatic history of Europe and America.

Poinsett then went to Vienna where he

*George Izard's tastes were largely intellectual and scientific. He became an active member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. His patriotism caused him to volunteer his services in the War of 1812, when he rose to the rank of Major-General. He died at Little Rock, in 1828, while acting as Governor of Arkansas Territory, under appointment from President Monroe.

was fortunate enough to gain the interest of the Prince de Ligne, the foremost warrior of Southern Europe, and at whose salons he had the opportunity of meeting the élite of the gay Austrian capital. News of the death of his father and illness of his sister (portrait facing page 560) cut short his stay there and made necessary his return to Charleston.*

At this period the portrait was painted. In it we find a decidedly different treatment from that of the Izard, and a well-defined example of Malbone's sympathetic handling of his sitter's mood. The occasion allowed no use of the brilliant colors Malbone delighted in. The black mourning coat, clear brown complexion, grayish brown eyes, black hair, formed a combination difficult to handle artistically without the use of the heavy shadows, absent in all of Malbone's portraiture. The face is tinged with sadness and is less boldly painted than that of many of his other portraits, yet has the same sincerity of understanding so characteristic of Malbone's work. The gloom of the color scheme is largely dispelled by the use of a background suggestive of the sky after the breaking of an April shower.

The portrait of Miss Poinsett is a good example of Malbone's power of meeting a difficult situation. His subject had just recovered from a serious illness. However, by the ingenious use of a handkerchief as a head-band to conceal the shortened locks, a certain picturesqueness was given to the portrait. Artistic license undoubtedly was taken in the coloring of the face. The eyes, however, are those of a woman who had been through a long illness. The treatment of the dress left little to be desired.

The miniature of Mrs. William Blacklock† is one of the largest portraits Malbone executed on ivory, and shows the influence of Gainsborough in composition and background. The subject is of the Huguenot type still seen in Charleston to-day. Refinement and affection, not beauty of features, are the predominate notes. The face is tender with maternal love, and there is a strong characterization in the lips and cor-

ners of the eye. The hair is skilfully done, and the delicate flesh tones and modelling indicate aristocracy of breeding.

The face of the two-year-old boy might be described as oldish, a characteristic of the children's portraiture of the times. The feeling of affection shown in the mother's face is supplemented by the clinging position of the child, and the little arm clutching the lock of his mother's hair.

The background of brilliant crimson curtains and chair with its ormolu trimmings, and Gainsborough sky is in strong contrast, yet subordinate to the pearly gray satin and white of the dresses. The green and rose of the sashes are low in value, and complete the full color scheme (facing page 560).

Malbone was easily at his best in portraiture. His famous composition "The Hours," now owned by the Athenæum at Providence, is remarkable for its brilliancy and harmony of coloring and execution, yet lacks the vigor and closeness to nature so characteristic of his portrait work. It was painted in Malbone's short stay in the studios of London, and showed a desire to imitate the tendency of the English School, a desire which lack of technical training made impossible, and which, fortunately, Malbone soon put behind him.

Of this same period is the miniature long known in Savannah as "The Little Scotch Girl" (page 560), and which it is believed was also painted on this trip to London.

This miniature unmistakably shows the impression made upon Malbone by a study of the canvases of Hoppner, and along with "The Hours" must be considered a concession to a tradition which sacrifices truth to pictorial beauty. In the idealization of the features there is evidence of a lack of the sincerity so prominent in his portrait work. The head is too large for the body. The size of the eyes and smallness of the mouth are artificial. Strength and character, Malbone's best assets, are sacrificed for prettiness.

The dark blue eyes, rich chestnut hair, golden girdle, clear complexion, blue shadows in the white drapery, and blue landscape setting make the color scheme a rich one, and the lighting of the hair, face, and draperies is all that can be desired. The background, atmosphere, and perspective are worthy of Malbone's best efforts, and involuntarily cause regret that Malbone did

* Poinsett's subsequent career in the service of his country was even more interesting and is described at length in "The Life Services of Joel R. Poinsett" by Chas. S. Stille, Philadelphia, 1888, to which I wish to express my obligation.

† Mrs. Blacklock was the daughter of John Freer, Member of the House of Commons of South Carolina. She was born in 1774 and married in 1802 to William Blacklock, who built for her the fine old mansion on Bull Street, still known to old Charleston as "The Blacklock House."

not leave behind him more evidences of his skill in landscape painting.

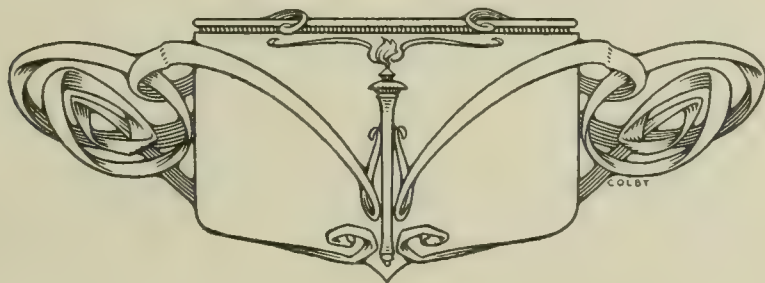
Malbone's reputation rests on the correct drawing and acute discernment of character, always present in his portraits, coupled with harmony and truth in coloring. His portraits show the absence of forced and theatrical effects. Practically all his work was done when relying upon inspiration derived from within. Occasionally, as in the case of the miniatures of "Mrs. Blacklock" and the "Little Scotch Girl," when his inspiration was gained from without, he failed to secure the frankness and honesty so predominant in the work done under the influence of his own intuition.

The English School of painters alone made any impression upon him. When viewing together with him in London the examples of Titian, Veronese, Rembrandt, and others on exhibition, Washington Allston recorded his horror at Malbone's pointing to a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence and saying that he would rather possess it than all the other pictures of the collection. Malbone's work showed great saneness and was not affected by mannerisms. He painted portraits, not types, in which he differed from his great English contemporaries, Cosway and Shelley. All his pictures show his ability to adapt himself to his sitter's

moods. He was not self-centred; his work was even; and he never sacrificed character to prettiness.

It is unfortunate that our art museums afford almost no opportunity of studying the work of the American who ranks among the world's great miniaturists. The Boston Museum possesses his portrait of Washington Allston, and the Metropolitan his ivory, sadly faded, of Mrs. Greene. Fortunately, many examples of his work still exist, treasured heirlooms in the old mahogany families of the cities where Malbone painted over a century ago. Charleston, which took the young northern painter to her arms, where his happiest days were spent, and which claims him as her own, is a particularly rich field for the study of his portraiture.

It is difficult to close this sketch of Malbone, without giving expression to the hope that now that our art museums have awakened to an appreciation of American art, a complete loan exhibition of Malbone's work be held, and a catalogue *raisonné* be made therefrom. Its pages would preserve to future generations a long series of remarkable portraits of our eighteenth century men and women, painted by one of our own people, with an American's power to differentiate between American and English character.



COMRADES

By G. E. Woodberry

WHERE are the friends that I knew in my Maying,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming?
We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying;
Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!—
Where is he now, the dark boy slender
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter,
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Suppled my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding,
Biding, bidding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a throb turns human,
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover—
They shall cling, nor each from other shall part
Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!—

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride.
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying;
Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music—them dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they;
In the width of the world there were no such rovers—
Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay;
And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished,
To spur forth from the crowd and come back never more,
And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade;
And one, far faring o'er orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's accolade;
North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing
My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.

PEACE MANŒUVRES

By Richard Harding Davis



HE scout stood where three roads cut three green tunnels in the pine woods, and met at his feet. Above his head an aged sign-post pointed impartially to East Carver, South Carver, and Carver Centre, and left the choice to him.

The scout scowled and bit nervously at his gauntlet. The choice was difficult, and there was no one with whom he could take counsel. The three sun-shot roads lay empty, and the other scouts, who, with him, had left the main column at sunrise, he had ordered back. They were to report that on the right flank, so far, at least, as Middleboro, there was no sign of the enemy. What lay beyond, it now was his duty to discover. The three empty roads spread before him like a picture puzzle, smiling at his predicament. Whichever one he followed left two unguarded. Should he creep upon for choice Carver Centre, the enemy, masked by a mile of fir trees, might advance from Carver or South Carver, and obviously he could not follow three roads at the same time. He considered the better strategy would be to wait where he was, where the three roads met, and allow the enemy himself to disclose his position. To the scout this course was most distasteful. He assured himself that this was so because, while it were the safer course, it wasted time and lacked initiative. But in his heart he knew that was not the reason, and to his heart his head answered that when one's country is at war, when fields and firesides are trampled by the iron heels of the invader, a scout should not act according to the dictates of his heart, but in the service of his native land. In the case of this particular patriot, the man and scout were at odds. As one of the Bicycle Squad of the Boston Corps of Cadets, the scout knew what, at this momentous crisis in her history, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts demanded of him. It was that he sit tight and wait for the hated foreigners from New York City, New Jersey, and Connecticut to show them-

selves. But the man knew, and had known for several years, that on the road to Carver Centre was the summer home of one Beatrice Farrar. As Private Lathrop it was no part of his duty to know that. As a man and a lover, and a rejected lover at that, he could not think of anything else. Struggling between love and duty, the scout basely decided to leave the momentous question to chance. In the front tire of his bicycle was a puncture, temporarily effaced by a plug. Laying the bicycle on the ground, Lathrop spun the front wheel swiftly.

"If," he decided, "the wheel stops with the puncture pointing at Carver Centre, I'll advance upon Carver Centre. Should it point to either of the two other villages, I'll stop here.

"It's a two to one shot against me, any way," he growled.

Kneeling in the road he spun the wheel, and as intently as at Monte Carlo and Palm Beach he had waited for other wheels to determine his fortune, he watched it come to rest. It stopped with the plug pointing back to Middleboro.

The scout told himself he was entitled to another trial. Again he spun the wheel. Again the spokes flashed in the sun. Again the puncture rested on the road to Middleboro.

"If it does that once more," thought the scout, "it's a warning that there is trouble ahead for me at Carver, and all the little Carvers."

For the third time the wheel flashed, but as he waited for the impetus to die, the sound of galloping hoofs broke sharply on the silence. The scout threw himself and his bicycle over the nearest stone wall, and, unlimbering his rifle, pointed it down the road.

He saw approaching a small boy, in a white apron, seated in a white wagon, on which was painted, "Pies and Pastry. East Wareham." The boy dragged his horse to an abrupt halt.

"Don't point that at me!" shouted the boy.

"Where do you come from?" demanded the scout.

"Wareham," said the baker.

"Are you carrying any one concealed in that wagon?"

As though to make sure the baker's boy glanced apprehensively into the depths of his cart, and then answered that in the wagon he carried nothing but fresh-baked bread. To the trained nostrils of the scout this already was evident. Before sunrise he had breakfasted on hard tack and muddy coffee, and the odor of crullers and mince pie, still warm, assailed him cruelly. He assumed a fierce and terrible aspect.

"Where are you going?" he challenged.

"To Carver Centre," said the boy.

To chance Lathrop had left the decision. He believed the fates had answered.

Dragging his bicycle over the stone wall, he fell into the road.

"Go on," he commanded. "I'll use your cart for a screen. I'll creep behind the enemy before he sees me."

The baker's boy frowned unhappily.

"But supposing," he argued, "they see you first, will they shoot?"

The scout waved his hand carelessly.

"Of course," he cried.

"Then," said the baker, "my horse will run away!"

"What of it?" demanded the scout. "Are Middleboro, South Middleboro, Rock, Brockton, and Boston to fall? Are they to be captured because you're afraid of your own horse? They won't shoot *real* bullets! This is not a real war. Don't you know that?"

The baker's boy flushed with indignation.

"Sure, I know that," he protested; "but my horse—he don't know that!"

Lathrop slung his rifle over his shoulder and his leg over his bicycle.

"If the Reds catch you," he warned, in parting, "they'll take everything you've got."

"The Blues have took most of it already," wailed the boy. "And just as they were paying me the battle begun, and this horse run away, and I couldn't get him to come back for my money."

"War," exclaimed Lathrop morosely, "is always cruel to the innocent." He sped toward Carver Centre. In his motor car, he had travelled the road many times,

and as always his goal had been the home of Miss Beatrice Farrar, he had covered it at a speed unrecognized by law. But now he advanced with stealth and caution. In every clump of bushes he saw an ambush. Behind each rock he beheld the enemy.

In a clearing was a group of Portuguese cranberry pickers, dressed as though for a holiday. When they saw the man in uniform, one of the women hailed him anxiously.

"Is the parade coming?" she called.

"Have you seen any of the Reds?" Lathrop returned.

"No," complained the woman. "And we been waiting all morning. When will the parade come?"

"It's not a parade," said Lathrop, severely. "It's a war!"

The summer home of Miss Farrar stood close to the road. It had been so placed by the farmer who built it, in order that the women folk might sit at the window and watch the passing of the stage-coach and the pedler. Great elms hung over it, and a white fence separated the road from the narrow lawn. At a distance of a hundred yards a turn brought the house into view, and at this turn, as had been his manœuvre at every other possible ambush, Lathrop dismounted and advanced on foot. Up to this moment the road had been empty, but now, in front of the Farrar cottage, it was blocked by a touring-car and a station wagon. In the occupants of the car he recognized all the members of the Farrar family, except Miss Farrar. In the station wagon were all of the Farrar servants. Miss Farrar herself was leaning upon the gate and waving them a farewell. The touring-car moved off down the road; the station wagon followed; Miss Farrar was alone. Lathrop scorched toward her, and when he was opposite the gate, dug his toes in the dust and halted. When he lifted his broad-brimmed campaign hat, Miss Farrar exclaimed both with surprise and displeasure. Drawing back from the gate she held herself erect. Her attitude was that of one prepared for instant retreat. When she spoke it was in tones of extreme disapproval.

"You promised," said the girl, "you would not come to see me."

Lathrop, straddling his bicycle, peered anxiously down the road.

"This is not a social call," he said. "I'm on duty. Have you seen any of the Reds?"

His tone was brisk and alert, his manner preoccupied. The ungraciousness of his reception did not seem in the least to disconcert him.

But Miss Farrar was not deceived. She knew him, not only as a persistent and irrepressible lover, but as one full of guile, adroit in tricks, fertile in expedients. He was one who could not take "No" for an answer—at least not from her. When she repulsed him she seemed to grow in his eyes only the more attractive.

"It is not the lover who comes to woo," he was constantly explaining, "but the lover's way of wooing."

Miss Farrar had assured him she did not like his way. She objected to being regarded and treated as a castle that could be taken only by assault. Whether she wished time to consider, or whether he and his proposal were really obnoxious to her, he could not find out. His policy of campaign was that she, also, should not have time to find out. Again and again she had promised to see him only on the condition that he would not make love to her. He had promised again and again, and had failed to keep that promise. Only a week before he had been banished from her presence, to remain an exile until she gave him permission to see her at her home in New York. It was not her purpose to return there for two weeks, and yet here he was, a beggar at her gate. It might be that he was there, as he said, "on duty," but her knowledge of him and of the doctrine of chances caused her to doubt it.

"Mr. Lathrop!" she began, severely.

As though to see to whom she had spoken Lathrop glanced anxiously over his shoulder. Apparently pained and surprised to find that it was to him she had addressed herself, he regarded her with deep reproach. His eyes were very beautiful. It was a fact which had often caused Miss Farrar extreme annoyance.

He shook his head sadly.

"Mr. Lathrop?" he protested. "You know that to you I am always 'Charles'—'Charles the Bold,' because I am bold to love you; but never 'Mr. Lathrop,' unless," he went on, briskly, "you are referring to a future state, when, as Mrs. Lathrop, you will make me——"

Miss Farrar had turned her back on him, and was walking rapidly up the path.

"Beatrice," he called. "I am coming after you!"

Miss Farrar instantly returned and placed both hands firmly upon the gate.

"I cannot understand you!" she said. "Don't you see that when you act as you do now, I can't even respect you? How do you think I could ever care, when you offend me so? You jest at what you pretend is the most serious thing in your life. You play with it—laugh at it!"

The young man interrupted her sharply.

"It's like this," he said. "When I am with you I am so happy I can't be serious. When I am *not* with you, it is *so* serious that I am utterly and completely wretched. You say my love offends you, bores you! I am sorry, but what, in Heaven's name, do you think you're *not* loving me is doing to *me*? I am a wreck! I am a skeleton! Look at me!"

He let his bicycle fall, and stood with his hands open at his sides, as though inviting her to gaze upon the ruin she had caused.

Four days of sun and rain, astride of a bicycle, without food or sleep, had drawn his face into fine, hard lines, had bronzed it with a healthy tan. His uniform, made by the same tailor that fitted him with polo breeches, clung to him like a jersey. The spectacle he presented was that of an extremely picturesque, handsome, manly youth, and of that fact no one was better aware than himself.

"Look at me," he begged, sadly.

Miss Farrar was entirely unimpressed.

"I am!" she returned, coldly. "I never saw you looking so well—and you know it." She gave a gasp of comprehension. "You came here because you knew your uniform was becoming!"

Lathrop regarded himself complacently.

"Yes, isn't it?" he assented. "I brought on this war in order to wear it. If you don't mind," he added, "I think I'll accept your invitation and come inside. I've had nothing to eat in four days."

Miss Farrar's eyes flashed indignantly.

"You're *not* coming inside," she declared; "but if you'll only promise to go away at once, I'll bring you everything in the house."

"In that house," exclaimed Lathrop, dramatically, "there's only one thing that

I desire, and I want that so badly, that 'life holds no charm without you.'"

Miss Farrar regarded him steadily.

"Do you intend to drive me away from my own door, or will you go?"

Lathrop picked his wheel out of the dust.

"Good-by," he said. "I'll come back when you have made up your mind."

In vexation Miss Farrar stamped her foot upon the path.

"I *have* made up my mind!" she protested.

"Then," returned Lathrop, "I'll come back when you have changed it."

He made a movement as though to ride away, but much to Miss Farrar's dismay, hastily dismounted. "On second thoughts," he said, "it isn't right for me to leave you. The woods are full of tramps and hangers-on of the army. You're not safe. I can watch this road from here as well as from anywhere else, and at the same time I can guard you."

To the consternation of Miss Farrar he placed his bicycle against the fence, and, as though preparing for a visit, leaned his elbows upon it.

"I do not wish to be rude," said Miss Farrar, "but you are annoying me. I have spent fifteen summers in Massachusetts, and I have never seen a tramp. I need no one to guard me."

"If not you," said Lathrop, easily, "then the family silver. And think of your jewels, and your mother's jewels. Think of yourself in a house filled with jewels, and entirely surrounded by hostile armies! My duty is to remain with you."

Miss Farrar was so long in answering, that Lathrop lifted his head and turned to look. He found her frowning and gazing intently into the shadow of the woods, across the road. When she felt his eyes upon her she turned her own guiltily upon him. Her cheeks were flushed and her face glowed with some unusual excitement.

"I wish," she exclaimed, breathlessly—"I wish," she repeated, "the Reds would take you prisoner!"

"Take me where?" asked Lathrop.

"Take you anywhere!" cried Miss Farrar. "You should be ashamed to talk to me when you should be looking for the enemy!"

"I am *waiting* for him," explained Lathrop. "It's the same thing."

Miss Farrar smiled vindictively. Her eyes shone.

"You need not wait long," she said.

There was the crash of a falling stone wall, and of parting bushes, but not in time to give Lathrop warning. As though from the branches of the trees opposite two soldiers fell into the road; around his hat each wore the red band of the invader; each pointed his rifle at Lathrop.

"Hands up!" shouted one. "You're my prisoner!" cried the other.

Mechanically Lathrop raised his hands, but his eyes turned to Miss Farrar.

"Did you know?" he asked.

"I have been watching them," she said, "creeping up on you for the last ten minutes."

Lathrop turned to the two soldiers, and made an effort to smile.

"That was very clever," he said, "but I have twenty men up the road, and behind them a regiment. You had better get away while you can."

The two Reds laughed derisively. One, who wore the stripes of a sergeant, answered: "That won't do! We been a mile up the road, and you and us are the only soldiers on it. Gimme the gun!"

Lathrop knew he had no right to refuse. He had been fairly surprised, but he hesitated. When Miss Farrar was not in his mind his amateur soldiering was to him a most serious proposition. The war game was a serious proposition, and that, through his failure for ten minutes to regard it seriously, he had been made a prisoner, mortified him keenly. That his humiliation had taken place in the presence of Beatrice Farrar did not lessen his discomfort, nor did the explanation he must later make to his captain afford him any satisfaction. Already he saw himself playing the star part in a court-martial. He shrugged his shoulders and surrendered his gun.

As he did so he gloomily scrutinized the insignia of his captors.

"Who took me?" he asked.

"*We* took you," exclaimed the sergeant.

"What regiment?" demanded Lathrop, sharply. "I have to report who took me; and you probably don't know it, but your collar ornaments are upside down." With genuine exasperation he turned to Miss Farrar.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "isn't it bad

enough to be taken prisoner, without being taken by raw recruits that can't put on their uniforms?"

The Reds flushed, and the younger, a sandy-haired, rat-faced youth, retorted angrily: "Mebbe we ain't strong on uniforms, beau," he snarled, "but you've got nothing on us yet, that I can see. You look pretty with your hands in the air, don't you?"

"Shut up," commanded the other Red. He was the older man, heavily built, with a strong, hard mouth and chin, on which latter sprouted a three days' iron-gray beard. "Don't you see he's an officer? Officers don't like being took by two-spot privates."

Lathrop gave a sudden start. "Why," he laughed, incredulously, "don't you know—" He stopped, and his eyes glanced quickly up and down the road.

"Don't we know what?" demanded the older Red, suspiciously.

"I forgot," said Lathrop. "I—I must not give information to the enemy——"

For an instant there was a pause, while the two Reds stood irresolute. Then the older nodded the other to the side of the road, and in whispers they consulted eagerly.

Miss Farrar laughed, and Lathrop moved toward her.

"I deserve worse than being laughed at," he said. "I made a strategic mistake. I should not have tried to capture you and an army corps at the same time."

"You," she taunted, "who were always so keen on soldiering, to be taken prisoner," she lowered her voice, "and by men like that! Aren't they funny?" she whispered, "and East Side and Tenderloin! It made me homesick to hear them! I think when not in uniform the little one drives a taxicab, and the big one is a guard on the Elevated."

"They certainly are very 'New York,'" assented Lathrop, "and very tough."

"I thought," whispered Miss Farrar, "those from New York with the Red Army were picked men."

"What does it matter?" exclaimed Lathrop? "It's just as humiliating to be captured by a hall-room boy as by a mere millionaire! I can't insist on the invading army being entirely recruited from Harvard graduates."

The two Reds either had reached a decision, or agreed that they could not agree,

for they ceased whispering, and crossed to where Lathrop stood.

"We been talking over your case," explained the sergeant, "and we see we are in wrong. We see we made a mistake in taking you prisoner. We had ought to shot you dead. So now we're going to shoot you dead."

"You can't!" objected Lathrop. "It's too late. You should have thought of that sooner."

"I know," admitted the sergeant, "but a prisoner is a hell of a nuisance. If you got a prisoner to look after, you can't do your own work; you got to keep tabs on him. And there ain't nothing in it for the prisoner, neither. If we take you, you'll have to tramp all the way to our army, and all the way back. But, if you're dead, how different! You ain't no bother to anybody. You got a half holiday all to yourself, and you can loaf around the camp, so dead that they can't make you work, but not so dead you can't smoke or eat." The sergeant smiled ingratiatingly. In a tempting manner he exhibited his rifle. "Better be dead," he urged.

"I'd like to oblige you," said Lathrop, "but it's against the rules. You *can't* shoot a prisoner."

The rat-faced soldier uttered an angry exclamation. "To hell with the rules!" he cried. "We can't waste time on him. Turn him loose!"

The older man rounded on the little one savagely. The tone in which he addressed him was cold, menacing, sinister. His words were simple, but his eyes and face were heavy with warning.

"Who is running this?" he asked.

The little soldier muttered, and shuffled away. From under the brim of his campaign hat, his eyes cast furtive glances up and down the road. As though anxious to wipe out the effect of his comrade's words, the sergeant addressed Lathrop suavely and in a tone of conciliation.

"You see," he explained, "him and me are scouts. We're not supposed to waste time taking prisoners. So, we'll set you free." He waved his hand invitingly toward the bicycle. "You can go!" he said.

To Miss Farrar's indignation Lathrop, instead of accepting his freedom, remained motionless.

"I can't!" he said. "I'm on post. My

captain ordered me to stay in front of this house until I was relieved."

Miss Farrar, amazed at such duplicity, exclaimed aloud.

"He is *not* on post!" she protested. "He's a scout! He wants to stop here, because—because—he's hungry. I wouldn't have let you make him prisoner, if I had not thought you would take him away with you." She appealed to the sergeant. "*Please* take him away," she begged.

The sergeant turned sharply upon his prisoner.

"Why don't you do what the lady wants?" he demanded.

"Because I've got to do what my captain wants," returned Lathrop, "and he put me on sentry-go, in front of this house."

With the back of his hand, the sergeant fretfully scraped the three days' growth on his chin. "There's nothing to it!" he exclaimed, "but for to take him with us. When we meet some more Reds we'll turn him over. Fall in!" he commanded.

"No!" protested Lathrop. "I don't want to be turned over. I've got a much better plan. *You* don't want to be bothered with a prisoner. *I* don't want to be a prisoner. As you say, I am better dead. You can't shoot a prisoner, but if he tries to escape, you can. I'll try to escape. You shoot me. Then I return to my own army, and report myself dead. That ends your difficulty and saves me from a court-martial. They can't court-martial a corpse."

The face of the sergeant flashed with relief and satisfaction. In his anxiety to rid himself of his prisoner, he lifted the bicycle into the road and held it in readiness.

"You're all right!" he said, heartily. "You can make your getaway as quick as you like."

But to the conspiracy Miss Farrar refused to lend herself.

"How do you know," she demanded, "that he will keep his promise? He may not go back to his own army. He can be just as dead on my lawn as anywhere else!"

Lathrop shook his head at her sadly.

"How you wrong me!" he protested. "How dare you doubt the promise of a dying man? These are really my last words, and I wish I could think of something to say suited to the occasion, but the presence of strangers prevents."

He mounted his bicycle. "If I had a

thousand lives to give," he quoted with fervor, "'I'd give them all to—'" he hesitated, and smiled mournfully on Miss Farrar. Seeing her flushed and indignant countenance, he added, with haste, "to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

As he started his wheel slowly down the path, he turned to the sergeant.

"I'm escaping," he explained. The Reds, with an enthusiasm undoubtedly genuine, raised their rifles, and the calm of the Indian summer was shattered by two sharp reports. Lathrop, looking back over his shoulder, waved one hand reassuringly.

"Death was instantaneous," he called. He bent his body over the handle-bar, and they watched him disappear rapidly around the turn in the road.

Miss Farrar sighed with relief.

"Thank you, very much," she said.

As though signifying that to oblige a woman he would shoot any number of prisoners, the sergeant raised his hat.

"Don't mention it, lady," he said. "I seen he was annoying you, and that's why I got rid of him. Some of them amateur soldiers, as soon as they get into uniform, are too fresh. He took advantage of you because your folks were away from home. But don't you worry about that. I'll guard this house until your folks get back."

Miss Farrar protested warmly.

"Really!" she exclaimed; "I need no one to guard me."

But the soldier was obdurate. He motioned his comrade down the road.

"Watch at the turn," he ordered; "he may come back or send some of the Blues to take us. I'll stay here and protect the lady."

Again Miss Farrar protested, but the sergeant in a benign and fatherly manner smiled reprovingly. Seating himself on the grass outside the fence, he leaned his back against the gate-post, apparently settling himself for conversation.

"Now, how long might it have been," he asked, "before we showed up, that you seen us?"

"I saw you," Miss Farrar said, "when Mr.—when that bicycle scout was talking to me. I saw the red bands on your hats among the bushes."

The sergeant appeared interested.

"But why didn't you let on to him?"

Miss Farrar laughed, evasively.

"Maybe because I am from New York, too," she said. "Perhaps I wanted to see soldiers from my city take a prisoner."

They were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the smaller soldier. On his rat-like countenance was written deep concern.

"When I got to the turn," he began, breathlessly, "I couldn't see him. Where did he go? Did he double back through the woods, or did he have time to ride out of sight before I got there?"

The reappearance of his comrade affected the sergeant strangely. He sprang to his feet, his under jaw protruding truculently, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Get back," he snarled. "Do what I told you!"

Under his breath he muttered words that, to Miss Farrar, were unintelligible. The little rat-like man nodded, and ran from them down the road. The sergeant made an awkward gesture of apology.

"Excuse me, lady," he begged, "but it makes me hot when them rookies won't obey orders. You see," he ran on glibly, "I'm a reg'lar; served three years in the Philippines, and I can't get used to not having my men do what I say."

Miss Farrar nodded, and started toward the house. The sergeant sprang quickly across the road.

"Have you ever been in the Philippines, Miss?" he called. "It's a great country."

Miss Farrar halted, and shook her head. She was considering how far politeness required of her to entertain unshaven militiamen, who insisted on making sentries of themselves at her front gate.

The sergeant had plunged garrulously into a confusing description of the Far East. He was clasping the pickets of the fence with his hands, and his eyes were fastened on hers. He lacked neither confidence nor vocabulary, and not for an instant did his tongue hesitate or his eyes wander, and yet in his manner there was nothing at which she could take offence. He appeared only amiably vain that he had seen much of the world, and anxious to impress that fact upon another. Miss Farrar was bored, but the man gave her no opportunity to escape. In consequence she was relieved when the noisy approach of an automobile brought him to an abrupt pause. Coming rapidly down the road was a large touring-car,

filled with men in khaki. The sergeant gave one glance at it, and leaped across the road, taking cover behind the stone wall. Instantly he raised his head above it and shook his fist at Miss Farrar.

"Don't tell," he commanded. "They're Blues in that car! Don't tell!" Again he sank from sight.

Miss Farrar now was more than bored, she was annoyed. Why grown men should play at war so seriously she could not understand. It was absurd! She no longer would remain a party to it; and, lest the men in the car might involve her still further, she retreated hastily toward the house. As she opened the door the car halted at the gate, and voices called to her, but she pretended not to hear them, and continued up the stairs. Behind her the car passed noisily on its way.

She mounted the stairs, and crossing a landing, moved down a long hall, at the further end of which was her bedroom. The hall was uncarpeted, but the tennis shoes she wore made no sound, nor did the door of her bedroom when she pushed it open.

On the threshold Miss Farrar stood quite still. A swift, sinking nausea held her in a vice. Her instinct was to scream and run, but her throat had tightened and gone dry, and her limbs trembled. Opposite the door was her dressing-table, and reflected in its mirror were the features and figure of the rat-like soldier. His back was toward her. With one hand he swept the dressing-table. The other, hanging at his side, held a revolver. In a moment the panic into which Miss Farrar had been thrown passed. Her breath and blood returned, and, intent only on flight, she softly turned. On the instant the rat-faced one raised his eyes, saw her reflected in the mirror, and with an oath, swung toward her. He drew the revolver close to his cheek, and looked at her down the barrel. "Don't move!" he whispered; "don't scream! Where are the jewels?"

Miss Farrar was not afraid of the revolver or of the man. She did not believe either would do her harm. The idea of both the presence of the man in her room, and that any one should dare to threaten her was what filled her with repugnance. As the warm blood flowed again through her body her spirit returned. She was no longer afraid. She was, instead, indignant, furious.

With one step she was in the room, leaving the road to the door open.

"Get out of here," she commanded.

The little man snarled, and stamped the floor. He shoved the gun nearer to her.

"The jewels, damn you!" he whispered. "Do you want me to blow your fool head off? Where are the jewels?"

"Jewels?" repeated Miss Farrar. "I have no jewels!"

"You lie!" shrieked the little man. "He said the house was full of jewels. We heard him. He said he would stay to guard the jewels."

Miss Farrar recognized his error. She remembered Lathrop's jest, and that it had been made while the two men were within hearing, behind the stone wall.

"It was a joke!" she cried. "Leave at once!" She backed swiftly toward the open window that looked upon the road. "Or I'll call your sergeant!"

"If you go near that window or scream," whispered the rat-like one, "I'll shoot!"

A heavy voice, speaking suddenly from the doorway, shook Miss Farrar's jangled nerves into fresh panic.

"She won't scream," said the voice.

In the door Miss Farrar saw the bulky form of the sergeant, blocking her escape.

Without shifting his eyes from Miss Farrar, the man with the gun cursed breathlessly at the other. "Why didn't you keep her away?" he panted.

"An automobile stopped in front of the gate," explained the sergeant. "Have you got them?" he demanded.

"No!" returned the other. "Nothing! She won't tell where they are."

The older man laughed. "Oh, yes, she'll tell," he whispered. His voice was still low and suave, but it carried with it the weight of a threat, and the threat, although unspoken, filled Miss Farrar with alarm. Her eyes, wide with concern, turned fearfully from one man to the other.

The sergeant stretched his hands toward her, the fingers working and making clutches in the air. The look in his eyes was quite terrifying.

"If you don't tell," he said, slowly, "I'll choke it out of you!"

If his intention was to frighten the girl, he succeeded admirably. With her hands clasped to her throat, Miss Farrar sank against the wall. She saw no chance of

escape. The way to the door was barred, and should she drop to the garden below, from the window, before she could reach the road the men would overtake her. Even should she reach the road, the house nearest was a half mile distant.

The sergeant came close, his fingers opening and closing in front of her eyes. He raised his voice to a harsh, bellowing roar. "I'm going to make you tell!" he shouted. "I'm going to choke it out of you!"

Although she was alone in the house, although on every side the pine woods encompassed her, Miss Farrar threw all her strength into one long, piercing cry for help. And upon the instant it was answered. From the hall came the swift rush of feet. The rat-like one swung toward it. From his revolver came a report that shook the room, a flash and a burst of smoke, and through it Miss Farrar saw Lathrop hurl himself. He dived at the rat-like one, and as on the foot-ball field he had been taught to stop a runner, flung his arms around the other's knees. The legs of the man shot from under him, his body cut a half circle through the air, and the part of his anatomy to first touch the floor was his head. The floor was of oak, and the impact gave forth a crash like the smash of a base-ball bat, when it drives the ball to centre field. The man did not move. He did not even groan. In his relaxed fingers the revolver lay, within reach of Lathrop's hands. He fell upon it and, still on his knees, shoved it toward the sergeant.

"You're *my* prisoner, now!" he shouted, cheerfully. "Hands up!"

The man raised his arms slowly, as if he were lifting heavy dumb-bells.

"The lady called for help," he said. "I came to help her."

"No! No!" protested the girl. "He did *not* help me! He said he would choke me if I didn't——"

"He said he would—what!" bellowed Lathrop. He leaped to his feet, and sent the gun spinning through the window. He stepped toward the man gingerly, on the balls of his feet, like one walking on ice. The man seemed to know what that form of approach threatened, for he threw his arms into a position of defence.

"You bully!" whispered Lathrop. "You coward! You choke women, do you?"

He shifted from one foot to the other, his body balancing forward, his arms swinging limply in front of him. With his eyes, he seemed to undress the man, as though choosing a place to strike.

"I made the same mistake you did," he taunted. "I should have killed you first. Now, I'm going to do it!"

He sprang at the man, his chin still sunk on his chest, but with his arms swinging like the spokes of a wheel. His opponent struck back heavily, violently, but each move of his arm seemed only to open up some vulnerable spot. Blows beat upon his chin, upon his nose, his eyes; blows jabbed him in the ribs, drove his breath from his stomach, ground his teeth together, cut the flesh from his cheeks. He sank to his knees, with his arms clasping his head.

"Get up!" roared Lathrop. "Stand up to it, you coward!"

But the man had no idea of standing up to it. Howling with pain, he scrambled toward the door, and fled staggering down the hall.

At the same moment the automobile that a few minutes before had passed up the road came limping to the gate, and a half dozen men in uniform sprang out of it. From the window Lathrop saw them spread across the lawn and surround the house.

"They've got him!" he said. He pointed to the prostrate figure on the floor. "He and the other one," he explained, breathlessly, "are New York crooks! They have been looting in the wake of the Reds, disguised as soldiers. I knew they weren't

even amateur soldiers by the mistakes in their make-up, and I made that bluff of riding away so as to give them time to show what the game was. Then, that provost guard in the motor car stopped me, and when they said who they were after, I ordered them back here. But they had a flat tire, and my bicycle beat them."

In his excitement he did not notice that the girl was not listening, that she was very pale, that she was breathing quickly, and trembling.

"I'll go tell them," he added, "that the other one they want is up here."

Miss Farrar's strength instantly returned.

With a look of terror at the now groaning figure on the floor, she sprang toward Lathrop, with both her hands clutching him by his sleeves.

"You will *not*!" she commanded. "You will not leave me alone!"

Appealingly she raised her face to his startled countenance. With a burst of tears she threw herself into his arms. "I'm afraid!" she sobbed. "Don't leave me. Please, no matter what I say, don't ever leave me again!"

Between bewilderment and joy, the face of Lathrop was unrecognizable. As her words reached him, as he felt the touch of her body in his arms and her warm, wet cheek against his own, he drew a deep sigh of content, and then, fearfully and tenderly, held her close.

After a pause, in which peace came to all the world, he raised his head.

"Don't worry!" he said. "You can bet I won't leave you!"



THE CALL OF THE HEART

By Madison Cawein

OH, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where it hears the heather calling
And the gorse shake with the bee!
Oh, it's there I would be lying,
With the clouds above me flying,
And blue beyond the black-thorn tops
A peep of purple sea.

Oh, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where the gypsy-bands of dreams pitch camp.
The dark-eyed Romany!
Oh, it's there I would be dreaming,
With the sunset o'er me streaming,
With her beside my camp-fire there
Whose voice still calls to me.

With her, the light-foot maiden,
With her eyes so vision-laden,
That little sister to the flowers,
And cousin to the bee:
Oh, would that we were going
Against the moorwind's blowing
To meet the playmates that she knew,
That child of Faëry.

Oh, would that we were sitting
Beneath the wild-fowl's flitting,
Her dark eyes looking into mine
As stars look in the sea,
While, dim as autumn weather,
And sweet as scents of heather,
Our camp-fire trails its smoke of dreams
Like mists along the lea.

Oh, heart, there on the moorland,
The old land, and the poor land,
You're breaking for the gypsy love
You nevermore will see:
The little light-foot maiden,
The girl all blossom laden,
Departed with her people
And the dreams that used to be.



The charm of the unknown road, the invitation to explore, is the more alluring.—Page 579.

ROADS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE



ONE of the pathetic features of a large city is the fact that so many of the streets are numbered. A numbered street loses caste and dignity as a numbered person would. Consider the relative effect on the imagination of "West Forty-ninth" and "Great Jones" Street! Fifth Avenue has achieved an international fame, and rises above its number. But compare the imaginative quality of "Fourth Avenue" and "King's Highway"—most mouth-filling and splendid of appellations! I dare say you would be disappointed if you should see

King's Highway, as you may do on the trip to Coney Island. But its name gives it a dignity and a suggestion of an historic past which no Long Island realty company can quite take away from it, build they ever so many rows of uniform frame "homes."

No street, however, comes truly into its own until it shakes off the dust of town and lapses into a state of nature, becoming a road. Once a road, a name doesn't so much matter. Becoming one with the large, simple things of the country, it can assert its own dignity and charm without a tag. In the country you do not ask the name of the farmer jogging along; his face



Checkered with green pastures and brown squares of

is shrewd and kindly, and you speak to him anyway, perhaps get a lift for a mile or two and gossip familiarly. Nor do you care what the name of the road is, if by chance it had one, back somewhere in town where it started. It is pleasant and companionable, and ultimately will get you somewhere. Or if it doesn't, so much the better.

I say, so much the better; but I am not always sure. Roads have an endless variety of allurements, and sometimes it is their suggestion of destination which charms, sometimes their mystery. Which is better depends on your individual mood. When I was a boy we lived on Andover Road, and that was an infinite satisfaction. Andover, with its great elms, its brooding, quiet stretches of shadow and old brick buildings, ivy-covered, the dimly comprehended thunder of its theological guns, best of all its school, mighty in foot-ball, and some day to receive me as a pupil, was a spot never to be too much dreamed about. In those days

there were no trolleys nor motors, nor even bicycles, and Andover was a long way off up the broad, dusty turnpike. The tramp to the swimming-hole brought it two miles nearer, and even now, as I write the name, there comes back to me the old thrill which I always experienced when, by the bend at the Deacon Sanborn farm, I greeted the groggy sign-board which lifted itself with difficulty out of the briers to announce:

"ANDOVER, 8 MILES."

From that point the turnpike ran north down across the Hundred Acre Meadows, straight as an arrow. Paolo, in Stephen Phillips's play, is torn with a desire to "run down the white road to Rimini." And I too, before I turned aside to the swimming-hole, used to know that desire, though my Francesca was a position on the foot-ball team. It is doubtful, however, if Paolo paid much attention to the road, save as a means to an end. I, having more time, knew every stone and wayside bush north-



ploughed land, with here and there a white house.—Page 581.

ward from my home. They were important because they were on Andover Road.

But in other moods, the charm of the unknown road, the invitation to explore, is the more alluring. To know where a road goes too often accompanies a masterful and exclusive desire to get there. Not to know where a road goes and still to take it, means that you are in that blissful state of nonchalance and wonder, so characteristic of the child and so provocative of shy surprises, quiet enjoyments, intimate touch with Nature and her beauties. A country boyhood filled my memory with a background of winding roads, of gray barns and wayside wells, of dark stretches under the pines where the feet crunched softly on brown needles and last week's rain lay in puddles, of cross-way sign-boards and dusty raspberries. So, to me, as I explore summer after summer the soft New England countryside—on foot—there is a stir of old memory with every new surprise, every present beauty; and the unknown road calls me ir-

resistibly, therefor. I now have been to Andover (and did not make even the second eleven!). But down the next uncharted byway may lurk the perfect view of Moosilauke, or there may be that not impossible abandoned farm which fills the contradictory requirements of the entire family, or only a winding ribbon of dust over a hill which will look like Huckleberry Hill. And just why that will give me so much pleasure I cannot tell you; but it will bring me peace, and thoughts of my grandfather, and the remembered fragrance of fresh milk with the dark berries bobbing about in it. Shall we have no pleasure of the road after we have been to Carcassonne? As life advances, the little mysteries loom larger. Perhaps Shakespeare, after he retired to Stratford, took his greatest interest in his roses, and his morning walk down the garden path was his Great Adventure.

The pleasures of the unknown road are many and varied. First among them, of course, is the pleasure of the curve. I have

taken a curve in an automobile. Doubtless it was a very beautiful curve, but what I was aware of was a hoarse honking, a lurch, the crunch of gravel, the mutter of the owner about tire repairs and "these abominable country roads"; and then the renewed monotony of watching a white ribbon rushing to meet me. That is not the way to know the pleasure of the curve. As you approach it on foot, you pause. You notice first, perhaps, the beauty of its line, a living line swept on the green canvas of the earth with one sure turn of a giant wrist. Then you notice anew the wayside foliage, thrown into prominence ahead because, on the curve, you face it. There is every shade of green, from blackest fir to brightest emerald. The hemlocks bank their layers of rich, heavy shadow; behind them rises a birch in virgin white and frail, translucent green; and behind that a giant chestnut thrusts up boldly against the blue sky. Perhaps between is a glimpse of the mountains, or a pasture ridge. Then you let your eye follow the curve of the road once more. It flows with its beautiful line, checkered with shadow, into the woods, through the Gate of the Cedars. And here the mystery allures once more. What lies beyond that curve? What vista awaits down the cool aisle of the evergreens? How far and how well will you fare? So then you resume your tramping, and, if your stride is good and you possess imagination, as you swing around the curve you can get the thrill of it, that peculiar thrill of counteracting centrifugal force, without resort to a motor-car, and without the sacrifice of those delicate beauties and quiet allurements of the bended road.

It is surprising, as you walk, what a tiny symphony of sounds detach themselves from the large hum of nature, and peep or shrill

or rustle at you along the way. There is the incessant snaffle of grasshoppers around your feet when you brush close to the margin; the shrill of crickets, at night a sleepy, peaceful, antiphonal chorus; the soft scurry



The road swept past sentinel cedars, like

of little things in the hedges; the rustle of a snake into the dead leaves by the edge of the swamp; the rattle of a stick kicked down by a chipmunk as he scampers along the stone wall, scolding; the extraordinarily high *Phee, phee, phee* of the Pickering frogs in the wayside pools in April; the tap of a woodpecker; the call of a chickadee, most friendly of birds, waiting in the hickories to greet the passer. And always from June to August along unfrequented ways in the

north, especially in Franconia, there lurks the possibility of a hermit thrush.

Once Stella and I climbed Mt. Agameticus, and as we tumbled down the trail through the woods Stella pealed out the Val-

dion going by in the air? This song was not like that. This thrush went up the octave scattering triplets with the measured precision of formal melody written for woodwind, yet with supreme joy of the grace and spontaneity of the performance—Mozart defying Wagner.

"I give up!" cried Stella, and we left the bird triumphant in his thicket.

The unknown road, as it winds along, is a perpetual garden, wild roses, asters, golden-rod, lambkill, Joe-pi-weed, wild raspberry, filling the summer through, not to mention the berries which you eat as well as look at; and now and again in some melancholy cellar hole at the base of a charred brick chimney, the flaming fireweed which blooms in the path of desolation. Indeed, a catalogue of roadside flowers, even in New England alone, would fill pages. Do you know toad-flax and golden ragweed (not the kind that gives hay-fever!)? And gold-thread, quaintest of little growing things, and lion's-foot, and wild lettuce? And of climbing things along the way there is always clematis and hempweed, and often bedstraw, that, overcome with the humbleness of its name perhaps, leans heavily upon other stalks, bearing its white, sticky, faintly fragrant masses of bloom. But best of all are the red bunchberries where the pines are



black spires pointing to the stars.—Page 584.

kyries' call, Ho-jo-to-ho!—the augmented fifth ringing clear and wild in the stillness of the uplands. Just as we reached the road and she paused for breath, there came an answer from the thicket, sweet and true and without a hint of the Valkyries' wildness, yet just now curiously defiant. We laughed, and Stella pealed again. Once more the thrush answered, with his fresh and exquisitely controlled voice. Where have I heard his song likened to an accor-

near, and the fringed gentians on the uplands, bits of sky come down to earth. Who needs a garden when he can tramp the roads?

And the line of the road, too, is a perpetual revelation of beauty. From a high hill-top it dips with the grace of the curve at the crest of a waterfall, into the woods, and is lost to view. It seems to flow away from under your feet. You look out over the trees to a valley, checkered with green past-



The unknown road, as it winds along,

ures and brown squares of ploughed land, with here and there a white house, and suddenly a mile away you spy your road again, emerging from the woods and beckoning you up over the next slope. Down in the valley it takes on another aspect. It is the line that carries the eye out of the picture. Shut in by the hills, there would be something a little oppressive about this quiet green bowl but for the friendly road. That climbs steadily over the slope, laying down its white ribbon between the pastures, and, letting out the eye, lets out the imagination, tells of things beyond. So long as its graceful line breaks over the crest, you are content to abide here for a spell, to eat your lunch and chat with the small boy who comes out of the big red barn.

He is not a Will-o'-the-Mill. Armies have not marched past on that road, tanned about the eyes, nor great coaches gone rumbling down to a far city on the plain. It is nothing but the Athol road, and he has been to Athol—knows where you can get

fishin' tackle there—What? Bless the boy, he's been to Boston, too! An' seen the State House, an' the Bunker Hill Monument, an' the Common, *an'* the Harvards play base-ball! Nowadays, alas, all roads lead to Carcassonne, and there are no illusions any more!

No illusions?—Not caring for Athol, we hopefully take this other road to the left, through the woods, and presently it bends by a row of elms and maples, giant trees which show, between, a smooth-cut meadow and opposite a man laying brown ribbons with a plough under a cloud-dome. Then it leads us past a square, substantial farmhouse, past another and yet another, and suddenly grows narrow, while the tell-tale grass appears between the wheel-ruts. But still we hopefully keep on, up the hill, till without warning the road runs casually into the front door of a farm-house and disappears. We go round the house and look for it again, but it is not there; nothing there but chickens, raspberries, and dishwater.



is a perpetual garden.—Page 581.

"What have you done with the road?" we demand of the boy who comes peering from the wood shed.

For a moment he hesitates. Then a grin breaks over his face. "Paw used it fer beddin' las' winter," he drawls, "it's so soft."

We are wise and cease the contest. "Is there no way on?" we ask, humbly.

"'Pends on whar you want ter git."

"Anywhere—the next town."

"Hain't no next town. You kin hit a loggin' trail down ter the Great Swamp, an' then you kin strike over ter the railroad, ef you don' mind gittin' wet."

So we go back, but without anger at the Runaway Road. One is never angry at a road. If one takes the wrong road when he really wants to reach a definite place, it is his fault for not asking the way or carrying a map. Going back, the roadside vistas are different, seen from the reverse; even the coloring in the foliage, the shadows on the fields, take on a different aspect. But the way seems shorter. Landmarks are

familiar, and the eye jumps ahead from one to the other with certainty of the distance. Then, too, the sense of curiosity, the tense mood of expectation, is at rest. So, if the legs are not weary, the ten miles home are always less than the ten miles out. Besides, you have made friends with the road, and the walk with a friend is always shorter. I admit that I greet a new road with almost as much pleasure as a new person, and usually part from it with rather more regret.

The friendly road! Two pictures come back to me, one out of childhood, one out of yesterday. It was night, the deep, starlit, hushed night of the mountain intervals. And I, a little boy, stole away from the buzz of talk on the veranda and scurried up the road, so familiar by day, so sandy, but now curiously smooth and hard under my feet. (Later in life I used to notice that a road the bicycler cursed by day, picking his path, seemed smooth enough as he bowled along in the dark; which thing is a parable.) The black wall of mountains to the left grew

terribly like a great wave as I ran along, a great wave that seemed to be rushing upon me. But I climbed up the hill, comforting myself with a bravado whistle. At the top of the hill the road swept past sentinel cedars, like black spires pointing to the stars, and ran into the woods, so that it soon showed but a ghostly white patch ahead of me. I slowed down to a timid walk, my nerves aquiver. Suddenly there was a terrific noise in the darkness side of me. I turned and ran. It was only the stamping of horses in a stable—that I realized the next day; indeed, I almost knew it then—with my head. But my head was not in control. I ran in foolish, unreasoned terror. I remember how that white, ghostly patch of road gleamed ever ahead of me, with friendly help and comfort. At the sentinel cedars I again saw the ridge of the mountains. The moon was just coming up behind them, and the firs on their summits were shot with silver, like the foam on a wave-crest. The illusion of a great breaker curling over upon our valley was overpowering. For an instant I stood paralyzed with terror, conquered by my own imagination. Then I saw my friendly white road stretching down to the distant lights of the house. And, with a little cry, I raced madly down it, back to the buzz of talk. The next day the road looked as commonplace as before, but ever after it has held a warm spot in my affections, like a human thing.

The picture of yesterday is framed by the branches of an apple-tree. There came first a complaint about skirts, wherein our apple-tree differed from the first and most famous! But once up in the spreading boughs, we gave ourselves over to lazy, happy contemplation of the view, while the lazy afternoons drifted by.

The apple-tree stood in a pasture. East was a stone wall, half hidden in golden-rod and wild-rose bushes. Then the white road swept curving across the picture, from behind a little grove to the right, back behind



A snow-covered road in winter lies through the bare

a little hill to the left. Beyond the road the coast ledges rolled away, covered with bay and huckleberry bushes and scrub pines, till they broke against the sky. Only, in the centre, there was a depression filled in by the blue sea, its horizon line laid down with a ruler. Always a speck of white sail moved across that patch of blue, and always at sunset time the sail took fire. Meanwhile traffic flowed around the white ribbon by the wall—automobiles with guttural honks,

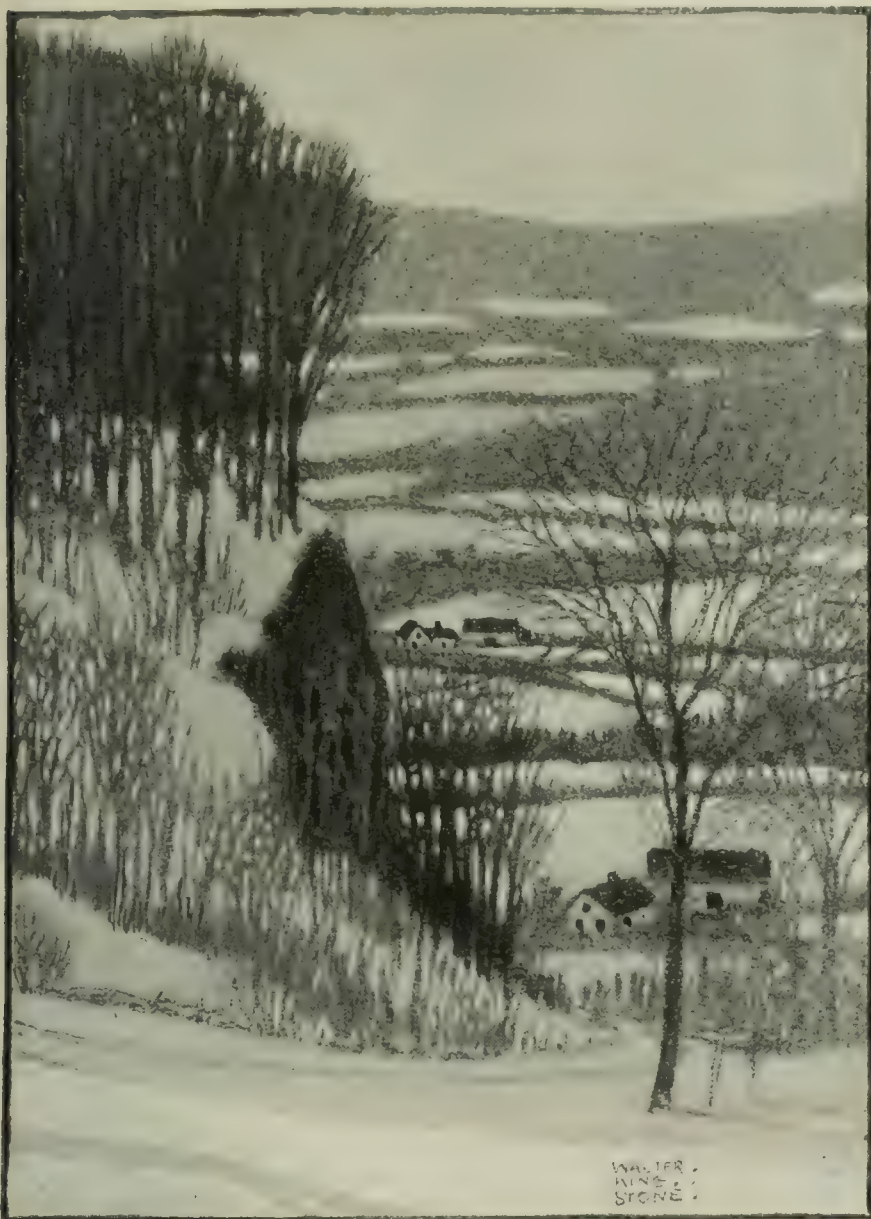
buckboards freighted with boarders, pedestrians, Indians with packs of sweet-grass baskets, and finally, as the sail was taking fire, always an old man driving two black cows. All this we saw from our apple-tree,

are linked with humanity, how warmly companionable they are, and yet how little they ever mar the beauty, even the wildness, of a picture. That, I suppose, is because they

are made of the earth and follow its contours, catch the rhythm and flow of nature. A snow-covered road in winter lies through the bare trees lovely with the blue shadows of their trunks, and throws into exquisite relief the straight, slender horizontals of the second-growth saplings, the columnar aisles of the hemlocks. Catch the road in the early morning after a new fall of snow, when the sun is bright above a dazzling world and the chickadees sing, and you will find, perhaps, the tracks of a single "pung," blue as the shadows of the tree-trunks. These blue tracks say to you that some fellow has been along ahead, up before you were into the white, frosty world, with the jingle of sleigh-bells. He has left all this beauty of slender horizontals, of columnar hemlocks, of blue shadows on the white carpet, but he has left, too, thanks to the road, a blue trail which jogs you pleasantly to remember your human kin, which keeps Nature linked with Man. After all, he is rather a morose and stingy lover of nature who would have it otherwise, who would banish roads from his landscape.

It was a theory in the old days that a good road, like

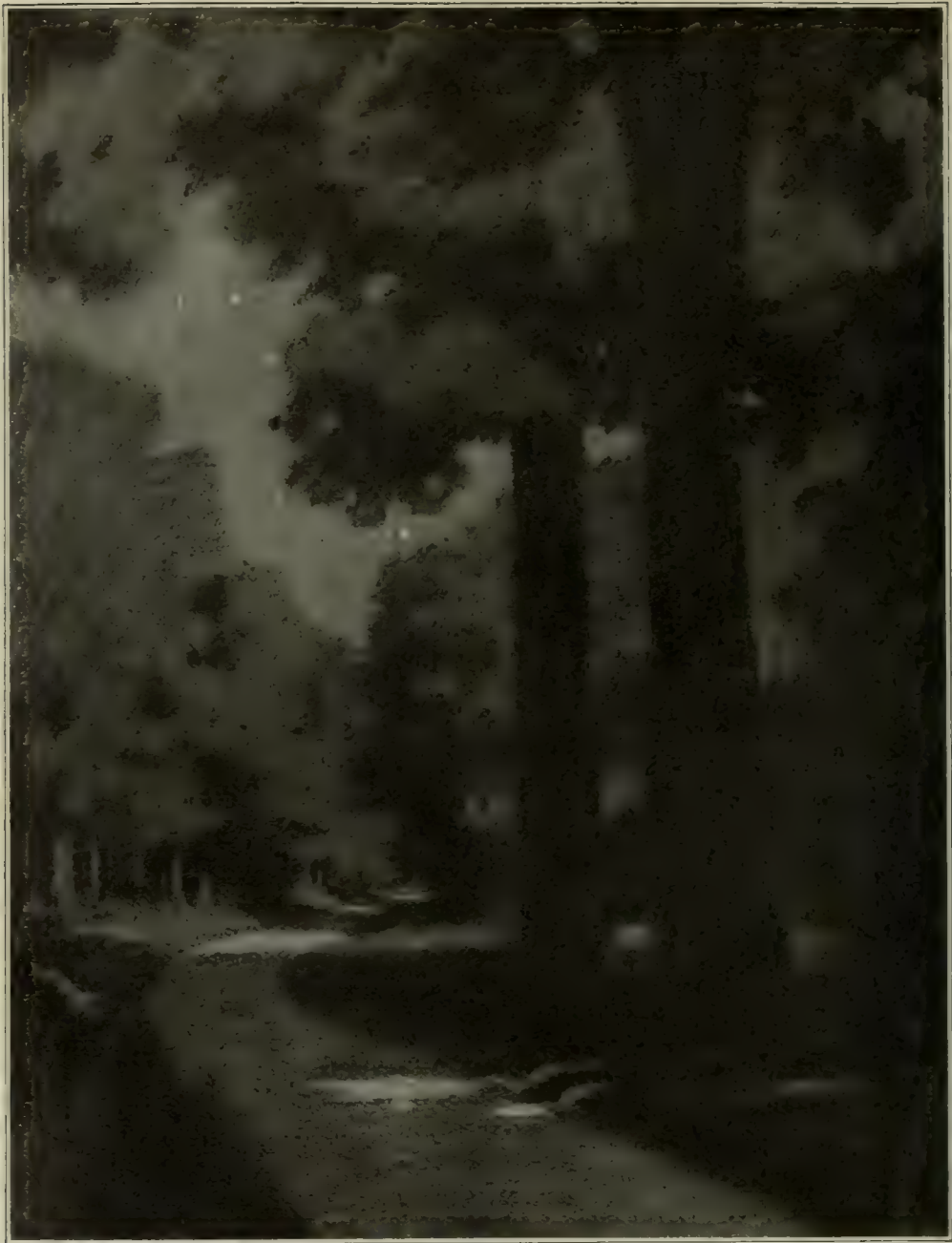
a straight line, was the shortest distance between two points. So the Old Portsmouth Road goes up Sewall's Hill from York Harbor, and the former road from Rowe to Charlemont in the northern Berkshires is now but a logging-trail over Mount Adams, where the fringed gentians bloom in the wheel-ruts. Newer roads follow "the lay of the land," and if you want to tramp in comfort, get a government survey map, find the roads that go straightest



trees lovely with the blue shadows of their trunks.

while the salt air blew sweetly about us. And when the old man had driven his cows around the hill, we stepped into the white road and it led us cheerfully home to supper. How simple it sounds to tell! Yet that road touched our picture as with a gentle hand, a hand which held the green and blue beauties of the landscape closely to our human kin—and led us home to supper. We loved it like a friend.

It is curious, indeed, how closely roads



It flows with its beautiful line, checkered with shadow, into the woods.—Page 580.

over the highest elevations, and take them. That Old Portsmouth Road knows not the dust of touring-cars, but it leads you past the house of a certain wise man who has built himself one of the most beautiful dwellings and one of the most adorable gardens along the coast of Maine, and built them for their own sakes, since none pass to see. The garden gate is a gap in the stone wall under an apple-tree, and the path lets into a pool under a boulder, a tangle of ferns, and then the blaze of hollyhocks, cosmos, gladioli, and other old-fashioned blooms. The house is deep-brown stucco with an Italian roof. Trumpet-vines climb

over it, and two deep orange awnings shade the door and the ample window of the living-room. Set on a hill, you see over the tree-tops to the new road, the river, and the far-off point where the cottages face the sea, back yard touching back yard, huddled without privacy together. Then the Old Portsmouth Road runs down the hill again and you meet the cows coming home at twilight. It is good to find a man who dares place a lovely and expensive dwelling on the back road. It shows him not dependent on the opinions of his fellows. I have had the temerity to fancy that he even leaves his machine in the garage occasionally, and walks somewhere.



The tramp to the swimming-hole.—Page 578.

It would be foolish to dwell here on the sociological value of good roads, their place in the well-being and progress of mankind. Others more fitted have told of that. But has a paper ever been written on roads in literature? Certainly the word "road" would fill pages in a concordance of popular quotations. From the strait and narrow road of hortatory scripture to that which climbs in Christina Rossetti's "Up Hill," roads run through what the Race has written, almost always with allegorical purpose, a symbol of the eternal restlessness of man, the flow and flight of human aspiration, the steady plod of time. Simple,

primitive, unmistakable, roads are among the enduring things, and so wind their way through enduring literature, one of the ultimate metaphors. How full of roads is Bunyan's book! And how full of roads, in these latter days, are the novels and poems of Thomas Hardy. In the open Wessex country they are apparent from afar, and in the novels you never lose sight of them, till they become charged with significance. To think of Jude is to see his hungry little figure by the sign-post, looking down the long road to Oxford. Egdon Heath carries the bricky outfit of the Reddleman moving along a white trail cut sharp on the furze. And plod-

ding figures in "Tess" pass and repass on endless highways, weary with you know not what tragedy. In the poems the poet's own quaint illustrations show his preoccupation with roads. Ever they are vanishing over hills, reappearing in distant valleys, ribboning the pastures. He would call them, no doubt, the trail of Man over the face of the earth. Perhaps, then, our joy of the trail depends on our fondness for him who made it, and the road is beautiful, lead it to Car-

cassonne or Athol, Mass., in proportion as we are willing to share it, are glad that others have blazed it on ahead, and will follow after.

But does that philosophy compel us trampers to breathe with delight the dust of the passing motor-cars? By what new pragmatism shall we adopt them into the pleasant scheme of things? And it is a short road now which has no motor-car. Like most philosophers, I shall have to end with a riddle!

LILITH

By Amelia Josephine Burr

HERS is the hour of quiet lamplit rest
 When thou dost worship at her altar fire
 That gilds the hearth, and lights her gentle breast
 Where tired with play, thy child has found his nest—
*But I am breathed out of the darkening west,
 A twilight wind of wandering desire.*

Hers is the glow of struggle and success,
 The battle hope of noonday and the street.
 'Tis for her sake that onward thou dost press
 Whose smile, like Heaven's thy victory shall bless—
*But I am in the wistful weariness
 That treads the trailing shadow of defeat.*

Hers is the night's benignant quieting
 When thy protecting arms her sleep enfold—
*But ere the waking birds begin to sing,
 Because my kiss is a forbidden thing,
 The dawn's mysterious lips, like mine, shall cling
 Upon thine own, that quiver and grow cold.*

REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK III

INTERLUDE OF THE RECLUSE PHILOSOPHER

I



NOTABLE difference between the sexes is this, that a man will thrive for years—that is, his better part—upon love denied, and woman upon love fulfilled. So

Senhouse starved and did well; dreams nourished him in what passes in England for solitude. From the gray of the mornings to the violet-lidded dusk his silence was rarely broken; and yet the music in his heart was continuous; his routine marched to a rhythm. The real presence of Sanchia was always with him, to intensify, accentuate, and make reasonable the perceptions of his quickened senses. Sense blended with sense—as when the sharp fragrance of the thyme which his feet crushed gave him the vision of her immortal beauty, or when, in the ripple of the wind-swept grasses, he had a consciousness of her thrilled heart beating near by. All nature, in fact, was vocal of Sanchia by day; and at night, presently, she stole white-footed down the slant rays of the moon and fed his soul upon exhalations of her own. Idle as he might have appeared to one who did not know the man—for beyond the routine of his handiwork he did nothing visible—he was really intensely busy. Out of the stores reaped and garnered in those meditative years was to come the substance of his after-life.

But no man in England may live three years in a grass-valley unreported; his fame will spread abroad, scattered as birds sow seeds. Discreetly as he lived and little as he fared, he was at first a thing of doubt and suspicion, and won respect by slow degrees. Was he a coiner, stirring alloys over his night-fires? Was he Antichrist, blasphem-

ing the Trinity at daybreak? He was talked of by gaitered farmers at sheep-fairs, by teamsters at cross-roads, by maidens and their sweethearts on Sundays. The shepherds, it was thought, might have told more than they did. It was understood that they had caught him at his secrets time and again. But the shepherds had little to say of him but that he was a mellow man, knowing sheep and weather, and not imparting all that he knew. Similarly the gypsies, who alone travel the Race-plain in these days, and mostly by night, were believed to know him well; but they, too, kept their lore within the limits of their own shifty realm.

Rarely, indeed, he was seen. Sunday lovers, strolling hand in hand up the valley, came to a point where they went tiptoe and peered about for him. He might be described motionless, folded in his white robe, midway between ridge and hollow; or a gleam of him flashed between the trees would perhaps be all that they would get for an hour of watching. The brows would on such days be lined with patient onlookers; all eyes would be up the narrow valley to its head under Hirlebury, where, below the little wood, his gray hut could be seen, deep-eaved, mysterious, blankly holding its secrets behind empty windows. None ever ventured to explore at close quarters; and if the tenant had appeared, a thousand to one they would all have looked the other way. The Wiltshire peasant is a gentleman from the heart outward. So, too, carters, ploughmen, reapers in the vales would sometimes see his gaunt figure monstrous on the sky-line, cowed and with uplifted arms, adoring (it was supposed) the sun, or leaning on his staff, motionless and rapt, meditating death and mutability. He lost nothing by such chance apparitions; on

the contrary, he gained the name of a wise man who had powers of divination and healing. In the cottage whither he went once a week for bread, a child had been sick of a burning fever. His hands, averred the mother, had cured it. Groping and making passes over its stomach, rubbing in oils, relief had come, then quiet sleep and a cool forehead. After this, an old man, crippled with rheumatics, had hobbled up to the very edge of his dominion, and had waited shaking there upon his staff until he could get speech with the white stranger. He, too, had had the reward of his belief. If he was not made sound again, he was relieved and heartened. He had said that, if he was spared, he could stretch to his height again, which had been six feet all but an inch. The stranger, said he, had put him in the way of new life, and whatever he meant—whether that he were a Salvationist or a quack doctor—he would say no more. After that, a young woman went to him to get him to name the father of her child, and returned, and was modest for a month, and a good mother when the time came. And true it was that her chap came forward and saw the vicar about it, and they were asked in church. Out of such things as these his fame grew.

The hunt struck upon him now and again when the hounds in full cry streamed down his steep escarpments and threatened panic to his browsing goats. At such times he would rise up, white-robed and calm, and stay with a quiet gesture the scattering beasts. The whips would cap him, and the master with his field find themselves in company of an equal. For his ease of manner never left him, nor that persuasive smile which made you think that the sun was come out. He had none of the airs of a mystagogue, but talked to men, as he did to beasts, in the speech which was habitual to them. The lagging fox understood him when, grinning his fear and fatigue, he drew himself painfully through the furze. So did the hounds, athirst for his blood. Buck-skinned gentlemen, no less, found him affable and full of information—about anything and everything in the world except the line of the hunted fox. "Oh, come," he said once, "don't ask me to give him away. You're fifty to one, to start with; and the fact is I passed him my word that I wouldn't. I'll tell you what, though. You

shall offer me a cigarette. I haven't smoked for six months." Which was done.

His powers with children, his charm for them, his influence and fascination, which in course of time made him famous beyond these shores, arose out of a chance encounter not far from his hut. Three boys, breaking school in the nesting season, came suddenly upon him, and paled, and stood rooted. "Come on," he said, "I'll show you a thing or two that you've never seen before." He led them to places of marvel, which his speech made to glimmer with the hues of romance: the fresh-grubbed earth where a badger had been routing, the quiet glade where, that morning, a polecat had washed her face. He brought them up to a vixen and her cubs, and got them all playing together. He let them hold leverets in their arms, milk his goats, as the kids milk them for their need; and showed them so much of the ways of birds that they forgot, while they were under the spell of him, to take any of their eggs. Crowning wonder of all—when a peewit, waiting on the down, dipped and circled about his head for a while and finally perched on his shoulder while he stood looking down upon her eggs in the bents! Such deeds as these fly broadcast over the villages, and on Saturdays he would be attended by a score of urchins, boys and girls. To a gamekeeper who came out after his lad, sapling-ash in hand, he had that to say which convinced the man of his authority.

"'A says to me, 'There's a covey of ten in thicky holler,' where you could see neither land nor bird. 'I allow 'tis ten,' he says, 'but we won't be partickler to a chick.' There was nine, if you credit me, that rose out of a kind of a dimple in the down, that you couldn't see, and no man could see. 'Lord love you,' I said, 'Mr. John, how ever did you see 'em?' He looks at me, and he says, very quiet, 'I never saw the birds, nor knew they was there. I saw the air. There's waves in this air,' he says, 'wrinkled waves; and they birds stirred 'em, like stones flung into a pond. 'Tom,' he says, to my Tom, 'if you look as close as I do,' he says, 'you'll see what I see.' And young Tom looks up at him, as a dog might, kind of faithful, and he says, 'I 'low I will, sir, please, sir.' I says to him, 'Can a man be taught the like o' that?' 'No,' says he, 'but a boy can.' 'What more could thick

boy learn?' I says, and he says, 'To understand his betters, and get great words, and do without a sight of things—for the more you do without,' he says, 'the more you have to deal with.' 'Such things as what, now, would he do without?' I wants to know. He looks at me. 'Food,' he says, kind of sharp; 'food when he's hungry, and clothing, and a bed; and money, and the respect of them that don't know anything, and other men's learning, and things he don't make for himself.' Heard any man ever the like o' that? But just you bide till I've done. 'Can a boy learn to do without drink?' I wants to know—for beer's been my downfall. 'He can,' says thick man. 'And love?' I says; and 'No,' says he straight, 'he cannot. But he can learn the way of it; and that 'ull teach him to do wi'out lust.' 'Tis a wise thought, the like of that, I allow.'

The gamekeeper paused for the murmurs of his auditory to circle about the tap-room, swell and subside, and then brought out his conclusion. There was book-learning to be faced. How about scholarship? 'I'd give him none,' says the man. 'Swallerin' comes by nature, and through more than the mouth. I'd open his eyes and ears, his fingers and toes, and the very hairs on the back of his hands, and they'll all swaller in time, like the parts of the beastës do.' Now, that's a learned man, I allow. My boy must go to the Council School, it does appear; but thick man will give him more teaching in a week than school-master in a year—and there he goes o' Saturdays—and wants no driving, moreover." He returned to his beer, thoughtful-eyed.

The gamekeeper's son was twelve years old, and was the nucleus round which grew the Senhusian school of a later day, where neither reading nor writing could be had until the pupil was fifteen years old. But this is anticipatory, for the school was a matter of long gestation and tentative birth.

II

ONE September midnight, as he stirred a late supper over a small wood-fire, he was hailed by a cry from above. "Ho, you! I ask shelter," he was adjured. The quarter-moon showed him a slim figure dark against the sky.

"Come down, and you shall have it," he answered, and continued to skim his broth.

The descent was painfully made, and it was long before the traveller stood blinking by his fire—a gaunt and hollow-eyed lad. Senhouse took him in at a glance, stained, out-at-elbows with the world, nursing a grudge, footsore and heartsore. He had a gypsy look, and yet had not a gypsy serenity. That is a race that is never angry at random, and never bitter at large. A gypsy will want a man's life; but if the man is not before him, will be content to wait until he is. But this wanderer seemed to have a quarrel with time and place, that they held not his enemy by the gullet.

"You travel late, my friend," said Senhouse briskly.

"I travel by night," said the stranger, "lest I should be seen by men or the sun."

Senhouse laughed. "*In girum imus noctu, non ut consumimur igni.*" They used to say that of the devils once upon a time."

"My devil rides on my back," said the stranger, "and carries with him the fire that roasts me."

He was at once bitter and sententious. Senhouse put down his hurts to bruises of the self-esteem.

"I hope that you dropped him up above," he said cheerfully, "or that you will let me exorcise him. I've tried my hand with most kinds of devil. Are you a Roman?"

"Half," he was told, and, guessing which half, asked no more questions.

"You are pretty well done, I can see," he said. "You want more than food. You want warm water, and a bed, and a dressing for your feet. You've been on the road too long."

The stranger was huddled by the fire, probing his wounded feet. "I'm cut to pieces," he said. "I've been over stubbles and flint. This is a cruel country."

"It's the sweetest in the world," Senhouse told him, "when you know your way about it. When you have the hang of it you need not touch the roads. You smell out the hedgerows, and every hill-pasture leads you out on to the grass. But I'll own that there are thistles. I wear sandals myself. Now," he continued, ladling out of his pot with a wooden spoon, "here's your porridge, and there are bread and salt; and here water, and here goats' milk. Afterwards you shall have a pipe of tobacco and some tea. Best

begin while all's hot—and while you eat I'll look to your wounds. Finally, you shall be washed and clothed."

He went away, returning presently with water and a napkin. Kneeling, he bathed his guest's feet, wiped them, anointed, then wrapped them up in the napkin. The disconsolate one, meantime, was supping like a wolf. He gulped at his porridge with quick snaps, tore his bread with his teeth. Senhouse gave him time, quietly eating his own supper, watching the red gleam die down in the poor wretch's eyes. Being himself a spare feeder, he was soon done, and at further business of hospitality. He set a great pipkin of water to heat, brought out a clean robe of white wool, a jelab like his own, and made some tea.

The stranger, then, being filled, cleansed, and in warm raiment, stretched himself before the fire, and broke silence. He was still surly, but the grudge was not audible in his voice. "I took your fire for a gypsy camp, and was glad enough of it. I've come by the hills from Winterslow since dusk. You were right, though: I was done. I couldn't have dragged another furlong."

Senhouse nodded. "I thought not. Been long on the road?"

"Two months."

"From the north, I think? From Yorkshire?"

The stranger grunted his replies. His host judged that he had reasons for his reticence. There was a pause.

"You sup late," was then observed.

Senhouse replied: "I generally do. I take two meals a day—the first at noon, the second at midnight; but I believe that I could do without one of them. I never was much of an eater—and I need very little sleep. Somehow, although I am out at sunrise most mornings, I rarely sleep till two or thereabouts. Four hours are enough for me—and in the summer much less. Sometimes, when the fit is on me, I roam all night long, and come back and do my routine—and then sleep where I am, or may be. Precisians would grow mad at such a life—and yet I'm awfully healthy."

The stranger watched him. "You live here, then—and so?"

"I have lived here," said Senhouse, "for three years or more; but I've lived so for over twenty. I've wandered for most of that time, and know England from end to

end; but now I seem to have got into a backwater, and I find that I travel further, and see more, than I did when I was hardly for a week together in the same place. But that's reasonable enough, if you think of it. If you can do without time, space goes with it. If it don't matter *when* you are, it don't matter *where*."

The stranger lent this reasoning his gloomy meditation, which turned it inward to himself and his rueful history. "I don't follow you, I believe," he said, "for very good reason. I hope you will never learn as I have that it does matter where you are." He stopped, then added, as if the admission was wrung out of him, "I've been in prison."

"So have I," said Senhouse, "and in Siberia at that. I was there for more than a year, though not all that time within walls. They let me loose when they found that I could be trusted, and I learned botany, and caught a marsh fever which nearly finished me. They wouldn't have me in after that, being quite content that I should rot in the open. I was succoured by a woman, one of those noble creatures who are made to give themselves. She gave me what blood she had left. God bless her: she blessed me."

"It was a woman," said the stranger, "that sent me to prison."

Senhouse, after looking him over, calmly replied: "I don't believe you. You mean, I think, that there was a woman, and you went to prison. You confuse her and your feelings about her. It is natural, but not very fine-mannered. No woman would have put the thing as you have put it to me."

The stranger shifted two or three times under his host's quiet regard; presently he said: "This is the tale in a nutshell. She was beautiful, and kind to me; she was in a hateful place, and I loved her—and she knew it. There was a man with claims—rights he had none—preposterous claims, made infamous by his acts. The position was impossible, intolerable. She knew it, but did nothing. Women are like that—endlessly enduring; but men are not. I dragged him off a horse and thrashed him. He had me to gaol, and she went her ways, leaving a note for me, hoping I should do well. Do well! Much she cares what I do. Much care I." He ended with a sob which was like the cough of a wolf at night, and then turned his face away.

"Why should she care?" asked Senhouse, "what becomes of you? By your act you dropped yourself out of her sphere. If she was to be degraded, as you call it, by whom was she degraded? But you talk there a language which I don't understand. You say that she was beautiful, and I suppose you know what you mean by the word. How then is a beautiful person to be degraded by anything the likes of you, or your fellow-dog, do to her? The thing's absurd. You can't claw her soul, or blacken the edges of that. You can't sell that into prostitution or worse. That is her own, and it's that which makes her beautiful—in spite of the precious pair of you, bickering and mauling each other to possess her. Possess her, poor fool! Can you possess moonlight? If you have degraded anything, you have degraded yourself. She remains where she is, entirely out of your reach."

The young man now turned his trapped and wretched face to the speaker. "You little know—" he began, then for weakness stopped. "I can't quarrel with you; wait till I've had a night's rest."

"You shall have it, and welcome," said Senhouse. "But you'll never quarrel with me. I believe that I've got beyond that way of enforcing arguments, which I fear may be unsound. I doubt if I have quarrelled with anybody for twenty years."

"There are some things which no man can stand," said the other, "and that was one. Your talk of the soul is very fine; but do you say that you don't love a woman's body as well as her soul?"

Senhouse was silent for a while; then he said: "No—I can't say that. You have me there. I ought to, but I can't. And I think I owe you an apology for my heat, for the fact is that I've been in much of your position myself. There was a man once upon a time that I felt like thrashing—for much of your reason. But I didn't do it—for what seemed to me unanswerable reason. I did precisely the opposite—I did everything I could to ensure a miserable marriage for the being I loved best in all the world. I loathed the man, I loathed the bondage: but that's what I did. Now mark what follows. I didn't—I couldn't—degrade her; but I saw myself dragging like a worm in the mud while she soared out of my reach. And there I've been—of the slime slimy ever since. Where she is now I

don't know, but I think in heaven. Heaven lay in her eyes—and whenever I look at the sky at night I see her there."

"You are talking above my head," said the stranger, "or above your own. Either I am a fool, or you a madman. You love a woman, and give her to another man. You love her, and secure her in slavery. You love her, and don't want her?"

"It is I that am the fool, not you," said Senhouse. "I do want her. I want nothing else in earth or heaven. And yet I know that I have her forever. Our souls have touched each other. She is mine and I am hers. And yet I want her."

"Won't you get her? Don't you believe that you will?"

"God knows! God knows!"

"She was beautiful?"

"The dawn," said Senhouse, "was not more purely lovely than she. The dawn was in her face—the awfulness of it as well as its breathless beauty."

"My mistress," said the young man, "had the gait of a goddess in the corn. One thought of Demeter in the wheat. She was like ivory under the moon. She laughed rarely, but her voice was low and thrilled."

"Her breath," Senhouse continued, "was like the scent of bean-flowers. She sweetened the earth. It is true that she laughed seldom, but when she did the sun shone from behind a cloud. When she was silent you could hear her heart beat. She was deliberate, measured, in all that she did—yet her spirit was as swift as the south-west wind. She did nothing that was not lovely, and never faltered in what she purposed. When first I came to know her and see the workings of her noble mind, I was so happy in the mere thought of her that I sang all day as I worked or walked. It never entered me for one minute that I could desire anything but the knowledge of her."

"I wanted my mistress altogether," the other broke in, "from the first moment to the last—fool, and wicked fool, as you may think me. I could see her bosom stir her gown—I could see the lines of her as she walked. She was kind to me, I tell you, and there were times when—alone with her—in her melting mood—in the wildness of my passion—but no! something held me: I never dared touch her. . . . And then he—the other—came back; he, with his 'claims' and 'rights'; and the thought of

him, and what he could do—and did do—made me blind. You tell me that I sinned against her——”

“I don’t,” said Senhouse. “I tell you that you sinned against love. You don’t know what love is.”

“You say so. Maybe you know nothing about it. If you have reduced yourself to be contented with the soul of a woman, I have not. What have I to do with the soul?”

“Evidently nothing,” said Senhouse. “How, pray, do you undertake to apprehend body’s beauty unless you discern the soul in it—on which it shapes its beauty?”

“I know,” the other replied, “that she has a lovely body, and gracious, free-moving ways; and I could have inferred her soul from them. I’ll engage that you did the same thing. How are you to judge of the soul but by the hints which the body affords you?”

Senhouse made no answer, but remained musing. When he spoke it was as if he was resuming a tale half told. . . .

“She was in white—white as a cloud—and in a wood. Her hair reflected gold of the sun. She pinned her skirts about her waist, and put her bare foot into a pool of black water. She sank in it to the knee. She did not falter; her eyes were steady upon what she did.”

The stranger took him up where he stopped, and continued the tale. “She could never falter in her purpose. She bared herself to the thighs. She went into the pool thigh-deep. Whiter than the lilies which she went to save, she raked the weed from them—you helping her.”

“She did,” said Senhouse, his eyes searching the fire. “And when, afterwards, she did what her heart bade her, she never faltered either, though she steeped her pure soul in foulness compared to which the black water was sweet. But do you suppose that any evil handling would stain her? You fool! You are incapable of seeing a good woman. In the same breath with which I spurned myself for having a moment’s fear for her, I thanked God for having let me witness her action.”

The rebuke was accepted, not because it was felt to be justified; but rather, it passed unheeded. The stranger had questions to ply.

“Knowing her, loving her—loveworthy as she was—how could you leave her?”

“I beg your pardon,” said Senhouse, “I have never left her.” But in the next breath he had to qualify his paradox.

He spoke vehemently. “I had of her all that I dared have. That has never left me. I had all that she could give me—she that was self-sufficing, not to be imparted. She did not love me, as you could understand love: I don’t think she could love anybody. But I only could read her thoughts and grasp her troubles for her. She was at ease with me, let me write to her, was glad to see me when I came, but perfectly able to do without me. She was, of course, not human; she inhabited elsewhere. Her ‘soul was like a star and dwelt apart.’ She remembered things as they had been, yet not as affecting her to pleasure or pain; she remembered them as a tale that is told, as things witnessed. So she remembered me—and so she still does. If I was there, with her, she was glad; if I was not there, she wasn’t sorry. I was nothing to her but a momentary solace—and I knew it and taught myself to be contented. I believe that she was the spirit of immortal youth fleeting over the world. I called her Hymnia. What Beatrice was to Dante, the visible Incarnation of his dream of Holiness, such was she to me. I picture her and Beatrice together in heaven.

In the clear spaces of Heaven,
As sisters and lovers sit
Beatrice and Thou embraced—
Hand and hand, waist and waist,
And smile at the worship given
By Earth, and the men in it
To whom you were manifest.

I quote my own poetry, because, oddly enough, nobody else has remarked upon the fact.”

He continued: “When she did what it pleased her to do, it was said by fools that I had inspired her. Fool among fools, I thought so myself at the time, and moved earth and heaven and hell and Ingram, to save her from an act of magnanimity the like of which I have never heard of. Bless you! if I had never lived, she would have acted as she did, because she was incapable of seeing evil, incapable of acting against her heart. Well! and the thing was done—and I had to face it. I had it all out with myself, and decided that no harm could come to her. From that hour I have never seen

her with my waking eyes. Yet she is here. She is always here. . . .

"My answer to you is simple. I have all of her of which I am capable. I have never left her because she has never left me. . . .

"I wrote out my heart in my first years of knowing her; but since then I have gone under the harrow of this world, where there can be no singing. Now that I am at peace my voice has come back. I listen to what she tells me, and note it. Like Dante, *vo significando*, I am a drain-pipe for her spirit. She was Hymnia to me once, and I sang of Open Country; now she is Despoina, Mistress of the Night. Words come thronging to me, phrases, rhythms; but not form. I shall get out a poem one of these days—when the harrow rests. And that will be its name: 'Rest Harrow.'"

He broke out after a pause—"Her beauty! What is it to the purpose to put its semblance into words? Its significance is the heart of the matter. We see the earth as hill and valley, pasture and cloud, sky and sea. Really it is nothing of the kind, but infinitely more. It is tireless energy, yearning force, profusion, terror, immutability in variety. What are words to such a power? It is to *that* I stretch out my arms. I must lie folded in that immensity, drown and sink in it, till it and I are one. I must be resumed into the divine energy whose appearance is but a broken hint of it. So it is with Her: not what she appears but what she stands for is the miracle. Her beauty is not in dimple and curve, though her breasts are softer than the snowy hills, and the liquor of her mouth sweeter than honey of limes. If I lay on the floor of the Ægean and looked up to the sun, I should not see such blue as glimmers in her eyes. But these are figures, halting symbols. Her form, her glow, her eager, lovely breath, are her soul put into speech for us to read. You might say that her nobility was that of the Jungfrau on a night of stars. So her body's beauty is but a poem written by God about her soul."

Glyde sat up and looked at him across the fire. "I know you. There is but one man who has loved her as you do. You are her poet. You are Senhouse."

Senhouse nodded. "That is my name. You know her, then?" His face glowed darkly. "You have known her—you!"

"I saw her four months ago. I was in

servitude in a house where she too was made a servant. For her sake, I tell you again, I downed Ingram."

Senhouse said sharply: "It was for your own. You aren't fit to talk about her. You have unclean lips. You don't hurt her, for you cannot. You hurt yourself infinitely. Why, a dog would do as you did, and possibly be right; but you, not being a dog, have broken your own rules. You have trodden on your own honor, and, like the dull fool that you are, come out wrapped in your silly self-esteem as if it was a flag. I wish that you could see yourself as I see you—or rather, I hope that you never may; for if you did, you would see no reason to live." The words, frozen with scorn, cut like hailstones. The guest cowered, with the whip about his face. Senhouse rose.

"Follow me," he said.

Glyde also rose to his feet, and, as if he was giddy, looked blankly about him. He groaned, "O God, what have I done? O God, what am I?" He dashed his hand over his eyes. "I can't see. I suppose I never could." He turned upon Senhouse. "You! Why do you harbor such a rat as I?"

Senhouse gave him pitiful eyes. "If you think yourself rat, you are in the way to be more. Come, we'll be friends yet. You're near the end of your tether, I think. Let me tuck you into a blanket."

III

IN the morning Glyde, in a humble mood, drank quantities of small beer. In other words, he told his story of Sanchia, of Ingram, and of Mrs. Wilmot. He was so steered by questions from Senhouse that he came, towards the end, to see that if anyone had driven his mistress into a life of bondage to Ingram it was himself and his presumptuous arm.

"You must have offended her beyond expression," he was told. "First, her fine esteem in her own spotless robe, which you have smeared with beastly blood and heat; next, her sense of reason clear as day; next, and worst, her logical faculty by which she sees it to be a law of the earth that nothing can be bought without a price. Oh, you precious young donkey! And who the mischief are you, pray, to meddle in the affairs of high ladies—you, who can't manage your

own better than to do with your foolish muscles what is the work of a man's heart? Love! You don't know how to spell the word. But I am getting angry again—and I don't want to do that. I'll tell you what I shall do with you. You shall stay with me here till you are well, and then you shall go to London, and find Despoina——"

"Do you mean Sanchia?" Glyde was still unregenerate at heart.

"I mean whom I say—your mistress and mine. You are not fit to name her by any other name."

"No, no—I know it," said the youth—"but her name is so beautiful."

"Everything about her is beautiful," said Senhouse, "therefore see that you go to her cleansed and sweetened. Now, when you have found her you shall beg her pardon on your knees——"

"Never!" said Glyde, grittily in his teeth.

"On your heart's knees, you fool," cried Senhouse, with a roar which rolled about the hills. "On the knees of your rat's heart. You shall beg her pardon on your knees for your beastly interference, presumption, mulishness, and graceless manhood; and then you shall leave her immediately, and thank God for the breath of her forgiveness. This also is important. You are not to name me who have sent you." His eyes shone with the gleam of tears. "Never name me to her, young Glyde, for I'll tell you now that for every stripe I've dusted your jacket with you owe me forty—and you can lay on when you please.

"For I," he continued, after a pause for breath, while Glyde stared fearfully upon him, "for I, too, have betrayed her."

They said no more at that time, but all day Glyde followed Senhouse about like a dog.

In the evening of what to the undrilled youth was a hard-spent day, Senhouse unfolded his heart and talked long and eloquently of love and other mysteries of our immortal life.

"The attainment of our desires," he said, "appears to every one of us to be a Law of Nature, and so, no doubt, it is. But that is equally valid which says, 'To every man that which he is fit to enjoy.' The task of men is to reconcile the two. That once done, you are whole—nay, you are holy.

"I believe that I am in the way of that salvation, look you, for I know now that

there is hardly a thing upon the earth which I cannot do without. That being so, and all things of equal value, or of no value, I have them all. They are at the disposal of that part of myself which enters no markets and cannot be chaffered away. Wind, rain, and sun have bleached me; dinners of herbs have reduced my flesh to obedience; incessant toil, with meditation under the stars, has driven my thoughts along channels graded deep by patient plodding of the field. I am become one with Nature. I have watched the wheeling of the seasons until, to escape vertigo, I picture myself as a fixed point, and see the spheres in their courses revolve about me."

Mystic sayings, aphorisms, oozed from him like resin from a pine.

"It is error to suppose that discomfort is holy. Holiness is harmony. Men have lost sight of the sanctity of the body. Rightly considered, indigestion is a great sin.

"Passion, which is a state of becoming, is not holy, for holiness is a state of being. But it is noble, because it is a straining after appeasement—which is a harmony.

"Man is an ape, or a god, but certainly a god in this, that he can make himself either. It is by no means certain, however, that this potentiality is not also possessed by the ape.

"Appeasement of passion is fulfilment of our being, which out of ferment makes wine, through riot seeks rest."

He was not always so transcendental. Here we have him closer to the matter.

"A woman when she loves is a seraph winged. When she does not, she is a chrysalis, a husk, or a shell. In love, she follows the man, but appears to fly him, as a shepherd goes before the sheep he is really driving. Out of it, she is an empty vase, to be revered by us for the sacred wine which she may hold, as a priest handles fearfully the chalice.

"She has but one law, the law of her love, which says to her, Give, give, give. See here how she differs from the man, to whom love is but one of many healthy appetites—not a divine mission. Love, hunger, hunting, or a taste for picture-dealing, says to him, 'Take, take.'

"Yet it is no wonder that the sexes go in fear of each other, each a mystery to each. For my part, I have never been close to a woman without a desire to cover my eyes."

And here he got level with her, and showed her radiant beside him.

"A young woman with shining eyes, blown-back hair, and face on fire, holding out her heart from the threshold, stretching it out at arms' length, crying, 'Who will take this? To whom may I give it?' A vision here of Heaven's core of light. I have seen it. I, Senhouse, have seen the Holy Grail.

"She stood with me upon the threshold of the world, just so, with blown-back hair and shining eyes. Blessed one, blessed prodigal! She poured out her heart like water—for a dog to lap. He was dog-headed, full in the eye, a rich feeder. She decked him with the fair garlands of her thoughts, she made him glisten with her holy oils. She crowned him with starry beams from her eyes, she sweetened him with the breath of her pure prayers. She robed him in white and scarlet, for he was wrapped in her soul and sprinkled with her passion. And she said: 'I love a Divine Person. I am ready to die for him. Make haste. Pile the fire, sharpen the knife; bind me with cords, and drive deep. I die that he may live.' O Gods, and Sanchia gave herself for Nevile Ingram!"

On a later day he read a poem to his guest—which he called "The Song of Gaia." By this name, it seems, he also figured Sanchia, whose synonyms threatened to be as many as those of Artemis or the Virgin Mary. From poring for signs of her in the face of earth he was come to see little else. If the west wind was her breath and the hills were her breasts, it needed a mystic to see them so; and he was become a mystic. A glorified and non-natural Sanchia pervaded the poem, which, for the form, was a barbaric, rough-hewn chant, stuffed with words and great phrases which had the effect rather of making music in the hearer than of containing it in themselves. It was poetry by hints, perpetually moving, initiating lyrical phrases, then breaking off and leaving you with a melody in your ears which your brain could not render. Either the poet was inchoate or the subtlest musician of our day. He said of himself that he was a drain-pipe for the Spirit—a dark saying to Glyde, who was himself, we have heard, something of a poet, of the Byronic tradition. The youth was extremely inter-

ested, though seldom moved. He was forever on the point to drink, and had the cup snatched away. Senhouse tormented you with possibilities of bliss—where sight merges in sound, and both lift together into a triumphant sweep of motion—whirled you, as it were, to the gates of dawn, showed you the amber glories of preparation, thrilled you with the throb of suspense; then, behold! coursing vapors and gathering clouds blot out the miracle—and you end in the clash of thunder-storms and dissonances. Something of this the listener had to urge. Senhouse admitted it, but he said: "You know that the splendor is enacting behind! You guess the opening of the Rose. One stalks this earth agog for miracles. It is full of hints—you catch a moment—for flashed instants you are God. Then the mist wraps you, and you blunder forward, two-legged man swaying for a balance. Translate the oracle as you will—with your paint-pans, with your words—we get broken lights, half-phrases. But we guess the rest—and so we strain and grow. Who are you or I, that we should know her?"

He stuffed the pages into the breast of his jelab, and sat brooding over the paling fire for a while; then, by an abrupt transition, he said: "A fatal inclination for instructing the young was, perhaps, my undoing. I believe that I am a prig to the very fibres of me. If I had kept my didactics for my own sex, all might have gone well: I have never doubted but that I had things to teach my generation which it would be the happier of knowing. But it's a dangerous power to put into a man's hands that he shall instruct his betters. I was tempted by that deadliest flattery of all, and I fell. Despoina heard me, smiled at me, and went her way regardlessly; but my poor Mary was a victim. She heard me, and took it seriously. She thought me a man of God. I failed absolutely, and so badly that by rights I ought never to have held up my head again. But she is happy, dear little soul, after her own peculiar fashion—which she never could have been with me. She writes to me now and then. The man is her master, but not a bad one. She knows it, and glories in him. Isn't that extraordinary?"

"Not at all," Glyde said, who knew nothing of Mary. "It's a law of Nature. The woman follows the man. I suppose you treated her as an equal?"

"No, as a superior, which she plainly was," said Senhouse.

"Then," Glyde said, looking at him, "then you made her so. If you fly against Nature, you must get the worst of it." He waited, then asked, "It's against your principles to marry a woman, no doubt."

"Quite," Senhouse said. "It seems to me an insult to propose it to her."

"Your Mary didn't think so."

"She did at first; but she couldn't get used to it."

"She felt naked without the ring? And ashamed?"

"God help me," said Senhouse, "that's true. The moment I realized what had happened, I gave in."

"And then she refused?"

"She neither accepted nor refused. She lived apart. We were in Germany at the time. I was naturalizing plants for the Grand Duke of Baden—filling the rocks and glades in the Black Forest. She went into a hotel in Donaueschingen, and I went to see her every day. We were friends. Then we went to England, to London. She held to that way of life, and I did the best I could for myself. At any moment I would have taken her. I considered myself bound in every way. I could have been happy with her. She had great charm for me—great physical charm, I mean—and sweet, affectionate ways. I could have made her a wife and a mother.

"I intended her the highest honor I could show to a woman. To make her your property by legal process and the sanction of custom seems to me like sacrilege. But, however— One day she told me that a former lover of hers wanted to marry her, and left it for me to judge. She wouldn't say whether she wished it herself or not; but I knew that she did, for when I advised her to accept him, she got up and put her arms round my neck and kissed both my cheeks. I was her elder brother, I perceived, and said so. She laughed, and owned to it. And yet she had loved me, you know. She had refused that same man for me. She was afraid of him, and gave me her hand before his face."

"That to me," Glyde said, "is proof positive that she loved him. Of course she feared him. It is obvious. My poor master!"

Senhouse serenely replied: "She's happy,

and I've done her no harm at all. But it's impossible for me to treat any living creature otherwise than as my better."

"I believe you," said Glyde, "and so it may be in a rarer world than this. In this world, however, a man is the most cunning animal, and in that both are flesh he is the stronger of the sexes. In this world the law is that the woman follows the man." He thought before he spoke, then added, "That applies all this world over. You will marry Sanchia."

Senhouse would not look up. He sat, nursing one leg. He bent his brows, and a hot flush made his skin shine in the firelight.

IV

THE poet and his disciple continued their partnership through the sogging rains of Christmas, well into the chill opening of the new year. Then came the snow to fill up the valley in which stood the hut, and blur the outlines of the folded hills. Poetry and Sanchia drew together a pair who could have little in common.

But Glyde became the slave of the strange man who blended austerity with charitable judgment, and appeased his passion by blood from his heart. He was not himself a mystic, but a sensitive youth whom the world's rubs had taught the uses of a thick hide. Either you have that by nature, or you earn it by practice. Glyde had found out that the less you say to your maltreaters the less, in time, you have to say about it to yourself. He was conscious of his parts and all too ready to be arrogant. Senhouse's goddess had been kind to him, and he had presumed upon that. Senhouse's own method was to alternate extreme friendliness with torrential contempt. He knocked Glyde down and picked him up again with the same hand. He treated him as his equal whenever he was not considering him a worm. There is no better way of gaining the confidence of a youth of his sort. At the end of a fortnight there was nothing Glyde would not have told him; at the end of six months he would have crossed Europe barefoot to serve him.

He was nothing of a mystic, and therefore had his own ideas of what seemed to afford his master so much satisfaction; he was enough of a poet to be sure that Senhouse's romantic raptures were only a

makeshift at best. To his mind here was a man aching for a woman. He thought that the poet sang to ease his bleeding heart. He came to picture the mating of these two—Sanchia the salient, beautiful woman and his master of the clear, long-enduring, searching eyes, and that strange look of second-sight upon him which those only have who live apart from men, under the sky. It is a look you can never mistake. Sailors have it, and shepherds, and dwellers in the desert. The eye sees through you—into you, and beyond you. It is almost impossible for any person to be either so arresting in himself or possessed of such utterance as will cause the weathered eye to check its scanning of distance and concentrate upon an immediate presence. To such an eye, communing with infinite and eternal things, no creature of time and space can interpose solidly. Each must be vain and clear as bubbles of air. Behind it float spirits invisible to other men—essential forms, of whose company the seer into distance really is. He will neither heed you nor hear you; his conversation is elsewhere. And what would Senhouse do confronted with Sanchia? Would he look beyond her, at some horizon where she could never stand? Or would he not see in her blue eyes the goal of all his searching—the content of his own? What would he say but "You!" and take her? What she but sigh her content to be taken? Appeasement is holiness, says Senhouse. And what of their holy life thereafter, breast to breast, fronting the dawn? Glyde's heart, purged of his dishonesty, beat at the thought. He turned all his erotic over to the more generous emotion, and faced with glowing blood the picture of the woman he had coveted in the arms of the master he avowed.

When February began to show a hint of spring, in pairing plovers and breaking eglantine, Senhouse, in a temporary dejection, ceased work upon his poem, and Glyde said that he must know the news. All through the winter they had had little communication with the world beyond their gates. A shepherd homing from the folds, a sodden tinker and his drab, whom he touchingly cherished, a party of rabbit-shooters beating the furze-bushes, had been all their hold upon a life where men meet and hoodwink each other. Once in a week one of them ploughed through the drifts to

the cottage at the foot of the third valley, and got as he needed flour and candles, soap or matches. It had not yet occurred to either of them—to Senhouse it never did occur—to beg the sight of a newspaper. But St. Valentine's call stirred the deeps of Glyde, who now said that he must have news. He departed for Sarum and stayed away until March was in.

He returned with certain information, absorbed by Senhouse with far-sighted, patient eyes and in silence. The only indication he afforded was inscrutable. His cheek-bones twitched, flickeringly, like summer lightning about the hills.

Sanchia, Glyde said, was well and in London. She was living in a street off Berkeley Square, with an old lady who wore side-curls and shawls and drove out every afternoon in a barouche, with two stout horses and two lean men-servants. Sanchia sometimes accompanied her, stiff and pliant at once, bright-eyed and faintly colored. She was taken about to parties also, and to the opera—and very often there were parties at the old lady's house: carriage-company, and gentlemen in furred coats, who came in hansom cabs. He thought that she had suitors. There was a tall, thin man who came very often in the afternoons. He was sallow and melancholy, and wore a silk muffler day and night. Glyde thought that he was a foreigner, perhaps a Hungarian or Pole.

He had seen Sanchia often, but she could not have caught a glimpse of him. He admitted that he had haunted the house, had seen her come out and go in, knew when she dressed for dinner and when she went to bed. Long practice had acquainted him with the significance of light and darkness seen through chinks in shutters. "I know her room," he said, "and the times of her lights. She looks out over the streets towards the park twice every night. Once when she is dressed, and once before she goes to bed. It is as if she is saying her prayers. She looks long to the West, very seriously. I think her lips move. I believe that she always does it." Senhouse, who may have been listening, bowed his head to his knees, below his clasped hands.

"Twice she looked full at me without knowing me. Why should she know me now? Her pale and serious face, master, was as beautiful as the winter moon, as

remote from us and our little affairs. No words of mine can express to you the outward splendor of her neck and bosom. She was uncovered for a party at the house. In the morning she came out to walk. You know her way, how she glides rather than seems to move her feet: the oaring, even motion of a sea-bird. She walked across the park, and I followed, praising God whose image she is. On the further hill the Pole met her in his furs, and she walked with him for an hour in the sun. She had no wrap-page to hide her blissful shape. Close-fitted, erect, free-moving, gracious as a young birch-tree. Master, she is the Holy One."

"You played Peeping Tom, my ingenuous young friend," said Senhouse, who was fastidious in such matters.

But Glyde cried out: "God forbid! Are you prying when you look at the sun? Master, you need not grudge the Pole. He is nothing."

"I grudge no man anything he can get of her," said Senhouse. "He will get precisely what lies within his scope."

"He has the eyes of a rat," Glyde said.

Senhouse answered: "Rats and men alike

seek their meat of the earth. And the rats get rat-food, and the men man's food. Gaia's breasts are very large." He turned to his poem, folded his jelab about his middle, and went out over the downs. Glyde saw him no more that day, nor, indeed, till the next morning, when he found him squatted over the pipkin simmering on a fire.

The year went on its course, and windy March broke into a wet, warm April. Glyde sat at the knees of his master and imbibed learning and fundamental morality. But now and then he absented himself for a day at a time, and was understood to get news from Salisbury market. He came back one day with a newspaper. Senhouse read without falter or comment:

"A marriage is arranged, and will take place in July, between Nevile Ingram of Wanless Hall, Felsboro', Yorks, and Sanchia-Josepha, youngest daughter of Thomas Welbore Percival, of — Great Cumberland Place, W., and The Poultry, E. C."

In the night, or very early in the morning, Glyde disappeared without word or sign left behind him.

(To be continued.)

HOW ANNANDALE WENT OUT

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"THEY called it Annandale,—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale. And I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot,—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this . . . You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."



Düsseldorf river embankment.

Showing use of river for pleasure and business; also the ornamental development of promenade and river boulevard.

CITY BUILDING IN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe



KNOW of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in Germany during the past twenty years. There are none in Great Britain, from which country official delegations are constantly crossing the North Sea to study the achievements of the German city. There are none in France, in which country the building of cities has made but little progress since the achievements of Baron Haussman made Paris the beautiful city that it is.

There have been three great periods in which the building of cities inspired the thoughts and dreams of men. In the age of the Antonines the Roman people gave themselves with enthusiasm to the embellishment of their cities. The great public structures, the temples, amphitheatres, and palaces then erected have withstood the ravages of time and still remain the

wonder of subsequent centuries. During the Middle Ages the cities of Italy, France, Germany, and the Netherlands erected similar monuments expressive of the love and pride awakened by their newly obtained freedom. Now again in the twentieth century the German people are expressing their pride in the fatherland and the imperial aspirations of Germany in monuments of the same permanent character and artistic splendor. Capital cities like Berlin, Munich and Dresden, as well as more commercial cities like Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Frankfort, Cologne, Wiesbaden and Stuttgart, are vying with one another in the beautiful, the orderly, and the serviceable.

Important as is the honesty and the efficiency of the German city, it is the bigness of vision, boldness of execution, and far-sighted outlook on the future that are most amazing. Germany is building her cities as Bismarck perfected the army before Sadowa and Sedan; as the Empire is

building its war-ships and merchant-men; as she develops her waterways and educational systems. In city building, as in other matters, all science is the hand-maiden of politics. The engineer and the architect, the artist and the expert in hygiene are alike called upon to contribute to the city's making. The German cities are

Office building of the German Steel Trust,
Düsseldorf.



Department store in Düsseldorf.

man factories burrowing their way into the ports of the world, he sees as well that his people are being drawn from the countryside and into the cities. Already forty-nine per cent. of the people are living in towns, while the percentage living in cities of over one hundred thousand has increased fifty per cent. in ten years' time. Further than this, the reports of his ministers disclose to him that poverty has come in with the city; that something like eighty per cent. of the population of the larger towns are living in cellars, slums, and under unsanitary surroundings. And far-sighted statesman that he is, the Kaiser sees that his regiments and his battle-ships, no less than the mills and the factories, must be manned by strong and well-

thinking of to-morrow as well as of to-day, of the generations to follow as well as the generation that is now upon the stage. Germany alone sees the city as the centre of the civilization of the future, and Germany alone is building her cities so as to make them contribute to the happiness, health, and well-being of the people. This seems to be the primary consideration. And it is unique in the modern world.

Far-sightedness characterizes Germany in all things. The Kaiser seems to see the eagle of the Hohenzollerns not only at the head of his battalions and flying at the mast-head of his dreadnoughts, he sees not only his merchant marine challenging the supremacy of Great Britain and the Ger-

educated men. And these the city is imperilling. It is sapping the life of the people. And the Kaiser and his ministers are studying the city as they do their engines of warfare; they are thinking of human beings as well as of rifles, of producing men as well as of destroying them.

Alone among the nations of the earth, Germany is treating the new behemoth of civilization as a creature to be controlled, and made to serve rather than to impair or destroy humanity.

The German city, like our own, is the product of the last generation. Only its location, its traditions, its royal palaces and gardens are old. Düsseldorf had but 70,000 people in 1871. It now has 300,000.

Frankfort has grown from 80,000 in 1871 to 335,000 in 1905. Berlin was a capital city of but 800,000 in 1870; to-day it contains 2,099,000 people. There are thirty-three cities in Germany with a population in excess of one hundred thousand people. They contain 12,000,000 people, or twenty per cent. of the population, while the total urban population equals forty-nine per cent. of the total. The railway and the factory have created the German city as they have our own. But Germany oversees her growing cities as an architect does a structure. The liberty of the individual is not permitted to become license to the detriment of the community.

In city building, as in other things, Germany calls in her experts. If they do not already exist she creates them. Town planning has become a science, just as much a science as the building of engines. And it is treated as such. A school has recently been opened in Berlin devoted to the subject. Exhibition of things municipal and congresses of various kinds are promoted. An exhibition of town planning and city building is to be held in Berlin this year, from May to July. There has grown up a substantial literature on city building. There are experts like Stübben, Fisher, Gurlett, and Baumeister, who go from city



Street promenade in Düsseldorf.

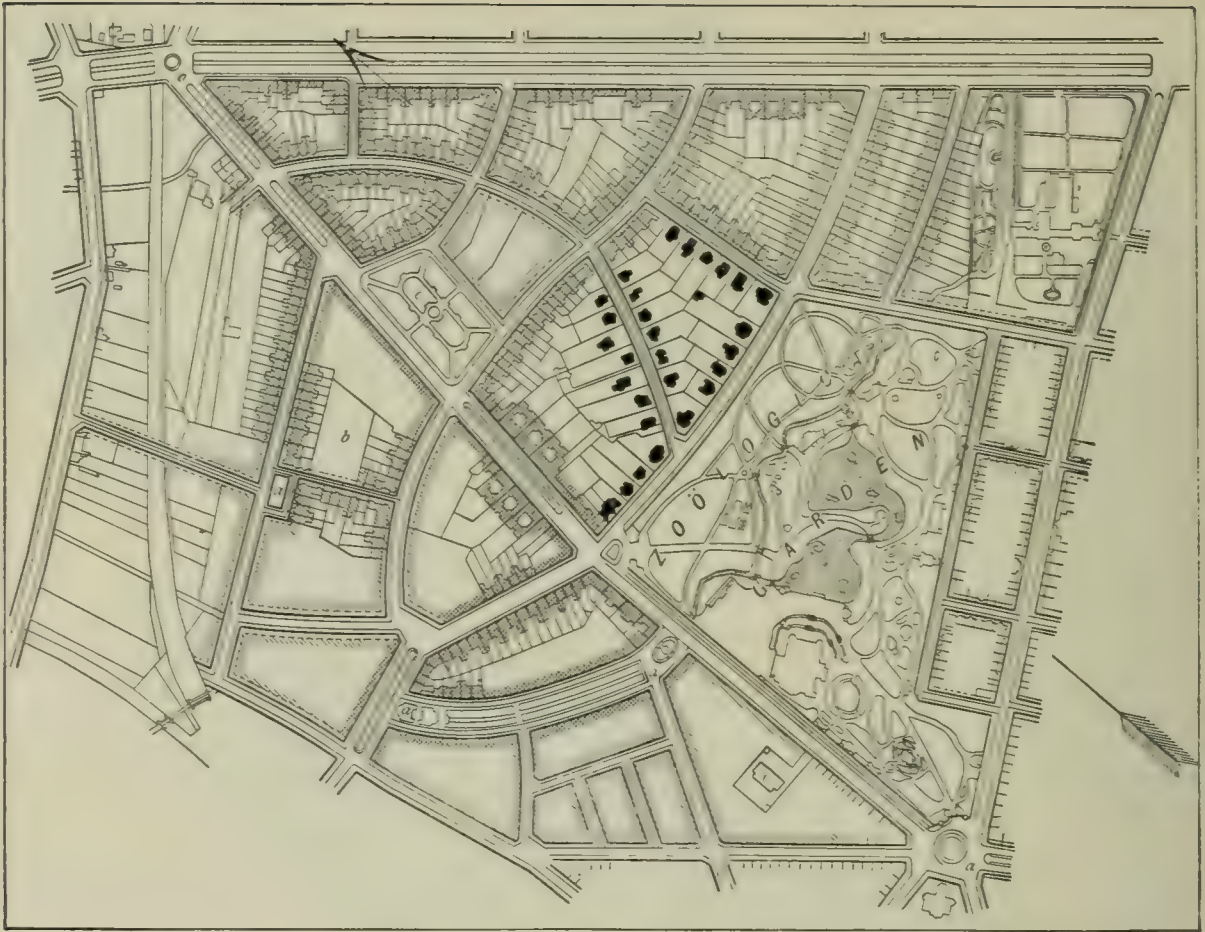
to city and consult with the local authorities on their projects. Nothing is haphazard. Nothing is left to chance. The get-rich-speculator and the jerry-builder are subordinated to the will of the community acting through its permanent and expert body of city officials.

And the German city begins at the bottom and builds up. In city building, as in the construction of a battle-ship, the keel is laid first. We recognize the necessities of a stable foundation when we erect a forty-story sky-scraper. We recognize it even in a house. But we ignore it when we build a city. There are volumes of laws and libraries of literature on the charters and the machinery for the governing of men, but there is little legislation and less literature on that which is infinitely more important, and that is the relation of the

city to its physical foundations which control all else. The problems of transportation, of light, power, heat, and water are all fundamental to city life. These services are the life blood of the community. They control its area, the density of population, the homes, the health, the morals, and, in a large sense, the industrial life of the community. We leave them to the license of the gambler and the



Old moat beautified. Düsseldorf.



Building plan of suburban allotment, Düsseldorf.

Showing method of street planning, style of house permitted, and generous allowance for open streets and boulevards. Streets are from 60 to 135 feet wide. *a*, open space at streets intersections; *b*, school sites selected in advance of building; *c*, formal public garden. Black building dots indicate that these sites are reserved for houses for one or two families. The other shadings show similar restrictions, some sites being restricted to houses for one or two families and others for two or three families, as well as indicating the type of building permitted. A large amount of space is required to be left vacant in front of and in rear of buildings. The Zoological Garden is to the right of centre.

stock-broker. But the German cities very generally own these undertakings and make them serve the people. But down below these agencies, controlling them as everything else, is the land, which, like the foundations of the structure, control its size, its appearance, its streets, its open places, its parks, its boulevards, its docks, its harbors, its homes, and its submerged tenement dwellers. The land is the controlling influence on city life.

And the German city controls the land. It does it through ownership, through taxation, and through regulation. The American city is impotent before the owner and the builder, the sky-scraper and the tenement owner. It can take but little thought of the morrow. It cannot subordinate the private to the public, elevate the beautiful above the ugly, or give a thought beyond the immediate necessities of to-day. Not until some calamity or urgent necessity strikes horror or death to the community

does the State permit the city to deal with the abuses which imperil the life of the community.

This paramountcy of private property does not exist in Germany. Humanity is first. The city enjoys some of the sovereignty of the Empire. It can promote the beautiful. It can destroy the ugly. It can protect its poor. It can educate as it wills. It can plan for the future. It can have city dreams. And the German city has dreams, dreams which are fast being visualized. The German burgomeisters are laying the foundations of the city of tomorrow as an architect lays the foundations of a forty-story sky-scraper or the designer of a World's Fair plans his play-city far in advance of its excavation.

German architects saw the obvious. They saw that the city would grow as it had in the past. So they enlarged the boundaries. They annexed suburban land. The present area of Düsseldorf, with its

300,000 people, is 29,000 acres; of Cologne with a population of 428,700, is 28,800; of Frankfort, with a population of 335,000, is 23,203.* Having enlarged its area the city was in a position to control its development, to plan for its building. It called in its architects and its engineers or it sent to a neighboring university for an expert. A plan is made of the surrounding territory, of the topography of the land, the natural advantages, the proximity to the railways,

school-houses are laid out far in advance of the city's growth? Maps of wide stretches of open country, still used as pasture-land, may be seen in the City Hall, upon which are indicated the streets, parks, and building sites—all far beyond the city limits. To this plan the owner must conform. When he places the land upon the market it must be done in harmony with the city's plan. The orderly development of the municipality is the first considera-



New type of German school-house

Playground in front.

and the probable uses to which the region will be put. The prevailing winds are studied, and factories are only permitted to locate in certain prescribed areas. In some cities they are excluded from the business and residence sections altogether. If the neighborhood is suited for manufacturing, it is dedicated to industrial uses. If it is a working-class quarter, the streets and parking are adjusted to working-men's homes. If it is suited for homes of a more expensive sort, the plan is upon a more elaborate scale.

The foresight of the city does not end here. Streets, boulevards, parks, open spaces and sites for public buildings and

tion. There can be no wild-cat speculation, no cheap and narrow streets, no jerry-building. Everything must be done as the city wills. By this means the slums and the tenement are to be exterminated. In Cologne, for instance, twenty-five per cent. of the land must be left vacant in the business section, while the building must not exceed four stories in height. In the next outer area thirty-five per cent. of the land must be unoccupied. In the third building area fifty per cent. of the land must be free and only two-story buildings erected, while in the outskirts of the city sixty per cent. must be left unoccupied. Similar restrictions are imposed in other cities. Health, beauty, and comfort stand higher than do the rights of the land speculator.

But the city does not injure the landowner. It really protects him, even aside

* The German city is far more spacious than the American city in spite of our ambitious expansion for the sake of mere population. Baltimore, with 531,313 population, has an area of but 19,303 acres; Cleveland, with 414,950 people, has but 22,180 acres, and Pittsburg, with 345,043 people, has an area of but 18,170 acres (1906).



Municipal docks in Hamburg.
Showing hoisting devices, railway yard, and harbor arrangement

from the value which the growth and development of the city create. It saves a neighborhood from tawdry building. It protects all owners from mean streets, from bad pavements, and inadequate sewers. It insures men against the greed, ignorance, or indifference of the speculator. Even the open spaces and broad thoroughfares, taken without compensation from the owner up to thirty or forty per cent. of the area, make the land which remains that much more valuable. And the city protects itself as well from the necessity of rebuilding streets, sewers, and sidewalks which have been put in by a get-rich-quick speculator.

If the owner refuses to dedicate the land required, or the building plan is not acceptable to him, legal proceedings are open to determine whether the plans are reasonable. As a matter of practice, however, real-estate owners co-operate with the city. They have found it to their interest to do so.

The planning of new territory is in harmony with the bigness and permanence of the city. The rectangular arrangement of streets, which prevails in most American cities, has been generally abandoned. So has the modification of it, by the addition of radial avenues, of which Washington is

such a conspicuous example. Irregularity has been substituted for regularity, although there is no hard and fast rule about it. Streets are laid out in sweeping curves or parabolas, as in parks or private estates. By this means recurring vistas of parking and houses are secured, as well as the maximum of light, air, and open spaces. Even in the poorer quarters this plan is pursued. This has completely revolutionized the appearance of the city.

Open spaces for parks and playgrounds are reserved at intervals within easy walking distance of almost every home. These are so numerous that one is impelled to believe they are looked upon as a necessary part of city building, as necessary as school-houses or police stations. These open spaces are very varied. Some are round, others are square; some are sunken gardens, others suggest an Italian villa. In order that they may not obstruct traffic, the open spaces are often to one side of the street. The imagination of the artist has been allowed free play in the designing of these neighborhood parks.

Many of the cities of Germany received valuable heritages in the walls, moats, and sites of the fortifications which surrounded



Type of street construction, Frankfort-on-Main.

Showing broad parking with ornamental fountains and new style of domestic architecture.

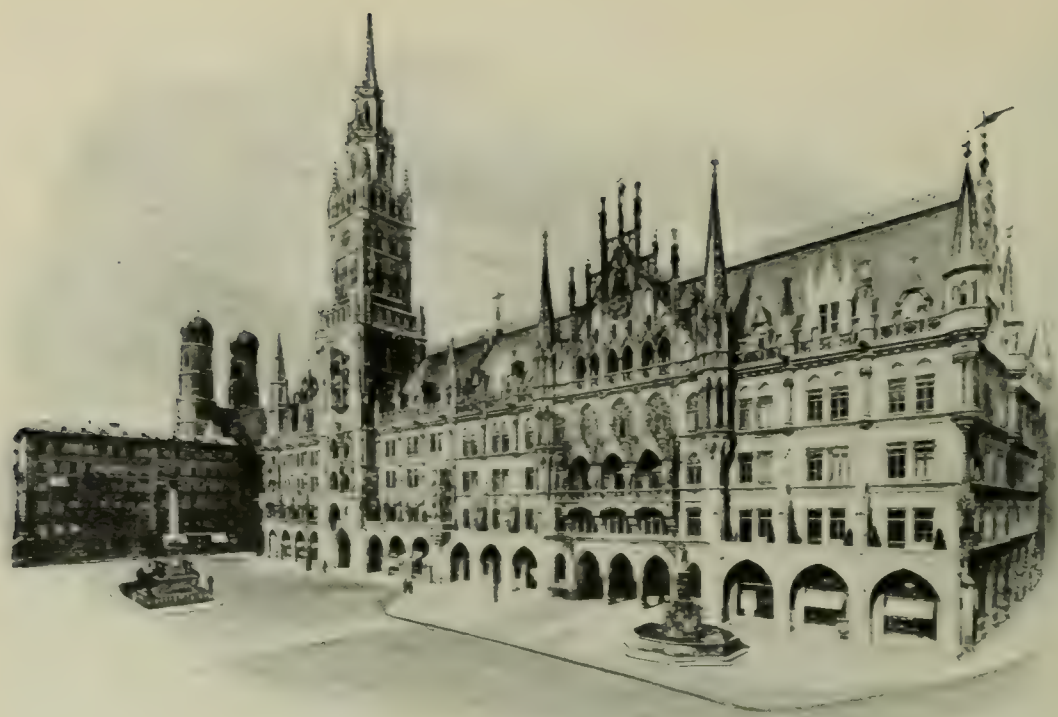
the old mediæval towns. These have been acquired from the nation and converted into parkways or Ring Strassen, which run through the city and separate the old from the new. These splendid park-like ring streets are the commanding features in the beauty of Cologne, Düsseldorf, Bremen, Frankfort, Dresden, and other cities. Vienna is the most eminent example. Cologne has two such boulevards, indicating various periods of the city's fortifications. The inner Ring Street was purchased from the nation for \$2,950,000. It is laid out in a broad parkway. In many of the cities the old moat has been preserved, while the sites of the fortifications are adorned with gardens and flowering plants, with public structures and statuary.

In addition to the ring streets, the new areas which have been added have broad avenues from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, which form the main arteries of the section. The sidewalks are of ample width. Then comes an asphalt or macadam driveway. Then a sodded space is reserved for street-railway tracks on one side and for a bridle-path on the other. In the centre is a broad mall for pedestrians. The mall is bordered with trees and flowers.

There are chairs and benches. These parkways are resting-places or play-grounds for the neighborhood. At intervals there are formal flower gardens and statuary, fountains and shelters. Radiating out from these boulevards and main arteries are smaller streets which are planned on a less elaborate scale. But even these are broad and shaded and intersected with occasional parkings.

This same far-sighted wisdom, which plans boulevards, streets, and open spaces far in advance of the city's needs, characterizes the workmanship of the streets as well. A large area is undertaken at once. The city is not made to conform to the grade of the district. The district is made to conform to the grade of the city. I have seen great areas of from one-half to a mile square in which a fill was required of from eight to fifteen feet. Tracks are laid from the neighboring railway to make the fill, and the streets are constructed high in the air. Sewers are not of the temporary crock type. They are adequate for a century to come. Gas, water, telephone, and electric mains are laid at the same time and connections made to the curb.

The sewer is in the centre of the street,



City Hall, Munich.
Style dating from Middle Ages.

but the gas, water, electric light, telephone, and other conduits are usually placed under the sidewalks close up to the building line. It is not necessary to block the streets and tear up the pavement in order to get access to them. Once completed, the streets need never be disturbed. All this work is done by the city. The owner may not develop the territory as he sees fit. Nor can war-
ring companies tear up the street for the installation of pipes or conduits. When the houses have been built the street is faced with asphalt, macadam, or stone, as may be required by the locality.

All this is financed in a sensible way. No individual could pay for the development of such a large area. So the city advances the cost for the entire development at a low rate of interest, and carries the cost as a lien until the land has been built upon. Then the frontage cost, together with the interest charges, is assessed against the lot owner who pays at a time when it is most convenient for him to do so. By such comprehensive development great economies are effected in construction, in the carrying charges, as well as in the subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city.

This outlook on the future characterizes

other matters as well. The city buys land for school-houses, police and fire stations, and playgrounds far in advance of its needs. The city buildings are so located as to harmonize with the surroundings and where possible developed into a city centre. There is nothing temporary and illogical. Parks, boulevards, public structures, school-houses, docks, and pleasure resorts all fit into one another like the granite blocks of a public building, quarried possibly in Vermont but laid in place, without the touch of a chisel, a thousand miles away.

The German city is being built as the kings of an earlier age or the rich burghers of mediæval Italy embellished their capital cities. It measures its wealth by its population and its tax duplicate. And it homes itself accordingly. It groups its public structures about a central plan so as to secure the maximum of architectural effect. It calls upon the architects of the country to compete with plans. It razes whole areas if necessary to secure proper vistas or a fine outlook. It adjusts the architecture to the traditions or style of the town. In Berlin there is the Lustgarten, about which are grouped the Royal Palaces, the Cathedral, the Art Gallery, the National Library, the University, the Opera House,

and the Museum. Out from this centre the spacious Unter den Linden extends to the Brandenburger Gate, surmounted with the Quadriga of charioted horses taken from Paris. About the new Reichstag building is another wonderful group of buildings, with the Bismarck Denkmal, the statue of Moltke, and the Sieges Säule, at the head of the magnificent Sieges Allee, which traverses the Tiergarten and is flanked on either side with statues of all of the Brandenburg rulers. At the entrance to Charlottenburg is the wonderful new Charlottenburg bridge, while within the city are various open spaces adorned with splendid memorials of war and of peace.

Every large city has one or more such show places, many of them heritages of an earlier day, many of them very modern. There is the Brühl Terrace in Dresden, "the Balcony of Europe," with its boulevard prospect far above the River Elbe. There is also the Zwinger, with the Art Gallery, the Opera House, and the Royal Palaces. In Düsseldorf there is the König's Allee, in Frankfort the Goethe Platz and Römerberg, about the old City Hall. There are the wonderful vistas of Munich, which greet one at every turn, and the magnificent Ring Strasse of Vienna with its group of public structures.

The railway stations open into spacious plazas, adorned with flower beds and

flanked with hotels and public buildings which conform to a uniform style. The City of Frankfort purchased a number of old buildings surrounding the City Hall and dating from mediæval times, and restored them to their original style in order to preserve the harmony of the surroundings. In Copenhagen the city gives a substantial prize each year to the architect who produces the most beautiful structure and harmonizes it most perfectly with the old. Düsseldorf either erected or aided in the erection of monumental structures for the German Steel Trust and the department store of Tietz. These business structures, built according to city designs, are ornamented with sculpture, paintings, and mosaics, and suggest great modern palaces rather than business premises. In Frankfort the city has just completed a great exposition hall capable of holding fifteen thousand people, where industrial, art, and other exhibitions can be held, where great conventions can assemble and monster concerts be given. The cost of the building ran into millions of dollars, but the city will realize a return in the business which it brings to the city, no less than in the happiness and pleasure of the people. Munich has a similar permanent exposition group containing a new theatre, an auditorium, a great hall for exhibits, and a summer garden for concerts.



Station of elevated railway, Berlin.

Showing artistic construction of station and supporting columns.

The German city is being built on a scale of generosity which halts at no expense. Its public-school buildings rival in splendor the best modern buildings of our great universities. And the equipment is of the same order. I know of no public schools, even in New York or Boston, that seem as costly in their construction or more complete in every detail than those of a half-dozen German cities. They contain assembly rooms and vestibules of the most

ness signs are of an inoffensive sort. There are no telegraph or telephone wires overhead. There are no obtruding street-railway tracks under foot. All tracks are of girder-groove pattern and so close to the pavement that they offer no obstruction to traffic. The pavements are as smooth as a floor and the tracks are kept in perfect repair.

Upon the streets at regular intervals are signs indicating where the car stops and



Vista across the canals which intersect the city of Berlin.

The building is the Kaiser Friedrich Museum.

artistic sort, while the gymnasiums and provisions for recreation are equal to those of the best schools in America. And when we consider the relative poverty of the German people and the burdens of taxation for war and armaments, the attitude of our own cities toward these matters seems positively parsimonious and niggardly.

Beauty is promoted in small things as well as in great. Private interests are not permitted to disfigure the city or inconvenience the public. Bill-boards are prohibited or limited to the outskirts. Busi-

ness signs are of an inoffensive sort. There are no telegraph or telephone wires overhead. There are no obtruding street-railway tracks under foot. All tracks are of girder-groove pattern and so close to the pavement that they offer no obstruction to traffic. The pavements are as smooth as a floor and the tracks are kept in perfect repair.

one may not enter or alight at any other place. Similar signs point out the destination, while the cars themselves carry numbers which indicate their routes. At regular intervals there are waiting-rooms for passengers, while many cities have erected artistic clock towers in conspicuous places in the city.

There is art in everything. Not only art but foresight, intelligence, and common-sense. The German city assumes that those who use the streets have a right to be protected from the ugly as much as from any other nuisance.



New bridge connecting Tiergarten, Berlin, with Charlottenburg.

Every bit of water is jealously preserved and developed, whether it be an old moat, an inland lake, a little stream, or a river front. Water frontage is deemed a priceless possession, and it has proved so to a dozen cities. It is not permitted to pass into private hands. The Alsterlust, a freshwater lake in the heart of Hamburg, is the centre of the city's life. About it the business as well as the pleasure of the city moves. The cities of Bremen and Düsseldorf have parked the moats, which surrounded the old portions of these cities. They are the chief features of the city's beauty.

The prescience of the German city is seen in the harbor and canal development which has taken place in recent years. There is keen competition among the Rhine towns. And their phenomenal growth is largely due to the intelligent way in which they have encouraged business by the development of water transportation. Thought in America is obsessed with the idea that the laws of commerce are like the laws of nature. We assume that they cannot be controlled or aided by man. Transportation must be left to private control. There is no such assumption in Germany. The reverse is true. Germany takes it as a matter of course that many things must be done by the state in order to protect its life and develop industry. The highways of commerce, both by rail and by water,

are the best assets of the nation. Through their intelligent administration trade and commerce have been stimulated. The cities, too, have demonstrated that commerce is ruled by convenience and cheapness. Berlin is intersected by canals, in the face of the fact that the nation owns the railways and makes them as serviceable as possible for industry. Hamburg and Bremen are free ports of entry into which the merchandise of all the world is shipped in bulk. Here it is permitted to lie without tax or duty awaiting export or entry into the country. Frankfort, Cologne, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, and other Rhine towns have become metropolitan cities by the development of their water fronts, by the building of docks and wharves, hydraulic devices and machinery for the economical and expeditious handling of water freight. Duisburg is one of the centres of the coal and lumber trade. Its population has grown from 41,000, in 1880, to 105,000, in 1905, through the great docks which it built. It is one of the centres of the Lower Rhine trade and the great industrial region of the Rhine provinces.

Düsseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles. Up to a few years ago the river frontage was but little used. Much of it was marsh land. This the city reclaimed. Here its architects laid out a broad esplanade and parkway. It is flanked with an Art Exposition building and public

buildings. Upon the water front are landing stages for passenger boats, rowing clubs, and light summer craft. The whole work is designed to permit the use of river for traffic as well as for pleasure.

In America water fronts are dedicated to one thing or the other. If they are used for business purposes they have no value for pleasure. Beauty is ignored. This is

vators, and storehouses, all connected with one another by rail. The docks of a German city are great terminal systems equipped with every convenience for even the smallest shipper. By virtue of these works the trade of Düsseldorf increased three hundred per cent. in ten years' time. And within a very short time the improvement will yield a profit from out the rentals of the enterprise.



Spacious street construction, Charlottenburg.

not true in Germany. Business is made to adjust itself to art, pleasure, recreation, and use by the whole community. The harbor proper in Düsseldorf is more than a mile in length. It is divided into great basins for various kinds of freight. There is one for coal, another for lumber, another for grain, another for petroleum, another for general merchandise. There is no confusion and no dirt. Tracks are laid along the embankments in connection with the railways and the street-railway systems. There are hoisting devices, equipped with the latest electrical and hydraulic machinery, for the expeditious handling of every kind of freight. This is all done by the city and owned by it. It is all as complete and symmetrical as a machine, and the cost of transshipment is reduced to a minimum. Here are erected warehouses, ele-

The harbor development of Frankfurt is even more wonderful. The city lies upon the River Main, which was not navigable for Rhine traffic. But this consideration did not deter the city. It borrowed \$18,000,000. It proceeded to deepen the River Main for several miles, so that large boats could come to its doors. It erected docks and handling devices. Its harbor traffic increased one thousand two hundred per cent. in nine years' time. The first harbor became inadequate and a far more elaborate programme has been entered on. One thousand one hundred and eighty acres of land were purchased. One-fourth of this was laid out in streets, railways, and embankments. Water basins of 110 acres are being excavated. The navigable shores are nine miles in length. They are connected with thirty-five miles

of railway tracks built by the state and the city. The cost of the land alone was \$6,000,000. The construction cost was \$12,000,000 more. But Frankfort expects to reimburse itself for the outlay by the resale of the surplus land acquired. Seven hundred and twenty acres have been retained for sale or lease for factory sites. Here is to be the industrial centre of the city, with mills, factories, and warehouses, all connected with railway sidings, so that the smallest producer will have the cheapest sort of service.

But industry involves workmen, and workmen must have homes. And if they are efficient they must have good homes. So the city, which owns its tram lines, has extended them into the suburbs. It will carry the working-men by fast and cheap suburban service into the surrounding villages where land and rents are cheap. Upon a large tract of land owned by the city municipal dwellings will be erected to be rented at a moderate cost. In another section of the region five hundred and fifty dwellings, to accommodate from two to four families each, will be built. And in close proximity to this new harbor a great working-man's park is being laid out with opportunity for every sort of recreation.

Thus these cities build. Frankfort is one of the most wonderful of the German cities. But its far-sighted and comprehensive vision is but typical of others. For the German city controls its physical foundations; it is not controlled by them. It subordinates property to humanity; it permits the freest possible play of individual initiative so long as the individual does not interfere with the common weal. At the same time it reserves to itself the right to determine where the freedom of the individual must end and the activity of the city begin; and when the city does make an investment it keeps for itself as large a portion of the speculator's profit as it can. It pays for its parks and its boulevards, its docks and its wharves from out the resale of surplus land which it acquires in excess of its needs. And now Prussia has adopted the same principle in canal construction. An inland water-way is to be constructed from Hanover to the Rhine for the purpose of opening up this region to industry. For half a mile on either side of the right of way the land is to be taken

by the state and held until the canal is completed. Then it is to be sold or leased for business or dwelling purposes and the cost of the undertaking paid for as near as possible out of the profits. At the same time manufactures will be supplied with cheap sites and the population of the great cities will be given an opportunity to re-house itself under hygienic and state supervised surroundings.

German cities recognize the controlling influence of the land on the life of the community. And they have become great landlords. Frankfort with a population of less than four hundred thousand owns 12,800 acres of land within its boundaries and 3,800 acres without. Within the past ten years the city has expended \$50,000,000 in the purchase of land alone. The land which it owns is almost exactly equal to the area occupied by the cities of Pittsburg or Baltimore, each of which has a considerably greater population. Cologne owns fifteen and a half square miles, exclusive of many open spaces. The town of Breslau, with a population about the size of Cleveland, Ohio, owns twenty square miles of land or 12,800 acres. But Berlin is the greatest landlord of them all. That city owns 39,000 acres, mostly outside of the city, while Munich owns 13,600 acres and Strasburg 12,000 acres. German cities also possess great forests. They are constantly adding to their possessions. There are, in fact, 1,500 smaller towns and villages in Germany which derive so much revenue from the lands which they own that they are free from all local taxes. Five hundred of these communities are not only free from all local taxes, but are able to declare a dividend of from \$25 to \$100 a year to each citizen as his share of the surplus earnings of the common lands.

The motive of all this beauty, harmony, business enterprise, and foresight is so obvious to the German that he cannot comprehend why it should be questioned. "Why does a merchant erect a fine store-room or build himself a mansion?" he asks. The German city thinks as an individual thinks about his business and his home. A finished city attracts people. It brings manufactures and business. People choose a beautiful city as a place of residence. Visitors make pilgrimages to it. Well-educated children make better citi-

zens, better artisans. The street railways, gas works, docks, and other enterprises pay their way. They even make money. But more than this, they are a necessary part of the city, and of course they should be owned by it. If it be suggested that all this is socialistic, the German business man shrugs his shoulders and says: "It may be, but it is good business." It is much better than good business; it is good statesmanship. A people take on the color of their city as a chameleon takes on the color of its habitat. People are in a large measure what the city makes them. This is

obvious to the stranger. If any one doubts the psychological influence of city environment, he need only spend a few days in the dirt-begrimed cities of the Elberfeld-Barmen-Essen district, the centre of the great industrial region of Germany, and then visit the clean, thoroughly artistic "Garden City" of Düsseldorf, but an hour's journey away, to be convinced that all this pays. It pays not only in the current coin of commerce, but in the refinement, the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the outlook on life of the poorest citizen.

THE CANDID FRIEND

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES



IMMONS never went into the writing-room of the club; the association was too painful. But to-night, with the courage born of an approaching crisis, he came and stood a moment in the doorway, and looked at the corner writing-table. There, two years ago, with the help of that spotless blotting-paper, with those clean gray pens, looking out over these same housetops from the windows of this quiet upper room, he had committed one of those blunders which are as unexpected, as illogical, and as irretrievable as death.

He had written two letters:

"MY DEAR MARK: You are quite wrong in thinking me such a narrow-minded bachelor that I cannot see that for some men with the right sort of woman, marriage is the best sort of life. I hope it may be so for you.
L. S."

And then, drawing a larger sheet to him, he had written:

"DEAR WICKES: If a fellow wrote to tell you that he was the victim of a slow disease, now in its incipient stages, which would eventually blind him and deafen

him, and keep him confined to one small, ill-furnished room, no one would expect you to write him a letter of congratulation. Yet this is what I have just had to do. The best friend I have in the world is going to be married, and, ye gods! to such a woman! If I saw her now for the first time I should probably think her a perfect mate, and envy my friend his future; for she is young, beautiful, virtuous, rich, well-born. But unhappily she happens to be my cousin. I have watched her grow up, and I know that those clear blue eyes of hers see only one thing, and that is on which side the lovely Gertrude's bread is buttered; that her ears hear nothing but what it pleases her to hear. I know one might as well try to roll water into a ball as to influence her sweet docility to do anything it does not want to do. She can be generous, but she cannot admit an obligation. She can be kind, but the world must hear of it. I have known her sit up all night to nurse a sick servant; and a few days after, because the woman was not sufficiently grateful, give her a reference that would keep her out of work for the rest of her life. My friend will prosper. He will soon begin to find himself knowing the people it will be of advantage to him to know, and, even more important, strange impalpable

obstacles will intervene between him and those of us who are of no use. Perhaps you will say that this woman must at least have brains. You will be wrong. This is something more effective and dangerous than brains; it is egotism. No mind could conceive such subtle plans as the egotist instinctively and almost unconsciously carries out. No intelligent villain would dare to stoop as low as the successful self-deceiver. There never was such a protection against having anything brought home to you as to be perfectly self-deprecatory in speech, and perfectly self-righteous at heart.

"Within a few years one of two things will happen. Either my friend will learn to understand her and loathe her in his good, honest soul; or else he will adopt her point of view and speak her language. He will justify her, as men do who marry liars, by saying that we must not expect so high a standard of honor from women as we do from men. He will say, as men do who have deliberately chosen fools, that the last thing in the world he desires in a wife is intellectual companionship; and he will tell me that woman is an ideal being living in a mist on a mountain-top, as all men do who dare not subject the women they love to the simplest tests of reality. Some men, of course, can live in a cloud too, but I don't think this one can. With an unusually considerate and affectionate nature, he combines an excessively keen and relentless judgment. He never went in much for the analysis of character, but I used to notice, even when we were at college, that in a critical moment he understood men more wisely and more precisely than we, who thought we were more psychological.

"Oh, Wickes, only the blind can say it makes no difference whom a man marries. Does it make no difference in the first place whom he chooses? And after that, the question is merely whether he repudiates his debts or ruins himself in paying them.

"I never was glad before that you had settled ten thousand miles away, but it is almost like writing to the dead. Good-night,
LEWIS SIMMONS."

Having written without pausing, he first hesitated whether to send the letter at all, and then, in contempt of all hesitation, he

gathered them both up, folded, directed, and posted them, and realized an hour afterward that he had interchanged the envelopes. He was in the smoking-room when his memory gave him back the picture of his mistake, and a minute later he heard Mark's voice at his elbow, saying pleasantly:

"I thought I might find you here."

Simmons managed to look up, and to say with the deliberateness of a man roused from profound thought: "And how do you happen to be off duty at five o'clock in the afternoon?"

The other laughed. "So you have read my letter. Well, it is characteristic of you to see matrimony even in prospect as a new form of bondage; and yet, as a matter of fact, I am more my own man than I ever was before."

Simmons did not answer at once. For the first time in his life he had felt that he would rather see any one in the world than his friend. The next instant he realized that this accidental interview was in truth a priceless boon. He was speaking to Mark perhaps for the last time; it was like a death-bed parting to him, rendered all the more solemn by Mark's complete unconsciousness. He felt the restless desire, which most of us experience only after death has cut us off, to tell his friend how dear he was to him. It was a tone, however, which he knew he could not take, and he talked resolutely on other topics, succeeding so well that Mark lingered on and on, obviously enjoying himself. When at length he rose, Simmons rose too.

"Mark," he said, "I have just written you a letter."

The other looked up. "Nothing very unusual in that, is there?"

"Yes," answered Simmons, "for I sent it to a fellow in Manila, whereas I have just posted to your address a letter I did not intend for you."

"Well," said Mark, "I'll send it back."

"That was my first idea when you came in here, to ask you to return it unread—to impress on your mind that I did not want you to read it. But as I sat here I understood that such a promise, such a situation between you and me, would be as much of a barrier as anything could be. Now I have a different solution. I want you to promise me to read it, but not to read it

for two years. Let us say two years from to-night. This is the eleventh of February, isn't it? We shall meet here—I don't mean we sha'n't meet in the mean time just as usual—but two years from to-night we shall meet to discuss my letter, or else not at all."

Mark looked at him gravely. "This is all very mysterious to me," he said, "but of course, I will do anything you want, and as for this letter, I'll put it in the fire just as soon as I get it if you prefer."

"On the contrary," said Simmons, "I prefer, on the whole, that you should read it—two years from to-night. Put it away, and enter a note in your engagement-book to that effect."

Mark took out his pocket-book obediently, but as he put it back, he could not suppress a smile. "Of course, I know what it is," he said. "A philippic against matrimony. Don't you think you take your pen a trifle seriously?"

"You can tell me in two years."

Yet after he was alone, Simmons had asked himself whether in taking such great risks as he was taking he would not have done better to ask for a five-year reprieve. In five years Mark would either have become so entirely the creature of Gertrude as to be thoroughly implacable; or else he would have found her out. Two years was a short time for love to change into knowledge, or for a man to lay down his individuality. Yet the idea of his own suffering had warned him to make the period as short as possible.

As a matter of fact he had not found the time so very painful. He had continued to see Mark, if not as often, at least in just about the same way, though rarely at Mark's own house. Simmons could never be sure whether this were by Mark's own wish, or because Gertrude, with the wonderful protective instinct of the egotist, recognized him as a hostile force. She was always cordial to him, and even in public made play with the men's friendship.

"It is a dreadful thing," she had once observed to a group of people standing about after dinner, "it is a dreadful thing to marry your cousin's best friend—you feel they know so much when they talk you over."

"My dear Gertrude," Simmons had answered, "I don't suppose Mark and I ever talked you over in our lives."

"No," said Mark; "for, strange as it may seem, a man does not discuss his wife."

Simmons's heart sank. There it was, Mark and Gertrude were not two individuals; they were now that mysterious entity, man and wife. One did not certainly criticise one's wife; one did not stand up for her; one simply did not discuss her.

And it was this standard of matrimonial honor which Simmons, an irretrievable bachelor, saw he had left out of his calculation when he had insisted on his solution of the incident. He had been right enough in thinking that Mark could forgive him for criticising the woman he loved if he had come to see the justice of the criticism, or even possibly if he had not. But there was another element: the conventional demands of the situation. On a desert island their friendship might have gone on unbroken, but in the midst of a civilization in which matrimony was still an institution Mark could not go on in intimacy with the man who had written that letter.

And whenever Simmons saw Gertrude—saw her light-blue eyes, clear as little crystal bubbles, when he noted how feminine was her charm, how appealing every curve of her soft, slim figure, he saw that she was completely armed against any attack.

Again, sometimes when she got more than usually on his nerves, when her high motives for small deeds were more than usually emphasized, or when her ability to squeeze a topic dry of the last drop of flattery to her own personality was more than usually conspicuous, Simmons would think with a sort of fierce joy of that unopened letter.

Throughout those two years he had watched Mark with the anxious, unobtrusive attention one gives to an invalid, to see which way the crisis will turn; and, to do Simmons justice, he was not sure which way he wanted the crisis to turn. To have seen Gertrude in anything like the colors in which Simmons saw her would have been to a man like Mark the complete wreck of his happiness. On the other hand, how could he go on being blind and retain his own integrity of judgment? For Mark had the wisdom that comes not so much from intellect as from perception. He had had the courage ever since he was a boy to take without the alleviations of self-deception



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

While they were speaking Gertrude herself came in, looking like an angel.—Page 618.

whatever suffering his own actions had brought him. Simmons had spoken of the egotist's instinct for self-protection. Mark was entirely without this instinct. His reward was the singular clearness of his vision.

For two years Simmons had watched his friend and had seen little to lead him to either hypothesis. Of one thing only he was sure: whatever Gertrude might have accomplished in other ways, she had not lessened the friendship between the two men. Once, when a shooting-trip they had arranged was abandoned at the last moment, on account of a mysterious illness of Gertrude's from which she recovered as soon as all the arrangements had been unmade, Simmons had suspected that Mark had had a flash of comprehension.

He himself had felt uncertain about Gertrude from the beginning. She had been far too enthusiastic when the plan was first suggested, and had uttered one terribly alarming sentence about Mark's feeling perfectly free to come and go just as he had before he was married. So when Simmons stopped at the house in the afternoon before they were to start, he was not surprised to find Mark unstrapping his guns. He was looking very serious.

"I've been trying to telephone you, Lewis," he said. "I can't go. Gertrude's ill."

"Not dangerously, I hope."

"No, I don't think so. She has some trouble with her ear which seems to be frightfully painful. I did not see the doctor myself, but she tells me he says that it is very unlikely that any operation will be necessary. She urges me to go."

"I see," said Simmons, and dropped the time-tables slowly into the fire. He yielded instantly because he knew Gertrude. Her methods were rarely active. She was not often forced to oppose the march of events, for things she disapproved of seldom came anywhere near happening. If she had been driven to anything so overt as an ear-ache, she was in a formidable mood. But he wondered a little at Mark's unquestioning obedience. It might, of course, be affection, but then again it might be mere weariness of the spirit—a realization as acute as his own that one opposed Gertrude only when prepared to fight to the death.

While they were speaking Gertrude herself came in, looking like an angel.

"I hope you are telling him that he must go," she said brightly, "for I shall be quite well to-morrow. I have made up my mind to that; it is all arranged. And if, after all, there should have to be a little operation, those kind doctor men will take just as good care of me as if Mark were at home, and I do so want him to go away and enjoy himself for a little while."

If Mark had been a mere acquaintance, Simmons would have studied his expression during this speech with a good deal of interest; but, as it was, mere decency made him turn his eyes away, and after a pause he observed:

"Well, I'll telegraph and give up our places. And I hope you will be better to-morrow, Gertrude."

She protested that she would be entirely well, or at least out of intense pain; and, indeed, the next day when he came to ask after her, he found her recovered. It was then too late to take advantage of the holiday.

"I shall never forgive you, Lewis," she said, "for not having made Mark go. Now he has missed his trip for nothing. I told you I should be well to-day."

If that letter had not been hanging over his head, Simmons would, perhaps, have suggested that to gain a knowledge of so peculiar a constitution as Gertrude's it was well worth losing a shooting-trip; but as it was, he was discreetly silent, and it was Mark who answered:

"It wasn't a question for Lewis to decide. It was impossible for me to go from the moment you told me you were suffering." And to Simmons's overstrained ear even this speech suggested a complete understanding.

When they were alone he allowed himself to throw out one feeler. "I wish," he said, "that by some telepathic suggestion I could have cured Gertrude twelve hours earlier."

"Yes," said Mark, "but I don't think this was a case where telepathy would have worked." Simmons glanced at him quickly, but his face said nothing more than his words.

Several times in the course of the next few days Simmons heard Gertrude tell how Mark had given up his trip just be-



Drawn by F. Graham Coates

And Simmons recognized in that straight, bold, steady glance, the look of a man who is lying.—Page 620.

cause she had a little bit of a pain in her ear. There was but little variety in the replies she received. Would any one go who had the privilege of staying? Each time the point of view seemed to strike Gertrude with a new surprise. Each time Mark, playing his part in the background, smiled his sweet, vague smile, which to the casual always seemed to say whatever it was called on to say; but to Simmons, who had observed it for fifteen years, it seemed to conceal, as it had always concealed even better than language, the depths of Mark's thoughts.

Not once in the course of these two years had the eleventh of February been mentioned, yet on that night Simmons went to the club with the most perfect confidence that Mark would keep his appointment.

Nine, ten, eleven struck, however, and his confidence waned. The strain of uncertainty changed to the depression of despair. After all, Mark's failing to come would be the most complete of answers, and perhaps the least painful. Simmons saw how characteristic it was of his friend's nature to spare him a personal explanation.

At a quarter to twelve he rose to go, three hours of waiting making the hour seem later than it was, and on the stairs met

Mark. He was resplendent in evening dress and whistling softly to himself.

"I've just seen the most perfect performance of 'Tristan,'" was his greeting.

Simmons, with his heart in his mouth, stood on the stairs and discussed music, until he reached the limit of his self-control. He interrupted a long sentence ruthlessly.

"You did not remember that you had an appointment here with me?" Mark looked at him inquiringly, and he pursued: "You have not read my letter?"

"A letter? When did you write to me?"

"Two years ago."

Mark's face lit up. "Of course, my dear fellow, I am so sorry. I meant to tell you before. The other day I was destroying a lot of old papers, and somehow or other this portentous letter of yours got burnt with the rest. Was it very important?"

"Was it burnt unread?" asked Simmons.

Mark had been looking at the floor, and after this question continued to do so for a second. Then looking his friend in the eye, he answered:

"Yes, unread."

And Simmons recognized in that straight, bold, steady glance the look of a man who is lying.

THE MAZARIN BIBLE

THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED FROM MOVABLE TYPE

By Frederic Fairchild Sherman

How brave these pages are where, row on row,
The type in lines unbroken moves to-day,
An army that has won the world away
From Ignorance without a single blow!
The host of God, its endless victories show
How powerless are the hands of men to stay
The march of Truth, advancing, not to slay
But save them who their peril do not know.

Here where they first were marshaled into line
And started forth beneath the flag Divine
To fight the bloodless battles of the Lord
They triumph still, as in that far off past,
A mighty army that will yet outlast
Long centuries the cannon and the sword!

STUBBS'S PRINCIPAL

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS



IN the Clinch family, for many generations, the men have written C. E. after their names; and since our specializing days, not only C. E., but M. E., E. M., or E. E., Ch. E., or Met. E. or even El. Met.

But after all, it was given to the shrewdest old C. E. in the family, Colonel Dabney Clinch—whose degree was made in France, and whose colonelcy dates from the Civil War—to conceive that forceful idea which has made all Clinches of whatever engineering branch closely interdependent, and has unified a widely scattered family.

It was twenty-five years ago that this wise head of his house recognized the commercial value of the family inclination, and loving brothers and cousins, their sons and his own, second only to his profession, had formed the Clinch Engineering and Contracting Company—its head-quarters in the big Southern city with which the family had always been identified.

"The great *Cinch* Company," his youngest brother's son, Dabney 2d, had remarked gleefully, as he wandered home from Tech one year, when jobs for youthful graduates were few, and had presented himself to his President. His uncle had smiled, but had sent him in August down to Cienfuegos, where he stood on a dock, under a corrugated iron roof, and checked shipments of castings for a light railway the Company was building into some sugar plantations.

Yet, if the practical old gentleman had any favorites in his family—which he would have denied—he was especially tender toward those who bore his name.

They were his fourth son, Dabney Junior, whose work was tunnelling, and who was now piercing the mountains of a neighboring State for the South Western's cut-off; Dabney 2d, whose Cienfuegos experience, followed by many others equally corrosive, had long since taught reverence for the Company's name, and Dabney Junior's

son, Dabney 3d, who was now five feet ten, and had just completed his course at his preparatory school.

Long before those salad days ended for each young Clinch, the choice of his technical college became a subject for the Company's solicitude. But thus far the third Dabney had evaded all attempts to determine his preferences, and, on the question of his future, had maintained a provoking silence.

Particularly since the absence of the boy's father, the grandfather had been drawn more closely to this youthful namesake. When his own boys were young, he had been too busy scratching a living out of a reconstructed South to enjoy their companionship; but now that there was money to spare and leisure enough, with his grandson he made fresh entry into the charmed country of youthful enthusiasms,—the more seductive because, since grandmother Clinch's death, the old man had begun to realize the tenuity of his own hold. He liked, too, to watch in this boy the development of the Clinch characteristics, for there was more than a mere physical resemblance between the two—the old man and the younger: each had the same pride of race, the same dignity of bearing, the same directness of speech.

But, notwithstanding their intimate moments, vainly had the Colonel tried to elicit some response to the subject nearest his heart—this boy's future. Vainly had the father, detained by the vicissitudes of his enterprise, written his advice. Vainly had his masters urged a superior preparation, the demands of technical schools being various. Vainly had the younger cousins—holding briefs for Stevens or Sheffield, Lawrence or Lehigh, Tech or Cornell—argued and admonished. The boy would not commit himself.

Now the women of the family were whispering, "Such latitude had never been permitted *their* boys," and the younger men said openly: "Little Dab would have all

sorts of a time dotting off no preliminaries and taking all of his entrance *somewhere* in the fall."

Finally, on the evening of the boy's birthday—the family having assembled at Grandfather Clinch's for the customary celebration—he carried his perplexity to the lad's mother, who had been in the mountains with her husband for some weeks, but was home now for this festive occasion.

Pretty little Sallie Clinch was the one daughter-in-law in the family who had not assumed the protective coloration of the Clinches. She was not only Dabney Junior's wife, and the mother of Dabney 3d, but she was the sole surviving child of her father-in-law's dear friend, the late Admiral Edney, U. S. N. The Colonel had great confidence in her quick judgment, for she possessed that bird wit, alert and intuitive, which is often the attribute of so many small women.

"Yes, Sallie, our boy's eighteen," he said to her, as she entered the dining-room on his arm, stifling a sigh over the encroaching years, and their inevitable separations. "He should be thinking of his career."

He drew out the seat of honor—Grandmother Clinch's high-backed chair—at the great mahogany table.

"You may be sure he is thinking, father, a great deal more than any one gives him credit for," she reassured him. Sallie sat down and felt with one tiny slippered foot for the cushion under the table.

The Colonel's tall figure bent interrogatively. "Perhaps he has confided in you, my dear?"

"Not a syllable."

"Nor in me—and I've given him every chance."

Little Mrs. Sallie flinched, for she dearly loved her father-in-law, but her faith in her handsome son never wavered. She looked up brightly into the Colonel's face: "Why is every one forcing him, father? You Clinches tell, when you make up your minds."

Grandfather Clinch turned away. Sallie had been disappointingly impractical. He recalled the same trait now in her father. As if any Clinch of eighteen couldn't make up his mind! Then, too, the other relatives who were trooping in, in gay disorder, yet awaited his disposal.

He had old-fashioned ideas about anniversaries, especially the birthdays, collecting as many of the family as he could, to celebrate them in his old-fashioned way. The women might wince, but always there was enshrined in the centre of his table a decorated birthday cake with its halo of tell-tale lights; and, after supper was over, when conversation flagged and the candles flared low, one by one they were extinguished, with a birthday wish.

It had never seemed to the Colonel a gentler custom than on this particular evening, as he looked benignly down the two long rows of joyous faces—faces, many of them, the counterparts of those looking down from the walls—whose smiles were reflected in the shining old glass and quaintly patterned silver.

What a family it had been! What a family it was! From the youngest Dabney who was devoting himself with boyish frankness to his Uncle Dabney's pretty step-daughter, Marcia Screven—on to the elders of his own generation.

Sallie it was who had pointed out to them all, at the very beginning, that there were more relatives than candles, so the speech-makers, with the exception of grandfather, must be determined by lot, and the drawings had caused much merriment.

Now, as the Colonel listened to the oratory of his brothers, the prudent Pulaski and the impulsive Pleasants, the flowery tribute of his complacent old sister, Miss Georgiana, the incisive compliments of his nephew Dabney and his cousin's son, Telfair, and the frivolous felicitations from the members of Dabney's set or younger,—the thought came to him that it was to the Company the family owed these happy events. It filled him with pardonable pride. Otherwise all these Clinches might be scattered to the earth's far ends, instead of handing on from father to son the power of a business tradition.

"It is your turn, father," Sallie suddenly reminded him.

The Colonel roused himself. He had forgotten her earlier warning, absorbed now in the importance to the Company of his last grandson's preference. He reached for the eighteenth candle. "To your career, my boy," he said, with a fond smile, "and may your choice bring the Clinch Company its greatest successes."



"To your career, my boy."—Page 622.

He punctuated it with a great puff at the candle, squared his spare soldierly shoulders, and stood erect, expectant.

Sallie Clinch's swift glance darted around the table. All the relatives—even the youngsters—had grown serious, and had assumed a receptive attitude, while a look of determination—the look so like the Colonel's own—swept the gayety from her son's face.

"Thank you, every one—and especially you, grandfather," he rose gracefully enough to say; then after a moment's hesitation, "but I shall never enter the Company. I am going to be a naval officer."

Disparaging scowls from his elders, dismayed glances from the younger relatives, surcharged the ensuing silence.

In grim bewilderment the Colonel still held the smouldering candle, and stood

staring at his grandson, whose whole demeanor betokened a steadfast purpose.

Only Sallie Clinch, from far down the table, smiled mistily on her boy; then she remembered to push back her chair, and the others, grateful for the signal, began to talk trivially, and the party somehow ended.

"It was terrible—*terrible!*" shuddered Miss Georgiana to the Dabney Clinches, as she sank back on her carriage cushions, and they rolled home behind her fat old horses.

Her nephew sat opposite, his arm encircling his young step-daughter. He had no children of his own, and was partial to his nephew. "Well, by Jove, Aunt Georgie, I'm inclined to think the Company will be the loser in this."

"My dear Dabney, the Company is not usually a loser," his aunt roused herself to answer with spirit.

He shrugged good-humoredly. "But little Dab certainly has inherited the Colonel's decision——"

"And the Admiral's inclination," his wife interposed.

"Oh, la, Bettina, do you mean to imply this is Sallie's doings?"

"No, aunt. It's a subconscious reversal to type"—Mrs. Dabney was head of the child-study department of the Woman's Club. "Sallie, like all Eastern shore girls, danced her slippers off at the old Academy, and, you yourself know, if brother Dab hadn't carried her off just *when he did*, Lieut——"

"Do, Bettina," nudged Miss Octavia, scandalized, "remember Marcia."

II

OF course they wrote about it—all of them—to Dabney Junior. He lit a strong black cigar, and giving himself up to reverie, found his boy much like his own tunnels. The metaphor interested him. "The outside conformation," he said to himself, "has led us to certain conclusions; but one is always liable to find concealed springs, considerable thermal activity, or a geologic fault." The problem of Dabney's future seemed to him to include all three. When he had talked himself into a good humor, he wrote a long, cheery letter to his wife, a short one to his son, and wired his father.

The telegram, after a conference with Pulaski, sent the Colonel to see his old friend Senator Effingham, who was detained in Washington, talking the tariff on lumber. Upon his return he telephoned his grandson to come to the office. The President and Vice-President of the Clinch Company had decided not to consult Sallie again until everything was satisfactorily adjusted. For, as Pulaski cautiously pointed out, the Admiral's memory was still green enough to flower into an appointment for his grandson, if the Clinches could not keep it in the shade. Sallie, poor girl, was in an embarrassing position. But although the Colonel had come home in his most optimistic mood, he had no desire to confront that set boyish face without the concrete backing of the Company.

So when young Dabney arrived in their midst, his grandfather gave an interesting account of his interview with Effingham, who had offered him his next appointment—a safe two years away. "And by that time, my lad," he enlarged conclusively, "you'll have come to your senses. You will see it with our eyes. Why, my dear grandson, you're just throwing yourself away!"

Pulaski Clinch stroked his white imperial and nodded his approval. "That's about what it amounts to," he added.

Young Dabney, who had listened in respectful silence, threw back his fine head in protest. "But there's a vacancy next year in our own district. Noonan's man has bilged."

The Colonel looked a trifle annoyed, not only at the glibness with which the naval slang slipped out, but because he had entirely overlooked any possibility of a congressional appointment. In a general way he knew that a growing Republican opposition, looming in their district, had kept Noonan racing back from Washington to look after his interests before the fall election. He cast a swift glance at Telfair Clinch—who had charge of the Company's political interests—which told him plainly to look into this, for any obstacle to young Dabney's eventually entering the Company must be removed.

"Besides, another year's an awfully long time," the boy objected, after a moment's pause. "You see," he turned to include them all, "it makes such a difference with your numbers."

"Numbers! It's lucky for you, young man, the Company has made you independent of numbers!" exploded Great-Uncle Pleasants.

Uncle Dabney smiled. "You're right, Father, Dab won't have to hunt for a girl who can pay her own mess bill."

There was no answering gleam from the boy's eye. He now sat twirling his hat slowly around in his hand, feeling toward himself and them a growing irritation: with them for not understanding, with himself because he could not make them understand, how vital it all was to him.

"My dear boy," expounded the second Dabney further, "every one knows the navy isn't what it was in your Grandfather Edney's day."



"Every time I've been in town since, he's turned up at my house."—Page 626.

"But it will be," he interrupted. "See what they all promise."

"Promise," derided his uncle. "Look in this morning's paper,—my old friend, Withely,—every expectation of being made chief of his bureau, and over him now they've put some young squib——"

"Then why shouldn't I be one of them—the squibs, I mean?" demanded his nephew.

Grandfather Clinch was the first to recognize the deadlock, and now wished he had talked things over again with his daughter-in-law. The two years' reprieve he had brought back with him so blithely began to look like two years of hard labor with a nature as firm as his own. But he loved the boy, and he made a final concession.

"If it's marine construction, Dab, or naval architecture——"

"Grandfather," young Clinch blurted out, rising to make an end of it all, "it isn't in me. I don't want to plan battle-ships, nor cruisers, nor submarines. I want to be a naval officer, and learn how to make the blamed things *go*,"—then, ashamed of his sudden vehemence, he flung himself out of the room.

As the door slammed shut after him, the President of the Clinch Company dryly re-

marked, "It looks as though Uncle Sam had us outbid."

"Submit another set of plans," was the Vice-President's suggestion. "That young un's worth keeping with us."

"Let him go! Let him go his own gait. In a few years he'll be begging to be taken into the Company," said Pleasants testily.

Colonel Clinch scarcely heard his brother. He was thinking now what it meant to turn the course of a career. He had come back from the École Polytechnique expecting to alter the face of his country. He had helped to alter it, but it was in another way. The memory of the old bitter years mastered him for a moment. When it was over he looked toward Telfair, and idly inquired when Noonan would be down.

"I believe he's expected the end of this week, Cousin Dabney."

The President turned to the baskets on his desk, where a pile of papers awaited his signature. "I reckon you'd better see what you can *do*, Telfair," he recommended over one shoulder.

By the week's end, however, not only Telfair, but each individual Clinch who had been present at the interview, decided to see what *he* could do, and, one after another,

mounted the steps of their congressman's dingy law office.

"A Clinch may go so far as to spurn the Company, but I reckon the Company will never cold shoulder the family," thought the Colonel as he saw them all there before him, and heard Pleasants loudly urging his great grand-nephew's case to Noonan.

"I didn't know you Clinches were such beggars," laughed the congressman, rising to give his chair to the Company's President. "Every one of you, too," he went on, leaning against his old flat-topped desk, with his thumbs thrust into his waistcoat, and looking around at the Clinches, who had all the office chairs—"every one, down to the youngster himself! Why, his application was the first I received after my young man failed, and every time I've been in town since, he's turned up at my house."

The Colonel bowed silently, but his tender heart surrendered to his grandson's cause. As it was never the Company's policy to talk, if the other man would, Noonan continued without interruption:

"I have been some time committin' myself so many—ah—deserving applicants. But frankly, I've about promised it to Stubbs's friends for his boy. You all remember Stubbs, the engineer, who was killed on the South Western, when the Grays went on to the Inauguration?"

Telfair gave a sympathetic nod for the Company. Then he said casually, "I understand the Brotherhood is finding it difficult to fill his place. He was quite a local power here."

Noonan was a bit disconcerted. As he talked he had been wondering whether the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Grays—or the Clinch Company would be better worth while.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, after an awkward silence, "I can't quite go back on Stubbs's boy, but I'm willin' to do this: I'll make the appointment competitive. The State University can manage it and then—there's no kick comin' from anybody."

III

PRETTY little Mrs. Clinch was inclined to agree with Mr. Noonan's epitome, as she sat the following June in the Naval Academy grounds, listening to the Marine Band

discourse sweet airs to a perfect morning, and allowed her thoughts to flit hither and yon on the sprightly melody. Happy phantoms of the past swarmed over the pebbled path of old Lover's Lane to meet still happier visions which she saw hovering over her boy. She had returned to the life of her girlhood, and had found a place reserved for her in that charmed circle which is as wide as all the world.

So while Sallie Edney properly appreciated the present happiness of Sallie Clinch, she could not resist, as her eyes swept over the systematic orderliness of the yard—almost deserted now that the upper class men were cruising, and the June entrance for candidates was on—a faint feeling of complacency that her own thinned family line had dominated her son's choice, notwithstanding the overwhelming influence against it on his father's side. It was pleasant to have the big powerful kinship to lean upon, but it was also pleasant to renew, through her boy, her old ties with the navy.

Mrs. Clinch was in a mood to forget the disadvantages of the life and the changes about her—changes that the under throb of machinery somewhere across the clipped greensward before her served as a reminder of work still in progress. She could even forgive the architecture of the massive new buildings—and forget that their situation cut off the breeze—keenly sensitive this morning to the beauty of the water glimpses framed by the great tree boles bushy with ivy and the columns of the stately colonnade beyond.

During this whole eventful year, which she had spent near her husband's work, nothing had given her more satisfaction than the Company's interest in young Dabney's winning the competitive—for he had won, with Stubbs as first alternate, and a youth from one of the county towns as second. An interest, too, which had followed the boy's preliminary physical test, and had made necessary frequent "business" trips to Washington to watch over his course at a navy preparatory school. Sallie's heart warmed to all her dear in-laws, grateful even for old Aunt Georgiana's meddlesome insistence on heavier underwear to meet the rigors of a Washington winter (which had brought her pages of protest from young Dabney), and for the extra pocket money his grandfather and



He was sitting at his table with his books open before him.—Page 629.

great-uncles had thought necessary to support the credit of the family, and about which he had said nothing.

There was comfort, too, in the boy's own certainty. She had come to Annapolis to see that he was "started right." Only that morning, feeling a last poor scruple for the Clinch bias, she had asked, "Dabbie, is it worth it all—all *this*?" "This," in Sallie's summary, meaning the constant grind to absorb and exude facts which apparently could have no bearing on his career. And he had answered, "*Is it*? Why, when I see the lucky dogs who took the April and are safe, I can hardly wait till CLINCH is stencilled across a work blouse and I'm inside it."

Sallie had rather expected he would take the April examinations; but he had "wanted to be so sure," he had written his father—and after all, she had no nervous tremors over her son's success. All her life she had

been accustomed to disciplined men who won out, not only because they did things, but because they realized their own limitations.

The music ceased and eight bells jangled on the ships off shore, followed quickly by the more sonorous answer from the tower of the Academic building, where Dabney's morning grilling would soon be over.

A sudden activity, accompanying the noon hour, took possession of the peaceful yard.

Mrs. Clinch turned to watch for her boy. How provoking it was that so flimsy an excuse as summer gowns, and a long-promised week-end at a friend's country house, should take her off to Baltimore in the morning. But she would be back by Tuesday, when the names of lucky candidates might be posted.

She saw them now coming out in lonely unsuccess or in animated groups discussing

and comparing the morning's work. It had been one of her pleasures, during these quiet days, to note the "all-sortsness," as she called it, of the American boy: to watch the easy unaffected comradeship and the refreshing generosity that prevailed between principal and alternate.

Sallie heard Dabney's whistle now—the joyous one—and responded by an answering dip of her white parasol. She had meant to join him for a stroll in the yard, but saw that a tall, awkward boy, with a great shock of white hair, had accosted him, so she walked slowly on toward the Commandant's where she was due shortly for luncheon.

"You're Clinch, ain't you?" the boy had asked Dabney, offering a large freckled hand. "I'm Stubbs, your alternate."

"Why, of course. I remember now seeing you last summer at our competitive," Dabney said cordially. "Been prepping here?"

"A little, but mostly I've worked down home in the car shops and gone to night school. I couldn't afford to come here sooner, just on an alternate's chance."

"Still, if an alternate passes, you know he can enter with only a physical if there's another chance."

"But there isn't. I'm over age in August—unless—" Stubbs smiled, "you should fail."

"We Clinches aren't that sort," Dabney retorted, then something made him hold out his hand again. "Here's luck, anyhow, Stubbs! Perhaps we'll both get in."

The poor little joke seemed to bring them closer. "Of course, the competitive *was* fairer, only"—Stubbs paused and grew very red.

"Only what?" Dabney prompted.

"You see, Clinch, I thought I'd the appointment cold till Mr. Noonan, for some reason, suddenly threw it open."

"It's quite usual——"

"Oh, certainly it is. I've been tryin' for years to get a whack at one. It seems," he said wistfully, "as though pa had to die for me to get this far. But ain't it hard when there's some here grouchin' an' going in—and everything looks so grand to me——"

He saw Dabney smile, and looked a little shy. Then he laid his hand on Dabney's shoulder. "I'm afraid, Clinch, *you* can't

understand. Why, I've never seen as much in all my life as I have since I left home a month ago! I have *seen* it all anyhow—" he broke off with sudden fierceness and laughed. "But, oh you car shops."

Dabney laughed too—then he said seriously, "I do understand though, Stubbs, because the appointment means everything to me!"

The boy looked relieved. "Then I'm glad, glad you're goin' in. You'll do the job more credit 'n I could," he said with a timid glance of admiration as he moved awkwardly away.

Dabney stood for a moment and looked after his alternate, who had begun to whistle cheerily. But after he had reached his hotel, and in the early afternoon had started studying for the next day's examinations, it was not of the cheery whistle that he thought. He felt again the weight of Stubbs's earnest hand. "I've never seen so much in all my life!" Dabney, to use his own expression, "chucked it"—for he could not study, and wandered down ancient King George Street to the other end of the yard. He liked the old parade grounds—flanked on two sides by the officers' neat brick quarters—at that hour in the afternoon when the youths he envied tumbled out in their work clothes for a game of ball; when to the stirring measures of the afternoon concert little children danced and capered, and the women's frocks made a bright patch of color on the weather-worn bleachers.

But to-day he extracted no inspiration from the sight. Sterile breezes wafted from the water, the sky was less blue, the music blatant.

He seemed to his mother very quiet, too, that evening—the last they were to spend together for a few days—and just before they separated for the night he asked suddenly, "Mother, did the Clinch Company have anything to do with my appointment?"

"Why, you won a competitive examination, dearie."

"But was it made competitive because the Company asked for it?" he persisted.

"Well, of course, they all *saw* Mr. Noonan, Dab. That's what a congressman is for. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." He brushed her cheek hastily with his lips. "Good-night, mother. I've got to do a lot of work to-night."

Mrs. Clinch fell asleep thinking of him, but some hours later awakened with the startled feeling that something must be wrong. She could hear faint bells striking on the warm air, and sitting up in bed counted. It was half-past three, and

"Dab, dear," she cried, crossing to give him a tender shake, "you must go to bed. You'll be worth nothing to-morrow. How careless of me!"

The boy started up and pulled his mouth to a smile. "It's too bad I've kept you



Sitting out in front of the hotel, fanning himself leisurely with his Panama hat.—Page 630.

through her own open windows she could see the light was still streaming from Dabney's room. She slipped on her dressing-gown, and crossing her sitting-room, tapped on his bedroom door. There was no answer. She turned the knob softly and peeped in. He was sitting at his table with his books open before him, but there was something in his face that frightened her. So had she seen his father look that year when an unexpected cave-in in one of his tunnels had devoured the work of months.

awake, Mumsey. Oh, I've fixed my alarm, and my cold tub will set me up." He was drawing her to the threshold. "Don't try to breakfast with me," he said authoritatively, and gently closed the door upon her.

Sallie went back to bed, but not to sleep. She had known more than one boy "all in" from nervous strain at the close of these examinations; but Dabney was not nervous, only—different. Perhaps that time had come to her when the child exacts a firmer faith and obedience than motherhood ever demands. Sallie lay awake till dawn dis-

traught, puzzling. The sun was high when she awoke the second time, and Dabney had gone for the day's test. She was obliged to content herself with a note cautioning him about his hours, exercise, and fresh air, and went off to Baltimore with many misgivings.

There, over and over again during the dreary interval until Tuesday, she wished she had not left him. The separation brought her face to face with the dull fact that the days were all too few when he would be hers. Her plan was to linger on in Annapolis until he was called for his physical and then—well, then—of course, she would bring Marcia and the other girls on for the hops, and there was the second year's leave, but when he entered that ended it—for mothers.

The ride back from Baltimore had never seemed more tedious. Sallie had been staying in Annapolis at an hotel whose beautiful eighteenth-century front faces a quiet street, while its brisk twentieth-century addition sprawls back to greet the noisy electrics as they rumble into town.

As she alighted from the car and handed her bag to a porter she could not resist tripping around—it was such a bit of a way—to the old gate to see Dabney's name posted.

Sallie went on gayly, all her absurd qualms dissipated, pushing the future from her, thinking only of this dear present, happy in her boy's happiness—glad for his gladness. Suddenly she passed two white-faced boys. Her generous sympathy overflowed to them. "Not posted," she thought. "Poor fellows!"

Inside the old gate she could see an unfeeling marine, pacing back and forth across the open entrance, unmindful of an eager group peering over each other's shoulders at the list of successful candidates put up on the guard house. Sallie slipped to the front of the crowd to see. And now that she was there, it occurred to her that James Stubbs's name seemed very prominent—much more prominent—Well, she must begin now methodically.

She heard a boyish chuckle. "I say, old Stubbsy's passed."

"He did? Where? Well, he's no show anyhow—Clinch——"

"Where the deuce *is* Clinch?"

"Sh-h!"

"I say, *Clinch*——"

"Oh, shut up, can't you?"

Sallie heard it all vaguely, vaguely knew that some rough boyish chivalry was aroused to her forlorn needs; but it was her unbelieving eyes—eyes that read up and down, down and up, always seeking, but never seeing any other name than James Stubbs.

She never knew how she got away, nor how she stumbled swiftly through the hot glare on up Maryland Avenue, taking the long way round to the hotel, past the dear old door-ways and half-hidden gardens—where she and Dabney had lingered—irrelevantly now murmuring over and over to herself the witticism of the Academy bard:

"There's lots of things we ain't,
But then you know we're quaint."

It did not surprise her to see the Colonel—was he not also "quaint"?—sitting out in front of the hotel, fanning himself leisurely with his Panama hat, but the sight of his strong, tranquil presence calmed her.

"I had to come to Washington on business, my dear," he explained, "and couldn't resist shaking our boy's hand—though Effingham gives me a dinner at the Metropolitan Club, and I mustn't stay long!"

Sallie was choking. She could only force a smile.

"How slow they are with this posting business! Dab's name wasn't up an hour ago. I reckon I'll step 'round there again——"

"Oh, don't, father, don't"—she half sobbed, the whole sickening disappointment overwhelming her anew. She motioned him to follow her into the house.

"Don't? Don't what?" he whispered anxiously, hurrying after her.

She turned to him miserably in the grateful coolness of a lonely corridor. "Father, they *are* all posted," she said in a shaky voice. "It means—he hasn't passed!"

The Colonel drew her little trembling hand within his arm, and together they silently reached her sitting-room. Once there Sallie hurried from him through Dabney's doorway, the Colonel following.

The boy was down on his knees throwing his belongings into a trunk. The whole room was in disorder. "Howdy, mother, grandfather!" he called out, but he did not come to greet them, and although the



"You are the first of us to fall down in mathematics."

voice was gay, the eyes that met theirs were hollowed and encircled by dark rings.

All Sallie's baffled alarms returned. "What are you doing, Dabney?" she faltered.

"Packing up!"

"Packing? Packing?" was grandfather's measured query, as he sat on the edge of the nearest chair piled high with books and clothing.

The mother took a step or two toward her boy. "Oh, Dabney!" she cried impulsively, "what does it all mean, dear?"

"I'm busted, Mumsey. Busted Friday in geometry," he went on steadily, his eyes falling to gala neckties he was folding with great precision into a leather case. "I would have cleared out that night, but there was another exam Saturday which I pulled off. Besides," he smiled ironically, "I waited for your congratulations."

Sallie gasped, "You *failed*! I thought maybe you were ill——"

"You are the first of us to fall down in mathematics—the first of us," Grandfather Clinch interrupted coldly. "How will you explain to your father all these wasted weeks of preparation?"

The boy shrugged. "Oh, I failed all right! You see, grandfather, it was the stiffest math any board has ever handed out——"

"But James Stubbs passed," Sallie could not help saying, for she was ashamed of his unaccountable flippancy. "I saw *his* name."

"Yes, and though he's not much to look at, he's sure of his physical." The boy bent low over his trunk. "Yes, Mumsey, Stubbs is sure in."

There was a little quaver in his voice, which Sallie caught, as he said the last words. It contrasted oddly with his unseemly bravado of the moment before. She leaped to it. Her eyes filled. He was her boy once more, just her little boy.

She crossed to where he knelt and drew his head against her. "I won't think you couldn't, Dabney! You're keeping something back! Surely I have the right——"

He struggled from her and rose to his feet.

"We all have the right, son," said his grandfather, gravely. "We are a united family, and the joy or sorrow of one of us is the joy or sorrow of us all."

"No one ought to know," answered the boy sullenly. "I meant never to tell—not even Marcia!"

"Marcia! Already—" thought Sallie. "Poor baby!" But she only edged close up to him and said coaxingly, "Do say you *could*, Dabbie."

He smiled his assent down upon her upturned face, all the old boyish love welling in his weary eyes. "But, Mumsey, if I had——"

"Stubbs?" she queried. "Oh, Dabbie, *dear!*"

"I don't seem to catch the drift," began grandfather, but his voice was husky.

Dabney unwound his mother's arms, and

strode over the littered floor to the Colonel's side. His voice was eager, manly. "Stubbs had Noonan's promise, grandfather, till the Company interfered. But until I met him Thursday—well, I didn't know it *could* mean so much."

Sallie had dried her eyes and was down before the trunk packing. Grandfather shook his head, but his face shone with a fine enthusiasm.

"You see, sir, I have the Company."

"No, sir, I see a *Clinch* the Company can't use." The old man mused a moment.

"I wonder if Effingham——"

"Oh, grandfather, if only he hasn't! Why, another year isn't such an awfully long time!"

IN MEMORIAM

By E. P. S.

"Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace."

—*Sophie Jewett.*

THE others,—those who knew thy living word
In kindly counsel from thy wisdom's store,
Or reading of thy well-loved poet-lore;
Who by thy sweet, soft-smiling lips were stirred,
Or brooding, lovelit eyes; who often heard
Thy blithesome laugh, thy footstep at the door,
And felt thy hands' warm greeting;—these tell o'er
Thy round of virtues, and thy memory gird
With garlands all of roses, fresh with trace
Of falling tears.—This only do I know
Who never save in fancy saw thy face,
Heard but in dreams thine accents, tender, low:
Thy spirit's touch hath set my heart aglow,
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE Duke of Wellington complained that he had been much afflicted with authors, and many a man could tell a moving tale of being sorely beset by reformers. Their high motives are not always a guarantee of good judgment or of agreeable companionship. Zeal too often consumes both them and their tact. One of their frequent ways of approaching people whom they would enlist or convert is the assumption of a pitying compassion for those who are not altogether such as they are. They stoop to the ignorance and the moral failings of their unhappy victims. In

On a Certain
Condescension in
Reformers

their condescension to the infirmities of men and women who cannot see eye to eye with themselves, they have an indefinable air of saying: "Were it not for your blindness, your timidity, your caliousness, we should have pulled the world much further along by this time." With Milton they reproach the perversity and stubbornness but for which "the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours."

This condescending attitude of reformers often takes the form of deluging others with a flood of information—usually statistical—about subjects in regard to which full knowledge is common property. They cannot believe that you know what they know, else you would be as aflame and spasmodically energetic as they. Hence they bow their heads to your reluctant ear and pour into it without any of Mark Antony's rhetorical artifice that which you all do know. "Are you aware that two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five persons died in 1906 from heart failure caused by excessive tea-drinking? Have you duly weighed the fact that three-sixteenths of the children of immigrants from Bessarabia have never had their teeth inspected? Do you know that only ninety-seven farm-houses in Oklahoma have a bath-room?" The first inclination of one suddenly assaulted with such chunks of fact is to say, "Yea, I know it, hold ye your peace!" But one cannot be rude to a reformer. Besides, he could not be rebuffed in that way. If you shook off the dust of one set of his figures, he would instantly flee with you to another. He believes you ignorant, yet he believes you ductile; and persuaded that people are destroyed for lack

of knowledge, he proceeds to drop statistics upon them from his lofty mountain height.

This is hard to endure, but harder is the reformer's superior way of supposing you torpid in sentiment and sluggish in moral fervor. Because you cannot, any more than Cordelia could, heave your heart into your mouth, you are treated as if you had no heart at all. Wondering questions are put to you: "Have you no sympathy with the strugglers? Can you sit still while men and women and children are held in the galling chains of poverty? Are you able to be cool and articulate when discussing what to do for the victims of disease, the sufferers from crime, the waifs and strays of humanity? Do not all our 'problems' fill you with a choking desire to do something to solve them?" This moral condescension, it must be confessed, provokes a feeling of resentment, even in the best poised. Impetuous reformers ought to have some wise and firm friend to take them aside and tell them that the deepest sympathy is not incompatible with cautious inquiry and a careful looking before and after. Many a man, like Lowell, is conscious of the most intense yearning over his unfortunate fellow-men, yet is kept on principle from letting his feelings run away with his judgment. He cannot accept the glib formulas or allow himself to be swept away by the gush of sentiment of the headlong. That they surpass him in human sympathy, he is ready indignantly to deny; he only insists that reason, experience, a study of causes and consequences, must be permitted to preside over a rush of emotions. But the fevered and condescending reformer knows nothing of this. He starts out with the assumption that tortured sensibilities are in themselves a virtue and a necessary part of reform; and has nothing but mingled pity and scorn for those who cannot drink up Esel and eat crocodiles.

This certain condescension in reformers ranges freely over the whole field of practical operation. They would have you join every one of their societies without winking, and subscribe to all of their charities without a single inquiry about ways and means and results. That an organization exists, that an end is aimed at, ought to be enough for you; and you

put yourself at once in a lower order of human beings if you do not go with them enthusiastically. Such an attitude as that of Huxley, making a scientific analysis of the organization and the work of the Salvation Army, before advising that it be heavily endowed, would seem to the kind of reformer under consideration both cruel and contemptible. If *he* is satisfied, it is pure effrontery in others to demur. If he can point you to hundreds of "good men" who go with him all the way, who are you that you should hesitate? He would be angry with you if he was not overmastered with pity for you. Soon he will be forming a Society for the Compulsory Acceptance of Condescension.

PARODY is a genre frowned upon by your professors of literature. It shares something of the contumely of melodrama and the dime novel; though these last literary forms seem nowadays to be "looking up." And yet it is a gentle art. Even I have practised it, in youth. To be sure, it is only on condition of its seizing upon the sense and the temper—above all the temper—of its original, that Parody is endurable. It is when the parodist seems to have got under the skin of his victim, like a midsummer harvest-bug, that he achieves results worthy of all his pains. And it is because it

Of Parody

is much easier to parody vocabulary merely, or jingle, that so few parodies attain to real distinction. Anyone can do his little best to cheapen the "Rubáiyát" in imitating the swing of it; anyone can hit off Kipling at his most artificial or his least respectable. Anyone can write parodies of Walt Whitman in which the humor of the performance lies in lines as long as Mannahatta and as cacophonous as a locomotive in winter. But it is not everyone who can parody Whitman when he thinks that he is writing original verse of his own. Not everyone is equal to writing such lines as recently appeared in a magazine under the title "Saturday Night":

The leather of the shoes in the brilliant casement
 sheds a lustre over the heart;
 The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows
 with the tints of Turner's art. . . .
 This drab wash-woman dazed and breathless, ray-
 chiselled in the golden stream,
 Is a magic statue standing deathless—her tub and
 soap-suds touched with dream. . . .

Like all really excellent parodies, this set of verses is faithful in spirit to its original without

trailing after too slavishly. The same sort of free adaptation is to be found in some of Mr. W. B. Yeats's less Celtic verses, where he has more or less unwittingly parodied good William Wordsworth. "The Ballad of Moll Magee" is a case in point. Greatest among all the parodists, for the amusement they give us, are the parodists *sans le savoir*. Isn't there some candidate for the doctorate of philosophy who would consent to writing his dissertation on "Some Parodists of Themselves and Others"?

For it goes without saying that some have parodied themselves. Wordsworth and Tennyson both did this in blissful, egoistic unconsciousness; Swinburne did it with his eyes open. Thackeray slyly parodied his own prose; George Bernard Shaw has thought it worth his while to parody his own plays—or whatever you call those books of his. But Parody is essentially a critical exercise, and criticism of self is not often very happily carried off. It is to Calverley in the "Fly-leaves" that we turn for the best parodies in the English language; and Calverley did not parody himself. Calverley's are the best, I say; and yet some of Lewis Carroll's are so good that most readers delight in their nonsense without ever guessing that they are admiring mere parodies. "Parody," says Miss Carolyn Wells, "is a tribute to popularity, and consequently to merit of one sort or another, and in the hands of the initiate may be considered a touchstone that proves true worth." Perhaps that is why one entertains a much kinder feeling for parodists, even when they lay their sacrilegious hands upon a favorite poet, than for those persons who have put Malory into words of two syllables, and revised Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" for grown-ups, giving it a newer title. Here is another class of parodists *sans le savoir*; and a more hateful. Deliver us from the modern book-makers who, when they are not thus engaged in taking the bloom off good literature, are cutting it up into two-for-five sizes, and labelling the product the Wit and Wisdom of some immortal or other—Wit and Wisdom, God save the mark! This tendency of little minds has more than once been glanced at by writers producing not for the world alone, nor solely for their bank-account. There is a petulantly humorous suggestion in one of the letters of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose letters are all—so far as we yet know them—touched with the charm of personality. It was Aldrich's idea that the poets' fame be drastically refreshed from time to time

by their translation into modern dialect. It was his conceit to turn the "Eve of St. Agnes" into Kiplingese. "Wouldn't it be delicious!"

"St. Hagnes Heve! 'ow bloomin' chill it was!
The Howl, for all his hulster, was a-cold.
The 'are limped tremblin' through the blarsted
grass,"
Etc., etc.

"I think it might make Keats popular again," the poet adds; "poor Keats, who didn't know any better than to write pure English."

Professor Walter Raleigh has written that Parody is, for the most part, a weak and clinging tribute to the force of its original. Such a statement may be true of most of the prose parodies—especially to sustained efforts—but I cannot assent to it as a generalization. Parody is, at its best, an example of both interpretative criticism and of appreciation. It is creative as criticism, then, and as verse. Mr. Chesterton finds the proof that Bret Harte had the instinct of reverence in the fact that he was a consummate parodist. Whatever you may think of this remarkable dictum, it remains true enough that mere derision, mere contempt, never produced or can produce a parody worth a rereading. This subtler sort of humor stands miles higher than the humor we ordinarily denominate American. "Parody," says Mr. Chesterton—and this time, at least, one may agree with him; "Parody is the worshipper's half-holiday."

THE Dreamer leaned back in his easy chair and pointed across the valley at the slope of Stony Mountain, where late sunlight was turning to blazing gold the young birches that fringe the highest back pasture.

"There," he said, "there is Golconda, Arcady, The Land of Hearts' Desire! What might not one fairly expect to meet beyond that hedge of saplings? All the Court of Fairy Land, Ghost of Emperor and Crusader, souls of beautiful dead ladies, and those dearer spirits that are not dead because they lived not on earth but only in the mind of the master writer. There is my Earthly Paradise! I have never been there. I shall not go. It would break the charm. My dreams would

The Solid Earth not survive a knowledge of the empty reality. And," his musical voice quavered to a note of pensive sadness, "and, life is like that. Happiness, Beauty, they are phantoms of the dream world. Dreams are,

in fact, the truest reality. It is only the actual that is unreal."

He is always emitting such florescent periods, is the Dreamer, but the rainbow-tinted fancies evaporate before he makes them permanent with pen and ink. Perhaps he plans it so, perhaps he shrinks from having the children of his fancy torn from their native ether to be vulgarized for the public. His mind is a curious development—as if he formed it chiefly on Shelley and Matthew Arnold—part elegiac melancholy, part hectic aspiration for the upper air. He yearns but he does not wish to grasp, lest even his loving hands should destroy the bloom of charm. He prizes what is untouched, rare, remote, elusive. Love, for him, is a thing of hints and intuitions, of shy, guarded glances, of reverent distance: contact is profanation.

I like to listen to the Dreamer and ruminate over his strange views. They are in great measure the outcome of his way of life, of too much pondering with too little action, of long sedentary empty hours without appointed task. I cannot deny that many of his doctrines are drawn from the most ethereal of poets. I dare not argue with him, for he could overwhelm me with quotations, yet for the life of me I cannot manage to see the world as he does. To me full knowledge seems necessary for perfect love, nor do I understand how intimacy can tarnish affection unless the object is unworthy or the affection insincere. I, too, love those woods at which he gazes, longing yet aloof, but I love them because I know them. I have summered them and wintered them. I have lain in their shade when the valley was parched in midsummer, I have huddled close to a fire of their dead branches, my back to a driving sleet storm. I have walked every foot of them from the fine chased portal of white birch, through aisles of beech and oak, to the solemn spruce wood—the crowning choir at the summit. I know them alien and forbidding when a silent cloud darkens the sun and the heart of Nature stops beating in a primeval hush, but I know them too well to fancy this their only mood. I know them best as I find them most often—good companions—and I peel birch-bark for kindling and cut spruce branches for my camp bed with the confident matter-of-fact feeling with which I would borrow half a dollar from a close friend.

I imagine the Dreamer wincing with pain at such a confession, yet I cannot believe I altogether deserve the "beef-stuffed materialist"

of his scornful epithet. He cannot keep Titian all to himself; he must share Beethoven with me; my ear, like his, is tuned to hear the throbbing 'cello notes in Milton's symphony; I, too, have caught my breath before the lofty majesty of Antwerp's tower; I, too, have exulted in the frozen sea-foam of Rouen. For beauty itself, I reverence as fervently as he; it is his attitude toward beauty which I do not share. I dissent from the doctrine that one must not have too much of what is lovely: I would still worship the Winged Victory if I were an attendant in the Louvre, and I have eyes for beauty in its humblest, most everyday manifestations. The unpainted picket fence of the side-road cottage, the sagging gate, the chip-strewn path, the naively plotted flower bed, even that uncompromising packing-box, the house itself; all this has a homely sort of beauty that tugs at my heart as strongly as the swaying colonnade on Stony Mountain.

The Dreamer for his part dissents just as forcibly from my view. He will not approach what he loves, and disdains what is close to him. He calls the world about him garish and vulgar, and supposes that I must be too dull to perceive the finer transcending shades that alone seem to him to deserve the name of beauty. It may be this is so, nevertheless I would not change places with him. I would rather do without the "unsubstantial pageant of his vision" than lose my own sure conviction that this kind earth is home.

But the more I come to know him, the less I incline to accept this explanation. He advances it, as he has adopted the rest of his æsthetic philosophy, because it harmonizes with his temperament. The truth seems rather to be that the Dreamer himself has

stood so much on his dignity with the world that in spite of all his cultivation he has never contrived to see beneath the surface aspect of beauty. If he would only once throw open his soul, give up the aloofness that has its root in pride, cease to prefer his brain-spun fancies to the vital life about him, he would lose none of his delicate appreciation, he would gain the empire of the real world in which the common is beautiful and beauty is warm and human. He would learn that our lean sardonic farmers have a charm and a picturesque value even though they wear overalls instead of sashes and wooden shoes, that under their shell of Indian stoicism they have the passions of any fiery Andalusian. He would see in a sudden flash that an Italian peasant is more than a color harmony; that he also is a man for all the world like the men at home. He would learn that even a factory town is not a desert. He would never again feel himself an outsider anywhere. In the remotest countries he would stand upon the same old earth. Until at last he would understand that beauty does not dwell far off among the rocks but is in everything waiting for the seeing eye, just as for the open heart not only every man but every thing is a blood relation.

There is an intimate feeling to the morning air. Trees along the road shake hands with the wayfarer, meditating cows wish him good-morning, rejoicing brooks set him thrilling with the pulse of the world, the very boulders silently brooding in the sunlight claim with him a cousinship distant but traceable. Nature's manners are not, after all, unlike those of men. For her lovers she has a kiss; for her friends a warm handshake; and for unrepentant Dreamers a formal bow across the width of the valley.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

SOME CONTEMPORARY YOUNG WOMEN SCULPTORS

CERTAIN manifestations and tendencies of any contemporary art at any given period force themselves on the perception not only of the general reviewer but even of the individual artist. The latter, however, is apt to be absorbed in his own particular ideals (or absence of them), and to be keenly interested in those of his fellows only when they interfere too aggressively with his own particular welfare. Thus, in the present state of the art of sculpture in these United States (a truly flourishing art), there may be said to be at least two of these notable facts—the great number of foreign names among the men, and the surprising number of young women who have attained eminence. Even when too much importance is not attached to the old-fashioned conceptions of social relations this latter fact is interesting; the sculptor's concern with pure form (speaking broadly) rather than with the suaver, subtler, more luxurious presentation, the peculiar beauty and suggestiveness of color and tone and "envelope" attainable in painting and even in embroidery, his comparatively unpleasant, if not ungrateful, material to work in, even the not altogether unimportant effects of his manual labor ("I have looked at my husband's hands at a dinner party with deep concern," said the wife of one of the foremost sculptors, "and I knew he had spent unlimited scrubbing upon them"), all these might be considered as affecting the choice of this arduous profession. For, after all, as one of our most distinguished educators recently said, in sum-

ming up a learned debate on the Problem: "A man is still a man, and a woman, a woman."

In proof of which there may apparently be found some distinguishing traits in the work of these talented ladies, for the comfort of those who hold in abhorrence that confounding of sexes now threatened in some quarters. To begin, it is asserted (at least by the men) that very few of them manifest a real aptitude for big and monumental out-of-doors work; it is even said that none of them has ever been able to produce a masculine figure that looked like a real male man. Mr. Lorado Taft, in his history of American sculpture which may be accepted as the present standard work, makes a partial exception to this sweeping assertion in



Bust of John La Farge.
By Mrs. F. Woodman Burroughs.

the case of Mrs. Theodora Ruggles Kitson's statue of "The Volunteer," erected as a soldiers' monument at Newburyport, Mass., in 1902—"If not a powerful man, the Volunteer is at least a most satisfactory representation of adolescent youth." In the matter of masculine portrait busts it is admitted that several pairs of feminine hands have excelled—perhaps all the more in that they have been inspired by a most subtle and truth-finding feminine sympathy and instinct. Of the general artistic qualities there is one—not so common as it should be—in which several of them excel: that of rendering with real delicacy and charm the nude female figure. In still another important detail—which also was, perhaps, to be looked for—they have justified their sex: their "keen appreciation of the sensuously beautiful" very seldom leads them to ignore considerations of artistic good taste. If at times they fall into the most heinous of artistic sins, the

commonplace, so do, at times, very nearly all the artists that ever were born.

With that very decided change in the conception and appreciation of sculpture which has been manifest within the last thirty years, they have been apparently in full sympathy. No one is farther away from those fine old movements, the "classic" and the "romantic." It is surprising how little they have to do even with the sweetly sentimental. On the other hand, they have widely extended the range of their art—any theme, or no theme, will afford them opportunity for a little figure or group in which will be revealed to the sympathetic something almost impalpable, but moving. This reliance upon the quick sympathy and intelligence of the audience is one of the modern developments in art; and is encouraging. No longer is it necessary to have recourse to the old academic and literary subjects to awake a responsive chord, nor to any demonstration by mere bulk, or obtrusiveness of technical detail and finish. A scrap of bronze or plaster, not too big for a paperweight, will reveal these excellences, in the work of several of the living American sculptors, men and women. Of the latter, Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh's charming little figures are the first cited, little statuettes not always modelled from ladies in soft gowns and the babies of luxury. The making of these, Mr. Taft tells us, she originally called

"doing Troubetskoys," but they are quite distinct in range of theme and in quality of artistic suggestions from the bronzes of the clever Russian prince.

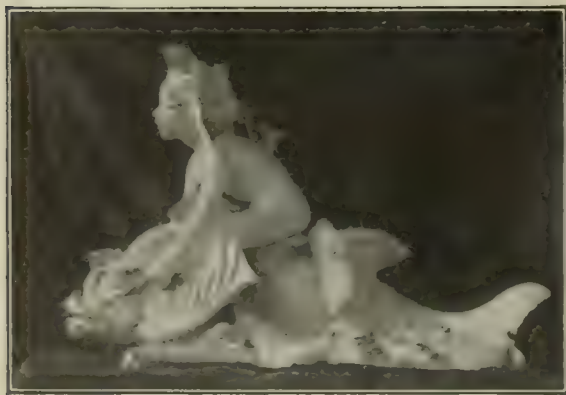
A wider field is covered by the work of some of the others—Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, Mrs. Edith Woodman Burroughs, Miss Janet Scudder, Mrs. Gail Sherman Corbett, Mrs. Theodora Rugles Kitson, Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball, Mrs. Carrol Brooks MacNeil, Miss Evelyn B. Longman, Miss Helen Farnsworth Mears. Miss Eberle, for instance, has found it possible to give a touch of mystery and grace to numerous small works variously inspired—"The Dancer," sold at the International Exhibition in Venice in 1909, the wind of her movement driving her flying draperies against her body; "L'Isolée," a crouching nude figure; she

has rendered a classic theme in her dancing "Bacchante"; the aboriginal, in three or four, especially in an "Indian Fighting Eagle," in a fine, decorative, dramatic manner; the "Kipling," in a little seated Mowgli, with bowl and python; and the pathos, the humor, the varied manifestations of the freedom of the life of the streets in figures of bent old women gathering rags and gleanings of coal, of little girls with active legs and scant skirts running, dancing, jumping a skipping-rope, hurtling through space on (one) roller-skate. The rendering of motion especially appeals to her, the appreciation of mass and form, with but little concern for the merely picturesque. "If I were a painter," she says, "I would be an Impressionist."

At the great exhibition of the National Sculpture Society in the armory in Baltimore in April, 1908, Mrs. Burroughs exhibited a little bronze of a nude young girl lying on a cliff overlooking the "Summer Sea,"—and the summer sea, which of course was not represented at all, was suggested by something in the grace and pose of the figure. At the Academy exhibition in this city last year (1909), she presented a marble bust, "Scylla," which was disquieting and mysterious; and at another exhibition a little "Leda" seated on the ground,



The Frog Fountain.
By Miss Janet Scudder.



Boy on Fish.
By Mrs. C. B. MacNeil.



Portrait of my mother.
By Miss Helen F. Mears.

which was charming. In all these productions the fine quality of what we may call the lyric subjectivism is noticeable because of its fineness, its delicacy; modern plastic art at its very best has seldom any big, robustious passion to express, and seeks other methods to give vent to its emotions than by vulgar grimaces of delight, or Primitive or Gothic grimaces of sorrow or woe with solid tears on the cheek. Perhaps it is a development of that quicker interest in psychic communications which is thought to be slowly overcoming a sceptical and materialistic age!

In the larger, decorative, work for interiors, court-yards, etc., several of these ladies have shown great technical skill and a very pretty invention. Miss Janet Scudder, two of whose medallion portraits are in the Luxembourg, has one of the best of her cherubic bronze fountain figures in the Metropolitan Museum, a dancing Water Baby. The most important of Miss Scudder's monumental work is probably the figure of Japanese Art, recently mounted among the first thirty statues on the cornice of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences—she being the only woman among the contributing sculptors. Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball sometimes carries out large architectural and monumental

work, as the nursery chimney-piece, with old satyrs for caryatides, which she has just completed; the four corbels for a Brooklyn church; the figure of a maid with a basket of fruit, for a garden gate, exhibited two years ago, etc.; but she also does little groups and reliefs, occasionally in ivory, of mothers, or mothers and children, sometimes decorative and imaginative, and sometimes individual portraits; and she prefers, distinctly, not to be known as "a specialist." In the rendering of very young infants, babies and such, there are so many who have achieved reputation that the list is too long for our space.

In portraiture there occasionally appears a work of surprising excellence, as Mrs. Burroughs's bust of John La Farge, his fingers on his cheek, seen at the New York and Pennsylvania Academies' exhibitions in 1909. Miss Eberle has recently completed a portrait bust, to be carried out in marble, in which she seems to have given not only the actress in the leading rôle, but something like the soul of the tragedy itself; Miss Mears, a bronze bust of Dr. Morton of Boston, who introduced the use of ether,



Portrait relief.
By Mrs. Caroline Peddle Ball.

from a study from life made by Clark Mills, which is remarkable; Miss Winifred Holt, a striking bust of Carl Schurz. Mrs. Heyworth Mills is one of those who render the details in the marble with a nearly literal truthfulness. The catalogues of the current exhibitions bear many more names—Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt of California, Miss Enid Yandell, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Louis St. Gaudens, Miss Elsie Wood, Miss Alice Morgan Wright, Miss Anna Coleman Ladd, Mrs. Vinnie Ream-Hoxie, Miss Nellie Walker of Chicago, Mrs. Clio Hinton Brackmen. Said one of the leading sculptors lately: "If we men do not look out, we may be pushed from our stools by the women!" All the more, perhaps, in that many of the latter have executed important monumental work. The commission for the bronze doors of the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, set in place in the summer of 1909, was awarded to Miss Longman, at a public competition held three years before; Mrs. Sallie James Farnham is just completing an elaborate sculptured frieze for the new building of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington; the memorial statue of Frances E. Willard, by Miss Mears, for the Capitol at Washington, will be the first statue of a woman, by a



The Dancer.

By Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle.

woman, to be placed in that building; of the two seated figures at the base of the Hamilton S. White Memorial in Syracuse, N. Y., by Mrs. Corbett, that of the Fireman will seem to many to go far to lay Mr. Taft's doubts as to the "real man" from a woman's hands.

An extensive movement has been set on foot in the South to erect in every State a monument to Southern Womanhood, and the model of Miss Belle Kinney, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., but now of Chicago, has been adopted by several of the commonwealths. Pittsburg proudly records the decorative and portrait work of Miss Sue E. Watson, aged eighteen. In the study of animals there have not been many competitors; Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt was one of the earliest and most distinguished; Miss Grace Mott Johnson has shown some small but accurate and spirited pieces at recent exhibitions, as has Miss Leila Audubon Wheelock, like Miss Watson still in her 'teens. In a field in which the workers are, as yet, but few, but in which the harvest is ready—that of giving an artistic value to the domestic utensils and minor household furnishings—several of these ladies, as Mrs. MacNeil and Miss Lucy F. Perkins, have earned our gratitude.

WILLIAM WALTON.



The Fireman.

By Mrs. Gail Sherman Corbett.



From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

A HERD OF ELEPHANT IN AN OPEN FOREST OF HIGH TIMBER.

Taken by Kermit from a distance of about twenty-five yards; he was on the dead limb of a tree five or six feet from the ground.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVII

JUNE, 1910

NO. 6



Meru porters carrying trophy ivory.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN
HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE EXPEDITION

IX—ELEPHANT HUNTING ON MOUNT KENIA.

ON July 24th, in order to ship our fresh accumulations of specimens and trophies, we again went into Nairobi. It was a pleasure again to see its tree-bordered streets, and charming houses bowered in vines and bushes; and to meet once more the men and women who dwelt in the houses. I wish it were in my power

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to thank individually the members of the many East African households of which I shall always cherish warm memories of friendship and regard.

At Nairobi I saw Selous, who had just returned from a two months' safari with Mc-Millan, Williams, and Judd. Their experience shows how large the element of luck is in lion hunting. Selous was particularly anxious to kill a good lion; there is nowhere

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to be found a more skilful or more hard-working hunter; yet he never even got a shot. Williams, on the other hand, came across three. Two he killed easily. The third charged him. He was carrying a double-barrelled .450, but failed to stop the beast; it seized him by the leg, and his life was saved by his Swahili gun-bearer, who

her eye; his horse jumped and swerved at the shot, throwing him off, and he found himself sitting on the ground, not three yards from the dead lioness. Nothing more was seen of the other.

Continually I met men with experiences in their past lives which showed how close the country was to those primitive condi-



Mr. Roosevelt laying the corner-stone at Kijabe Mission.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

gave the lion a fatal shot as it stood over him. He came within an ace of dying; but when I saw him, at the hospital, he was well on the road to recovery. One day Selous while on horseback saw a couple of lionesses, and galloped after them, followed by Judd, seventy or eighty yards behind. One lioness stopped and crouched under a bush, let Selous pass, and then charged Judd. She was right alongside him, and he fired from the hip; the bullet went into

tions in which warfare with wild beasts was one of the main features of man's existence. At one dinner my host and two of my fellow guests had been within a year or eighteen months severely mauled by lions. All three, by the way, informed me that the actual biting caused them at the moment no pain whatever; the pain came later. On meeting Harold Hill, my companion on one of my Kapiti plains lion hunts, I found that since I had seen him he had been

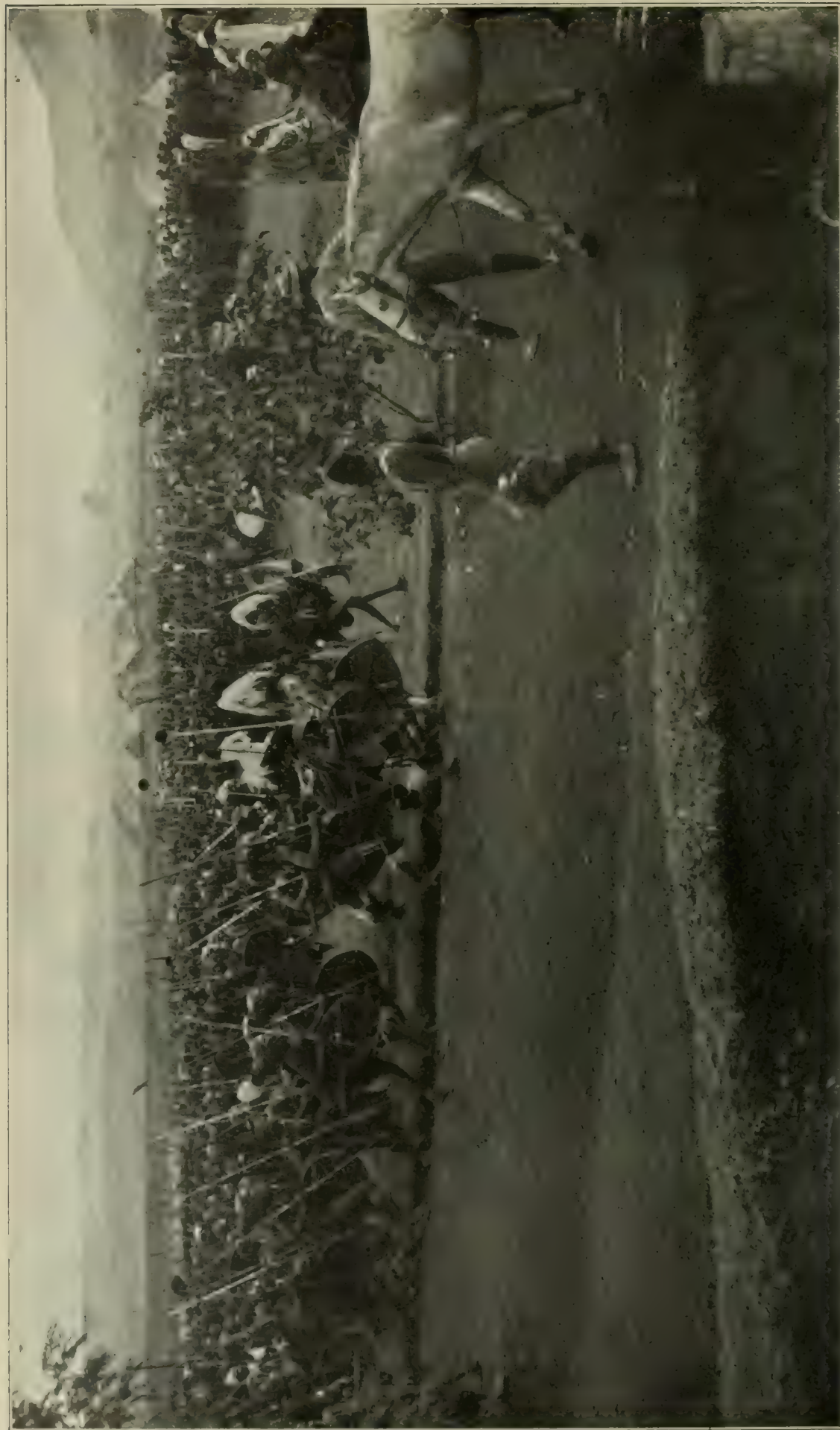


The circumciser dancers, Neri.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

roughly handled by a dying leopard. The government had just been obliged to close one of the trade routes to native caravans because of the ravages of a man-eating lion, which carried men away from the camps. A safari which had come in from the north



Kikuyu Ngama, Neri.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Kikuyu Ngama, Neri.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

had been charged by a rhino, and one of the porters tossed and killed, the horn being driven clean through his loins. At Heatley's farm three buffalo (belonging to the same herd from which we had shot five) rushed out of the papyrus one afternoon at a passing buggy, which just managed to escape by a breakneck run across the level plain, the beasts chasing it for a mile. One afternoon, at Government House, I met a government official who had once succeeded in driving into a corral seventy zebras, in-

ing beautifully; the bulbuls were the most noticeable singers, but there were many others. The dark ant-eating chats haunted the dusty roads on the outskirts of the town, and were interesting birds; they were usually found in parties, flirted their tails up and down as they sat on bushes or roofs or wires, sang freely in chorus until after dusk, and then retired to holes in the ground for the night. A tiny owl with a queer little voice called continually not only after night-fall, but in the bright afternoons. Shrikes



West side of Kenia's peak, taken at an altitude of 15,000 feet.

From a photograph by J. Aiden Loring.

cluding more stallions than mares; their misfortune in no way abated their savagery toward one another, and as the limited space forbade the escape of the weaker, the stallions fought to the death with teeth and hoofs during the first night, and no less than twenty were killed outright or died of their wounds.

Most of the time in Nairobi we were the guests of ever-hospitable McMillan, in his low, cool house, with its broad vine-shaded veranda, running around all four sides, and its garden, fragrant and brilliant with a wealth of flowers. Birds abounded, sing-

spitted insects on the spines of the imported cactus in the gardens. Striped squirrels the size of chipmunks lived in the trees.

It was race week, and the races, in some of which Kermit rode, were capital fun. The white people—army officers, government officials, farmers from the country roundabout, and their wives—rode to the races on ponies or even on camels, or drove up in rickshaws, in gharries, in bullock tongas, occasionally in automobiles, most often in two-wheel carts or rickety hacks drawn by mules, and driven by a turbaned Indian or a native in a cotton shirt. There



Trunk of giant fig-tree in Kenia forest.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



Elephant trail in bamboo.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

were Parsees, and Goanese dressed just like the Europeans. There were many other Indians, their picturesque women-kind gaudy in crimson, blue, and saffron. The constabulary, Indian and native, were in neat uniforms and well set up, though often barefooted. Straight, slender Somalis with clear-cut features were in attendance on the horses. Native negroes, of many different tribes, flocked to the race-course and its neighborhood. The Swahilis, and those among the others who aspired toward civilization, were well clad, the men in half European costume, the women in flowing, parti-colored robes. But most of them were clad, or unclad, just as they always had been. Wkamba, with filed teeth, crouched in circles on the ground. Kikuyu passed, the men each with a blanket hung round the shoulders, and girdles of chains, and armlets and anklets of solid metal; the older women bent under burdens they carried on the back, half of them in addition with babies slung somewhere round them, while now and then an unmarried girl would have her face painted with ochre and vermilion. A small party of Masai warriors kept close together, each clutching his shining, long-bladed war spear, their hair daubed red and twisted into strings. A large band of Kavirondo, stark naked,



Creek on slopes of Kenia near first elephant camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

with shield and spear and head-dress of nodding plumes, held a dance near the race track. As for the races themselves, they were carried on in the most sporting spirit, and only the Australian poet Paterson could adequately write of them.

On August 4th I returned to Lake Naivasha, stopping on the way at Kijabe to lay the corner-stone of the new mission building. Mearns and Loring had stayed at Naivasha and had collected many birds and small mammals. That night they took me out on a springhaas hunt. Thanks to Kermit we had discovered that the way to get this curious and purely nocturnal animal was by "shining" it with a lantern at night, just as in our own country deer, coons, owls, and other creatures can be killed. Springhaas live in big burrows, a number of them dwelling together in one community, the holes close to one another, and making what in the West we would call a "town" in speaking of prairie dogs. At night they come out to feed on the grass. They are as heavy as a big jack-rabbit, with short forelegs, and long hind legs and tail, so that they look and on occasion move like miniature kangaroos, although, in addition to making long hops or jumps, they often run almost like an ordinary rat or rabbit. They are pretty creatures, fawn-colored above,



Tree-ferns on slopes of Kenia near first elephant camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and white beneath, with the terminal half of the tail very dark. In hunting them we simply walked over the flats for a couple of hours, flashing the bull's-eye lantern on all

crouched on all-fours or raised itself on its hind legs. I shot half a dozen, all that the naturalists wanted. Then I tried to shoot a fox; but the moon had risen from behind a cloud bank; I had to take a long shot and missed.

While waiting for the safari to get ready, Kermit went off on a camping trip and shot two bushbuck, while I spent a couple of days trying for sing sing waterbuck on the edge of the papyrus. I did not shoot well, and among other feats I missed one bull, and wounded another which I did not get, as well as missing a serval as it bounded off in the tall grass. This was all the more exasperating because interspersed with the misses were some good shots: I killed a fine waterbuck cow at a hundred yards, and a buck tommy for the table at two hundred and fifty; and, after missing a handsome black and white, red-billed and red-legged jabiru, or saddle-billed stork, at a hundred and fifty yards, as he stalked through the meadow after frogs, I cut him down on the wing at a hundred and eighty, with the little Springfield rifle. The waterbuck spent the daytime outside, but near the edge of the papyrus; I found them grazing or resting, in the open, at all times between early morning and late afternoon. Some of them spent most of the day in the papyrus, keeping to the watery trails made by the hippos and by themselves; but this was not the general habit, un-



A watch-tower in Meru shambas.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

sides, until we saw the light reflected back by a springhaas's eyes. Then I would approach to within range, hold the lantern in my left hand so as to shine both on the sight and on the eyes in front, resting my gun on my left wrist. The number 3 shot, in the Fox double-barrel, would always do the business, if I held straight enough. There was nothing but the gleam of the eyes to shoot at; and this might suddenly be raised or lowered as the intently watching animal

less they had been persecuted. When frightened they often ran into the papyrus, smashing the dead reeds and splashing the water in their rush. They are noble-looking antelope, with long, shaggy hair, and their chosen haunts beside the lakes were very attractive. Clumps of thorn trees and flowering bushes grew at the edge of the tall papyrus here and there, and often formed a matted jungle, the trees laced together by creepers, many of them brilliant in

their bloom. The climbing morning-glories sometimes completely covered a tree with their pale purple flowers; and other blossoming vines spangled the green over which their sprays were flung with masses of bright yellow.

Four days' march from Nainasha, where we again left Mearns and Loring, took us to Neri. Our line of march lay across the high plateaus and mountain chains of the Aberdare range. The steep, twisting trail was slippery with mud. Our last camp, at an altitude of about ten thousand feet, was so cold that the water froze in the basins, and the shivering porters slept in numbed discomfort. There was constant fog and rain, and on the highest plateau the bleak landscape, shrouded in driving mist, was northern to all the senses. The ground was rolling, and through the deep valleys ran brawling brooks of clear water; one little foaming stream, suddenly tearing down a hillside, might have been that which Childe Roland crossed before he came to the dark tower.

There was not much game, and all of it moved abroad by night. One frosty evening we killed a dyker by shining its eyes. We saw old elephant tracks. The high, wet levels swarmed with mice and shrews, just as our arctic and alpine meadows swarm with them. The species were really widely different from ours, but many of them showed curious analogies in form and habits; there was a short-tailed shrew much like our mole shrew, and a long-haired, short-tailed rat like a very big meadow mouse. They were so plentiful that we frequently saw them, and the grass was cut up by their runways. They were abroad during the day, probably finding the nights too cold, and in an hour Heller trapped a dozen or two individuals belonging to seven species and five different genera. There were not many birds so high

up. There were deer ferns; and Spanish moss hung from the trees and even from the bamboos. The flowers included utterly strange forms, as for instance giant lobelias



Falls on slope of Kenia near first elephant camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

ten feet high. Others we know in our gardens; geraniums and red-hot-pokers, which in places turned the glades to a fire color. Yet others either were like, or looked like, our own wild flowers: orange lady-slippers, red gladiolus on stalks six feet high, pansy-like violets, and blackberries and yellow raspberries. There were stretches of bushes bearing masses of small red or large white flowers shaped somewhat like columbines, or like the garden balsam; the red flower

bushes under the bamboos, the white at a lower level. The crests and upper slopes of the mountains were clothed in the green uniformity of the bamboo forest, the trail winding dim under its dark archway of tall, close-growing stems. Lower down were junipers and yews, and then tree ferns and strange dragon trees with lily-like frondage. Zone succeeded zone from top to bottom, each marked by a different plant life.

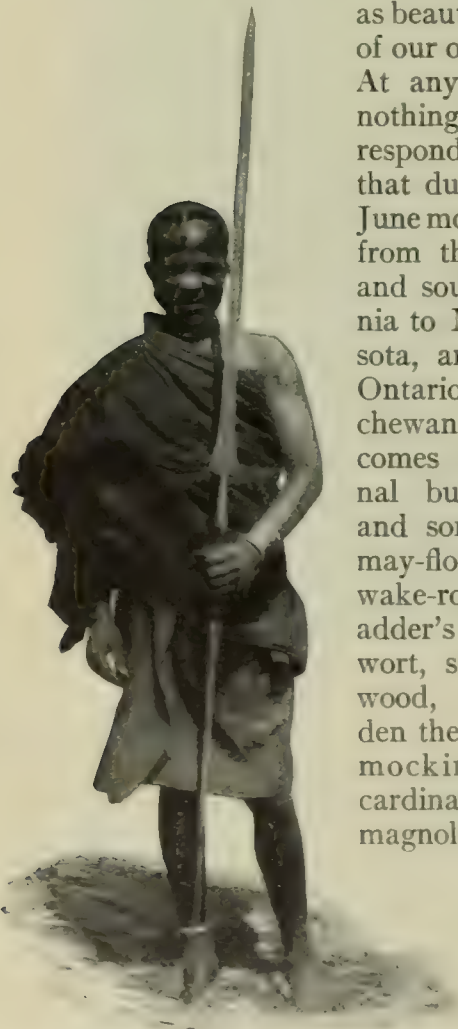
In this part of Africa, where flowers bloom and birds sing all the year round, there is no such burst of bloom and song as in the northern spring and early summer. There is nothing like the mass of blossoms which carpet the meadows of the high mountain valleys and far northern meadows, during their brief high tide of life, when one short joyous burst of teeming and vital beauty atones for the long death of the iron fall and winter. So it is with the bird songs. Many of them are beautiful though,

to my ears, none quite as beautiful as the best of our own bird songs. At any rate there is nothing that quite corresponds to the chorus that during May and June moves northward from the Gulf States and southern California to Maine, Minnesota, and Oregon, to Ontario and Saskatchewan; when there comes the great vernal burst of bloom and song; when the may-flower, bloodroot, wake-robin, anemone, adder's tongue, liverwort, shadblow, dogwood, redbud gladden the woods; when mocking-birds and cardinals sing in the magnolia groves of the

South, and hermit thrushes, winter wrens, and sweetheart sparrows in the

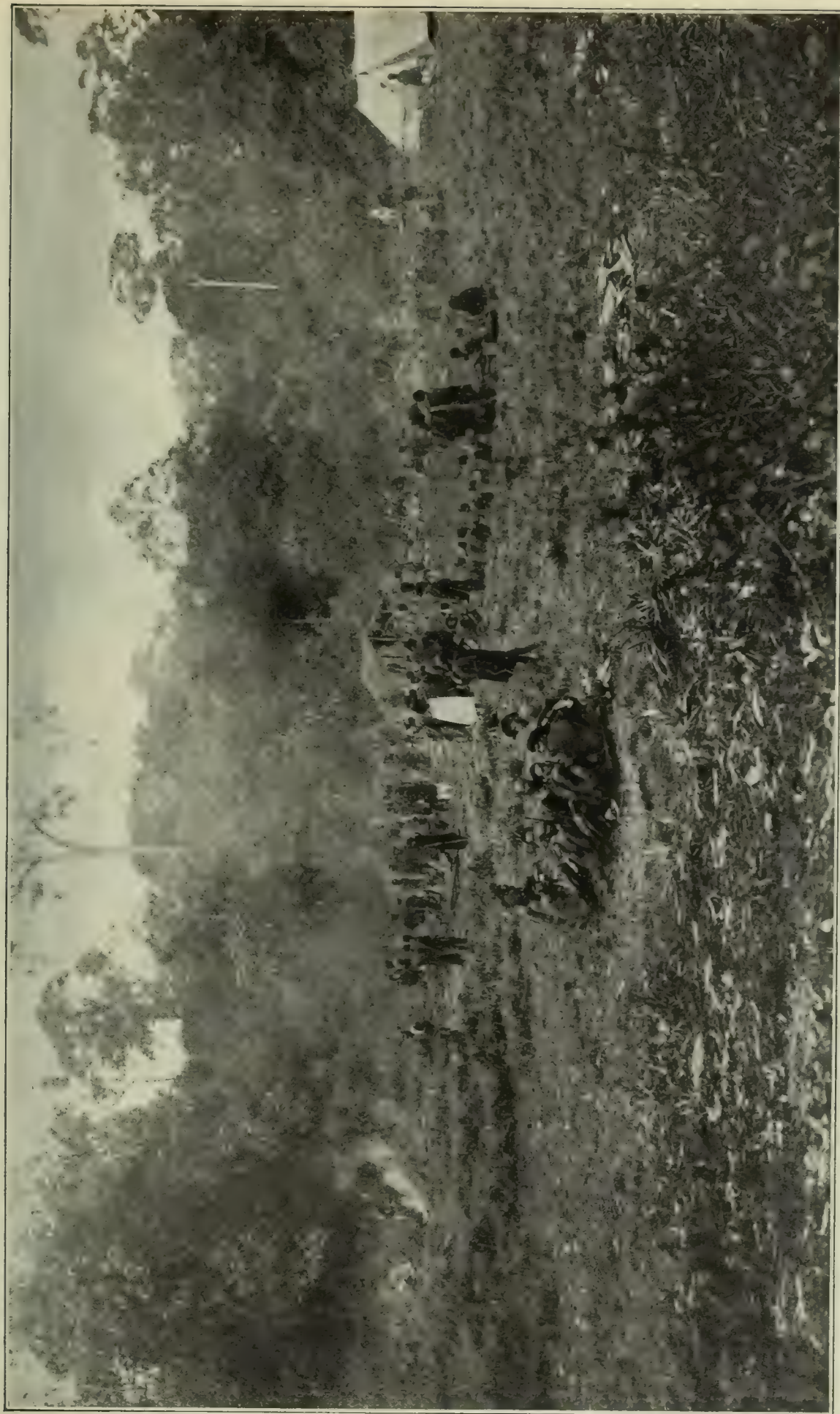
spruce and hemlock forests of the North; when bobolinks in the East and meadow-larks East and West sing in the fields; and water ousels by the cold streams of the Rockies, and canyon wrens in their sheer gorges; when from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific wood thrushes, veeries, rufous-backed thrushes, robins, bluebirds, orioles, thrashers, cat-birds, house finches, song sparrows—some in the East, some in the West, some both East and West—and many, many other singers thrill the gardens at sunrise; until the long days begin to shorten, and tawny lilies burn by the roadside, and the indigo buntings trill from the tops of little trees throughout the hot afternoons.

We were in the Kikuyu country. On our march we met several parties of natives. I had been much inclined to pity the porters, who had but one blanket apiece; but when I saw the Kikuyus, each with nothing but a smaller blanket, and without the other clothing and the tents of the porters, I realized how much better off the latter were simply because they were on a white man's safari. At Neri boma we were greeted with the warmest hospitality by the District Commissioner, Mr. Browne. Among other things, he arranged a great Kikuyu dance in our honor. Two thousand warriors, and many women, came in; as well as a small party of Masai moran. The warriors were naked, or half-naked; some carried gaudy blankets, others girdles of leopard skin; their ox-hide shields were colored in bold patterns, their long-bladed spears quivered and gleamed. Their faces and legs were painted red and yellow; the faces of the young men who were about to undergo the rite of circumcision were stained a ghastly white, and their bodies fantastically painted. The warriors wore bead necklaces and waist belts and armlets of brass and steel, and spurred anklets of monkey skin. Some wore head-dresses made out of a lion's mane or from the long black and white fur of the Colobus monkey; others had plumes stuck in their red-daubed hair. They chanted in unison a deep-toned chorus, and danced rhythmically in rings, while the drums throbbed and the horns blared; and they danced by us in column, springing and chanting. The women shrilled applause, and danced in groups by themselves. The Masai circled



Suliman Na Meru, one of the elephant guides.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.



First elephant camp, Kenia.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



The porters exult over the death of the bull.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



The chief who acted as guide through swampland country near first elephant camp.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

and swung in a panther-like dance of their own, and the measure, and their own fierce singing and calling, maddened them until two of their number, their eyes staring, their faces working, went into fits of berserker frenzy, and were disarmed at once to prevent mischief. Some of the tribesmen held wilder dances still in the evening, by the light of fires that blazed in a grove where their thatched huts stood.

The second day after reaching Neri the clouds lifted and we dried our damp clothes and blankets. Through the bright sunlight we saw in front of us the high

rock peaks of Kenia, and shining among them the fields of everlasting snow which feed her glaciers; for beautiful, lofty Kenia is one of the glacier-bearing mountains of the equator. Here Kermit and Tarlton went northward on a safari of their own, while Cuninghame, Heller, and I headed for Kenia itself. For two days we travelled through a well-peopled country. The fields of corn—always called mealies in Africa—of beans, and sweet potatoes, with occasional plantations of bananas, touched one another in almost uninterrupted succession. In most of them we saw the Kikuyu women at work with their native hoes; for among the Kikuyus, as among other savages, the woman is the drudge and beast of burden. Our trail led by clear, rushing streams, which formed the head-waters of the Tana; among the trees fringing their banks were graceful palms, and there were groves of tree ferns here and there on the sides of the gorges.

On the afternoon of the second day we struck upward among the steep foothills of the mountain, riven by deep ravines. We pitched camp in an open glade, surrounded by the green wall of



Camping after death of the first bull.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

tangled forest, the forest of the tropical mountain sides.

The trees, strange of kind and endless in variety, grew tall and close, laced together by vine and creeper, while underbrush crowded the space between their mossy trunks, and covered the leafy mould beneath. Toward dusk crested ibis flew overhead, with harsh clamor, to seek their night roosts; parrots chattered, and a curiously homelike touch was given by the presence of a thrush in color and shape almost exactly like our robin. Monkeys called in the depths of the forest, and after dark tree-frogs piped and croaked, and the tree hyraxes uttered their wailing cries.

Elephants dwelt permanently in this mountainous region of heavy woodland. On our march thither we had already seen their traces in the "shambas," as the cultivated fields of the natives are termed; for the great beasts are fond of raiding the crops at night, and their inroads often do serious damage. In this neighborhood their habit is to live high up in the mountains, in the bamboos, while the weather is dry; the cows and calves keeping closer to the bamboos than the bulls. A spell of wet

weather, such as we had fortunately been having, drives them down in the dense forest which covers the lower slopes. Here they may either pass all their time, or at night they may go still further down, into the open valley where the shambas lie; or they may occasionally still do what they habitually did in the days before the white hunters came, and wander far away, making migrations that are sometimes seasonal, and sometimes irregular and unaccountable.

No other animal, not the lion himself, is so constant a theme of talk, and a subject of such unflagging interest round the camp-fires of African hunters and in the native villages of the African



The 'Ndorobo who had hysterics on the elephant.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

wilderness, as the elephant. Indeed the elephant has always profoundly impressed the imagination of mankind. It is, not only to hunters, but to naturalists, and to all people who possess any curiosity about wild creatures and the wild life of nature, the most interesting of all animals. Its huge bulk, its singular form, the value of its ivory, its great intelligence—in which it is only matched, if at all, by the highest apes, and possibly by one or two of the highest carnivores—and its varied habits, all combine to give it an interest such as attaches to no other living creature below the rank of man. In line of descent and in physical formation it stands by itself, wholly apart from all the other great land beasts, and differing from them even more widely than they differ from one another. The two existing species—the African, which is the larger and finer animal, and the Asiatic—differ from one another as much as they do from the mammoth and similar extinct forms which were the contemporaries of early man in Europe and North America. The carvings of our palæolithic forefathers, etched on bone by cavern dwellers, from whom we are sundered by ages which stretch into an immemorial past, show that in their lives the hairy elephant of the north played the same part that his remote collateral descendant now plays in the lives of the savages who dwell under a vertical sun beside the tepid waters of the Nile and the Congo.

In the first dawn of history, the sculptured records of the kings of Egypt, Babylon, and Nineveh show the immense importance which attached in the eyes of the mightiest monarchs of the then world to the chase and the trophies of this great strange beast. The ancient civilization of India boasts as one of its achievements the taming of the elephant; and in the ancient lore of that civilization the elephant plays a distinguished part.

The elephant is unique among the beasts of great bulk in the fact that his growth in size has been accompanied by growth in brain power. With other beasts growth in bulk of body has not been accompanied by similar growth of mind. Indeed sometimes there seems to have been mental retrogression. The rhinoceros, in several different forms, is found in the same regions as the elephant, and in one of its forms it is in point of size second only to the elephant

among terrestrial animals. Seemingly the ancestors of the two creatures, in that period, separated from us by uncounted hundreds of thousands of years, which we may conveniently designate as late miocene or early pliocene, were substantially equal in brain development. But in one case increase in bulk seems to have induced lethargy and atrophy of brain power, while in the other case brain and body have both grown. At any rate the elephant is now one of the wisest, and the rhinoceros one of the stupidest of big mammals. In consequence the elephant outlasts the rhino, although he is the largest, carries infinitely more valuable spoils, and is far more eagerly and persistently hunted. Both animals wandered freely over the open country of East Africa thirty years ago. But the elephant learns by experience infinitely more readily than the rhinoceros. The former no longer lies in the open plains, and now even crosses them if possible at night. But those rhinoceros which formerly dwelt in the plains for the most part continue to dwell there until killed out. Not the most foolish elephant would under similar conditions behave as the rhinos that we studied and hunted by Kilimakin and in the Sotik behaved. No elephant, in regions which have been hunted, would habitually spend its days lying or standing in the open plain; nor would it, in such places, repeatedly, and in fact uniformly, permit men to walk boldly up to it without heeding them until in its immediate neighborhood. The elephant's sight is bad, as is that of the rhinoceros; but a very brief experience with rifle-bearing man makes the former take refuge in regions where scent and hearing count for more than sight; while no experience has any such effect on the rhino. The rhinos that now live in the bush are the descendants of those which always lived in the bush; and it is in the bush that the species will linger long after it has vanished from the open, and it is in the bush that it is most formidable.

Elephant and rhino differ as much in their habits as in their intelligence. The former is very gregarious, herds of several hundred being sometimes found, and is of a restless, wandering temper, often shifting his abode and sometimes making long migrations. The rhinoceros is a lover of solitude; it is usually found alone, or a



The first bull elephant.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.



Kikuyu village and plantation.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring

bull and cow, or cow and calf may be in company; very rarely are as many as half a dozen found together. Moreover, it is comparatively stationary in its habits, and as a general thing stays permanently in one neighborhood, not shifting its position for very many miles unless for grave reasons.

The African elephant has recently been divided into a number of sub-species; but as within a century its range was continu-

ous over nearly the whole continent south of the Sahara, and as it was given to such extensive occasional wanderings, it is probable that the examination of a sufficient series of specimens would show that on their confines these races grade into one another. In its essentials the beast is almost everywhere the same, although, of course, there must be variation of habits with any animal which exists throughout so



Kikuyu village near first elephant camp.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.



From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

The herd (see frontispiece) getting uneasy.

wide and diversified a range of territory; for in one place it is found in high mountains, in another in a dry desert, in another in low-lying marshes or wet and dense forests.

In East Africa the old bulls are usually found singly or in small parties by themselves. These have the biggest tusks; the bulls in the prime of life, the herd bulls or breeding bulls, which keep in herds with the cows and calves, usually have smaller ivory. Sometimes, however, very old but vigorous bulls are found with the cows; and I am inclined to think that the ordinary herd bulls at times also keep by themselves, or at least in company with only a few cows, for at certain seasons, generally immediately after the rains, cows, most of them with calves, appear in great numbers at certain places, where only a few bulls are ever found. Where undisturbed elephant rest, and wander about at all times of the day and night, and feed without much regard

to fixed hours, morning or evening, noon or midnight, the herd may be on the move, or its members may be resting; but during the hot noon they rarely or never feed, and ordinarily stand almost still, resting—for elephant almost never lie down unless sick. Where they are afraid of man, their only enemy, they come out to feed in thinly forested plains, or cultivated fields, when they do so at all, only at night, and before daybreak move back into the forest to rest. Where we were, on Kenia, the elephants sometimes moved down at night to feed in the shambas, at the expense of the crops of the natives, and sometimes stayed in the forest, feeding by day or night on the branches they tore off the trees, or, occasionally, on the roots they grubbed up with their tusks. They work vast havoc among the young or small growth of a forest, and the readiness with which they uproot, overturn, or break off medium-sized trees conveys a striking



From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by Kermit Roosevelt.

The same herd on the eve of charging.

Immediately after taking this picture, Kermit had to quietly make his escape, slipping off among the trees to avoid the charge; he did not wish to shoot any of the herd if it could be avoided.

impression of their enormous strength. I have seen a tree a foot in diameter thus uprooted and overturned.

The African elephant has never, like his Indian kinsman, been trained to man's use. There is still hope that the feat may be performed; but hitherto its probable economic usefulness has for various reasons seemed so questionable that there has been scant encouragement to undergo the necessary expense and labor. Up to the present time the African elephant has yielded only his ivory as an asset of value. This, however, has been of such great value as well nigh to bring about the mighty beast's utter extermination. Ivory hunters and ivory traders have penetrated Africa to the haunts of the elephant since centuries before our era, and the elephant's boundaries have been slowly receding throughout historic time; but during the century just past its process

has been immensely accelerated, until now there are but one or two out-of-the-way nooks of the Dark Continent to the neighborhood of which hunter and trader have not penetrated. Fortunately the civilized powers which now divide dominion over Africa have waked up in time, and there is at present no danger of the extermination of the lord of all four-footed creatures. Large reserves have been established on which various herds of elephants now live what is, at least for the time being, an entirely safe life. Furthermore, over great tracts of territory outside the reserves regulations have been promulgated which, if enforced as they are now enforced, will prevent any excessive diminution of the herds. In British East Africa, for instance, no cows are allowed to be shot save for special purposes, as for preservation in a museum, or to safeguard life and property; and no bulls



Mr. Roosevelt and bull elephant shot at Meru.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

with tusks weighing less than thirty pounds apiece. This renders safe almost all the females and an ample supply of breeding males. Too much praise cannot be given the governments and the individuals who have brought about this happy result. It would be a veritable and most tragic calamity if the lordly elephant, the giant among existing four-footed creatures, should be permitted to vanish from the face of the earth.

But of course protection is not permanently possible over the greater part of the country, which is well fitted for settlement; nor anywhere, if the herds grow too numerous. It would be not merely silly, but worse than silly, to try to stop all killing of elephants. The unchecked increase of any big and formidable wild beast, even though not a flesh eater, is incompatible with the existence of man when he has emerged from the stage of lowest savagery. This is not a matter of theory, but of proved fact. In place after place in Africa where protection has been extended to hippopotamus or buffalo, rhinoceros or elephant, it has

been found necessary to withdraw it because the protected animals did such damage to property, or became such menaces to human life. Among all four species cows with calves often attack men without provocation, and old bulls are at any time likely to become infected by a spirit of wanton and ferocious mischief and apt to become man killers. . . . I know settlers who tried to preserve the rhinoceros which they found living on their big farms, and who were obliged to abandon the attempt, and themselves to kill the rhinos because of repeated and wanton attacks on human beings by the latter. Where we were by Neri, a year or two before our visit, the rhinos had become so dangerous, killing one white man and several natives, that the District Commissioner who preceded Mr. Browne was forced to undertake a crusade against them, killing fifteen. Both in South Africa and on the Nile protection extended to hippopotamus has in places been wholly withdrawn because of the damage done by the beasts to the crops of the natives, or because of their

unprovoked assaults on canoes and boats. In one instance a last surviving hippo was protected for years, but finally grew bold because of immunity, killed a boy in sheer wantonness, and had to be himself slain. In Uganda the buffalo were for years protected, and grew so bold, killed so many natives, and ruined so many villages, that they are now classed as vermin and their destruction in every way encouraged. In the very neighborhood where I was hunting at Kenia, but six weeks before my coming, a cow buffalo had wandered down into the plains and run amuck, had attacked two villages, had killed a man and a boy, and had then been mobbed to death by the spearmen. Elephant, when in numbers, and when not possessed of the fear of man, are more impossible neighbors than hippo, rhino, or buffalo; but they are so eagerly sought after by ivory hunters that it is only rarely that they get the chance to become really dangerous to life, although in many places their ravages among the crops are severely felt by the unfortunate natives who live near them.

The chase of the elephant, if persistently followed, entails more fatigue and hardship than any other kind of African hunting. As regards risk, it is hard to say whether it is more or less dangerous than the chase of the lion and the buffalo. Both Cuninghame and Tarlton, men of wide experience, ranked elephant hunting, in point of danger, as nearly on the level with lion hunting, and as more dangerous than buffalo hunting; and all three kinds as far more dangerous than the chase of the rhino. Personally, I believe the actual conflict with

a lion, where the conditions are the same, to be normally the more dangerous sport; though far greater demands are made by elephant hunting on the qualities of personal endurance and hardihood and resolute perseverance in the face of disappointment and difficulty. Buffalo, seemingly, do not charge as freely as elephant, but are more dangerous when they do charge. Rhino when hunted, though at times ugly

customers, seem to me certainly less dangerous than the other three; but from sheer stupid truculence they are themselves apt to take the offensive in unexpected fashion, being far more prone to such aggression than are any of the others—man-eating lions always excepted.

Very few of the native tribes in Africa hunt the elephant systematically. But the 'Ndorobo, the wild bush people of East Africa, sometimes catch young elephants in the pits they dig with slow labor, and very rarely they kill one with a kind of harpoon.

The 'Ndorobo are



A cow elephant.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

doubtless in part descended from some primitive bush people, but in part also derive their blood from the more advanced tribes near which their wandering families happen to live; and they grade into the latter, by speech and through individuals who seem to stand half-way between. Thus we had with us two Masai 'Ndorobo, true wild people, who spoke a bastard Masai; who had formerly hunted with Cuninghame, and who came to us because of their ancient friendship with him. These shy woods creatures were afraid to come to Neri by daylight, when we were camped there, but after dark crept to Cuninghame's tent. Cuninghame gave them two

fine red blankets, and put them to sleep in a little tent, keeping their spears in his own tent, as a measure of precaution to prevent their running away. The elder of the two, he informed me, would certainly have a fit of hysterics when we killed our elephant! Cuninghame was also joined by other old friends of former hunts, Kikuyu 'Ndorobo these, who spoke Kikuyu like the people who cultivated the fields that covered the river bottoms and hillsides of the adjoining open country, and who were, indeed, merely outlying, forest-dwelling members of the lowland tribes. In the deep woods we met one old Derobo, who had no connection with any more advanced tribe, whose sole belongings were his spear, skin cloak, and fire stick, and who lived purely on honey and game; unlike the bastard 'Ndorobo, he was ornamented with neither paint nor grease. But the 'Ndorobo who were our guides stood farther up in the social scale. The men passed most of their time in the forest, but up the mountain sides they had squalid huts on little clearings, with shambas, where their wives raised scanty crops. To the 'Ndorobo, and to them alone, the vast, thick forest was an open book; without their aid as guides both Cuninghame and our own gun-bearers were at fault, and found their way around with great difficulty and slowness. The bush people had nothing in the way of clothing save a blanket over the shoulders, but wore the usual paint and grease and ornaments; each carried a spear which might have a long and narrow, or short and broad blade: two of them wore head-dresses of *tripe*—skull-caps made from the inside of a sheep's stomach.

For two days after reaching our camp in the open glade on the mountain side it rained. We were glad of this, because it meant that the elephants would not be in the bamboos, and Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo went off to hunt for fresh signs. Cuninghame is as skilful an elephant hunter as can be found in Africa, and is one of the very few white men able to help even the wild bushmen at their work. By the afternoon of the second day they were fairly well satisfied as to the whereabouts of the quarry.

The following morning a fine rain was still falling when Cuninghame, Heller, and I started on our hunt; but by noon it had

stopped. Of course we went in single file and on foot: not even a bear hunter from the cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi could ride through that forest. We left our home camp standing, taking blankets and a coat and change of underclothing for each of us, and two small Whymper tents, with enough food for three days; I also took my wash kit and a book from the pigskin library. First marched the 'Ndorobo guides, each with his spear, his blanket round his shoulders, and a little bundle of corn and sweet potato. Then came Cuninghame, followed by his gun-bearer. Then I came, clad in khaki-colored flannel shirt and khaki trousers buttoning down the legs, with hob-nailed shoes and a thick slouch hat; I had intended to wear rubber-soled shoes, but the soaked ground was too slippery. My two gun-bearers followed, carrying the Holland and the Springfield. Then came Heller, at the head of a dozen porters and skimmers; he and they were to fall behind when we actually struck fresh elephant spoor, but to follow our trail by the help of a Derobo who was left with them.

For three hours our route lay along the edge of the woods. We climbed into and out of deep ravines in which groves of tree ferns clustered. We waded through streams of swift water, whose course was broken by cataract and rapid. We passed through shambas, and by the doors of little hamlets of thatched beehive huts. We met flocks of goats and hairy, fat-tailed sheep guarded by boys; strings of burden-bearing women stood meekly to one side to let us pass; parties of young men sauntered by, spear in hand.

Then we struck into the great forest, and in an instant the sun was shut from sight by the thick screen of wet foliage. It was a riot of twisted vines, interlacing the trees and bushes. Only the elephant paths, which, of every age, crossed and recrossed it hither and thither, made it passable. One of the chief difficulties in hunting elephants in the forest is that it is impossible to travel, except very slowly and with much noise, off these trails, so that it is sometimes very difficult to take advantage of the wind; and although the sight of the elephant is dull, both its sense of hearing and its sense of smell are exceedingly acute.

Hour after hour we worked our way onward through tangled forest and matted



A cow elephant.

From a photograph by R. J. Cuninghame.

jungle. There was little sign of bird or animal life, and a troop of long-haired black and white monkeys bounded away among the tree tops. Here and there brilliant flowers lightened the gloom. We ducked under vines and climbed over fallen timber. Poisonous nettles stung our hands. We were drenched by the wet boughs which we brushed aside. Mosses

and ferns grew rank and close. The trees were of strange kinds. There were huge trees with little leaves, and small trees with big leaves. There were trees with bare, fleshy limbs, that writhed out through the neighboring branches, bearing sparse clusters of large frondage. In places the forest was low, the trees thirty or forty feet high, the bushes that choked the ground between,



Map showing the localities mentioned in Mr. Roosevelt's articles.

fifteen or twenty feet high. In other places mighty monarchs of the wood, straight and tall, towered aloft to an immense height; among them were trees whose smooth, round boles were spotted like sycamores, while far above our heads their gracefully spreading branches were hung with vines like mistletoe and draped with Spanish moss; trees whose surfaces were corrugated and knotted as if they were made of bundles of great creepers; and giants whose buttressed trunks were four times a man's length across.

Twice we got on elephant spoor, once of a single bull, once of a party of three. Then Cuninghame and the 'Ndorobo redoubled their caution. They would minutely examine the fresh dung; and above all they continually tested the wind, scanning the tree tops, and lighting matches to see from the smoke what the eddies were near the ground. Each time after an hour's stealthy stepping and crawling along the twisted trail a slight shift of the wind in the almost still air gave our scent to the game, and away it went before we could catch a glimpse of it, and we resumed our walk. The elephant paths led up hill and down—for the beasts are wonderful climbers—

and wound in and out in every direction. They were marked by broken branches and the splintered and shattered trunks of the smaller trees, especially where the elephant had stood and fed, trampling down the bushes for many yards around. Where they had crossed the marshy valleys they had punched big round holes, three feet deep, in the sticky mud.

As evening fell we pitched camp by the side of a little brook at the bottom of a ravine, and dined ravenously on bread, mutton, and tea. The air was keen, and under our blankets we slept in comfort until dawn. Breakfast was soon over and camp struck; and once more we began our cautious progress through the dim, cool archways of the mountain forest.

Two hours after leaving camp we came across the fresh trail of a small herd of perhaps ten or fifteen elephant cows and calves, but including two big herd bulls. At once we took up the trail. Cuninghame and his bush people consulted again and again, scanning every track and mark with minute attention. The sign showed that the elephants had fed in the shambas early in the night, had then returned to the mountain, and stood in one place resting

for several hours, and had left this sleeping ground some time before we reached it. After we had followed the trail a short while we made the experiment of trying to force our own way through the jungle, so as to get the wind more favorable; but our progress was too slow and noisy, and we returned to the path the elephants had beaten. Then the 'Ndorobo went ahead, travelling

parallel thereto. It was about noon. The elephants moved slowly, and we listened to the boughs crack, and now and then to the curious internal rumblings of the great beasts. Carefully, every sense on the alert, we kept pace with them. My double-barrel was in my hands, and wherever possible, as I followed the trail, I stepped in the huge footprints of the elephant, for



A waterbuck

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

noiselessly and at speed. One of them was clad in a white blanket, and another in a red one, which were conspicuous; but they were too silent and cautious to let the beasts see them, and could tell exactly where they were and what they were doing by the sounds. When these trackers waited for us they would appear before us like ghosts; once one of them dropped down from the branches above, having climbed a tree with monkey-like agility to get a glimpse of the great game.

At last we could hear the elephants, and under Cuninghame's lead we walked more cautiously than ever. The wind was right, and the trail of one elephant led close alongside that of the rest of the herd, and

where such a weight had pressed there were no sticks left to crack under my feet. It made our veins thrill thus for half an hour to creep stealthily along, but a few rods from the herd, never able to see it, because of the extreme denseness of the cover, but always hearing first one and then another of its members, and always trying to guess what each one might do, and keeping ceaselessly ready for whatever might befall. A flock of hornbills flew up with noisy clamor, but the elephants did not heed them.

At last we came in sight of the mighty game. The trail took a twist to one side, and there, thirty yards in front of us, we made out part of the gray and massive head of an elephant resting his tusks on the



Mr. Roosevelt's and Kermit's camp near which they got the rhino and elephant.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

branches of a young tree—elephants hardly ever feed at noon. A couple of minutes passed before, by cautious scrutiny, we were able to tell whether the animal we could see was a cow or a bull, and whether, if a bull, it carried heavy enough horns. Then we saw that it was a big bull with good ivory. It turned its head in my direction and I saw its eye; and I fired a little to one side of the eye, at a spot which I thought would lead to the brain. I struck exactly where I aimed, but the head of an elephant is enormous and the brain small, and the bullet missed it. However, the shock momentarily stunned the beast. He stumbled forward, half falling, and as he recovered I fired with the second barrel, again aiming for the brain. This time the bullet sped true, and as I lowered the rifle from my shoulder, I saw the great lord of the forest come crashing to the ground.

But at that very instant, before there was a moment's time in which to reload,

the thick bushes parted immediately on my left front, and through them surged the vast bulk of a charging bull elephant, the matted mass of tough creepers snapping like packthread before his rush. He was so close that he could have touched me with his trunk. I leaped to one side and dodged behind a tree trunk, opening the rifle, throwing out the empty shells, and slipping in two cartridges. Meanwhile Cuninghame fired right and left, at the same time throwing himself into the bushes on the other side. Both his bullets went home, and the bull stopped short in his charge, wheeled, and immediately disappeared in the thick cover. We ran forward, but the forest had closed over his wake. We heard him trumpet shrilly, and then all sounds ceased.

The 'Ndorobo, who had quite properly disappeared when this second bull charged, now went forward and soon returned with the report that he had fled at speed, but was evidently hard hit, as there was much blood

on the spoor. If we had been only after ivory we should have followed him at once; but there was no telling how long a chase he might lead us; and as we desired to save the skin of the dead elephant entire, there was no time whatever to spare. It is a formidable task, occupying many days, to preserve an elephant for mounting in a museum, and if the skin is to be properly saved, it must be taken off without an hour's unnecessary delay.

So back we turned to where the dead tusker lay, and I felt proud indeed as I stood by the immense bulk of the slain monster and put my hand on the ivory. The tusks weighed a hundred and twenty pounds the pair. There was the usual scene of joyful excitement among the gun-bearers—who had behaved excellently—and among the wild bush people who had done the tracking for us; and, as Cuninghame had predicted, the old Masai Derobo, from pure delight, proceeded to have hysterics on the body of the dead elephant. The scene was repeated when Heller and the porters appeared half an hour later. Then, chattering like monkeys, and as happy as possible, all, porters, gun-bearers, and 'Ndorobo alike, began the work of skinning and cutting up the quarry, under the leadership and supervision of Heller and Cuninghame, and soon they were all splashed with blood from head to foot. One of the trackers took off his blanket and squatted stark naked inside the carcass the better to use his knife. Each laborer rewarded himself by cutting off strips of meat for his private store, and hung them in red festoons from the branches round about. There was no let-up in the work until it was stopped by darkness.

Our tents were pitched in a small open glade a hundred yards from the dead elephant. The night was clear, the stars shone brightly, and in the west the young moon hung just above the line of tall tree tops. Fires were speedily kindled and the men sat around them, feasting and singing in a strange minor tone until late in the night. The flickering light left them at one moment in black obscurity, and the next brought into bold relief their sinewy crouching figures, their dark faces, gleaming eyes, and flashing teeth. When they did sleep, two of the 'Ndorobo slept so close to the fire as to burn themselves; an

accident to which they are prone, judging from the many scars of old burns on their legs. I toasted slices of elephant's heart on a pronged stick before the fire, and found it delicious; for I was hungry and the night was cold. We talked of our success and exulted over it, and made our plans for the morrow; and then we turned in under our blankets for another night's sleep.

Next morning some of the 'Ndorobo went off on the trail of Cuninghame's elephant to see if it had fallen, but found that it had travelled steadily, though its wounds were probably mortal. There was no object in my staying, for Heller and Cuninghame would be busy for the next ten days, and would ultimately have to use all the porters in taking off and curing the skin, and transporting it to Neri; so I made up my mind to go down to the plains for a hunt by myself. Taking one porter to carry my bedding, and with my gun-bearers, and a Derobo as guide, I struck off through the forest for the main camp, reaching it early in the afternoon. Thence I bundled off a safari to Cuninghame and Heller, with food for a week, and tents and clothing, and enjoyed the luxury of a shave and a warm bath. Next day was spent in writing and making preparations for my own trip. A Kikuyu chief, clad in a cloak of hyrax skins, and carrying his war spear, came to congratulate me on killing the elephant and to present me with a sheep. Early the following morning everything was in readiness; the bull-necked porters lifted their loads, I stepped out in front, followed by my led horse, and in ten hours' march we reached Neri boma, with its neat buildings, its trees, and its well-kept flower beds.

My hunting and travelling during the following fortnight will be told in the next chapter. On the evening of September 6th we were all together again at Meru boma, on the north-eastern slopes of Kenia—Kermit, Tarlton, Cuninghame, Heller, and I. Thanks to the unfailing kindness of the Commissioner, Mr. Horne, we were given full information of the elephant in the neighborhood. He had no 'Ndorobo, but among the Wa-Meru, a wild martial tribe, who lived close around him, there were a number of hunters, or at least of men who knew the forest and the game, and these had been instructed to bring in any news.

We had, of course, no idea that elephant would be found close at hand. But next morning, about eleven, Horne came to our camp with four of his black scouts, who reported that three elephants were in a patch of thick jungle beside the shambas, not three miles away. Horne said that the elephants were cows, that they had been in the neighborhood some days, devastating the shambas, and were bold and fierce, having charged some men who sought to drive them away from the cultivated fields; it is curious to see how little heed these elephants pay to the natives. I wished a cow for the Museum, and also another bull. So off we started at once, Kermit carrying his camera. I slipped on my rubber-soled shoes, and had my gun-bearers accompany me barefooted, with the Holland and the Springfield rifles. We followed foot-paths among the fields until we reached the edge of the jungle in which the elephants stood.

This jungle lay beside the forest, and at this point separated it from the fields. It consisted of a mass of rank-growing bushes, allied to the cotton plant, ten or twelve feet high, with only here and there a tree. It was not good ground in which to hunt elephant, for the tangle was practically impenetrable to a hunter save along the elephant trails, whereas the elephants themselves could move in any direction at will, with no more difficulty than a man would have in a hay field. The bushes in most places rose just above their backs, so that they were completely hid from the hunter even a few feet away. Yet the cover afforded no shade to the mighty beasts, and it seemed strange that elephants should stand in it at mid-day with the sun out. There they were, however, for, looking cautiously into the cover from behind the bushes on a slight hill crest quarter of a mile off, we could just make out a huge ear now and then as it lazily flapped.

On account of the wind we had to go well to one side before entering the jungle. Then in we went in single file, Cuninghame and Tarlton leading, with a couple of our naked guides. The latter showed no great desire to get too close, explaining that the elephants were "very fierce." Once in the jungle, we trod as quietly as possible, threading our way along the elephant trails, which crossed and recrossed one another. Evidently it was a favorite haunt, for the

sign was abundant, both old and new. In the impenetrable cover it was quite impossible to tell just where the elephants were, and twice we sent one of the savages up a tree to locate the game. The last time the watcher, who stayed in the tree, indicated by signs that the elephant were not far off; and his companions wished to lead us round to where the cover was a little lower and thinner. But to do so would have given them our wind, and Cuninghame refused, taking into his own hands the management of the stalk. I kept my heavy rifle at the ready, and on we went, in watchful silence, prepared at any moment for a charge. We could not tell at what second we might catch our first glimpse at very close quarters of "the beast that hath between his eyes the serpent for a hand," and when thus surprised the temper of "the huge earth-shaking beast" is sometimes of the shortest.

Cuninghame and Tarlton stopped for a moment to consult; Cuninghame stooped, and Tarlton mounted his shoulders and stood upright, steadying himself by my hand. Down he came and told us that he had seen a small tree shake seventy yards distant; although upright on Cuninghame's shoulders he could not see the elephant itself. Forward we stole for a few yards, and then a piece of good luck befell us, for we came on the trunk of a great fallen tree, and scrambling up, we found ourselves perched in a row six feet above the ground. The highest part of the trunk was near the root, farthest from where the elephants were; and though it offered precarious footing, it also offered the best lookout. Thither I balanced, and looking over the heads of my companions I at once made out the elephant. At first I could see nothing but the shaking branches, and one huge ear occasionally flapping. Then I made out the ear of another beast, and then the trunk of a third was uncurled, lifted, and curled again; it showered its back with earth. The watcher we had left behind in the tree top coughed; the elephants stood motionless, and up went the biggest elephant's trunk, feeling for the wind; the watcher coughed again, and then the bushes and saplings swayed and parted as three black bulks came toward us. The cover was so high that we could not see their tusks, only the tops of their heads and their

backs being visible. The leader was the biggest, and at it I fired when it was sixty yards away, and nearly broadside on, but heading slightly toward me. I had previously warned every one to kneel. The recoil of the heavy rifle made me rock, as I stood unsteadily on my perch, and I failed to hit the brain. . . . But the bullet, only missing the brain by an inch or two, brought the elephant to its knees; as it rose I floored it with the second barrel. The blast of the big rifle, by the way, was none too pleasant for the other men on the log and made Cuninghame's nose bleed. Reloading, I fired twice at the next animal, which was now turning. It stumbled and nearly fell, but at the same moment the first one rose again, and I fired both barrels into its head, bringing it once more to the ground. Once again it rose—an elephant's brain is not an easy mark to hit under such conditions—but as it moved slowly off, half stunned, I snatched the little Springfield rifle, and this time shot true, sending the bullet into its brain. As it fell I took another shot at the wounded elephant, now disappearing in the forest, but without effect.

On walking up to our prize it proved to be not a cow, but a good-sized adult (but not old) herd bull, with thick, short tusks, weighing about forty pounds apiece. Ordinarily, of course, a bull, and not a cow, is what one desires, although on this occasion I needed a cow to complete the group for the Museum. However, Heller and Cuninghame spent the next few days in preserving the skin, and I was too much pleased with our luck to feel inclined to grumble. We were back in camp five hours after leaving it. Our gun-bearers usually felt it incumbent on them to keep a dignified bearing while in our company. But the death of an elephant is always a great event; and one of the gun-bearers, as they walked ahead of us campward, soon began to improvise a song, reciting the success of the hunt, the death of the elephant, and the power of the rifles; and gradually, as they got further ahead, the more light-hearted among them began to give way to their spirits, and they came into camp frolicking, gambolling, and dancing as if they were still the naked savages that they had been before they became the white man's followers.

Two days later Kermit got his bull. He and Tarlton had camped about ten miles off

in a magnificent forest, and late the first afternoon received news that a herd of elephants was in the neighborhood. They were off by dawn, and in a few hours came on the herd. It consisted chiefly of cows and calves, but there was one big master bull, with fair tusks. It was open forest with long grass. By careful stalking they got within thirty yards of the bull, behind whom was a line of cows. Kermit put both barrels of his heavy double .450 into the tusker's head, but without even staggering him; and as he walked off Tarlton also fired both barrels into him, with no more effect; then, as he slowly turned, Kermit killed him with a shot in the brain from the .405 Winchester. Immediately the cows lifted their ears, and began trumpeting and threatening; if they had come on in a body at that distance, there was not much chance of turning them or of escaping from them; and after standing stock still for a minute or two, Kermit and Tarlton stole quietly off for a hundred yards, and waited until the anger of the cows cooled and they had moved away, before going up to the dead bull. Then they followed the herd again, and Kermit got some photos which, as far as I know, are at least as good as any that have ever been taken of wild elephant. He took them close up, at imminent risk of a charge.

The following day the two hunters rode back to Meru, making a long circle. The elephants they saw were not worth shooting, but they killed the finest rhinoceros we had yet seen. They saw it in an open space of tall grass, surrounded by lantana brush, a flowering shrub with close-growing stems, perhaps twenty feet high and no thicker than a man's thumb; it forms a favorite cover for elephant and rhinoceros, and is well-nigh impenetrable to hunters. Fortunately this particular rhino was outside it, and Kermit and Tarlton got up to about twenty-five yards from him. Kermit then put one bullet behind his shoulders, and as he whipped round to charge, another bullet on the point of his shoulders; although mortally wounded, he showed no signs whatever of being hurt, and came at the hunters with great speed and savage desire to do harm. Then an extraordinary thing happened. . . . Tarlton fired, inflicting merely a flesh wound in one shoulder, and the big, fearsome brute, which had utterly disre-

garded the two fatal shots, on receiving this flesh wound, wheeled and ran. Both firing, they killed him before he had gone many yards. He was a bull, with a thirty-inch horn.

By this time Cuninghame and Heller had finished the skin and skeleton of the bull they were preserving. Near the carcass Heller trapped an old male leopard, a savage beast; its skin was in fine shape, but it was not fat, and weighed just one hundred pounds. Now we all joined, and shifted camp to a point eight or nine miles distant from Meru boma, and fifteen hundred feet lower among the foot-hills. It was much hotter at this lower level; palms were among the trees that bordered the streams. On the day we shifted camp Tarlton and I rode in advance to look for elephants, followed by our gun-bearers and half a dozen wild Meru hunters, each carrying a spear or a bow and arrows. When we reached the hunting grounds, open country with groves of trees and patches of jungle, the Meru went off in every direction to find elephant. We waited their return under a tree, by a big stretch of cultivated ground. The region was well peopled, and all the way down the path had led between fields, where the Meru women were tilling with their adze-like hoes, and banana plantations, where among the banana trees other trees had been planted, and the yarn vines trained up their trunks. These cool, shady banana plantations, fenced in with tall hedges and bordered by rapid brooks, were really very attractive. Among them were scattered villages of conical thatched huts, and level places plastered with cow dung on which the grain was threshed; it was then stored in huts raised on posts. There were herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats; and among the burdens the women bore we often saw huge bottles of milk. In the shambas there were platforms, and sometimes regular thatched huts, placed in the trees; these were for the watchers, who were to keep the elephants out of the shambas at night. Some of the natives wore girdles of banana leaves, looking, as Kermit said, much like the pictures of savages in Sunday-school books.

Early in the afternoon some of the scouts returned with news that three bull elephants were in a piece of forest a couple of miles distant, and thither we went. It was

an open grove of heavy thorn timber beside a strip of swamp; among the trees the grass grew tall, and there were many thickets of arbutelon, a flowering shrub a dozen feet high. On this the elephants were feeding. Tarlton's favorite sport was lion hunting, but he was also a first-class elephant hunter, and he brought me up to these bulls in fine style. Although only three hundred yards away, it took us two hours to get close to them. Tarlton and the "shenzis"—wild natives, in Swahili (a kind of African chinook) "wa-shenzi"—who were with us, climbed tree after tree, first to place the elephants, and then to see if they carried ivory heavy enough to warrant my shooting them. At last Tarlton brought me to within fifty yards of them. Two were feeding in bush which hid them from view, and the third stood between, facing us. We could only see the top of his head and back, not his tusks, and could not tell whether he was worth shooting. Much puzzled we stood where we were, peering anxiously at the huge half-hidden game. Suddenly there was a slight eddy in the wind, up went the elephant's trunk, twisting to and fro in the air; evidently he could not catch a clear scent; but in another moment we saw the three great dark forms moving gently off through the bush. As rapidly as possible, following the trails already tramped by the elephants, we walked forward, and after a hundred yards Tarlton pointed to a big bull with good tusks standing motionless behind some small trees seventy yards distant. As I aimed at his head he started to move off; the first bullet from the heavy Holland brought him to his knees, and as he rose I knocked him flat with the second. He struggled to rise; but, both firing, we kept him down; and I finished him with a bullet in the brain from the little Springfield. Although rather younger than either of the bulls I had already shot, it was even larger. In its stomach were beans from the shambas, arbutelon tips, and bark, and especially the twigs, leaves, and white blossoms of a smaller shrub. The tusks weighed a little over a hundred pounds the pair.

We still needed a cow for the Museum; and a couple of days later, at noon, a party of natives brought in word that they had seen two cows in a spot five miles away. Piloted by a naked spearman, whose hair

was done into a cue, we rode toward the place. For most of the distance we followed old elephant trails, in some places mere tracks beaten down through stiff grass which stood above the head of a man on horseback, in some places paths rutted deep into the earth. We crossed a river, where monkeys chattered among the tree tops. On an open plain we saw a rhinoceros cow trotting off with her calf. At last we came to a hill-top with, on the summit, a noble fig-tree, whose giant limbs were stretched over the palms that clustered beneath. Here we left our horses and went forward on foot, crossing a palm-fringed stream in a little valley. From the next rise we saw the backs of the elephants as they stood in a slight valley, where the rank grass grew ten or twelve feet high. It was some time before we could see the ivory so as to be sure of exactly what we were shooting. Then the biggest cow began to move slowly forward, and we walked nearly parallel to her, along an elephant trail, until from a slight knoll I got a clear view of her at a distance of eighty yards. As she walked leisurely along, almost broadside to me, I fired the right barrel of the Holland into her head, knocking her flat down with the shock; and when she rose I put a bullet from the left barrel through her heart, again knocking her completely off her feet; and this time she fell permanently. She was a very old cow, and her ivory was rather better than in the average of her sex in this neighborhood, the tusks weighing about eighteen pounds apiece. She had been ravaging the shambas over night—which accounted in part for the natives being so eager to show her to me—and in addition to leaves and grass, her stomach contained quantities of beans. There was a young one—just out of calfhood, and quite able to take care of itself—with her; it ran off as soon as the mother fell.

Early next morning Cuninghame and Heller shifted part of the safari to the stream near where the dead elephant lay, intending to spend the following three days in taking off and preparing the skin. Meanwhile Tarlton, Kermit, and I were to try our luck in a short hunt on the other side of Meru boma, at a little crater lake called Lake Ingouga. We could not get an early start, and reached Meru too late to push on to the lake the same day.

The following morning we marched to the lake in two hours and a half. We spent an hour in crossing a broad tongue of woodland that stretched down from the wonderful mountain forest lying higher on the slopes. The trail was blind in many places because elephant paths of every age continually led along and across it, some of them being much better marked than the trail itself, as it twisted through the sun-flecked shadows underneath the great trees. Then we came out on high downs, covered with tall grass and littered with volcanic stones and broken by ravines which were choked with dense underbrush. There were high hills, and to the left of the downs, toward Kenia, these were clad in forest. We pitched our tents on a steep cliff overlooking the crater lake—or pond, as it might more properly be called. It was bordered with sedge, and through the water-lilies on its surface we saw the reflection of the new moon after nightfall. Here and there thick forest came down to the brink, and through this, on opposite sides of the pond, deeply worn elephant paths, evidently travelled for ages, wound down to the water.

That evening we hunted for bush buck, but saw none. While sitting on a hillock at dusk, watching for game, a rhino trotted up to inspect us, with ears cocked forward and tail erect. A rhino always has something comic about it, like a pig, formidable though it at times is. This one carried a poor horn, and therefore we were pleased when at last it trotted off without obliging us to shoot it. We saw new kinds of whydah birds, one with a yellow breast, one with white in its tail; at this altitude the cocks were still in full plumage, although it was just past the middle of September; whereas at Naivasha they had begun to lose their long tail feathers nearly two months previously.

On returning to camp we received a note from Cuninghame saying that Heller had been taken seriously sick, and Tarlton had to go to them. This left Kermit and me to take our two days' hunt together.

One day we got nothing. We saw game on the open downs, but it was too wary, and though we got within twenty-five yards of eland in thick cover, we could only make out a cow, and she took fright and ran without our ever getting a glimpse of the bull

that was with her. Late in the afternoon we saw an elephant a mile and a half away, crossing a corner of the open downs. We followed its trail until the light grew too dim for shooting, but never overtook it, although at the last we could hear it ahead of us breaking the branches; and we made our way back to camp through the darkness.

The other day made amends. It was Kermit's turn to shoot an elephant, and mine to shoot a rhinoceros; and each of us was to act as the backing gun for the other. In the forenoon, we saw a bull rhino with a good horn walking over the open downs. A convenient hill enabled us to cut him off without difficulty, and from its summit we killed him at the base, fifty or sixty yards off. His front horn was nearly twenty-nine inches long; but though he was an old bull, his total length, from tip of nose to tip of tail, was only twelve feet, and he was, I should guess, not more than two-thirds the bulk of the big bull I killed in the Sotik.

We rested for an hour or two at noon, under the shade of a very old tree with glossy leaves, and orchids growing on its gnarled, hoary limbs, while the unsaddled horses grazed, and the gun-bearers slept near by, the cool mountain air, although this was mid-day under the equator, making them prefer the sunlight to the shade. When we moved on it was through a sea of bush ten or fifteen feet high, dotted here and there with trees; and riddled in every direction by the trails of elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Each of these animals frequents certain kinds of country to which the other two rarely or never penetrate; but here they all three found ground to their liking. Except along their winding trails, which were tunnels where the jungle was tall, it would have been practically impossible to traverse the thick and matted cover in which they had made their abode.

We could not tell what moment we might find ourselves face to face with some big beast at such close quarters as to insure a charge, and we moved in cautious silence, our rifles in our hands. Rhinoceros were especially plentiful, and we continually

came across not only their tracks, but the dusty wallows in which they rolled, and where they came to deposit their dung. The fresh sign of elephant, however, distracted our attention from the lesser game, and we followed the big footprints eagerly, now losing the trail, now finding it again. At last near a clump of big trees we caught sight of three huge, dark bodies ahead of us. The wind was right, and we stole toward them, Kermit leading, and I immediately behind. Through the tangled branches their shapes loomed in vague outline; but we saw that one had a pair of long tusks, and our gun-bearers unanimously pronounced it a big bull, with good ivory. A few more steps gave Kermit a chance at its head, at about sixty yards, and with a bullet from his .405 Winchester he floored the mighty beast. It rose, and we both fired in unison, bringing it down again; but as we came up it struggled to get on its feet, roaring savagely, and once more we both fired together. This finished it. We were disappointed at finding that it was not a bull; but it was a large cow, with tusks over five feet long—a very unusual length for a cow—one weighing twenty-five, and the other twenty-two pounds.

Our experience had convinced us that both the Winchester .405, and the Springfield .300 would do good work with elephants; although I kept to my belief that, for such very heavy game, my Holland .500-.450 was an even better weapon.

Not far from where this elephant fell Tarlton had, the year before, witnessed an interesting incident. He was watching a small herd of elephants, cows and calves, which were in the open, when he saw them begin to grow uneasy. Then, with a shrill trumpet, a cow approached a bush, out of which bounded a big lion. Instantly all the cows charged him, and he fled as fast as his legs would carry him for the forest, two hundred yards distant. He just managed to reach the cover in safety; and then the infuriated cows, in their anger at his escape, demolished the forest for several rods in every direction.

THE EYES

By Edith Wharton

I



WE had been put in the mood for ghosts, that evening, after an excellent dinner at our old friend Culwin's, by a tale of Fred Murchard's—the narrative of a strange personal visitation.

Seen through the haze of our cigars, and by the drowsy gleam of a coal fire, Culwin's library, with its oak walls and dark old bindings, made a good setting for such evocations; and ghostly experiences at first hand being, after Murchard's brilliant opening, the only kind acceptable to us, we proceeded to take stock of our group and tax each member for a contribution. There were eight of us, and seven contrived, in a manner more or less adequate, to fulfil the condition imposed. It surprised us all to find that we could muster such a show of supernatural impressions, for none of us, excepting Murchard himself and young Phil Frenham—whose story was the slightest of the lot—had the habit of sending our souls into the invisible. So that, on the whole, we had every reason to be proud of our seven "exhibits," and none of us would have dreamed of expecting an eighth from our host.

Our old friend, Mr. Andrew Culwin, who had sat back in his arm-chair, listening and blinking through the smoke circles with the cheerful tolerance of a wise old idol, was not the kind of man likely to be favoured with such contacts, though he had imagination enough to enjoy, without envying, the superior privileges of his guests. By age and by education he belonged to the stout Positivist tradition, and his habit of thought had been formed in the days of the epic struggle between physics and metaphysics. But he had been, then and always, essentially a spectator, a humorous detached observer of the immense muddled variety show of life, slipping out of his seat

now and then for a brief dip into the convivialities at the back of the house, but never, as far as one knew, showing the least desire to jump on the stage and do a "turn."

Among his contemporaries there lingered a vague tradition of his having, at a remote period, and in a romantic clime, been wounded in a duel; but this legend no more tallied with what we younger men knew of his character than my mother's assertion that he had once been "a charming little man with nice eyes" corresponded to any possible reconstitution of his dry thwarted physiognomy.

"He never can have looked like anything but a bundle of sticks," Murchard had once said of him. "Or a phosphorescent log, rather," some one else amended; and we recognized the happiness of this description of his small squat trunk, with the red blink of the eyes in a face like mottled bark. He had always been possessed of a leisure which he had nursed and protected, instead of squandering it in vain activities. His carefully guarded hours had been devoted to the cultivation of a fine intelligence and a few judiciously chosen habits; and none of the disturbances common to human experience seemed to have crossed his sky. Nevertheless, his dispassionate survey of the universe had not raised his opinion of that costly experiment, and his study of the human race seemed to have resulted in the conclusion that all men were superfluous, and women necessary only because some one had to do the cooking. On the importance of this point his convictions were absolute, and gastronomy was the only science which he revered as a dogma. It must be owned that his little dinners were a strong argument in favour of this view, besides being a reason—though not the main one—for the fidelity of his friends.

Mentally he exercised a hospitality less seductive but no less stimulating. His mind was like a forum, or some open meet-

ing-place for the exchange of ideas: somewhat cold and draughty, but light, spacious and orderly—a kind of academic grove from which all the leaves had fallen. In this privileged area a dozen of us were wont to stretch our muscles and expand our lungs; and, as if to prolong as much as possible the tradition of what we felt to be a vanishing institution, one or two neophytes were now and then added to our band.

Young Phil Frenham was the last, and the most interesting, of these recruits, and a good example of Murchard's somewhat morbid assertion that our old friend "liked 'em juicy." It was indeed a fact that Culwin, for all his mental dryness, specially tasted the lyric qualities in youth. As he was far too good an Epicurean to nip the flowers of soul which he gathered for his garden, his friendship was not a disintegrating influence: on the contrary, it forced the young idea to robust bloom. And in Phil Frenham he had a fine subject for experimentation. The boy was really intelligent, and the soundness of his nature was like the pure paste under a delicate glaze. Culwin had fished him out of a thick fog of family dulness, and pulled him up to a peak in Darien; and the adventure hadn't hurt him a bit. Indeed, the skill with which Culwin had contrived to stimulate his curiosities without robbing them of their young bloom of awe seemed to me a sufficient answer to Murchard's ogreish metaphor. There was nothing hectic in Frenham's efflorescence, and his old friend had not laid even a finger-tip on the sacred stupidities. One wanted no better proof of that than the fact that Frenham still revered them in Culwin.

"There's a side of him you fellows don't see. I believe that story about the duel!" he declared; and it was of the very essence of this belief that it should impel him—just as our little party was dispersing—to turn back to our host with the absurd demand: "And now you've got to tell us about *your* ghost!"

The outer door had closed on Murchard and the others; only Frenham and I remained; and the vigilant servant who presided over Culwin's destinies, having brought a fresh supply of soda-water, had been laconically ordered to bed.

Culwin's sociability was a night-blooming flower, and we knew that he expected the

nucleus of his group to tighten around him after midnight. But Frenham's appeal seemed to disconcert him comically, and he rose from the chair in which he had just re-seated himself after his farewells in the hall.

"My ghost? Do you suppose I'm fool enough to go to the expense of keeping one of my own, when there are so many charming ones in my friends' closets?—Take another cigar," he said, revolving toward me with a laugh.

Frenham laughed too, pulling up his slender height before the chimney-piece as he turned to face his short bristling friend.

"Oh," he said, "you'd never be content to share if you met one you really liked."

Culwin had dropped back into his armchair, his shock head embedded in its habitual hollow, his little eyes glimmering over a fresh cigar.

"Liked—*liked*? Good Lord!" he growled.

"Ah, you *have*, then!" Frenham pounced on him in the same instant, with a side-glance of victory at me; but Culwin cowered gnomelike among his cushions, dissembling himself in a protective cloud of smoke.

"What's the use of denying it? You've seen everything, so of course you've seen a ghost!" his young friend persisted, talking intrepidly into the cloud. "Or, if you haven't seen one, it's only because you've seen two!"

The form of the challenge seemed to strike our host. He shot his head out of the mist with a queer tortoise-like motion he sometimes had, and blinked approvingly at Frenham.

"Yes," he suddenly flung at us on a shrill jerk of laughter; "it's only because I've seen two!"

The words were so unexpected that they dropped down and down into a fathomless silence, while we continued to stare at each other over Culwin's head, and Culwin stared at his ghosts. At length Frenham, without speaking, threw himself into the chair on the other side of the hearth, and leaned forward with his listening smile . . .

II

"OH, of course they're not show ghosts—a collector wouldn't think anything of them . . . Don't let me raise your hopes . . . their one merit is their numerical

strength: the exceptional fact of their being *two*. But, as against this, I'm bound to admit that at any moment I could probably have exorcised them both by asking my doctor for a prescription, or my oculist for a pair of spectacles. Only, as I never could make up my mind whether to go to the doctor or the oculist—whether I was afflicted by an optical or a digestive delusion—I left them to pursue their interesting double life, though at times they made mine exceedingly uncomfortable . . .

"Yes—uncomfortable; and you know how I hate to be uncomfortable! But it was part of my stupid pride, when the thing began, not to admit that I could be disturbed by the trifling matter of seeing two—

"And then I'd no reason, really, to suppose I was ill. As far as I knew I was simply bored—horribly bored. But it was part of my boredom—I remember—that I was feeling so uncommonly well, and didn't know how on earth to work off my surplus energy. I had come back from a long journey—down in South America and Mexico—and had settled down for the winter near New York, with an old aunt who had known Washington Irving and corresponded with N. P. Willis. She lived, not far from Irvington, in a damp Gothic villa, overhung by Norway spruces, and looking exactly like a memorial emblem done in hair. Her personal appearance was in keeping with this image, and her own hair—of which there was little left—might have been sacrificed to the manufacture of the emblem.

"I had just reached the end of an agitated year, with considerable arrears to make up in money and emotion; and theoretically it seemed as though my aunt's mild hospitality would be as beneficial to my nerves as to my purse. But the deuce of it was that as soon as I felt myself safe and sheltered my energy began to revive; and how was I to work it off inside of a memorial emblem? I had, at that time, the agreeable illusion that sustained intellectual effort could engage a man's whole activity; and I decided to write a great book—I forget about what. My aunt, impressed by my plan, gave up to me her Gothic library, filled with classics in black cloth and daguerrotypes of faded celebrities; and I sat down at my desk to make

myself a place among their number. And to facilitate my task she lent me a cousin to copy my manuscript.

"The cousin was a nice girl, and I had an idea that a nice girl was just what I needed to restore my faith in human nature, and principally in myself. She was neither beautiful nor intelligent—poor Alice Nowell!—but it interested me to see any woman content to be so uninteresting, and I wanted to find out the secret of her content. In doing this I handled it rather rashly, and put it out of joint—oh, just for a moment! There's no fatuity in telling you this, for the poor girl had never seen any one but cousins . . .

"Well, I was sorry for what I'd done, of course, and confoundedly bothered as to how I should put it straight. She was staying in the house, and one evening, after my aunt had gone to bed, she came down to the library to fetch a book she'd mislaid, like any artless heroine on the shelves behind us. She was pink-nosed and flustered, and it suddenly occurred to me that her hair, though it was fairly thick and pretty, would look exactly like my aunt's when she grew older. I was glad I had noticed this, for it made it easier for me to do what was right; and when I had found the book she hadn't lost I told her I was leaving for Europe that week.

"Europe was terribly far off in those days, and Alice knew at once what I meant. She didn't take it in the least as I'd expected—it would have been easier if she had. She held her book very tight, and turned away a moment to wind up the lamp on my desk—it had a ground glass shade with vine leaves, and glass drops around the edge, I remember. Then she came back, held out her hand, and said: 'Good-bye.' And as she said it she looked straight at me and kissed me. I had never felt anything as fresh and shy and brave as her kiss. It was worse than any reproach, and it made me ashamed to deserve a reproach from her. I said to myself: 'I'll marry her, and when my aunt dies she'll leave us this house, and I'll sit here at the desk and go on with my book; and Alice will sit over there with her embroidery and look at me as she's looking now. And life will go on like that for any number of years.' The prospect frightened me a little, but at the time it didn't frighten

me as much as doing anything to hurt her; and ten minutes later she had my seal ring on her finger, and my promise that when I went abroad she should go with me.

"You'll wonder why I'm enlarging on this familiar incident. It's because the evening on which it took place was the very evening on which I first saw the queer sight I've spoken of. Being at that time an ardent believer in a necessary sequence between cause and effect I naturally tried to trace some kind of link between what had just happened to me in my aunt's library, and what was to happen a few hours later on the same night; and so the coincidence between the two events always remained in my mind.

"I went up to bed with rather a heavy heart, for I was bowed under the weight of the first good action I had ever consciously committed; and young as I was, I saw the gravity of my situation. Don't imagine from this that I had hitherto been an instrument of destruction. I had been merely a harmless young man, who had followed his bent and declined all collaboration with Providence. Now I had suddenly undertaken to promote the moral order of the world, and I felt a good deal like the trustful spectator who has given his gold watch to the conjurer, and doesn't know in what shape he'll get it back when the trick is over . . . Still, a glow of self-righteousness tempered my fears, and I said to myself as I undressed that when I'd got used to being good it probably wouldn't make me as nervous as it did at the start. And by the time I was in bed, and had blown out my candle, I felt that I really *was* getting used to it, and that, as far as I'd got, it was not unlike sinking down into one of my aunt's very softest wool mattresses.

"I closed my eyes on this image, and when I opened them it must have been a good deal later, for my room had grown cold, and the night was intensely still. I was waked suddenly by the feeling we all know—the feeling that there was something near me that hadn't been there when I fell asleep. I sat up and strained my eyes into the darkness. The room was pitch black, and at first I saw nothing; but gradually a vague glimmer at the foot of the bed turned into two eyes staring back at me. I couldn't see the face attached to them—on account of the darkness, I im-

agined—but as I looked the eyes grew more and more distinct: they gave out a light of their own.

"The sensation of being thus gazed at was far from pleasant, and you might suppose that my first impulse would have been to jump out of bed and hurl myself on the invisible figure attached to the eyes. But it wasn't—my impulse was simply to lie still . . . I can't say whether this was due to an immediate sense of the uncanny nature of the apparition—to the certainty that if I did jump out of bed I should hurl myself on nothing—or merely to the benumbing effect of the eyes themselves. They were the very worst eyes I've ever seen: a man's eyes—but what a man! My first thought was that he must be frightfully old. The orbits were sunk, and the thick red-lined lids hung over the eyeballs like blinds of which the cords are broken. One lid drooped a little lower than the other, with the effect of a crooked leer; and between these pulpy folds of flesh, with their scant bristle of lashes, the eyes themselves, small glassy disks with an agate-like rim about the pupils, looked like sea-pebbles in the grip of a starfish.

"But the age of the eyes was not the most unpleasant thing about them. What turned me sick was their expression of vicious security. I don't know how else to describe the fact that they seemed to belong to a man who had done a lot of harm in his life, but had always kept just inside the danger lines. They were not the eyes of a coward, but of some one much too clever to take risks; and my gorge rose at their look of base astuteness. Yet even that wasn't the worst; for as we continued to scan each other I saw in them a tinge of faint derision, and felt myself to be its object.

"At that I was seized by an impulse of rage that jerked me out of bed and pitched me straight on the unseen figure at its foot. But of course there wasn't any figure there, and my fists struck at emptiness. Ashamed and cold, I groped about for a match and lit the candles. The room looked just as usual—as I had known it would; and I crawled back to bed, and blew out the lights.

"As soon as the room was dark again the eyes reappeared; and I now applied myself to explaining them on scientific principles. At first I thought the illusion might

have been caused by the glow of the last embers in the chimney; but the fire-place was on the other side of my bed, and so placed that the fire could not possibly be reflected in my toilet glass, which was the only mirror in the room. Then it occurred to me that I might have been tricked by the reflection of the embers in some polished bit of wood or metal; and though I couldn't discover any object of the sort in my line of vision, I got up again, groped my way to the hearth, and covered what was left of the fire. But as soon as I was back in bed the eyes were back at its foot.

"They were an hallucination, then: that was plain. But the fact that they were not due to any external dupery didn't make them a bit pleasanter to see. For if they were a projection of my inner consciousness, what the deuce was the matter with that organ? I had gone deeply enough into the mystery of morbid pathological states to picture the conditions under which an exploring mind might lay itself open to such a midnight admonition; but I couldn't fit it to my present case. I had never felt more normal, mentally and physically; and the only unusual fact in my situation—that of having assured the happiness of an amiable girl—did not seem of a kind to summon unclean spirits about my pillow. But there were the eyes still looking at me . . .

"I shut mine, and tried to evoke a vision of Alice Nowell's. They were not remarkable eyes, but they were as wholesome as fresh water, and if she had had more imagination—or longer lashes—their expression might have been interesting. As it was, they did not prove very efficacious, and in a few moments I perceived that they had mysteriously changed into the eyes at the foot of the bed. It exasperated me more to feel these glaring at me through my shut lids than to see them, and I opened my eyes again and looked straight into their hateful stare . . .

"And so it went on all night. I can't tell you what that night was, nor how long it lasted. Have you ever lain in bed, hopelessly wide awake, and tried to keep your eyes shut, knowing that if you opened 'em you'd see something you dreaded and loathed? It sounds easy, but it's devilish hard. Those eyes hung there and drew me. I had the *vertige de l'abîme*, and their red

lids were the edge of my abyss. . . . I had known nervous hours before: hours when I'd felt the wind of danger in my neck; but never this kind of strain. It wasn't that the eyes were so awful; they hadn't the majesty of the powers of darkness. But they had—how shall I say?—a physical effect that was the equivalent of a bad smell: their look left a smear like a snail's. And I didn't see what business they had with me, anyhow—and I stared and stared, trying to find out . . .

"I don't know what effect they were trying to produce; but the effect they *did* produce was that of making me pack my portmanteau and bolt to town early the next morning. I left a note for my aunt, explaining that I was ill and had gone to see my doctor; and as a matter of fact I did feel uncommonly ill—the night seemed to have pumped all the blood out of me. But when I reached town I didn't go to the doctor's. I went to a friend's rooms, and threw myself on a bed, and slept for ten heavenly hours. When I woke it was the middle of the night, and I turned cold at the thought of what might be waiting for me. I sat up, shaking, and stared into the darkness; but there wasn't a break in its blessed surface, and when I saw that the eyes were not there I dropped back into another long sleep.

"I had left no word for Alice when I fled, because I meant to go back the next morning. But the next morning I was too exhausted to stir. As the day went on the exhaustion increased, instead of wearing off like the lassitude left by an ordinary night of insomnia: the effect of the eyes seemed to be cumulative, and the thought of seeing them again grew intolerable. For two days I struggled with my dread; but on the third evening I pulled myself together and decided to go back the next morning. I felt a good deal happier as soon as I'd decided, for I knew that my abrupt disappearance, and the strangeness of my not writing, must have been very painful to poor Alice. That night I went to bed with an easy mind, and fell asleep at once; but in the middle of the night I woke, and there were the eyes . . .

"Well, I simply couldn't face them; and instead of going back to my aunt's I bundled a few things into a trunk and jumped onto the first steamer for England. I was

so dead tired when I got on board that I crawled straight into my berth, and slept most of the way over; and I can't tell you the bliss it was to wake from those long stretches of dreamless sleep and look fearlessly into the darkness, *knowing* that I shouldn't see the eyes . . .

"I stayed abroad for a year, and then I stayed for another; and during that time I never had a glimpse of them. That was enough reason for prolonging my stay if I'd been on a desert island. Another was, of course, that I had perfectly come to see, on the voyage over, the folly, complete impossibility, of my marrying Alice Nowell. The fact that I had been so slow in making this discovery annoyed me, and made me want to avoid explanations. The bliss of escaping at one stroke from the eyes, and from this other embarrassment, gave my freedom an extraordinary zest; and the longer I savoured it the better I liked its taste.

"The eyes had burned such a hole in my consciousness that for a long time I went on puzzling over the nature of the apparition, and wondering nervously if it would ever come back. But as time passed I lost this dread, and retained only the precision of the image. Then that faded in its turn.

"The second year found me settled in Rome, where I was planning, I believe, to write another great book—a definitive work on Etruscan influences in Italian art. At any rate, I'd found some pretext of the kind for taking a sunny apartment in the Piazza di Spagna and dabbling about indefinitely in the Forum; and there, one morning, a charming youth came to me. As he stood there in the warm light, slender and smooth and hyacinthine, he might have stepped from a ruined altar—one to Antinous, say—but he'd come instead from New York, with a letter (of all people) from Alice Nowell. The letter—the first I'd had from her since our break—was simply a line introducing her young cousin, Gilbert Noyes, and appealing to me to befriend him. It appeared, poor lad, that he 'had talent,' and 'wanted to write'; and, an obdurate family having insisted that his calligraphy should take the form of double entry, Alice had intervened to win him six months' respite, during which he was to travel on a meagre pittance, and somehow prove his ultimate ability to in-

crease it by his pen. The quaint conditions of the test struck me first: it seemed about as conclusive as a mediæval 'ordeal.' Then I was touched by her having sent him to me. I had always wanted to do her some service, to justify myself in my own eyes rather than hers; and here was a beautiful embodiment of my chance.

"Well, I imagine it's safe to lay down the general principle that predestined geniuses don't, as a rule, appear before one in the spring sunshine of the Forum looking like one of its banished gods. At any rate, poor Noyes wasn't a predestined genius. But he *was* beautiful to see, and charming as a comrade too. It was only when he began to talk literature that my heart failed me. I knew all the symptoms so well—the things he had 'in him,' and the things outside him that impinged! There's the real test, after all. It was always—punctually, inevitably, with the inexorableness of a mechanical law—it was *always* the wrong thing that struck him. I grew to find a certain grim fascination in deciding in advance exactly which wrong thing he'd select; and I acquired an astonishing skill at the game . . .

"The worst of it was that his *bêtise* wasn't of the too obvious sort. Ladies who met him at picnics thought him intellectual; and even at dinners he passed for clever. I, who had him under the microscope, fancied now and then that he might develop some kind of a slim talent, something that he could make 'do' and be happy on; and wasn't that, after all, what I was concerned with? He was so charming—he continued to be so charming—that he called forth all my charity in support of this argument; and for the first few months I really believed there was a chance for him . . .

"Those months were delightful. Noyes was constantly with me, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. His stupidity was a natural grace—it was as beautiful, really, as his eye-lashes. And he was so gay, so affectionate, and so happy with me, that telling him the truth would have been about as pleasant as slitting the throat of some artless animal. At first I used to wonder what had put into that radiant head the detestable delusion that it held a brain. Then I began to see that it was simply protective mimicry—an instinctive ruse to get away from family life

and an office desk. Not that Gilbert didn't—dear lad!—believe in himself. There wasn't a trace of hypocrisy in his composition. He was sure that his 'call' was irresistible, while to me it was the saving grace of his situation that it *wasn't*, and that a little money, a little leisure, a little pleasure would have turned him into an inoffensive idler. Unluckily, however, there was no hope of money, and with the grim alternative of the office desk before him he couldn't postpone his attempt at literature. The stuff he turned out was deplorable, and I see now that I knew it from the first. Still, the absurdity of deciding a man's whole future on a first trial seemed to justify me in withholding my verdict, and perhaps even in encouraging him a little, on the ground that the human plant generally needs warmth to flower.

"At any rate, I proceeded on that principle, and carried it to the point of getting his term of probation extended. When I left Rome he went with me, and we idled away a delicious summer between Capri and Venice. I said to myself: 'If he has anything in him, it will come out now; and it *did*.' He was never more enchanting and enchanted. There were moments of our pilgrimage when beauty born of murmuring sound seemed actually to pass into his face—but only to issue forth in a shallow flood of the palest ink . . .

"Well the time came to turn off the tap; and I knew there was no hand but mine to do it. We were back in Rome, and I had taken him to stay with me, not wanting him to be alone in his dismal *pension* when he had to face the necessity of renouncing his ambition. I hadn't, of course, relied solely on my own judgment in deciding to advise him to drop literature. I had sent his stuff to various people—editors and critics—and they had always sent it back with the same chilling lack of comment. Really there was nothing on earth to say about it—

"I confess I never felt more shabbily than I did on the day when I decided to have it out with Gilbert. It was well enough to tell myself that it was my duty to knock the poor boy's hopes into splinters—but I'd like to know what act of gratuitous cruelty hasn't been justified on that plea? I've always shrunk from usurping the functions of Providence, and when I have to

exercise them I decidedly prefer that it shouldn't be on an errand of destruction. Besides, in the last issue, who was I to decide, even after a year's trial, if poor Gilbert had it in him or not?

"The more I looked at the part I'd resolved to play, the less I liked it; and I liked it still less when Gilbert sat opposite me, with his head thrown back in the lamp-light, just as Phil's is now . . . I'd been going over his last manuscript, and he knew it, and he knew that his future hung on my verdict—we'd tacitly agreed to that. The manuscript lay between us, on my table—a novel, his first novel, if you please!—and he reached over and laid his hand on it, and looked up at me with all his life in the look.

"I stood up and cleared my throat, trying to keep my eyes away from his face and on the manuscript.

"The fact is, my dear Gilbert,' I began—

"I saw him turn pale, but he was up and facing me in an instant.

"Oh, look here, don't take on so, my dear fellow! I'm not so awfully cut up as all that!' His hands were on my shoulders, and he was laughing down on me from his full height, with a kind of mortally-stricken gaiety that drove the knife into my side.

"He was too beautifully brave for me to keep up any humbug about my duty. And it came over me suddenly how I should hurt others in hurting him: myself first, since sending him home meant losing him; but more particularly poor Alice Nowell, to whom I had so uneasily longed to prove my good faith and my immense desire to serve her. It really seemed like failing her twice to fail Gilbert—

"But my intuition was like one of those lightning flashes that encircle the whole horizon, and in the same instant I saw what I might be letting myself in for if I didn't tell the truth. I said to myself: 'I shall have him for life'—and I'd never yet seen any one, man or woman, whom I was quite sure of wanting on those terms. Well, this impulse of egotism decided me. I was ashamed of it, and to get away from it I took a leap that landed me straight in Gilbert's arms.

"The thing's all right, and you're all wrong!' I shouted up at him; and as he hugged me, and I laughed and shook in his incredulous clutch, I had for a minute

the sense of self-complacency that is supposed to attend the footsteps of the just. Hang it all, making people happy *has* its charms——

"Gilbert, of course, was for celebrating his emancipation in some spectacular manner; but I sent him away alone to explode his emotions, and went to bed to sleep off mine. As I undressed I began to wonder what their after-taste would be—so many of the finest don't keep! Still, I wasn't sorry, and I meant to empty the bottle, even if it *did* turn a trifle flat.

"After I got into bed I lay for a long time smiling at the memory of his eyes—his blissful eyes. . . Then I fell asleep, and when I woke the room was deathly cold, and I sat up with a jerk—and there were *the other eyes* . . .

"It was three years since I'd seen them, but I'd thought of them so often that I fancied they could never take me unawares again. Now, with their red sneer on me, I knew that I had never really believed they would come back, and that I was as defenceless as ever against them . . . As before, it was the insane irrelevance of their coming that made it so horrible. What the deuce were they after, to leap out at me at such a time? I had lived more or less carelessly in the years since I'd seen them, though my worst indiscretions were not dark enough to invite the searchings of their infernal glare; but at this particular moment I was really in what might have been called a state of grace; and I can't tell you how the fact added to their horror . . .

"But it's not enough to say they were as bad as before: they were worse. Worse by just so much as I'd learned of life in the interval; by all the damnable implications my wider experience read into them. I saw now what I hadn't seen before: that they were eyes which had grown hideous gradually, which had built up their baseness coral-wise, bit by bit, out of a series of small turpitudes slowly accumulated through the industrious years. Yes—it came to me that what made them so bad was that they'd grown bad so slowly . . .

"There they hung in the darkness, their swollen lids dropped across the little watery bulbs rolling loose in the orbits, and the puff of fat flesh making a muddy shadow underneath—and as their filmy stare moved with my movements, there came over me

a sense of their tacit complicity, of a deep hidden understanding between us that was worse than the first shock of their strangeness. Not that I understood them; but that they made it so clear that some day I should . . . Yes, that was the worst part of it, decidedly; and it was the feeling that became stronger each time they came back to me . . .

"For they got into the damnable habit of coming back. They reminded me of vampires with a taste for young flesh, they seemed so to gloat over the taste of a good conscience. Every night for a month they came to claim their morsel of mine: since I'd made Gilbert happy they simply wouldn't loosen their fangs. The coincidence almost made me hate him, poor lad, fortuitous as I felt it to be. I puzzled over it a good deal, but couldn't find any hint of an explanation except in the chance of his association with Alice Nowell. But then the eyes had let up on me the moment I had abandoned her, so they could hardly be the emissaries of a woman scorned, even if one could have pictured poor Alice charging such spirits to avenge her. That set me thinking, and I began to wonder if they would let up on me if I abandoned Gilbert. The temptation was insidious, and I had to stiffen myself against it; but really, dear boy! he was too charming to be sacrificed to such demons. And so, after all, I never found out what they wanted . . ."

III

THE fire crumbled, sending up a flash which threw into relief the narrator's gnarled red face under its grey-black stubble. Pressed into the hollow of the dark leather armchair, it stood out an instant like an intaglio of yellowish red-veined stone, with spots of enamel for the eyes; then the fire sank and in the shaded lamp-light it became once more a dim Rembrandtish blur.

Phil Frenham, sitting in a low chair on the opposite side of the hearth, one long arm propped on the table behind him, one hand supporting his thrown-back head, and his eyes steadily fixed on his old friend's face, had not moved since the tale began. He continued to maintain his silent immobility after Culwin had ceased to speak, and it was I who, with a vague sense of dis-

appointment at the sudden drop of the story, finally asked: "But how long did you keep on seeing them?"

Culwin, so sunk into his chair that he seemed like a heap of his own empty clothes, stirred a little, as if in surprise at my question. He appeared to have half-forgotten what he had been telling us.

"How long? Oh, off and on all that winter. It was infernal. I never got used to them. I grew really ill."

Frenham shifted his attitude silently, and as he did so his elbow struck against a small mirror in a bronze frame standing on the table behind him. He turned and changed its angle slightly; then he resumed his former attitude, his dark head thrown back on his lifted palm, his eyes intent on Culwin's face. Something in his stare embarrassed me, and as if to divert attention from it I pressed on with another question:

"And you never tried sacrificing Noyes?"

"Oh, no. The fact is I didn't have to. He did it for me, poor infatuated boy!"

"Did it for you? How do you mean?"

"He wore me out—wore everybody out. He kept on pouring out his lamentable twaddle, and hawking it up and down the place till he became a thing of terror. I tried to wean him from writing—oh, ever so gently, you understand, by throwing him with agreeable people, giving him a chance to make himself felt, to come to a sense of what he *really* had to give. I'd foreseen this solution from the beginning—felt sure that, once the first ardour of authorship was quenched, he'd drop into his place as a charming parasitic thing, the kind of chronic Cherubino for whom, in old societies, there's always a seat at table, and a shelter behind the ladies' skirts. I saw him take his place as 'the poet': the poet who doesn't write. One knows the type in every drawing-room. Living in that way doesn't cost much—I'd worked it all out in my mind, and felt sure that, with a little help, he could manage it for the next few years; and meanwhile he'd be sure to marry. I saw him married to a widow, rather older, with a good cook and a well-run house. And I actually had my eye on the widow . . . Meanwhile I did everything to facilitate the transition—lent him money to ease his conscience, introduced him to pretty women to make him forget his vows. But nothing would do him: he had but one idea in his beautiful

obstinate head. He wanted the laurel and not the rose, and he kept on repeating Gautier's axiom, and battering and filing at his limp prose till he'd spread it out over Lord knows how many thousand sloppy pages. Now and then he would send a painful to a publisher, and of course it would always come back.

"At first it didn't matter—he thought he was 'misunderstood.' He took the attitudes of genius, and whenever an opus came home he wrote another to keep it company. Then he had a reaction of despair, and accused me of deceiving him, and Lord knows what. I got angry at that, and told him it was he who had deceived himself. He'd come to me determined to write, and I'd done my best to help him. That was the extent of my offence, and I'd done it for his cousin's sake, not his.

"That seemed to strike home, and he didn't answer for a minute. Then he said: 'My time's up and my money's up. What do you think I'd better do?'

"I think you'd better not be an ass,' I said.

"He turned red, and asked: 'What do you mean by being an ass?'

"I took a letter from my desk and held it out to him.

"I mean refusing this offer of Mrs. Ellinger's: to be her secretary at a salary of five thousand dollars. There may be a lot more in it than that.'

"He flung out his hand with a violence that struck the letter from mine. 'Oh, I know well enough what's in it!' he said, scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"And what's your answer, if you know?' I asked.

"He made none at the minute, but turned away slowly to the door. There, with his hand on the threshold, he stopped to ask, almost under his breath: 'Then you really think my stuff's no good?'

"I was tired and exasperated, and I laughed. I don't defend my laugh—it was in wretched taste. But I must plead in extenuation that the boy was a fool, and that I'd done my best for him—I really had.

"He went out of the room, shutting the door quietly after him. That afternoon I left for Frascati, where I'd promised to spend the Sunday with some friends. I was glad to escape from Gilbert, and by the same token, as I learned that night, I had

also escaped from the eyes. I dropped into the same lethargic sleep that had come to me before when their visitations ceased; and when I woke the next morning, in my peaceful painted room above the ilexes, I felt the utter weariness and deep relief that always followed on that repairing slumber. I put in two blessed nights at Frascati, and when I got back to my rooms in Rome I found that Gilbert had gone . . . Oh, nothing tragic had happened—the episode never rose to *that*. He'd simply packed his manuscripts and left for America—for his family and the Wall Street desk. He left a decent little note to tell me of his decision, and behaved altogether, in the circumstances, as little like a fool as it's possible for a fool to behave . . ."

IV

CULWIN paused again, and again Frenham sat motionless, the dusky contour of his young head reflected in the mirror at his back.

"And what became of Noyes afterward?" I finally asked, still disquieted by a sense of incompleteness, by the need of some connecting thread between the parallel lines of the tale.

Culwin twitched his shoulders. "Oh, nothing became of him—because he became nothing. There could be no question of 'becoming' about it. He vegetated in an office, I believe, and finally got a clerkship in a consulate, and married drearily in China. I saw him once in Hong Kong, years afterward. He was fat and hadn't shaved. I was told he drank. He didn't recognize me."

"And the eyes?" I asked, after another pause which Frenham's continued silence made oppressive.

Culwin, stroking his chin, blinked at me meditatively through the shadows. "I never saw them after my last talk with Gilbert. Put two and two together if you can. For my part, I haven't found the link."

He rose stiffly, his hands in his pockets, and walked over to the table on which reviving drinks had been set out.

"You must be parched after this dry tale. Here, help yourself, my dear fellow. Here, Phil—" He turned back to the hearth.

Frenham still sat in his low chair, making no response to his host's hospitable summons. But as Culwin advanced toward him, their eyes met in a long look; after which, to my intense surprise, the young man, turning suddenly in his seat, flung his arms across the table, and dropped his face upon them.

Culwin, at the unexpected gesture, stopped short, a flush on his face.

"Phil—what the deuce? Why, have the eyes scared *you*? My dear boy—my dear fellow—I never had such a tribute to my literary ability, never!"

He broke into a chuckle at the thought, and halted on the hearth-rug, his hands still in his pockets, gazing down in honest perplexity at the youth's bowed head. Then, as Frenham still made no answer, he moved a step or two nearer.

"Cheer up, my dear Phil! It's years since I've seen them—apparently I've done nothing lately bad enough to call them out of chaos. Unless my present evocation of them has made *you* see them; which would be their worst stroke yet!"

His bantering appeal quivered off into an uneasy laugh, and he moved still nearer, bending over Frenham, and laying his gouty hands on the lad's shoulders.

"Phil, my dear boy, really—what's the matter? Why don't you answer? *Have* you seen the eyes?"

Frenham's face was still pressed against his arms, and from where I stood behind Culwin I saw the latter, as if under the rebuff of this unaccountable attitude, draw back slowly from his friend. As he did so, the light of the lamp on the table fell full on his perplexed congested face, and I caught its sudden reflection in the mirror behind Frenham's head.

Culwin saw the reflection also. He paused, his face level with the mirror, as if scarcely recognizing the countenance in it as his own. But as he looked his expression gradually changed, and for an appreciable space of time he and the image in the glass confronted each other with a glare of slowly gathering hate. Then Culwin let go of Frenham's shoulders, and drew back a step, covering his eyes with his hands . . .

Frenham, his face still hidden, did not stir.



The Phillips Inn at Andover.

Formerly the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and now used as an inn principally by guests of the school and parents of the boys.

SOME AMERICAN PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

By Arthur Ruhl

THE Phillips Academy at Andover, the oldest of our preparatory schools, was opened in 1778 for the purpose, as Mr. Samuel Phillips, its founder, stated in its constitution, of "instructing Youth, not only in English and Latin Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic and those Sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to learn them the Great End and Real Business of Living."

These latter words are written, I suppose, above the gateway of every preparatory school to-day—over high-schools in kindly little Western towns, over fashionable Groton, St. Mark's, and St. Paul's. One can not see them perhaps, but founders and teachers and fond parents, at least, honestly believe they are there. The words are doubtless the same but their meanings must be as varied as American life to-day is varied.

When Andover was founded Washington's army was still at Valley Forge. When Exeter was founded by Mr. Samuel Phillips's brother, John, Cornwallis had not yet surrendered. And young Americans who would be playing foot-ball to-day were fighting for their lives in this world, and their souls in the next, and sitting down by

their candles each night to reproach themselves in neatly written diaries for the moments of eternity they had wasted that day.

If the real business of living was not a simple matter for a generation that had few alternatives and many necessities, it must be complicated indeed for a generation which has the time and money to live comparatively at its ease. Except for the poor, making the acquaintance of the three R's is no longer romantic. The three R's are everywhere. Boys no longer need tramp hundreds of miles to find ordinary instruction as they used sometimes to come tramping up to the New England schools clear from the Mississippi Valley. The little red school-house has followed the railroad and even the "Fresno" scraper. A boom town scarcely springs up in the Western sagebrush which hasn't a high-school almost as soon as it has a hotel and a bank. As a place for final instruction, the need for the old-fashioned "academy" has long since passed away.

Going to college, meanwhile, has become with an astonishingly varied class of boys, almost a matter of course. A vast and heterogeneous army, freed from the immediate necessity of earning a living which worried their fathers, flings itself more or less blindly each autumn into the unknown



Foot-ball players—big

It is in the preparatory schools, perhaps, that foot-ball is at its best. The proportion of boys who play is much larger than in

and fascinating possibilities of "college life." And you have but to glance casually at this multitude—all American citizens of to-morrow—to see that it stretches between widely separated extremes.

On the one hand is the high-school in the typical American town—the comfortable little Middle-Western city, for instance, where none is very rich nor very poor. A boy lives with his father and mother and brothers and sisters at home. He learns Gaul's three parts, and the square of $a + b$, and also, probably, how to take care of a furnace and shovel snow. All the varied human relationships of a home and a town still fairly homogeneous, and scarcely aware of such words as "tradesman" or "serving class," gradually shape and color his mind and character.

The Swedish carpenter's son beats him in geometry; the washer-woman's daughter knows more than he of Byron and Shakespeare. His own wit is leaden beside the repartee of the expressman, and he knows the groceryman very well because the groceryman, who used to go to school with his father, regards him affectionately as a sort of nephew, and always asks him if he won't have a

ride when he happens to drive by. All the kindly humanity of the place steep into him—far more, probably, than he realizes at the time. He can't quite escape observing that there is illness and failure in the world as well as foot-ball heroes and banjo clubs, and his own enthusiasms are set against a saving background of men with lines in their faces who have to hustle to pay rent and coal bills. He is part, in short, of a commonwealth instead of a cult; a school-boy instead of a college "man" in miniature.



The Commons at Andover.

This building, originally planned by the famous architect Bulfinch, later partially destroyed by fire and restored, was the old brick academy building referred to by Dr. Holmes in his poem "The School Boy."



and little—at Andover.

the colleges. There is not so much at stake and the whole atmosphere surrounding the game is more sensible and natural.

Also, probably, he is indifferently taught, crude in manners and clothes, and although he may go down to college with a general knowledge of human nature, and an instinctive democracy which his more specially prepared classmates may not acquire until years after they have left college, he goes awkwardly, like a tourist suddenly stepping into Paris or Timbuctoo.

At the other extreme is the fashionable preparatory school, cloistered away in some peculiarly agreeable and beautiful corner of the country. The little boy of twelve is taken here before he has begun, so to speak, to wake up. He may even have begun earlier and "prepared" for the preparatory. Surrounded by other little boys exactly like himself, he is shut away from the rest of the world for six impressionable years. He is taught charming manners, kept from the hurly-burly of the public school; and from temptation in so far as temptation resides in outside things.

He is trained almost as rigorously for a special rôle as if he were the son of an acrobat following his father's trade, or some rich little city girl preparing to "come out." If he isn't in the class room, he is hard at it on the foot-ball or base-ball field, or track or river. There are no loose ends or waste. Every moment is filled with carefully planned work or play, and watched over by older men—men who have travelled, alumni of the college for which he is preparing, perhaps, who have played on the

teams and belonged to the clubs he hopes to play on and belong to.

Naturally he develops rapidly, and as this development is all along the line of making him a "gentleman" and a success in college, his comparative progress is astonishing. He learns loyalty to an ideal—his school, and what it stands for—when the public school-boy still considers teachers his natural enemies. He makes many delightful and valuable friends. He puts on a black coat and pumps each evening, perhaps, learns to play cricket or fives, always uses the "Sir" when addressing a master—acquires as a matter of course a thousand little agreeable graces. There is nothing "fresh" about these little gentlemen when they enter college. They come down to Cambridge or New Haven—you can tell them at a glance—as serenely almost as they might go to visit an uncle or a grown-up brother.

How far this preparation for college life is a preparation for ordinary life is, of course, another and more difficult story. If the mould into which they are run sometimes hardens around them, it is not surprising, for that was a charming place, there in the country, where all were light-hearted and polite and healthy and nice, and our ordinary world doubtless often seems badly arranged and rather tiresomely difficult.

Were these two alternatives equally practicable much might be said for either—the



The Clement House at Andover.

This old colonial house is one of those used by boys who are working their way through the school.

“loose” home and high-school training; the special preparation of the “tighter” boarding-school life. But of course there is rarely so simple an alternative. The mere cost of board and tuition—nearly a thousand dollars a year in the more exclusive schools—practically eliminates, for them at

least, all but the sons of the fairly well-to-do. And the rich little boy rarely has the choice between a fashionable school and the broad humanizing experience in a small town. His parents may have three houses and no home, or prefer to travel, or get divorced. And the choice is more likely to be between being really trained in a boarding-school or spoiled at home by private tutors. And even the robust democracy of a Walt Whitman might balk, for reasons of health alone, at forcing a boy to grow up in a city like New York.

Moreover, “going to college” is coming to mean at least two rather different things. In the West the co-educational State university, aiming at “results,” is the last stage of a system of education which has much in it to appeal to a democracy—a



The Gilman House at Exeter

Typical of the fine old New England houses characteristic of both Exeter and Andover.



Looking across the Exeter campus.

system, that is, which is an organic part of the State, which keeps as close as possible to what seem practical needs, and through which the future citizens, boys and girls alike, march together side by side until they emerge prepared to establish homes and serve the State which trained them.

Those who prefer the older universities, however—and it isn't apparent that the success of Wisconsin, for instance, has lessened the desire for Harvard, Princeton, or Yale—find it increasingly difficult to enter there without special preparation. In the West, if not everywhere, the high-schools tend to become more and more vocational, to prepare their pupils for self-support rather than for a more extended quaffing of the Pierian spring. And excepting those who hold to the public school experience for such reasons as I have suggested, there are enough

who prefer the old-fashioned training of the Eastern universities, apparently, to demand private preparatory schools, and more of them, for some time to come.

The venerable academies at Andover, in Massachusetts, and at Exeter, just across the line in New Hampshire, come nearer,



Dunbar Hall, one of the new dormitories at Exeter intended for younger boys.

Two masters and their wives live in this hall. There is a matron as house-keeper and the manner of life is very much like that led by the younger boys in the smaller schools.



Within the quadrangle at the Hill School.

Except for a few detached buildings, all the work and living rooms at Hill are gathered under one roof.

perhaps, than any other of our preparatories to bridging the gap between the average high-school and such American developments of English models as are represented by Groton, St. Mark's, or St. Paul's. They were started in the heart of Puritan New England, in the midst of the War for Independence, and for over a century they have kept alive the sacred fire with which the young nation was burning at their birth. No other schools have helped in the making of so many distinguished men, nor are any, perhaps, so saturated with traditions so peculiarly American.

In their early days, when most of the boys were working their way as they went, raising vegetables to help pay their board, bundling up as if for a sleigh ride on Sundays to listen to three sermons in an unheated church, and on Monday reciting what they could remember of the discourses of the day before; in the day of Master Eliphalet Pearson—

" . . . Great Eliphalet (I can see him now)—
Big name, big frame, big voice and beetling
brow. . . ."

the boys boarded with the towns-people, and looked out for themselves very much as if

they were at home. Of late years, as the type of boys has changed with the changing times, it has been found advisable more and more to gather them—especially the younger ones—in dormitories controlled by the schools.

Eventually, I suppose, they will be all lodged in school buildings. The newer dormitories, like Dunbar Hall at Exeter and Bancroft Cottage at Andover, are quite as fine as any buildings at the more fashionable schools, and discipline in them is much the same, but many of the sedate old colonial houses, with their broad white faces and green blinds, are still used as boarding-places, and the practice of encouraging a strong sense of personal responsibility still survives. As the Andover catalogue says: "The Academy aims to attract students with a definite educational purpose and a high moral standard. The Academy is not a suitable school for boys who are idle, insubordinate, or lacking in self-control; or for such as require the constant supervision of a teacher and the routine of the school-room in order to enforce industry and fidelity. Students who are found to be unable or unwilling to meet the school requirements



The out-door gymnasium at the Hill School.

The running track, roofed to keep off rain and snow but open to the air, encircles the floor space. The boys are exercised here instead of in-doors, and during sunshine hours whenever possible.

and those whose influence is injurious must be withdrawn from the school."

And nearly a fifth of those who register are sometimes dropped before the end of the year. This does not mean dismissal necessarily; it may mean merely that for one reason or another they can not keep the pace. A boy is asked, so to speak, not how long he has studied, but does he know his lesson: "Make good or get out," as one might paraphrase the motto of one of England's famous schools. It is a wasteful method, from the point of view of the more paternal schools, but those who survive are likely to be pretty fit.

As boys may enter any of the four classes, both Andover and Exeter are much used by those who can take only a year or two of special preparation. And as there is no age limit—a few years ago a bricklayer employed on one of the Andover buildings, and recently supervising mechanical engineer of one of the tallest buildings in New York, laid down his trowel and joined the school—the boys are likely to be older than in the more restricted schools. Their age, their numbers—there are nearly five hundred—

and their comparative absence of restriction give to both Andover and Exeter much of the atmosphere of small college towns—an atmosphere robust and bracing; perhaps, for tenderly nurtured boys, too little restricted, too much as freshman year at college might be without the steady influence of upper classmen.

There are sons of millionaires at Andover and Exeter, and side by side with them mill boys from the near-by towns and big-fisted youths from the Pennsylvania mines. Sixty or seventy at each school are helped by scholarships, and it is no disgrace whatever to pay for one's board by waiting on table. Many people are opposed to such supposedly menial tasks, but I think that if they could see these boys rush in to the Commons together from their noon recitations, and see those who are working throw off coats, shoot into duck jackets and begin to "rustle" food, sometimes picking up the talk where they left it, and with no more self-consciousness than you would pass the sandwiches at a summer picnic, they might feel differently. There is something in the air of those two old New England towns

which makes such things possible, and it is a fine and impressive thing in this day and age that it should be so.

This atmosphere of old-fashioned Americanism—that all the schools considered here have a more or less similar scholastic and athletic equipment is assumed as a matter of course—is an especially important influence of Andover and Exeter. I do not refer to mere democratic rawness, but to that air of earnestness, sincerity, and

Society when there was none, an Education Society when there was none. She invented the first religious newspaper, and has sown her Greek fire and her Hebrew fire on this Continent all the way to the Pacific seas."

The theological seminary is no more, but the boys live in its dormitories and use its chapel each morning and on Sundays. And it was on one of their frosty November Sunday mornings that I went to church



Commencement day exercises at the Hill School.

independence, dignity without pose or affectation, which fairly seems to radiate from these fine old white houses and ancient elms.

One feels this especially, I think, at Andover, the Andover of which that fiery old divine, the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, once said after Dr. Holmes had smiled at the rectilinear nature of New Englanders. "She may have lacked imagination, but she lifted up her thoughts to the Chinese junks, to the pagans of Burmah, to the isles of the South Seas, to the Indian Empire, and when there was no missionary society she invented one. Andover may have lacked imagination, but she imagined a Tract Society when there was none, a Temperance

there with them. Outside the air was crystal clear, the elms stood gray and bare in its clearness, and Broadway seemed very far away. Across the street was the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a few doors away the house in which "America" was written. And for a boy born in New York or the West it must have meant a good deal to stand up in that place and sing as those five hundred husky young Americans sang to the tune of "Elton," Whittier's hymn:

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind forgive our
feverish ways
Reclothe us in our rightful mind
In purer lives our service find
In deeper reverence, praise.



Lawrenceville boys on their way to practise cheers and songs before the annual game with Mercersburg.

Drop still thy dews of quietness till all our striving cease
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Life isn't polished at either of these schools, but one can not help feeling that there is something very valuable here for young Americans destined to spend their lives afterward amongst automobiles and stock exchanges and the rush and glitter of our day. Something is preserved here which still lives in the Harvard Yard and which to-day's undergraduates will scarcely find in the weathered oak and swimming pools of Harvard's "Gold Coast."

Although Andover and Exeter are substantially alike, there are various little differences apparent enough to those familiar with the schools. Goings and comings are a trifle more carefully watched at Andover and the boys incline to go to Yale. Exeter men incline to go to Harvard, and they like to think that they are even more democratic than Andover.

Carelessness in clothes—not an important symptom of democracy to be sure—is almost a fad at Exeter. Flannel shirts are common, and sweaters, although not permitted by most instructors, are worn to

class sometimes. The typical Exeter costume seemed to include, when I was there, a negligee shirt with the collar turned up so as somewhat to resemble the collars Mr. Gladstone used to wear.

Exeter has more scholarships—about fifteen thousand dollars a year is available—and the scholarship boys are, in a way, the backbone of the school. They are compelled to stand well in their studies and, as they are often the school's best athletes, they almost succeed in making hard study and high marks fashionable. They seemed amused at Exeter at a recent visitor who, in addressing the boys, had good-naturedly assumed that they preferred C marks to A's or B's. And there were many stories here, as at Andover, of boys who had worked their way through and made a great success afterward in college or business. Recently the rich father of a boy had suddenly lost his money. A wealthy uncle offered to pay the boy's expenses, but he would have none of it. He opened a clothes-pressing shop in his room, the other boys loyally sent him their clothes, and he was able to carry himself through without help.

Stories of this sort are characteristic of Exeter. It is part of the school's tradition, stoutly preserved no matter how



Lawrenceville boys marching onto the field just before a game

many rich boys may come. Mr. Tufts, whose kindly scholarship has been initiating barbarous young Exonians into the beauties of the English classics for more than a quarter of a century, conducted chapel exercises the morning I was there, and he asked one of the boys to see him after the service was over. The boy had a library book long overdue, and I happened to be standing near enough to hear him mumble, with a grin, that he hadn't had any money to pay the fine.

"There's a wood-pile in my backyard," said the old gentleman dryly. It was the sort of reply which would be cherished at Exeter whether or not there was any likelihood of the boy sawing wood.

These morning exercises, which are held in an assembly room instead of a separate chapel, begin at a quarter to eight, an engagement somewhat difficult for an uninitiated city man to meet in the cold dawn of a New England winter. I hurried in with the boys, unnoticed, just as the room was quieting down. The opening hymn had scarcely been given out when the room suddenly broke into loud applause. I asked the boy nearest me what they were clapping about. "You, I guess," he smiled. And the same embarrassing salute, given with the same matter-of-fact air, followed us from the doorway each time we marched to our table in Alumni Hall.

A custom similarly quaint is the finger-snapping in class. There is more or less of this in every high-school, of course, but these athletic youths have attained an astonishing proficiency. Unless the victim answers the question immediately—and it must take rare presence of mind to keep one's head—the room is alive with arms, hurled at the instructor and quickly snapped back, and a racket like so many fire-crackers.

At St. Mark's this has been refined into an excited "Oh, sir! Oh, sir! Oh, sir!" and at most schools it would make the master's blood run cold, but it was from just such boys as these doubtless that Exeter helped to make during the first century of her existence "nine college presidents, including three of

Harvard, fifty-two college professors, two hundred and forty-five teachers, thirty-six authors, five ambassadors, seven cabinet ministers, twenty-eight members of Congress, twelve governors of States, a long list of Federal and State judges, and such men as Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, Richard Hildreth, George Bancroft, James Walker, and Francis Bowen."

others might have been picked out—Hotchkiss in Connecticut, Belmont in California, and so on—quite as well as these two. They are intended for the sons of well-to-do parents—although Lawrenceville has scholarships, the boys themselves are not supposed to know who gets them—and it costs just as much to send a boy to Hill or Lawrenceville as to Groton. The boys may come, too, from just as charming families but the



From a photograph, copyright by Kimball and Son.

The new Upper School at St. Paul's.

In this beautiful building the boys of the sixth form live. The dining-hall is in the wing beneath the cupola.

It has been under Dr. Amen, formerly of Harvard, that Exeter has regained the standing which a period of executive laxness caused her somewhat to lose a generation ago. The principal of Andover is Mr. Alfred E. Stearns, who combines in an uncommon way the old New England traditions with a sense of humor and an enthusiasm for out-door sports more typical of our day.

The Hill School, at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and the Lawrenceville School, in the pleasant country near Princeton, differ from each other in many ways, and yet they may be grouped here as schools more exclusive than Andover or Exeter, and yet not quite as "tight" as the fashionable "church" schools of New England. Many

names of the parents are rather less likely to be familiar to the newspaper readers of Boston or New York. Walking on eggs is an absurdly simple pastime compared to making generalizations in such matters as these, but I shall perhaps not hazard too much by repeating the remark of a well-informed Lawrenceville alumnus that the boys in his school might be said to represent the "second generation." It is rather hard to say what that is, but I suppose it might mean that their parents had arrived at the Oriental rug period, although their grandparents were not accustomed to mahogany and plate.

Lawrenceville was founded in its present form by the legatees of the estate of Mr.



A flotilla on the

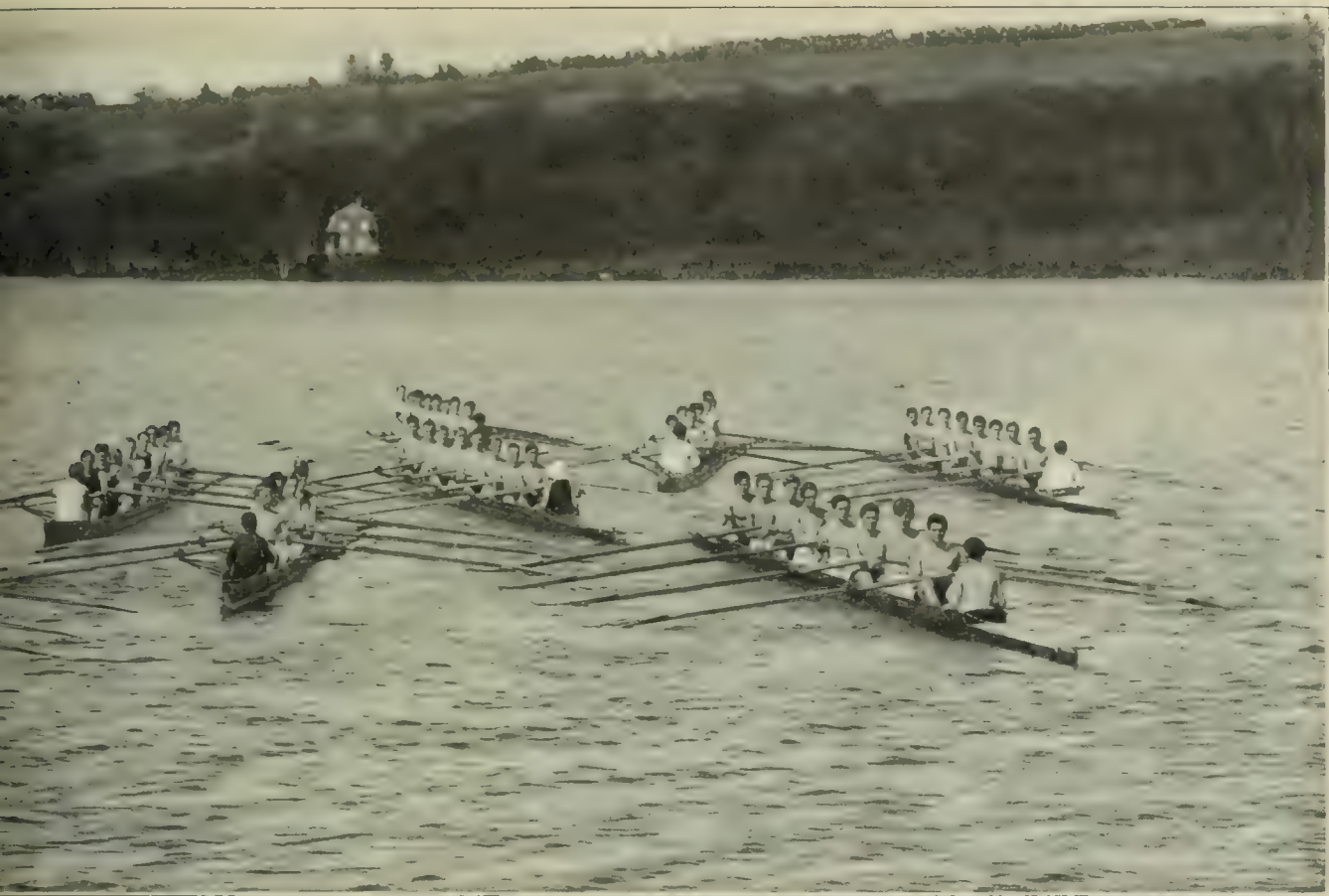
In addition to the spacious pond beside the school, St. Paul's boys are fortunate to have the use of a larger lake about two miles away.

John Cleve Green, a New York merchant who had grown rich in the Chinese trade. Started in 1810 and continued as a small boarding-school, it was acquired in 1878 by these legatees and opened in 1884. Several buildings have been added since then, but it was the school's good fortune to start with a liberal endowment and a definite architectural plan. It has room for nearly four hundred boys—more than twice the number at either Groton or St. Mark's—and its equipment includes a golf course, a lavish supply of out-door fields, and the finest school gymnasium in the country.

Lawrenceville's most characteristic feature is its house system. The boys below the upper form occupy separate houses, looked over by a master and his wife, assisted sometimes by an unmarried master. Each of these houses or dormitories is a home unit. The boys eat, sleep, and study there, and there are inter-house contests in athletics. The boys of the upper form live with two masters in the Upper House, a spacious dormitory presided over by two unmarried masters. They have no pre-

scribed study hours, provided they keep up a certain grade in their marks; they can smoke during certain hours in a room arranged for that purpose if they have their parents' permission, and the seven directors chosen by themselves attend to a considerable extent to discipline.

"To combine the great world with the little world by the house system," as Professor William M. Sloane put it in his Founder's Day address two years ago, "to fit any graduate of Lawrenceville for the larger liberty of the university by his year under the self-government of the Upper House"—such was the purpose of the plan. Lawrenceville grew rapidly under its first master, Dr. Mackenzie, and its popularity—particularly among those who prefer to have their sons go to school in the Middle Atlantic States rather than in New England—continues under its present master, Dr. McPherson. Closely affiliated by proximity, its Presbyterian leanings and the sympathies of its founders with Princeton, it is generally thought of as the latter's natural preparatory.



lake near St. Paul's.

Here the crews of the two clubs, the Shattuck and Halcyon, train and race. Many college oarsmen have learned to row at St. Paul's.

Among Lawrenceville's historical exhibits is the Jigger Shop, a semi-scholastic refreshment parlor kept by a Jersey philosopher who has learned the tastes of boys. His place is a sort of museum in which everything from macaroons to golf clubs or writing-paper to ginger-snaps can be obtained. One of the masters, as a mark of special courtesy, treated me to a "jigger," the proprietor being left to choose the one at the moment most in vogue.

He filled a tall soda-water glass half full of marshmallows. Over this he poured a thick chocolate syrup. He put ice-cream on top of this, and an inch or two of whipped cream on top of the ice-cream, gave a stir, and the "jigger" was ready. The counter was lined with glass bowls filled with chopped nuts and syrup, breakfast foods, chopped bananas and syrup, chopped oranges, pineapples, etc., which, mixed in various combinations, are daily devoured by the young Laurentians.

Although the Jigger Shop is not included in the gymnastic equipment of the school, it strikes one as a fairly adequate test of

physical prowess, and one might say of it as James G. Blaine once said of Andover after seeing the old "commons," that a school which could stand that must have some hidden strength that did not meet the eye. The lighter side of Lawrenceville, as at least one group of school-boys saw it, may be found in Mr. Owen Johnson's book of short stories, "The Eternal Boy." The school's more serious purpose has not, perhaps, been better defined than by Professor Sloane: "Here men are disciplined; made to work, not for immediate fruition but for training; not for earning, but for learning; not to be snobs, but to be aristocrats; not to be tail-enders in the scrimmage, but to head the wedge and win the victory for peace and righteousness."

The Hill School is a family school, like Groton and St. Mark's, and, in a rather special sense, a private school. It has neither endowments nor scholarships, and in its present form, with its two hundred and fifty boys, it is a continuation of the school started in 1851 by the Rev. Matthew Meigs, reorganized in 1876 by Mr. John Meigs,

his son, and conducted by him ever since. "Neither the fad of any social set, nor the pet of any religious denomination," as one of its friends rather bluntly described it to me, as we stood in its sunny quadrangle on the day of the annual game with Hotchkiss, it is conducted along the same lines of compactness and efficiency as any other modern business enterprise, with the differ-

uct to turn out—boys prepared thoroughly for college—and he has gone about his task with the same executive energy and eye to results that would be used by a capable organizer in other fields. The Hill School masters good-humoredly sigh now and then at the pace they have to keep, and it is a matter of record that Hill boys rarely fail to pass their entrance examinations.



The hockey rinks at St. Paul's School.

The old mill-pond beside which the school is built makes hockey the most popular winter sport, and the St. Paul's boys hold their own even with the college teams.

ence that its primary object is preparing boys for college instead of merely making money.

There are the usual out-door athletic fields at Hill, and unusually careful training is given to the athletic teams, but the in-door gymnasium is small. Instead of an expensive gymnasium there is a large out-of-door floored space, with a roofed dirt track, open to the air, around it. Here the boys are exercised, in sunlight whenever possible; and it is believed that they get more practical good than they would from an expensive gymnasium. I should say that this was rather typical of Mr. Meigs's keen interest in results. He has a certain prod-

Set on the outskirts of a small Pennsylvania manufacturing town, the Hill School is not noticeable for scenic or architectural beauty—although the immediate surroundings are spacious and restful—and its charm is found rather in the busy family atmosphere enclosed by its compact walls and spread over its playgrounds. Except for the chapel—a gift of the alumni—the gymnasium, masters' club, and a few detached cottages near by, nearly all the school's life—as at St. Mark's—is carried on under one roof. And in this family atmosphere the head-master's wife—a lady of strong religious feeling—has had an important part. Mrs. Meigs came to the



From a photograph, copyright by Kimball and Son.

A general view of St. Mark's School.

The gymnasium and a few masters' cottages are behind this building—otherwise the boys eat, sleep, study, and go to chapel under the one roof.

school as a bride, and she has grown up a part of that little court-yard life. At eleven each morning when the boys are nibbling crackers—just as they do at Groton—the masters drift into her cheerful drawing-room for tea or coffee, and some of her famous cinnamon buns. Here, too, after the game with Hotchkiss, I watched the foot-ball team, looking absurdly small and boyish in their every-day clothes, learning manners and being fed with tea and cakes and tactful praise. And the discussions about their future which these young men have with the head-master's wife in the "sky parlor" are matters of school history.

A master's wife in such a school has a wide field for the exercise of her influence. For several very important years she and her husband are switchmen, so to speak, turning all these little human ventures from one track to another. She may not be able to follow Dr. Holmes's advice and begin the education of children with their grandparents, but she often can, as I heard Mrs. Meigs herself say, turn the advice about and begin the education of grandchildren.

Scarcely less potent is the influence of the athletic instructor, Mr. Sweeney, who was brought to the school from a lithographer's office and, breaking records in a high jump,

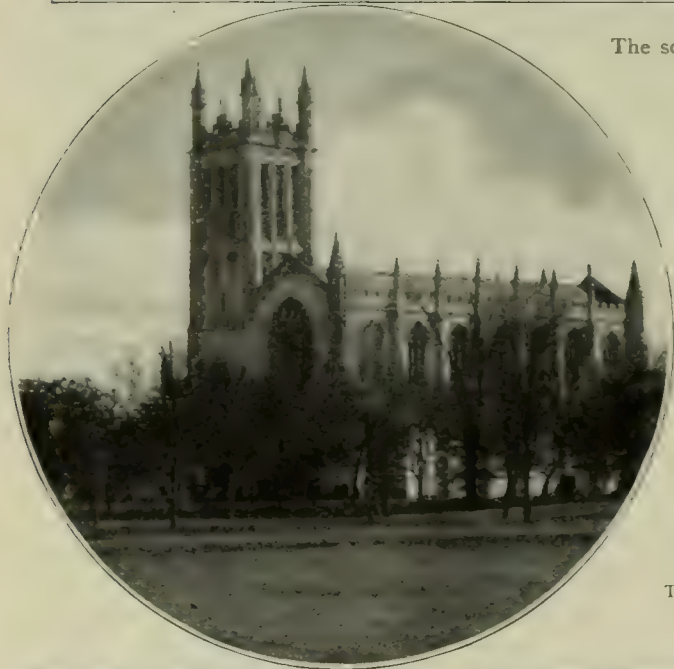
to become an unusual power not only over the boys' bodies but also their minds. I suppose there is not a better trained eleven in any of the preparatory schools, and it is said that the plays worked out by Mr. Sweeney and the boys at Hill are sometimes used by next season's Yale team. They looked, indeed, like little Yale men in the bud when they came swinging on to the field the day of the Hotchkiss game, in sailor hats and blue and white sweaters, and one wasn't surprised to hear that a majority of them go to Yale.

The St. Paul's School lies about two miles from Concord, New Hampshire, in a rolling, rather hilly country, covered with white birches and pines. Its size—it has room for nearly four hundred boys—and the arrangement of its many buildings make it differ from such small parental schools as St. Mark's and Groton, and yet it falls rather more naturally into a class with them than with Lawrenceville or Hill. All three are New England "church" schools, all suggest American adaptations of English forms, and the social flavor of the three—although St. Paul's is more differentiated—is much the same.

I asked a St. Paul's man, a keen observer, whose grown-up stories have given real



The school-house at Groton where the morning recitations are held.



pleasure to a great many Americans, if it were true that at St. Paul's, as some one had told me, "they went in for the handsome animal or Yale type of man." "It didn't make handsome animals of all of us," he wrote back, "and thank God it didn't make us all Elis; but it helped what little we had in the way of physique, and it gave us a mighty good time. The

The chapel at Groton.

The finest school chapel in the country and one of the best American specimens of Gothic architecture



The Hundred House at Groton School.

The principal and his family live in the wing on the right and the rest of the building is occupied by one hundred boys and their masters. The rest of the boys, about fifty, live across the campus in Brooks House.

memory of the place which seems to linger most pleasantly in my mind is of the outdoor life—of the playground and of the country roundabout, with its ponds and woods."

And I think—of course assuming those things which it has in common with other good schools—that the casual visitor, too, carries away some such impression as most characteristic of St. Paul's. It is, indeed, a beautiful country, a school-boy's paradise. The school was built on the banks of an old mill-pond, where the boys canoe in summer and play hockey in winter, and there is a larger pond two miles away to which the crews are carried in big stages every spring afternoon. Something like a thousand acres of woodland are under the school's control, and the boys can even go trapping and chop down trees.

Dr. George C. Shattuck, who founded the school in 1856, expressed in his deed of gift his desire for physical and æsthetic education in the school's constitution—a rather startling innovation in those days—and Dr. Coit, for many years head-master, had the boys play cricket for the excellent reason that cricket is so uninteresting to watch that any normal boy would be more likely to play it than to loaf on the side lines. Rowing and foot-ball have taken the place of cricket now, and the whole school, you might say, plays.

For foot-ball, the boys are divided among three clubs, the Isthmian, Delphic, and Old Hundred, and each club has six teams, graded as fairly as possible according to weight and age. The big boys of one club play the big boys of another, and so on down to the midgets of the first form. Eighteen elevens are therefore hard at it during the autumn. A percentage is kept and there are mugs for the winners, and big permanent cups in the library to record the victories of the clubs.

Track athletics and hockey are arranged in the same way. The oarsmen are divided between the Shattuck and Halcyon clubs, and during the spring there are four eights, two sixes, and three fours. All their contests, except for occasional hockey games, are with each other. Under these conditions the overwrought atmosphere of interscholastic games is escaped, athletics become fun, and sport what it should be.

St. Paul's grew very fast during Dr. Coit's administration, and the school is rather more cosmopolitan than either Groton or St. Mark's. Many boys come from the West. In a sixth form Latin class of eleven boys, I found five from Pittsburg, and the eleven were to be scattered to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Trinity, and the University of Pennsylvania.

The founder of Andover would have been peculiarly interested, I imagine, if he could have returned and dined with us in the spacious old English hall of the Upper School at St. Paul's. I do not suppose that he would have noticed how agreeably these young sixth formers were dressed; doubtless all our clothes—so tragically important to a school-boy sometimes—would seem outlandish to him. But he could not have failed to observe the physical beauty, the general alertness, and winsome charm of these finished little gentlemen. Picked boys they are certainly. If you wanted to fill an eight-oared shell, or start a fashionable club, or lead a forlorn hope, or show Mr. Phillips the best type of modern young American, I don't suppose you could do better than to pick them here.

"It always gives me an emotion," a lady confided to me as we rode back toward New York. She had been to visit her son, and she referred to the sight of the boys marching into the stately English chapel in the morning, two by two, bareheaded, and glowing with health and good spirits. Well, I think it would have given the Hon. Samuel Phillips an emotion too. But he would have been most impressed, I imagine, to see these boys pore over their papers—dinner hour is mail hour in the Upper School—from the colleges for which they were preparing.

The *Crimson*, *News*, *Princetonian*—these they ripped open and ran over with exactly the business-like air of stockbrokers running ticker-tape through their fingers. Who was picked for the 'varsity boat, how many were trying for the college daily, who would manage the base-ball team?—all the gossip of the college world was their gossip too. Ahead of them was last year's class and the classes before that, pioneers paving the way. To take up the pleasant burden, meet the right people, make the right teams and clubs, "make good," in short—and it called for ability and hard work, too—was their "great end and real business of living."

And one could not help thinking, as one watched them, of boys in far-away high-schools who must next fall meet and compete in this curious business with these finished little men of the world. Obviously, the former stood no chance, no more than a Cook's tourist on his first visit to London would have of dining with the King. And being for the most part well-mannered, sensible American boys, afraid, above all things, of "butting in" and being "fresh," they would flock by themselves, criticising the others for snobbishness, or sorrowing silently at their own unexplained lack of social success.

St. Mark's and Groton, in spite of various differences—the St. Mark's boys are gathered under one roof, for instance, the Groton boys in two houses at opposite sides of a broad lawn—may be classed together very much as were Andover and Exeter. They lie near each other in the pleasant rolling country of Eastern Central Massachusetts, St. Mark's at Southboro, and Groton about two miles from the village of the same name. St. Mark's was founded in 1865 by Mr. Joseph Burnett, and Groton was organized nineteen years later by the Rev. Endicott Peabody, its head-master still. The present head-master of St. Mark's, the Rev. William Greenough Thayer, is a graduate of Amherst, and a former master at Groton. Both schools are of the small parental type—there are about one hundred and twenty-five boys at St. Mark's and about one hundred and fifty at Groton—and both are intimately associated with the Episcopal Church.

Both of these schools are "fashionable" in the sense that socially ambitious parents will move mountains to get their sons admitted, and that a list of the boys' names reads like a rather carefully expurgated Social Register of Boston and New York. Both schools have waiting lists more than filling up their future classes until 1923—boys enter between the ages of twelve and fourteen generally—and, roughly speaking, it might be said that a child isn't likely to get into either unless he is registered as soon as he is born. "Of course," as I was gravely informed at Groton, "a Groton man wires to Dr. Peabody as soon as his son is born. Others generally think that a letter is quick enough."

When one uses the word "fashionable,"

on the other hand, one doesn't imply superficiality or lack of earnestness. Many of these boys come from families whose names are familiar to the readers of the newspaper society columns, but the majority of them, also, come from families which are "best" in a truer meaning of the word—families which stand for broad culture and solid attainment. Merely as a preparatory school, for instance, Groton has perhaps no superior in America. When President Hadley of Yale and Mr. Roosevelt send their sons thither, something besides mere social glamor is doubtless in their minds.

Groton's special quality is due to the personality of its head-master, and the fact that it started with, and because of its small numbers and careful selection has been able to keep, an unusually picked lot of boys. Mr. Peabody is an American with an English school and university training, and an American meeting him for the first time would doubtless take him for an Englishman. He is an all around athlete—he used to play with the boys on the school teams until he became too heavy for them—and yet a churchman; a scholar and yet a very graceful and sophisticated man of the world. Altogether his is a personality peculiarly fitted to win the confidence and lead the type of boy for whom the Groton school was started.

The English feel that our college athletes think too much of winning, train and specialize too seriously. To make a business of sport seems scarcely gentlemanly, according to their tradition that a gentleman does a great many things rather well in an off-hand way, but doesn't do any one thing so painfully that you might mistake him for a professional.

Such an athlete is the head-master himself, and something of his attitude is absorbed doubtless by the boys. Mr. Peabody once discovered two of his boys dragging a third about in the mud in order to give his new foot-ball clothes the proper veteran atmosphere. "Come, come!" he said, "that's like a soldier taking off his tunic and shooting it full of holes to get a reputation for bravery."

The night before the game with Hotchkiss at the Hill School, I heard a master telling of a Hill captain who had once stayed out of the big game because he thought he hadn't been playing as well as the school

had the right to expect. It was an act which required real moral heroism. "It was more than that," said the master solemnly, groping for the proper word; "it was a—a sort of consecration." The story was told to illustrate the do-or-die spirit of the Hill boys, and it did so excellently, and it also illustrated what the head-master of Groton, I imagine, would consider the rather morbid seriousness with which alumni, coaches, and grown-ups generally contrive to invest the sports of school and college boys. Mr. Peabody once came across a big sixth form foot-ball player weeping in the locker room because his team had been beaten by St. Mark's. There are fashions in these matters, you know, as Mr. Peabody would say, with his whimsical smile, and it was the fashion to weep that year. "It isn't as bad as that," he suggested. "I can't help it," blubbered the young giant. "Oh, yes; you can," said the head-master, "and you will at once." "Yes, sir," said the boy, and ceased forthwith.

In his classes, too, the head-master preserves, in the most engaging fashion, a similar attitude of tolerant superiority to, and polite detachment from, over-seriousness and mere strenuosity. I never listened to a more lively and vigorous recitation than that of his little first formers in Latin. They piped out their answers and shifted up and down the benches as the answers happened to be right or wrong, as if they were playing some delightful game. They were as trim and well-disciplined as so many little soldiers, and yet, between the head-master and these neat little fellows in their broad turnover collars, there was always a certain half-whimsical, unpedagogical air as of "one gentleman to another." It was "Right you are!" when little Mr. Delancey Beekman III gave the proper ablative, or "Bless my soul—shocking—shocking!" when he was wrong; "Good shot!" when the boy at the foot of the class guessed right, "but only a shot, wasn't it?" lest he be too complacent; and "Steam ahead—steam ahead!" when any one hesitated too long.

I recall a rather Anglicized young master at one of the other schools who was trying, I fancy, to hit a similar note, and who did it very badly. The class was reading "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the instructor

wished to point out that the office of justice of the peace was a less exalted position in America than its equivalent in England. "Of course over *they-ah*," he said, "he's a—a—a gentleman and—and all that kind of thing. Whereas *he-ah* he might be—I mean to *say*—our little friend of the country—the cobbler, you know, who dispenses justice as he makes his shoes!" And with a pleased air he tucked his handkerchief into his cuff.

The point he was trying to make was a perfectly good one, and he might also have explained that the English "public schools" can draw their masters from a class of men of force and a broad culture, which, for such work, has scarcely more than begun to exist here.

Every night the hundred boys in the Hundred House (the other sixty boys live in the Brooks House across the lawn), file past Mr. Peabody, shake hands, and say "Good night, sir," before they go upstairs to bed. Every morning, in the robes of an Episcopal clergyman, he strides into the beautiful Gothic chapel—which represents, to quote the careful description of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, the "Curvilinear half of the Middle Pointed style, often called the Late Decorated, but so far along in the style that its transition to the Third Pointed or Perpendicular is already manifesting itself"—a moment later in a plaid cap he strides out the side door and across to the recitation hall. The prefects, as the monitors chosen from the fifth form are called, sit at the head-master's table and talk over with him all the school problems, exactly like the big brothers of a large family, and every evening, after the younger boys are tucked away, the other instructors gather in the head-master's study or dining-room for a talk and a bite of supper before they go to bed.

A difficulty in a school of this type is that it will become too much like a family, and it was with the hope of getting more differentiation that the plan has recently been tried of going outside the waiting list and admitting each year, after an examination, a few boys from the West and South. Even with this break in the walls, however, there is a series of questions framed so ingeniously to reflect the applicants' general culture and previous environment, that there is little danger of the admission of

any very startling alien influence. As it was explained to me at Groton with obvious truth: "Of course *we* should like to have the blacksmith's son here, only—it wouldn't be kind to the blacksmith."

A school of this type is a very interesting and significant thing, and it must be taken pretty seriously. The high-schools and even such schools as Andover and Exeter decline to admit, so to speak, that our democracy is any less simple than it was a hundred years ago. Such a school as Groton implies that we have an aristocratic, if not a leisure class, and that there is a place in America for schools performing a function similar to that performed by the famous old "public" schools of England. That there is a demand for such schools their tremendous vogue is sufficient proof, and whatever one may think about them—as about automobiles or steam engines—it seems apparent that they are here to stay.

There is no question that the English public schools send out year after year an unusually fine and virile type of young men to take up the burden of a ruling class and hold up the pillars of the empire. We have no such traditional ruling class. Our best men generally go into business. They rule, to be sure, through the power of their money, but it is an unconscious, generally, rather than a conscious responsibility. And it may be the mission of such schools as Groton is to teach to our chosen few some proper traditions of responsibility.

It is not for this, however, that ambitious parents and boys generally struggle to get into such schools. They are not thinking of duties but of privileges. And the real danger is not that the school is a poor school but that it is such a good one. It is not vulgar snobbishness that weakens democracy, but a refined and intelligent scepticism. And it is not every son of well-meaning but thoughtless parents who can break through the stamp which such a school sets upon him and get the best afterward out of our boisterous and disarranged world.

The little Groton boy in his pumps, black coat, and broad white collar is very charming saying "Good night!" to Mr. Peabody.

He is not quite so charming five or six years later in college as he lets a good part of that vigorous, mixed-up stimulating world sweep by unheeded—those who are big enough to break through their environment are perhaps the finest type of young Americans—outside the doors of his particular fashionable society. And he is sometimes not charming at all ten years later when you see him of a late afternoon gloomily lapping up highballs in his New York club—a good deal fatter now, a good deal lazier, and a good deal less interested in everything not included in his little circle.

It is not fair of course to blame any school for the dangers of wealth and the common weaknesses of humanity, any more than it is fair to allow another school the credit for giving to the nation the distinguished men whose school-days there were merely part of a long life work. But it is fair and it is important to consider the slant which a boy's surroundings are likely to give his natural tendencies.

"Of course," a master said, referring to the almost military régime of work and play, "we don't make poets here—but I fancy the poets would be poets anyway." The important thing isn't the poets they don't make, but the poetry they may help to destroy—the poetry of common things, the kindly beauty of our varied American life; the stirring fret and urge, different temperaments and different breeds living and working and playing together. This is the real tragedy of these societies for the prevention of knowing what other Americans are like.

It isn't that the boys aren't carefully chosen, but that they are too carefully chosen. It is precisely because these boys are all so nice and good-looking and polite, and "the kind they are likely to know afterward," that half the bracing charm and romance of American life, school-boy or grown-up, is lost. It isn't that so few of us can get inside to know them; it is that so few of them ever get outside to know us. It isn't that America particularly needs this or that one hundred and fifty boys, but that these one hundred and fifty boys rather particularly need America.



THE LONG LANE

By Josephine Preston Peabody

ALL through the summer night, down the long lane in flower,
The moon-white lane,
All through the summer night,—dim as a shower,
Glimmer and fade the Twain:
Over the cricket hosts throbbing the hour by hour,
Young voices bloom and wane.

Down the long lane They go, and past one window, pale
With visions silver-blurred;
Stirring the heart that waits,—the eyes that fail
After a spring deferred.—
Query, and hush, and Ah!—dim through a moon-lit veil,
The same one word.

Down the long lane, entwined with all the fragrance there;
The lane in flower somehow
With youth and plighted hands, and star-strewn air,
And muted “Thee” and “Thou”:—
All the wild bloom and reach of dreams that never were,
—Never to be, now.

So, in the throbbing dark where ebbs the old refrain,
A starved heart hears.
And silver-bright, and silver-blurred again
With moonlight and with tears,
All the long night They go, down the long summer lane,
The long, long years.



REST HARROW

A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV

SANCHIA IN LONDON

I



LONDON in mid-May, slogging at its pleasures under the pale sun, might read one morning of an affray in Yorkshire, of a magistrate assaulted, or undergrounder in arms, and forget it in half an hour; but to Sanchia, unaccustomed to cower, some such chance paragraph seemed one spot the more upon her vesture, which contact with the Fulham Road had smirched already. She had never taken cover before—and how should one be in such a place but to hide in it? With contracted brows and bosom oppressed, she watched the drifting millions go by, and her heart sank. Was she become as one of these? Is not to be ashamed to be shameful? And had she not been put to shame? If she was to hold up the head and feel the mouth of the winged steed that she rode, she must stable him elsewhere.

She wished to forget Wanless. Let it be as if it was not, and had never been. But she found that Glyde and his outrageous act made that not possible. They brought her down to London's level—her in her white robe out of stainless air: here she was still, as Glyde had made her there, but a woman for men to quarrel over, or a bone for dogs. Her heart surged hot against Wanless: she could not, if she would, forget it—least of all in the Fulham Road.

She felt spotted in Mrs. Benson's spotless dwelling—largely because it was Mrs. Benson's, partly because a smell of fried herrings drifted in daily from the street. She felt herself the chosen of a servant, one for whom a clown held battle; and then she found herself resenting the phrases, grow-

ing hot over them. A servant—Mrs. Benson, that stanch protectress! A clown—Struan—his thin frame throbbing with fire, and his eyes of a hawk in a cage, far-set, communing with invisible things! Why, when he was rapt in his work, he never saw her at all. She was a speck at his feet. He had sent her away once. "I'm busy," he had said, without looking at her; and she had gone away on tiptoe. These things vexed her to remember, and she felt that Mrs. Benson's dwelling could not be hers.

Mrs. Benson, too, it must be owned, had an incumbrance, which she kept as far as might be in the lower regions of her house, but which was now and again encountered on the stair: a shambling son, one Joe, mostly in shirt-sleeves, distilling familiarity and beer from every pore. He was a ne'er-do-well, whom it was his mother's cross and crown to keep in complete idleness. He cast dreadful looks, as of an equal in snugness, a fellow-minion, at the chiselled profile of our goddess, and was not long before he tried for a full-faced effect. Sanchia's eyes of clear amaze should have cut him down, but they did not. His "Morning, miss," was daily reminder of a shared clay. Sanchia made herself inaccessible, and Mrs. Benson agonized.

To apologize for her son had been as futile as to make excuses for death; but she tried it. "You'll overlook the partiality of a mother, Miss Percival? What am I to do? It's not that I want him to lap syrup from a spoon—far from that. Idleness leads to impiety, and impiety anywhere, from Tattersall's to the public, we all know. But think of what stings me. I can't abide the thought that here am I, large Mrs. Benson, with money to spare, turning my back upon my fatherless child. Yet nothing

short of that will do it." Sanchia readily excused her; and then she turned her own back upon Fulham Road. Pimlico found her a lodging, at the gates of whose dingy mysteries were parks, Westminster, the sky and the river: eternal things, making for tranquillity.

It had been her first impulse, the moment she reached London, to go to her father, with whom alone she had regularly corresponded during her years of exile. There was Vicky Sinclair, to be sure, her sister next in age: once in a while came a letter from her. But Vicky was married to a man she knew nothing of, and she found herself shy. Fought for! Blared across London in a paragraph—championed by a clown! How was she to meet a Captain Sinclair? Her father, surely, was different. She never doubted his love, nor that he would take her to his heart if she asked to go there. But could she? It would have to be done by stealth; she must go to the city, to his office—for her mother ruled in Great Cumberland Place, and she could not go there. She hated secrets, and couldn't pose as a culprit; so she delayed and delayed. It was a comfort to her to know that he was at hand—across a league of murky air: meantime, she sought about for scope to spread her wings.

For a fortnight she drank of the gales of liberty, filled her bosom with beauty, and let art smooth out her brows. She listened to music, looked at pictures, renewed her reader's ticket, and spent whole days browsing under the Bloomsbury dome. Climbing the heights, she planned out schemes of work, felt her critical faculties renewed, studied men and women, and found her old pleasure in quiet chuckling over their shifts. But she had to chuckle alone, for she never spoke to a soul. For a fortnight or so all went well—and then, quite suddenly, without any warning, going, as it were, to the fountain for water, she found there was no bottom to her cruse. She went to bed sanguine, she awoke morose. She saw the day with jaundiced eyes, scorned herself, cried "Liver!" and took medicine. She was glued to her books all day, returned late to her lodging, and found herself in tears. She discovered a tenderness, a yearning; she lay awake dreaming of her childhood, of her girlhood, of Vicky, of her father's knee, of Senhouse, her dear, preposterous friend,

whose gray eyes quizzed while they loved her. Golden days with him—golden nights when she dreamed over his eager, profuse, interminable letters! All these sweet, seemly things were dead! Ah, no, not that, else she must die. She cried softly, and stretched out her arms in the dark to the gentle ghosts that peopled it. Then, being practical in grain, she jumped up, lit candles, and wrote deliberately to each of her sisters—finally, after much biting of the pen, to her father. Before her mood could cool, she dressed hastily, slipped out and posted her letters. Coming back to bed, she paused in the act to enter it—one knee upon it. Wide-eyed she wondered why she had not written to Senhouse. To him, of all people in the world, first of all! And his answer—a certainty. Hot came the reply to her question, and smote her in the face. Never to him again—never. There are certain things no woman can bring herself to do. The more she has need of a man the less possible is it to tell him so. She sighed as she got into her bed, but her eyes were very kind.

Of the five fair daughters of Thomas Welbore Percival, East India merchant in The Poultry, Philippa, the eldest, the trenchant and clear-sighted, lived in Bryanston Square, mother of three children. Her husband, Mr. Tompsett-King, was a solicitor, but he was much more than that. An elderly, quiet gentleman, who talked in a whisper, and seemed to walk in one too, he presided over more than one learned society and spoke at congresses on non-controversial topics. A sound churchman, he deplored Romish advance on the one hand, and easy divorce on the other. The salvation of human society lay, he held, within these limits. Distrust the emotions; submit all things to reason—love of God, and love of woman. On these terms he prospered, like his father before him. It all seemed very simple to him. The handsome Philippa respected him, obeyed him particularly, and never differed from him in opinion. But she colored every compliance with his decrees with an idiosyncrasy so marked as to make them seem her own. Where he held that Rome pandered to the emotions, she laughed it to scorn as a forcing-house of spiritual foppery; where he saw in divorce a treason to the law of con-

tract, she said that it tempted women to fall. Is it not easy enough to sin? Must we legalize it? Why put a tax upon marriage? Mr. Tompsett-King deprecated all dottings of iotas; when Philippa stormed at society, he hummed a sad little tune. Before he left for Bedford Row he patted her shoulder and said, "Gently does it." Some such scene must ensue upon the Prodigal's letter.

Hawise, Lady Pinwell, lived in the country. Her husband was a baronet, and a handsome blond. A pretty, apple-cheeked, round-eyed girl, very much of a kitten, she was now grown plump, sleek, rather slow to move, and many times a mother. She deferred to her husband in all things, and by his wish received her parents on a formal visit once a year. She saw very little of her sisters, and as for Sanchia—the thing was not to be heard of—not even mentioned to Sir George. As, in fact, she burned the child's letter before she left her bedroom, she does not come into the tale at all.

But the pensive Melusine, three years younger than Philippa, seven older than Sanchia, may be reckoned with. She was also married, to a Mr. Gerald Scales, the son of a baronet. He was not, however, to inherit the title, for he had a brother, Sir Matthew, and frequent nephews. But his means were ample for his rank and discreet amusements, and went further and did more for him than prolific Sir Matthew's; for Melusine gave him no sons. His circle of being, in and through which trailed with charming languor his wife, was of more dappled sheen and of ampler circumference than that of Bryanston Square. Having its centre in Kensington Gore, it reached to Ranelagh on one side, to Maidenhead on the other. There was a riverside villa down there, where Mrs. Scales gave parties in the summer-time and was punted about by flushed gentlemen in pink shirts. She was the tallest of the five sisters, and the most graceful; near-sighted enough for lorgnettes, an elegant young woman. She had an instinct for attitudes, turns of the head, which were useful in tête-à-tête conversations. Mentally, she was not strong, and perhaps her manner was too elaborate: she draped herself when she sat down as if her skirts were window-curtains. Toy Pomeranians were a hobby of hers, and the early Florentine masters. She could read off the

names of the saints in a Sacred Conversation as easily as you or I a row of actresses in a photograph shop. Mrs. Jameson's books were at her fingers' ends. Her mother favored her more than any of her children, and was often at her house on visits. Gerald Scales called her the Dowager, and pleased her vastly. He himself was Tubby to his friends.

Vicky, a year older than Sanchia, had married a Captain Sinclair, who was stationed at Aldershot. She had been the romp of former days, and when the storm had burst, hotly on the culprit's side. But Vicky had been flighty, and marriage changes one. Sanchia's eyes grew wistful as she sat, her letters on the wing, and thought of Vicky.

Her first response was from Melusine, in a telegram from Taplow which read "Darling—alas!" and no more. Her comment was shrewd: "Mamma is there"—and she was right. Then came her father's letter, to pluck at her heart-strings. He invited her to The Poultry at "any hour of the day—and the sooner the better"; but was clear that she could not visit Great Cumberland Place without writing to mamma. "Doing the civil," was his jocular way of putting it—one of papa's little ways, when he meant more. She knew that he was right, and postponed the fond man and his injunction. His love might be taken for granted by a favorite child. Just now it was her sisters' judgment she craved.

Philippa wrote with her accustomed steel. It might have been a bayonet: yet she meant to be kind.

"BRYANSTON SQUARE, Thursday.

"MY DEAR SANCHIA: I may as well say at once that I am not surprised to hear from you; in fact, I have been expecting some such letter as yours ever since I read in the *Times* of Claire Ingram's death. Poor, unhappy woman, it was time. Some of the Pierponts (the Godfrey P.'s) are intimate friends of ours: we dined there last week; no party—just ourselves—and heard all about it. I learn that Mr. Ingram has gone abroad, but imagine that he will be in London before the end of the season. Have you written to mamma? If not, *pray do so*. I assure you that it will be taken as it is meant. Nothing but good can come of it. Of that I am sure.

"Now, as to your proposals. I think I will ask you to come to me *here*. I am very busy, with calls a thousand ways. I really have no afternoons free for as far forward as I can see—except Sundays, which I devote entirely to Tertius and religion. No woman ought to separate the two—love of God, love of husband in God. Sooner or later, all women learn it. Then the mornings are naturally occupied with the house and the children. They have Miss Meadows; but she is young and absurdly inconsequent. I don't see how you can expect a girl in her teens to work miracles. In fact, I don't want her to, and am at hand to see that she doesn't.

"I have spoken to Tertius, and you must forgive me for saying that we both think, under the circumstances, it would look, and be, better in every way if you came here, in the first instance. Without discussing what is done, and (I pray) done with, you will see, I think, that for me *to seek you out* would be, to say the least of it, unusual. You left our father's house for reasons of your own; I had left it to be married to Tertius. Forgiveness, if you wish it from me, is yours: countenance of the step you took—never. You will not ask it. So come here any morning that suits you, and I shall be pleased. You will find me ready to do everything I can to put you on your proper footing in the sphere to which you were born.

"Believe me, my dear Sanchia,

"Your affectionate sister,

"PHILIPPA TOMPSETT-KING.

"P. S.—The Church's arms are very wide. One cannot be too thankful, as things have turned out, that Claire Ingram never sued for divorce. God is most merciful."

There was some knitting of brows over this; and some chuckling. Comedy is the art of the chuckle; but it is very seldom that one of the persons in the play can practise that which delights the spectators. Sanchia was such a person. She could detach herself from herself, see her own floutings and thwackings, and be amused. At the same time her reply to Philippa was curt.

"You," she wrote, "are busy, and I am not. I will come to you one of these fine mornings, and must trust to Miss Meadows's sense of fitness not to work miracles that day."

A day or two later came a telegram from Vicky Sinclair. "Just got your letter. Coming at twelve. Vicky." Sanchia glowed. "Just like her, the darling." Philippa's astringent proposal was put aside.

At twelve thirty-five there lit from a hansom an eager and pretty little lady, all in gauzy tissues and lace scarf, who knocked at the door like a postman and flew up the stair into Sanchia's arms. "Oh, Sancia, Sancia, how sweet of you to write! Now we are all going to be happy again for ever after. Oh, and here's Cuthbert—I forgot." In the doorway stood the erect form, and smiled the bronzed face, of Captain Sinclair of the Greys. His "How d'ye do, Miss Sanchia?" was accompanied by a look of such curious inquiry that Sanchia gave him two fingers, said, "Quite well, thank you," and no more. Much more had been expected, and the captain was somewhat taken aback. He had been ready to welcome the prodigal and admire her too. What's more, he had already very much admired her. To have one's generous motions damped by a coolness of that sort is sickening. But there it was: what could one say? what could one do? He went to the window and stood there, whistling in a whisper, until his wife dismissed him. To the Cavalry Club stalked he, working himself into virtuous heat. There, at luncheon with a friend, he expatiated, which was unwise and unmannerly at once. But his own wrongs swallowed up his wife's rights.

"I'll be damned, Jack," he took up his parable, "I'll be damned if ever I do a woman a good turn any more. Never, never again. Gel I know—relative of mine she is, by marriage—goes a purler with a chap. Knew something of the chap too—so did you, I expect. Not a bad chap, by any means, barring this sort of thing. Well, now she's in town—all over—settled down, y'know. Writes to my wife. Well, I thought it was no good bein' stiff in these things. Against the spirit of the age—what? So I said we'd do the handsome thing and go up. We both wanted a spell of easy—so it was handy. Besides, I wanted to see the gel. I own to that. And there's no doubt, she's a clinker. Quiet, you know, and steady; looks right at you, far in; sees the lot at a glance. Palish gel,

not too big; but well set up. Square shoulders—deep-chested gel. That sort.” He stared at the table-cloth hard.

“I was taken by her, mightily taken. So when she and my wife had done kissin’, I put in my little oar. ‘How d’ye do, Miss—’ I won’t mention names, though upon my dick I don’t know why I should be squeamish. But there it was; and I’d have kissed her, as you do kiss your wife’s—well, cousin, let’s say—if you want to. Bless you, not a bit of it. Proud as pepper. Gives me a finger: ‘Quite well,’ says she. ‘Quite well, thank you’—and drops me. Drops *me!* Good Lord!”

He drank deeply of beer. “Well, now, I tell you, that’s the last time, absolutely the last time I do the civil thing to—well, to that sort, if she’s my wife’s grandmother.” He stared out of window, mist over his blue eyes. “They’re all for marrying her now. It seems it can be done. Chap’s to be screwed up. Then she’ll be patronizing me, you’ll see. Because I was decently civil—that was as far as I was prepared to go; bare civility— And two fingers for it—‘Quite well, thank you!’ Oh, damn it. Waiter—more beer.”

II

VICKY was enchanting; for half an hour Sanchia was at the top of bliss. To be petted and diminutived by a butterfly—it was like that; for though the child was a year older than she, six years of marriage had made a baby of her. Her audacities of old had become artless prattle, her sallies were skips in the air. Yet to be purred over by a kitten was pure joy. “You darling! You darling little Sencie! You beautiful, pale, Madame-de-Watteville kind of person! Oh, my treasure—and I thought I should never see you again!” So she cooed while she cuddled, Sanchia, for her part, saying little, but kissing much. Her lips were famished, but Vicky’s must be free for moments if her words were to be intelligible. During such times she stroked or patted the prodigal, and let her browse on her cheeks.

By and by, raptures subsiding, the pair settled down for talk, and the discrepancies which eight years had made began to show up, like rocks and boulders in a strand left bare by the ebb. Grotesque the shapes of

some of them, comical others; but wrecks and dead things come to light at low water—spectral matter, squalid, rueful matter. And there are chasms set yawning, too, which you cannot bridge. Sanchia was to be lacerated.

No doubt it was laughable at first, as *naïveté* is. “Cuthbert was very funny about it”—for instance. “He was awfully anxious to see you, you know—you had never met, I think?—and yet not quite liking it. He said it was a great risk; he seemed to think I ought not to be there. He takes great care of me, the darling. And there was little Dickie, you see. Sencie! he can just walk—a kind of totter from my knees to Cuthbert’s—and then so proud of himself! Cuthbert said that my duty was to Dickie; but I told him that I meant to come.”

Yes, it was comical. “Did Captain Sinclair think I should give him a complaint?” Sanchia was smiling, with eyes and mouth; but the smile was fixed.

Vicky hugged her. “You dear one! Prettiness is your complaint. I should like him to have some of that.” She held her at arms’ length, looked and glowed, and kissed. She took a serious tone, for the matter was serious. “You know, Sencie, you’re the only beauty in our family, the only real beauty. Philippa’s awfully handsome, I know, and greatly admired—and I’ve always said that Melot is *lovely*. There are those three sorts of woman, you know. Philippa’s handsome, Melot’s lovely, and you’re beautiful. Then there’s prettiness. I know I’m rather pretty: everybody says so. Besides, there’s Cuthbert. Oh, you can always tell! For one thing—he’s so fussy about my clothes—you’ve no idea.” She preened herself, like a pigeon in the sun, before she returned to her praises. “But you! You’re quite different. You’re like a goddess.” She touched her curiously. “Yes, I thought so. Exactly like a goddess.” She sighed. “I can’t think how you do it. Swedish exercises? I know it’s wonderful what they do for you—in *no time*. But you have to think about them all the while, and I think of Cuthbert—and Dickie—and the horses—and, oh, all sorts of things! Those sort, I mean—nice things.” She pondered Sanchia’s godhead, shaking her pretty draperies out, then recalled herself. “Oh, yes, about coming here. Of

course I knew that mamma would make a fuss—but I had determined long ago, before I dreamed that it would ever happen, not to tell *her* a word. It was only Cuthbert who made me feel—well, *serious*. He is so wise, such a man of the world! But I told him that I meant to come whatever he could say—and afterwards it turned out that he wanted to come too. He was really quite keen. Wasn't that sweet of him? You would adore Cuthbert if you knew him as well as I do. But, of course, that's absurd." She suddenly became intense. "Sancie!" she said, then stopped and peered.

"Yes?" It was a sobered goddess who waited for close quarters. Vicky put her question, but peered no more.

"I wish you would tell me one thing, which—has always puzzled me. But don't, if you would rather not. How did you—I simply can't understand it—how did you ever—? I suppose you loved him very much?"

Sanchia was in a hard stare. "Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose I did." Vicky's head darted back.

"Ah! But now you don't a bit. *I knew you didn't!* Sancie, that's what I can't understand. Because, you know, when you're married, you do. You always love the same person. You must—you can't help it. He's so natural; he knows things that you know. He knows—everything. Oh, Sancie, I can't talk about it, but you understand, don't you?"

Poor Sanchia nodded, not able to look up. Alas for her secrets, offered, taken, and forgotten! But Vicky's vivacious fingers groped in her empty cupboard. "And then, as well as that, you *ought* to love him. You see, you've promised; it's all been made so sacred. You never forget it—the clergyman, and the altar, and the hymns. You're all in white—veiled. And you kneel there—before the altar—and he holds your hand. And the ring—oh, Sancie, the feeling of the ring!" She opened her little hand and looked down at the smoothed gold, coiled below the diamonds and pearls. "You never forget the first feel of that. It means—everything!" She blushed, and said, in a hushed sort of way, "It meant—Dickie, to me."

Sanchia drooped and bled. Vicky, deep in her holy joys, was remorseless. Even when she turned once more to her sister's affairs her consolation made wounds.

"Cuthbert said that it would come all right now—now that Mrs. Ingram—the wife—was— That's rather horrible. Even you must feel that. Instead of being sorry that his wife is dead, one has to be awfully glad. I suppose you felt that at once; and of course *he* did. Poor woman! I wonder if she was buried in her ring." She eyed her own. "No one would dare to take it off. I made Cuthbert promise me this morning. But—of course people do marry again, and it will be practically the same as that." She reflected. "Yes, practically, it will, but—oh, it's very extraordinary! You've had all your fun of engagement and all that, long ago." She looked down deeply at her hand; and then she gazed at her sister. "And, oh, Sancie, you've had your honeymoon!" Before the deadly simplicity of that last stroke Sanchia fell, and lay quivering. She could not ask for mercy, she could explain, extenuate, nothing. Huddled she lay. At this aching moment the one thing that the world held worth her having seemed to be the approbation of this butterfly child. For Vicky's happiness was specific. Nuptial bliss lay, as it were, crystallized within it. There are moments in one's life when love itself seems lust, and safety the only holy thing. Vicky, tearing at her heart, had turned her head.

Vicky once gone, with promise of frequent intercourse by letter and otherwise, it was to Philippa's fine house and respectable man-servant she next surrendered herself. The meeting was cool, but not intolerable to a goddess sore from Vicky's whip. Philippa could ply a longer lash, but not by the same right, nor with the same passion to drive it right. Sanchia's eyes met hers upon the level; and if the elder had a firmly modelled chin, so had the younger sister. Her strength, too, lay, as it always had, in saying little, whereas Philippa's *forte* was dialogue. But it needs two for that. After the first greeting there came a pause, in which the embarrassment, upon the whole, was Mrs. Tompsett-King's.

The trenchant lady had had her sailing orders, and was going to follow them. Mr. Tompsett-King had told her that Sanchia must be led, not driven, into Ingram's arms. "Assume the best of her, my dear friend," he had said, "if you wish to get the best out of her. Take right intentions for granted.

It is very seldom that a woman can resist that kind of flattery. So far as I can read your sister's mind, she has suffered from your mother's abrupt methods. I beg of you not to repeat them. Nothing but mischief could come of it." When Mr. Tompsett-King called her his dear friend, she knew that he was serious.

But Sanchia's mood had not been reckoned with: Philippa was not Vicky. In the old days, in a wonderfully harmonious household, there had been a latent rivalry between her and all her juniors. The greatest trouble had been with Sanchia, the deliberate. And so it was now that when the elder warmed to her task of making bad best, she was suddenly chilled by that old pondering and weighing which had always offended her. Sanchia replied to her assumptions and suppositions by saying simply that she didn't know where Mr. Ingram was, and that he was no better informed than she. But surely—Philippa raised her brows—but surely she knew when he was coming to London? Sanchia's head-shake shocked her. There was but one conclusion to be drawn from it.

"There's been a quarrel," then said she.

"No," Sanchia answered—as if thinking it out—"No, I shouldn't say that. I should say, a difference of opinion."

"My dear," said Philippa—and the phrase with her was one of reproof—"on essentials there can have been none. He will wait a year, of course. Under the circumstances, a full year. But——"

Sanchia had replied, "I don't know what he means to do. I have left Wanless."

"Oh, of course, of course. But—I was going to say—I fully expect that he has written to mamma." Sanchia's eyebrows and her "I should think that unlikely. Why should he write to mamma?" frightened Philippa, while to Mr. Tompsett-King's advice it was clear gain. It was necessary, after it, to get on to surer ground. The interview terminated by an understanding that Sanchia should write to her mother.

Philippa took her husband to dine in Great Cumberland Place that night; and there, he with Mr. Percival, she with the lady, obtained the terms of a settlement. Sanchia was to be allowed a hundred a year—for the present. (Mr. Percival intended privately to make it two.) Everything was

to be assumed in her favor; but she was not to be asked to meet company. Neither Mrs. Percival nor Philippa could be brought to that, and Mr. Percival, so far as he was concerned, had no desire for any sort of company but hers. He was one of those men made rosy-gilled for happiness. Good fellowship, the domestic affections—if they were not there, they must appear to be. His friends of the city were always on his lips—Old Tom Peters—Old Jack Summers—Old Bob—Old Dick. Good fellows every one. All the pet names in the family had been his. To him belonged Pippa and Sannie, Melot and Vicky. "My girls," or "My rascals," he used to call them to Tom Peters or Jack Summers, and bring them home jerky little tin pedestrians from the city, or emus pulling little carts; or (later on) bowls of goldfish or violet nosegays from Covent Garden. If he had a nearer passion, it was to stand well with all the world. That's two passions, however, to his score; and the struggle between them, in Sanchia's case, had taken him as near tragedy as the easy man could go. Heaven be praised, the good times were come again. Now he was all for the return of the prodigal, without conditions—"and no questions asked," as he put it.

But in this he could not get his dear desire. Philippa's sense of justice was inflamed, as well as her moral sense. What! you eat a cake, and then, instead of sitting down to your plain bread and butter—away you flounce, and get ready to eat another cake! That's dead against the proverb, that's monstrous, that's offensive. "Mamma, mamma," Philippa had protested, "you can never have her back to flourish her sin in all our faces."

"Thank you, Philippa, for reminding me, however gratuitously, of my duties to society," had been Mrs. Percival's acknowledgment. She liked sin as little as Philippa, but she liked being lectured a great deal less. Poor Mr. Percival had pulled his whiskers throughout the debate, and now sighed, as he bit them. His girl was to be denied him—but he could give her two hundred a year, and go to see her often. That was comfort.

And then the meeting took place. First with mamma, who had never liked her, and was now a little afraid of what she might do. For Philippa had made it quite plain that if

Sanchia was not humored, she would have nothing to say to Ingram. "She's exhausted her criminal passion—that's what it comes to," was Philippa's judgment. "Now she will have to be cajoled." So Mrs. Percival was cowed into civility.

The pair conversed, rather painfully, for perhaps an hour. They had tea. All the effort to talk was made by Sanchia, who broached the children—Philippa's three, Vicky's one—and got nothing but perfunctory enthusiasm in reply. Mrs. Percival was far too sincerely interested in herself to care for children. The sons-in-law proved a better subject. Here she could point a moral inwards. She extolled them highly—never was woman so blessed in her daughters' husbands. Mr. Tompsett-King—"Tertius, the soul of honor: the most delicate-minded man I have ever known. And sensitive to a fault! I assure you—" Captain Sinclair was "our gallant Cuthbert," or "my soldier son." "Sweet little Vicky's knight! Chivalry lives again in him. It has been the greatest blessing in my days of trouble to be sure of the ideal happiness of those two young lives. Ah! one does have one's consolations."

This eulogium seemed to leave little to be said for Melusine and her prize; and yet it was certain that Mrs. Percival favored Gerald Scales above the others. A lift of the voice was observable—"Gerald, who, naturally, is quite at home at Marlborough House. . . ." "Gerald, with that charming old-world courtesy of his. . . ." "Dear Lady Scales told me that, of her two sons, Gerald should have been the baronet. Poor Sir Matthew suffers from hay-fever to that extent. . . . But Gerald is a splendid young man. Darling Melot is, I need not tell you, fully appreciated at Winkley." That was the seat of Sir Matthew in Essex.

Sanchia, for her part, having regained the throne of her serenity—from which Vicky had toppled her of late—by means of Philippa, was able to contemplate this singular parent of hers with the interest due to a curious object, and some internal amusement. She was too far removed from her to be moved, too much estranged to be hurt. She wondered at herself for feeling so little of what, in the days of babyhood, she had firmly held to be the devout opinion. She found that, from a child, she had always judged her mother, and was sure now that

her mother knew it. She remembered how hopeless she had always known it to be to explain any attitude of mind she may have exhibited and been blamed for. So now, though it was abundantly clear to her what was hoped of her, and though she could see perfectly well that the chance of her doing it was so risky that she must be handled like a heavy fish on a light line, she made no effort whatever to show why what was to be hoped for was absurdly impossible. She watched her mother sail about it and about in ever-narrowing circles, heard herself commended for her promptitude in leaving Wanless, answered inquiries as to Ingram's behavior under what Mrs. Percival otiosely called "his bereavement," echoed speculations as to his whereabouts—played, in short, vacantly an empty part, and kept her mother upon tenterhooks. She gained civil entreaty this way.

But her father's bustling entry changed all this. She had not known of herself how susceptible she still was. Vicky had made her cower; but her father made her cry.

He affected a bluff ease in his manner of greeting her. "Well, Sencie, well, my dear, well, well—" and then he cleared his throat; but he did not dare to look at her. Sencie answered him by jumping into his arms, and upset him altogether. "Oh, my girl, my girl—my little Sencie—" and then the pair of them mingled tears, while Mrs. Percival, who thought this exhibition out of place "under the circumstances," and not in the best possible taste, tapped her foot on the carpet, and wished that Philippa had been here.

But, once they were beyond a certain floodmark, as she knew by long acquaintance, Mr. Percival's emotions must be given play. She retired, therefore, and left the clinging pair. Directly she was gone, the good gentleman's embrace of his child grew straiter, and his kisses of her brows and hair more ardent. He humbled himself before her, thanked her for coming back to him. "My darling, it was fine of you to come! 'Pon my soul, it was fine!"

"No, darling, no," she protested, smiling sadly at his fondness.

"I always loved you, my child! * My Sencie—you know that of your old father, hey?" He pinched her cheek before he kissed it again. "'Pon my life, it cut me down like a frost to do—what was done."

"I know, I know," Sanchia murmured, and then begged him not to speak of it.

"Ah, but I must, you know," he vowed. "What! A damned unnatural father! . . ." And then he held her closely, while he whispered his anxiety. "Sancie—tell me, my lamb—put my mind at rest. He—that fellow—that Ingram—he was good to you, hey? He didn't—hey?"

She vowed in her turn. "Oh, yes, dearest, yes. Of course he was. I was very happy, except for—what couldn't be helped, you know."

"Yes, yes—it couldn't be helped. I know that you felt that. I was bound—for the others, don't you see?—sake of example—that sort of thing, don't you see?" He shook his head. "We can't have that, you know. It don't do—in the long run. Very irregular, hey? And your mother, you know—she takes these things to heart. Goes too far, *I* say. Sometimes goes a little to extremes, you know." He grew quite scared as he recalled the scene. "I shall never forget—" shuddering, he clasped her close. "My darling girl, let's be happy again! It shall be right as—well, as rain, you know—now. We'll have you with a child on your knee in no time—hey?" He seemed to think that marriage alone could work this boon. Again—as before with Vicky—Sanchia had not the heart to gainsay him. She allowed him to speculate as he would; and her mother, returning, found the pair, one on the other's knee, with the future cut and dried.

But Sanchia rose at her entry.

"Dearest, I must go now," she told him, "but I'll see you again very soon."

He urged her to stay and dine. "We're quite alone, you know. No ceremony with our child, hey?"

But she smilingly refused. "No, darling, I won't stop now. I'll come again—" her mother's stretched lips, stomaching what she could not sanction, stood, as it were, before the home doors.

He looked wistfully at her—aware, he too, of the sentries at the gate. "You might— We are pretty lonely here, we old people— I should have said you might come back— There's your old room, you know—eating its head off, hey?"

Sanchia kissed him. "Darling—we'll see. We'll talk about it soon. But I must go now—to my books. I'm working very hard, at my Italian. I've forgotten—lots."

He had to let her go—but, manlike, he must relieve himself in a man's way. He

drew her into his study, bade her "see what she should see." He went to his desk and sat to his check-book. He returned with the slip wet in his hand. "There, my child, there. That will keep the wolf from the door, I hope. For a day or two, you know." She read "Miss Sanchia Percival—two hundred pounds sterling." It brought the tears to her eyes again. It was so exactly like him.

"You darling—how ridiculous of you—but how sweet!" He glowed under her praises. "Plenty more where that came from, Sancie"—then piously added, "Thank God, of course."

Sanchia, in the hall, turned to her mother. "Good-bye, mother," she said, and held her hand out. Mrs. Percival took it, drew her in, and kissed her forehead. "Good-by, my child." She could not, for her life, be more cordial than that. The offence itself seemed a pinprick beside the rankle of the wound to her pride. This child had set up for herself, and was now returned—without extenuation, without plea for mercy. She was one of those people who cannot be happy unless their right to rule be unquestioned. Had the girl humbled herself to the dust, grovelled at her feet, she would have taken her to her breast. But Sanchia stood upright, and Mrs. Percival felt the frost gripe at her heart. It must be so.

Her father went with her to the door—his arm about her waist. "Come soon," he pleaded, and when she promised, whispered in her ear—"Come to The Poultry, if you'd rather—I'm always there—as you know. Come, and we'll lunch together. You'll be like a nosegay in the dusty old place."

"Yes, yes, I shall come—often," she told him, and nestled to his side. Then she put up her cheek for his kiss. "Good-night, papa dear." He wept over her, and let her go. Then he returned to his hearth and his wife. In his now exalted mood he was really master of both, and Mrs. Percival knew it. "You gave her the money, I suppose?" she said; and he, "Yes, my dear, I gave her two hundred pounds." He had doubled the sum agreed, but Mrs. Percival let it pass.

III

UPON this footing her affairs now stood: she was to be one of the family, with two hundred pounds a year to her credit, the run of her teeth in the house, and (by a secret arrangement) as often in her father's com-

pany as she could find time to be. Meantime, by her own deliberate choice, she maintained her lodging in Pimlico, and read at the Museum most days of the week. She prepared herself to be happy, and under a buoyant impulse, due to the softening of her affections, wrote to her friend Mr. Chevenix and asked him to come to see her. That he briskly did.

She received him cordially. It was good to see the cheerful youth again, and to be able to rejoice in the man of the world he affected to be. A man of the world—throned, as it were, upon the brows of a suckling.

Wisdom was justified of her child. "So you cut it? Thought you would. Wanless Park is all very well in its little way—when the rainbows are jumping, what? D'you remember that fish? And old Dev-er-ox—*Salmo de-verox*? My certy, what a lady! But Nevile—" he shook his head. "No, no. Some devil had entered into him; he was a gloomy kind of tyrant. I don't know, by the way, what's happened to him. Travelling, or something, I fancy. He was always a rolling stone, as you know. But he'll come round, you'll see. Oh, Lord, yes. He'll suck out his devil—and be the first to apologize. Well—never mind old Nevile. You'll see, one of these days. Now, I say, what are you doing with yourself up here? Any good?"

She named her Italian studies, and made him open his eyes.

"Italian? *Tante grazie*, and all that! But that don't take you very far, you know. Your teeth will crack a tougher nut. Now, I'll tell you what you do. You come and see my old Aunt Wenman——"

She was highly amused. "Why should I see your old Aunt Wenman? Does she know Italian?"

"Italian! God bless you, if she knows English, it's as much as she does. Learnt the Catechism once, I s'pose. She's a good old sort—Lady Maria Wenman, widow of my old Uncle Charles. She'll take to you—she'll take to you."

"I don't see—" said Sanchia, puzzled. The youth explained.

"Well, you see—you'll forgive me, I know. It's *tone* you want just now. She'll give you that. She's something to pull against. You get your back up against her, and hang on. That's the ticket. She's a good soul, is Aunt Maria—lots of tone—gives parties to all and sundry. You meet

some rare fish in those waters—Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. They'll amuse you—give you bones to pick. I don't get on with 'em myself—too simple, I am, you know. They talk their politics, or domestic afflictions, and I feel so delicate I don't know what to do. There was one chap, I remember—Golowicz his name was—big, red-whiskered, conspiracy chap . . . told me all about his mother—tears running down his cheeks. I didn't know her from Adam, you know, but still— Oh, you'll like Aunt Wenman. She'll want you to live with her, and you might do much worse." Sanchia listened, smiled, and pondered. It was not her way to be disposed of so simply.

What was most impressive to her about this conversation was the real reticence underlying the chatter of her friend. She could feel his conviction of her want of tone; she was convinced of it herself. Her purpose in life seemed gone. Once it had been love, next it had been the ordering of affairs. The second had been so absorbing that she had not missed the first; indeed, she had believed it there until the very end, when she had called it up, and had no answer. But now—what aim had she, in this lonely, empty life she was leading, whose hours were so many that she had to fill them up with Italian got out of books? Without knowing it, it was life she wanted, not books. She with her brains, vitality, beauty, and charm had been growing in these graces unaware, flowering in secret at Wanless under her aprons, behind her account-books and garden gloves. Now that all these swaddling bands were stripped off her, behold her, armed at all points for the lists. So Chevenix had beheld her, it seems. Let her see the world, approve her mettle, run her career. Chevenix, watching her, judged in those pondering eyes, in that half-smile which had charmed him before, a kind of quivering expectancy, new to her. He judged her tempted, and renewed his suggestions.

"What you want," he told her, "is to try a fall or two with the world. You've been too snug, you know—too long under glass. You left the schoolroom to go to Wanless—and where were you there? Under cover. You want the sun, the wind, and the rain; you want to know what these things feel like—and how the rest of us take 'em. And you want to be seen, if you'll let me say that. We all like being looked at, I believe. I

know that I do, when I'm quite sure about my hat. Now you won't get much of that in a Warwick Street two-pair front, let me tell you—no, nor in your B. 17, or whatever your seat is, at the Museum. You're a star—you're to shine. Well, give 'em a turn in Charles Street. I'll fix it up for you. I wish you'd think it over."

She gave him grateful looks, but said little. Nevertheless, he went away encouraged. A week or so later, she found a card upon her table: that of a Mrs. John Chevenix.

"That's my sister-in-law," the friendly youth told her. "That's Mrs. John. You go and see her. She's a good sort of woman. You'll meet Aunt Wenman there. I thought it all out, and that's the way to get at it. She'll jump at you, in my opinion. She loves orphans. Collects 'em. You go!"

She was due in the city on a visit to her father, was, in fact, dressed for it in her best white frock, roses in her hat. She promised to think of it—and of course would return Mrs. John's call. The amiable youth accompanied her as far Eastward as it was possible for him to go. He went, indeed, further, and in full view of St. Paul's decided upon a visit to that sanctuary. You never knew your luck, he said. He might meet Senhouse there. He had been hunting the recessed philosopher high and low.

"Great sport if we met him now—you, who look like lunching at the Savoy or somewhere, and he like a fakir! What should you do? Fall in his arms?" Sanchia had mist over the eyes.

"I believe I should," she admitted. "I should love to see him again."

"He'll turn up at Aunt Wenman's, I'll bet you," Chevenix felt sure. "She rakes 'em in—all sorts. Do think about her, now, there's a dear. You won't be able to stick it at home, you know."

"I'm sure that I sha'n't go home," Sanchia said. "And I *am* thinking about your aunt."

"Right," cried Chevenix, and briskly mounted the steps of the cathedral.

Mr. Percival had provided a tea for her which had the appearance of a banquet. The table seemed sunk in flowers; a great urn held the tea. There were buns in pyramids, snow-mantled cakes, apricot jam, strawberries, clotted cream. Nothing was too good for his beloved, as he cried aloud when he saw her, fresh and glowing in her lace frock and flower-wreathed hat.

"My girl—and upon my soul, a picture!"

She blushed at his praises, and came in kissing distance. "You make a school-treat of me, dearest. You mustn't be wicked with your money, or I sha'n't come any more to see you. I won't be spoiled."

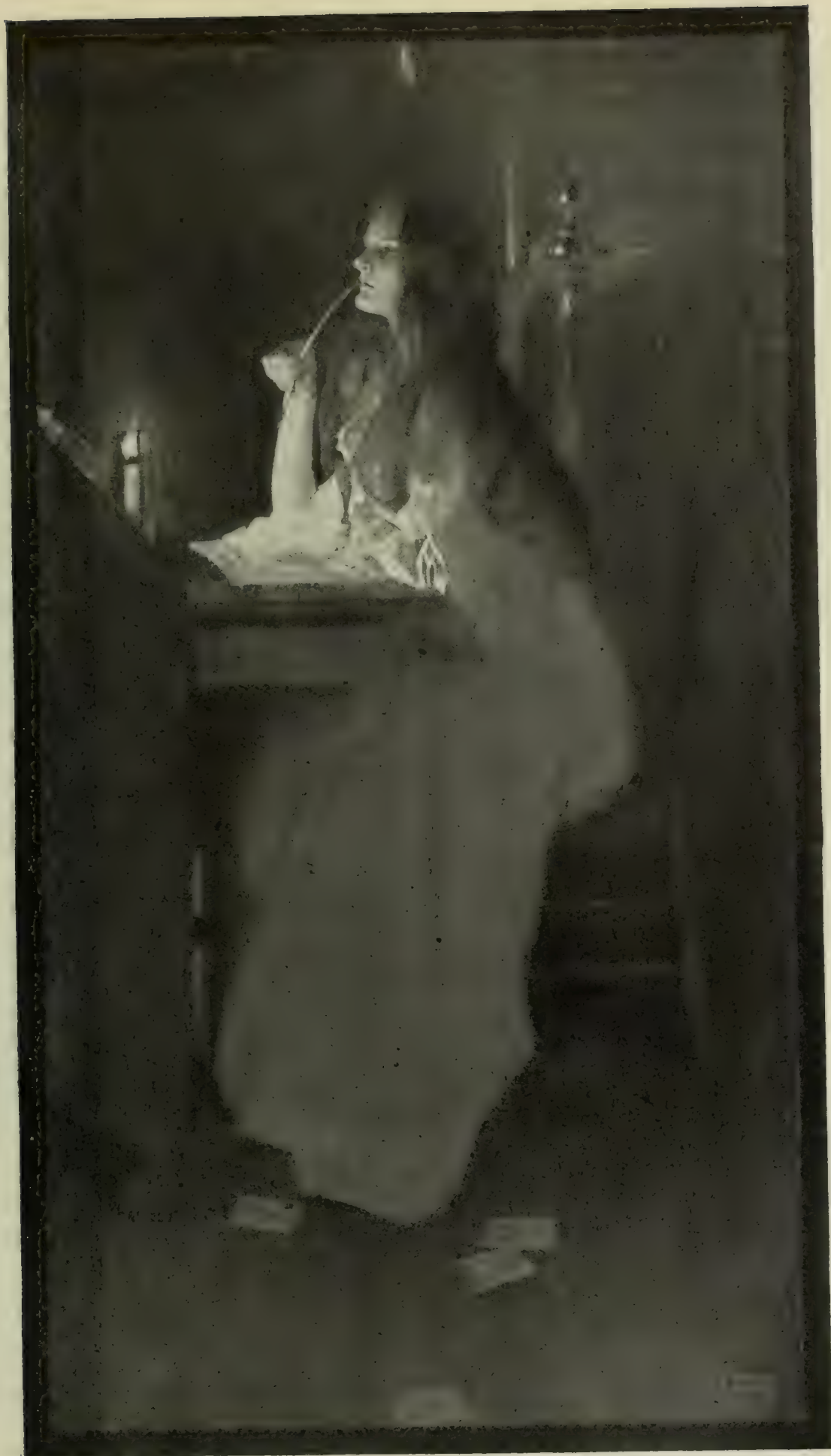
"No, my dear, no—and you can't be," he assured her. "Good Lord, my child, you're the only one I've got left. All my birds flown but you! And I had five of the sweetest, sauciest, happiest girls in England once upon a time. . . . Now, come you and pour out a cup of tea for your foolish old father. We're snug here—hey? Better than Great Cumberland—hey? You monkey!" He pinched her ear—and felt that they shared a secret.

She caught his happiness, and bathed in his praises, feeling the sun upon her limbs. How she loved to be loved! How she loved to be praised for her good looks! The world had grown suddenly kind again: the world was good. There, ahead of her, stood Mrs. John Chevenix and a friendly Lady Maria, beckoning her to London delights, a friendly world of admiring eyes. She was to be looked at—she was to listen—and be heard. Her heart beat, eyes shone starry. Life, which had seemed behind her, now danced before, a gay procession. She told her father what seemed to be in the wind. He listened and stared.

"Lady Maria, hey! We *are* going up in the world. The peerage! Charles Street, Berkeley Square! I remember young Chevenix: he had swell connections—yes, yes. How things come about! This will please your mother, my dear. She sets a store by such things." Their eyes met, and she nodded.

"Yes, I thought of that. But what do *you* feel about it, papa? You see—I couldn't very well come back to Great Cumberland Place."

He did see that, poor man. "No, chick, no. That wouldn't work out—that sum. You and your mother never did add up very well— No, no. Much as I should have liked it. But Charles Street? Hum. I'm a plain man, you see, a plain, old comfortable merchant—and the older I grow, the more comfortable I get, I believe. Now, I don't see myself in Berkeley Square, making a bow to Lady Maria. My poor old back's too stiff for that. But if you're contented—if you're to have your deserts—for you're a little beauty, my love, and there's



Drawn by Frank C. King.

Wrote deliberately to each of her sisters. —Page 793

no mistake about it—why, what can I say? And I know you won't forget papa in The Poultry—hey?"

She held him her hand across the tea-cups, smiling with her eyes. "Do you really think I shall?"

He caught fast to the little hand. "No, child, no! Though, mind you, I deserve it. When I think that I let you be packed out of my house—neck and crop—to the devil, for aught I knew—I grow cold. My dear, it's taken me suddenly at night—when I've been wakeful—and I've groaned in my agony. It don't do to think of—hideous! Women make fools of us men, and knaves as well. But there! You know your mother's way. I mustn't speak against her, of course. No, no. She's a good woman." He looked as if he tried hard to believe it.

Sanchia, her hand still held, had grown serious. "Papa," she said, "I want you to understand me altogether. I should do it again, I believe, if I really loved somebody."

He looked at her anxiously, then away from her, while he patted her caught hand. "Yes, my dear, yes. I understand that you feel like that. It's queer—to me, you know I don't pretend to see it as you do. But I trust you. I know you're a good girl. Only—it's not the old-fashioned way; and your mother——"

"Mamma," she said, "is different. She thinks I'm wicked; you think I'm good. I don't know what I am—I don't understand myself at all; but I'm quite sure that I should do it again, if it had to be done." Her eyes grew large with the certainty of her argument. She had a divine seriousness, a rapt look, as of one inspired from within. "I don't see how you can help it, if you see quite clearly that the person needs you. It seems disloyalty. It seems making too much of yourself—as if what happened to that part of you mattered! And it seems making too little of yourself, too—as if you shrank, as if you were afraid of vile people. One can't afford to be afraid—for the sake of such a small thing."

Mr. Percival, nodding, patting her hand, put in a gentle remonstrance. "I shouldn't say that, Sannie, I shouldn't, indeed. It used to be considered everything in the world, to a woman."

She mused, then decided. "No. I can't understand that. It's not everything

in the world. It's almost nothing compared to other things—like freedom. To me the only thing that seems to matter is one's mind. Freedom for that! You can give up anything else. But that you must have—if you are to live at all."

He made a loyal effort to follow her thought, but it led him into bleak regions where he found himself unnerved. "I don't know, upon my soul, where you get these notions of yours, my dear. I don't, indeed. Not from me, I believe."

She smiled gently at him, but with a wistful tinge, as if she felt her isolation. "I don't know, either—but there they are. I always know what I've got to do. I see it, or feel it, ahead of me. There's a path that way, a path the other. I see the fork, and have to follow one of them. I always know which."

That was equally beyond him. He left it, and returned to a more practical puzzlement. "But when—when you made up your mind about—*him*, you know? I wish you would tell me."

"I'll tell you everything I can, dearest, of course."

"Well, now, your freedom, you know. Your freedom of mind. Now, you gave him your freedom, didn't you? And your mind too? Didn't you, now?"

She had to consider that, and he watched her with anxiety. But she looked him fairly in the face with her answer, so that he read the truth in her eyes. "No," she told him. "No. He never had that, luckily for me. I always knew what I had to do before he did; I could always see where he was right and I was wrong—or the other way about. I don't think I could ever give up my judgment. At least——" She had to think again; and again she answered him, but with heightened color. "If I did—it would be a different sort of person altogether. Quite a different person."

His face fell. This didn't sound like marriage-bells. "Oh, my dear!" he said ruefully. "You don't mean to tell me——"

She jumped up and hugged him. "You darling old thing, of course not." But she kept her face buried in his whiskers. "If I ever did that—give up my mind, I mean—I believe I should be happier."

Mr. Percival had no doubt about it. He had old-fashioned opinions.



Krøyer and his wife By P. S. Krøyer.
A fit workshop is this for the Danish painters.

SKAGEN: THE DANISH PAINTERS' VILLAGE IN JUTLAND

By Edith Rickert

LCOUNT it strange enough that, born and bred in other lands, I am often homesick for Skagen. It is years since I came under the spell of this Jutish fishing village; but it is still so rememberable that in the din and ugliness of cities I can feel its invisible presence. The brown and purple moorlands come to rest me and the freshness of sunlit sand-dunes, salt wind and spray, and the ceaseless murmur of "Grenen" where the North Sea and the Baltic clash together.

It is so strangely "north"—this Skagen; north of Copenhagen, north of Frederikshavn, north across the moors in a hollow of the mountainous sand ridges where they close in together between the seas. A fit workshop is this for the Danish painters,

sons of Vikings, who, more than other men, seek to interpret the life of the sea.

I had a foreshadowing of a unique experience as we rushed through the great waste of darkness, past the lonely way-stations that point the road to this seeming end of the world; and I was not disappointed.

It began at Brøndum's Hotel when the door was flung wide upon the dark courtyard, showing against a background of panelled and painted wall, the yellow-bearded, genial face of Brøndum himself. There was in his welcome a delightful blending of dignity and friendliness, rare enough in inns, which somehow made me feel as if, after long wandering, I had come home. And when I stood on the threshold of my room, the marvel grew



"The Life-boat Goes Out." By Laurits Tuxen.
The splendor and the terror of the sea of Jutland.

that in this out-of-the-way corner of the earth I should find a resting-place so entirely to my liking. Match me, if you can, the charm of this white room, irregular with gables and dormer-windows, with its polished floor, its quaintly stiff green furniture hinged with steel, its draperies of old-fashioned green and rose chintz, lighted by the soft glow from two tall copper candlesticks reflected in the looking-glass of the dressing-table.

"If this is the inn," said I, "Skagen must be like no other place in the world." And I fell asleep to the murmur of the sea.

In the morning I leaned from my window and felt that my last words were true, and I wondered why. There was nothing extraordinary in the scene before me. My muslin curtains were fluttering in the salt breeze, but no sea was visible. I looked out upon a patch of garden, a strip of sandy road on which a woman in a shawl and a fisherman stood gossiping, and a plain little brick cottage or two with rows of splendid hollyhocks against their palings. Everything seemed familiar except the rack of drying fish in a bit of open prairie; and

yet all the familiar things had a different look—they had suffered, perhaps, a "sea-change."

All in a moment I knew that I had the secret, though as yet I had seen nothing of the splendor and the terror of the sea of Jutland. I felt that here as in few places in the world, the land and the ocean come together and are one.

And yet it was long before I could find the veritable sea, it lay so quietly under its maze of dunes. I stumbled in and out among the tarred, red-tiled fishermen's huts, wandered up and down sandy roads that begin anywhere and end haphazard. I came upon the little white church in its grove, strayed into the gay plantations of young trees and out upon the moors, until after much vain climbing of turf and sand hummocks, I looked down at last upon the broad beaches and long lines of surf hammering the triple sunken reefs with a roar that I had heard, however faintly, in all my ranging. Here was the lighthouse, *Skagen Fyr*, towering among the sand-hills, and here the perpetual ridge of foam, as far as the eye could reach, though a



"Fishermen on the Beach at Skagen." By P. S. Krøyer.

The world of grim experience that underlies . . . Krøyer's Beach at Skagen.—Page 718.

mere feather on this windless day, where the Skagerrak and the Kattegat play together.

It is here at "Grenen" one sees at work the creative power that has made "The Skaw" what it is. For countless centuries the waves have been heaping up enormous sand-dunes into a long, hook-like promontory, and changing the face of the moors. Several miles away rises ghost-like the tower of the old Gothic church, which during service one day in 1775 was buried so swiftly and so deeply that the people had to escape by the belfry. However long things and men may endure at Skagen they come at last into the net of the sea.

This sand is strangely fertile. It is said to grow barley. And where the dunes are undisturbed, not only are their crests held firm with the usual coarse scrub and tangle, but in the hollows of them grow glorious masses of silver-gray sea-thistle with sky-blue flowers, the largest I have ever seen; clumps of glossy, golden-berried sea-hawthorn, tiny forests of a fragrant white Lilliputian orchid-like blossom, and I know not what else.

It is, then, the unforgettable presence of the sea that gives its peculiar quality to the work of the Skagen painters. They have interpreted in their own ways, in the perfect medium of light and air that it gives, not only its innumerable moods, but—and more especially—its effect upon the lives of the people in this little fishing village.

Two things one feels strongly on this sea-built Skaw: that life is both serious and simple, and that it must be still much as it was in the days when Hamlet was Prince of the land. Then as now there could have been only fishing and fish-curing, a little hunting on the moors, a little grazing on scanty strips of grass, a little tillage between the bog and the sand. Then as now, these few men, dwelling miles from their fellows across treacherous bog-lands, fighting for their lives in the struggle for a livelihood, must have been a folk of simple ideas with a strong feeling of the imminence of death in life. Some battles befell not far away, and it may be that a Viking chief lies buried in the tumulus on the shore; but sailors have landed rarely until these last years, since the harbor has been built, and the



"The Life-boat is Driven Down to the Beach." By Michael Ancher.

Year after year risk and lose their lives for other lives.

Skagen folk have grown to express their own individuality without the interference that comes of constant clashing with other lives. For centuries they have worked together in a kind of brotherhood, of which the greatest friend and the greatest foe is the sea; and it is the realization of this long history of travail that gives to their faces the spiritual significance reflected in the art of the Skagen painters.

These summer days, in the friendly atmosphere of Brøndum's, I saw but one aspect of their work. What room was there for affectation, mannerism, or ornament in the bare simplicity of the sea? There was no temptation to the conventional, often spurious, picturesque, for the village is cleanly built and in straight lines; and the great contentions of wind and sun allow no mould or fungus or decay. Even the artistic apparatus of a peasant dress is lacking; the more directly do the painters approach the deeper beauty.

Yes, I could feel the freshness, the unstudied charm of Skagen; and its darker

side, the shadow of its brilliant sunlight, came to me through many winter tales. I could scarcely imagine life in a place where there have been twenty shipwrecks in a year; much less could I conceive any truth in that legend of Little Christmas Eve (December 23), 1825, when fifty merchantmen came ashore in the night. But when I went to the Skagen Hotel and saw a great room filled like a museum with the figureheads and name-boards of ships of all nations, then I began to understand the stern-featured men and sober-eyed women; and I felt the emotional background that, like a second atmosphere, gives a strange power to the Skagen pictures. And when I had seen the life-boat and the life-boatmen, who year after year risk and lose their lives for other lives, I felt something of the world of grim experience that underlies the quiet watchfulness of Krøyer's "Evening on the Beach at Skagen," and the cheerful gossip of Michael Ancher's group of fishermen on the sunlit sands, as well as the tragedies of the sea painted by Fru Anna

Anchor. The sheer vitality of the air in which life grows strongly and freely deepens the bitterness of the contrast when the sea has its way.

I went to church on Sunday morning, and there I saw again rows of faces that filled me with longing to know the strange histories written upon them. On the one side were the women in their black dresses; on the other, the serge-clad men. And there was no extraneous ornament of building or of dress to lessen the effect of the spiritual beauty that shone upon them almost like a presence. And when service was done, the people lingered for a christening; and I saw in the life one of Michael Ancher's pictures, and perceived that it was the simplest possible study from reality. A fisherman's child, Nils Olaf—I think—was named; and he took the ceremony with a lively sense of tragedy, in marked contrast with the composed faces of the elders round about him. The thought that clung to me persistently, as I watched the scene, was of

the limitations of this deep and narrow life. Little Nils Olaf, unless he were swept away in some sudden disaster, would grow old like his ancestors before him, in this simple ancient form of existence. For him, almost certainly, there would be little choice of ways, scant complexity of experience; and in this, is he the happier?

It is not difficult to understand how from their study of these Skagen faces, the Danish painters have learned to invest their portraits with vitality and strength. Perhaps chief among them in this respect is Michael Ancher; and it is curious to note how, on the one hand, he uses the sea as a background, and how, on the other, he has attained a marvellous directness and simplicity that makes his highest achievements not unworthy of Rembrandt.

But Skagen is not only the workshop, it is the home of painters, several of whom have built houses of their own, while others are content with the genial simplicity of Brøndum's. There are traces of their stay



"Burial." By Fru Anna Ancher

Spiritual beauty that shone upon them almost like a presence



Ancher's Studio.

under this roof-tree in the sketches that cover the panels of the dining-room walls, and the portraits of themselves that make a frieze, of which the central face is that of ruddy Brøndum himself, cigar in mouth.

For some reason—perhaps because it has been for several generations in the same family—the inn is the abode of singularly pleasant customs. One is that the master himself sits at the head of his long table, and that the guests feel themselves enough of a family to linger about in small informal

groups until all have assembled. Even the total stranger without introductions, does not find it necessary long to study the sea-pieces and landscape and interiors and fantasies and still life that adorn the walls; for your Dane is the most friendly and hospitable man in the world, and the spirit at Brøndum's is distinctly social. Even language is no barrier. The Dane learns English, French, and German, because, as he says, nobody can or will learn Danish.

Another pleasant way at Brøndum's is that after-dinner coffee is a social function.



Krøyer at home.



Holger Drachmann at home.

You find small groups in the little salon with its books and piano, perhaps one or two in the writing-room; but for the most part, the guests step through the open door into the garden, where it is easy to pass an hour or two at the rustic tables under the trees.

Sunday evenings, all the year round, the members of the artist colony are Brøndum's guests. Possibly the custom arose originally through the fact that Fru Anna Ancher is the daughter of the house. The table is rearranged so that the supper-party can be

together; and there is no lack of the intercourse that lives by its own vitality while the hours drift away. One looks from the guests to the clever study by Krøyer on the wall of a similar gathering in which some of the same people appear, and so one realizes the full truth of the representation. In its own way, this scene is as interesting as that in the little church. Here is Krøyer himself, burly and red bearded, with blinking eyes that seem to see all things at once; here is the dark, ascetic face of Paulsen, scholar among painters;



Tuxen at home.



Michael Ancher and his wife.

here is Professor* Tuxen, iron-gray, furrowed, and kindly, with him his charming Norwegian wife; here is Michael Ancher, bluff, gray bearded, soft of speech, and his wife, with her clear-cut, eager profile and pretty laugh.

In my time it was already too late for the literary giant, Holger Drachmann, whose Viking-presence used to dominate these gatherings. He was then in his last illness, and only a few months later his ashes were placed in an urn by the sea at Skagen; but I was familiar with the look of him from the portraits that several of the artists had been making, in the realization that the end was not far.

Apart from Brøndum's, life at Skagen shows the same charming simplicity and freedom that seem to thrive in the air of the place. Professor Tuxen, Court painter in England as well as in Denmark, has built himself a beautiful house, in which Queen Alexandra herself has photographed him with his family; but it is noticeable for these rare qualities. Alike in the flower-massed garden where tea is served, English fashion, under the trees, and in the deliciously quaint dining-room with its sanded floor, its long table under the window, and its barbaric, painted furniture—a typical Scandinavian interior—there is beauty rather than splendor, and a wit almost Gallic to lighten the Danish profusion of hospitality.

After supper we gather in the bare, lofty studio. There are cushions on the floor and a great wood-fire blazes and crackles

on the hearth. Two concentric circles of candles hang from the roof, the two kinds of light giving such effects as Viggo Johansen sometimes paints. The men smoke and there is coffee. Some play billiards. Stories are told . . . and the hours have slipped away past midnight.

The Anchers have always lived for the most part at Skagen; and for many years Krøyer has come to dwell in one of the charming, long, low houses of the older Danish fashion. Sometimes these are

tarred, sometimes built of concrete with visible timber framework; they are usually red-tiled and one-storied, and have an interminable row of windows—I have counted as many as fifteen—and perhaps several doors. They have gay gardens; in the autumn the hollyhocks flaunt up to the very tiles. I have never seen elsewhere such glorious hollyhocks as in Denmark.

The summer I was in Skagen was a little era in portrait-making. In Professor Tux-



The tower of the old Gothic Church, buried in 1775.
—Page 717.

* In Denmark a title of honor not necessarily implying any position as teacher.



"Breakfast." By P. S. Krøyer.

Life is so amusing. . .

en's studio was a picture just finished of himself and his wife by Paulsen, and a group in clay by himself of Krøyer and Ancher, intended for a bronze. In Krøyer's studio, I watched the artist at work upon a study of Paulsen, while he discoursed easily in French upon theories of art; and in Ancher's house, the master brought forth his unfinished portrait of Krøyer, similar in style to his own superb self-portrait in the National Gallery at Copenhagen.

Everywhere among these painter-folk one feels the spirit of high endeavor and of earnest toil that never claims to reach its ideal. Here seems to be no waste, no friction, no hurry. Every step is toward its end, and the end is worthy.

And yet this is not all. Life here may be fresh and real and child-like, but it is more

than these things. It is in the words of one who lives at Skagen, "So amusing!" Amusing? With that background of tragedy? Yes, because of it. Imperfect English had stumbled upon a happier word than one more accurate. Nowhere can interest in daily happenings be keener than where these are threatened with change; and nowhere does the play of life seem more joyous than where the reality is grimmest. I have sometimes thought that the gay independence of Skagen, its verve and its daring, appear in a little tale of Fru Anna Ancher.

One rainy day she put on her mackintosh and went to the station to see the Tuxens off to England.

"Come to Frederikshavn with us, Anna?" they said.

She laughed: "I've only three farthings in my pocket." But she went.

So they coaxed her to Aarhus and to Esbjerg; and at Esbjerg they said: "You might as well come all the way now."

So she sent a telegram to her husband and went to England, in a mackintosh, with three farthings in her pocket, and less than three words of English on her tongue!

And for this spirit, I take it, Skagen is to blame, and the sea that made Vikings.

I had a message, the other day, from the garden where the elm-tops are always swayed in the sea-wind; and as I read it memories began to throng. . . . There was the day we drove out among the sand-dunes with the children. We had tea kept hot in straw-packed bottles, and poured out into brown peasant ware; and we drove

back along the hard floor of the wet beach. Once it yielded a bit and Nina—or was it Vibeke?—was rather frightened. . . . There was that early morning rush down to the sea for the life-boat practice, and the gossip with the old sailor, and coffee in the summer-house that he had built at the end of a curious maze. . . . There were studio talks and garden talks, and rambles over the sand and over the moors; and all the while there was the strong home-feeling in a strange land.

But in the end came farewells at the station; and as the little toy train moved away, I had left of Skagen no more than two great La France roses in my hand, a blur of receding sand-dunes, purple against a sunset of orange and gold, and a lasting memory of strong and friendly hearts that help one to find the whole world akin.

THE MAN WHO MISSED HIS MOMENT

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

"IT'S been a tiresome term, hasn't it, Martin?" suggested Mrs. Graham.

"Not so tiresome as the day," he answered. "I had to red-ink the same grammatical error in eighteen different and consecutive examination papers, and if young Morgan had made it in the nineteenth, I should have killed him—slowly and painfully."

"Eighteen?" she questioned, trying to smile and squint through the eye of a needle at the same time.

"Well—at least three," he confessed. "They're nice boys, but they lay instead of lie—like a lot of hens. That thread will have to bant before it can get through the eye of your needle."

It was in before he had finished speaking, but her glasses fell off, and it popped out again.

"It's the rich man and the kingdom of heaven," commented Graham. "Try again. It's only twice too large for the hole."

"Only women can do the impossible,"

she answered unperturbed, and succeeded forthwith. "There!"

"You're right," he answered, with unexpected seriousness; "only women can."

He bent forward to knock out his pipe on the andiron, and remained for a moment with his elbows on his knees, staring at the fire. She looked across at him, her needle caught in the middle of a stitch; the sadness of his face was very evident, because he did not know that she was watching him. She went on with her sewing, casting furtive glances at him the while; presently the sound of sleigh bells broke the silence.

"There's Johnny," said Graham, and rose.

A draught of air made the fire flicker, and their elder boy—the one who was a Senior at Yale—came in, kissed his mother, shook hands with his father, and asked for a cup of tea.

"Why, it's nearly dinner time," objected Mrs. Graham, as she touched a match to the alcohol lamp; "you'll have



She looked across at him, her needle caught in the middle of a stitch.—Page 724.

to wait till the water boils again. Turn on the light, Johnny. I can't see you with only the fire."

"You could see well enough to embroider towels," reproved Johnny. "When will you learn to take care of your eyes?"

"Probably never. Besides, it's not very close work. Do turn on the light."

The house was wired for electricity, apparently for use in illuminating the bathroom. It was never used anywhere else. John lit the lamp.

"McGurk drove me up," he said, as he replaced the chimney. "He had to leave Seabury and Hawkins at the school, so we went there first."

"They're back for the alumni dinner, I suppose?" said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes. I stopped there a moment to see the kid. He told me to tell you he was bringing a couple of boys over for dinner."

"Porthos and Athos, I suppose?" asked Graham.

"The same. They're a great triumvirate, aren't they? Mr. Blake said that the Judge and the Magnate were going to arrive to-night."

"Good! I haven't seen either of them for an age."

Mrs. Graham had gone out to tell the cook that there would be extra people to dinner, and the pious ejaculations of that perfervid Hibernian retainer, who always prayed both long and loud when told of an unexpected guest, came faintly from the kitchen.

"Maggie's always up to sample, isn't she?" commented John. "I wonder if we could get along without her?"

"We couldn't, and she knows it," replied Graham. "Did Maggie enter her usual protest?" he asked, as his wife came back.

"The shtreak is not made av rubber, praises be," quoted Mrs. Graham, in a rich South Irish brogue. "'An' how can I make food fer three feed a dozen? Answer me thot!' Oh, Maggie is too absurd."

"Protest is in her blood," answered Graham, "and she doesn't mean any more by it than any other Irish legislator. Here come the boys," he added, as the stamping of feet and a laugh in the corridor heralded the Three Musketeers.

"We're not late, are we?" asked Peter, the younger of the Graham boys. "It's snowing again."

"I suppose it will be one of those confounded white Christmases," commented Graham as he shook hands with Porthos and Athos. "Well, perhaps they have their good points," he corrected as he caught his wife's reproachful eye. "Mrs. Graham will never let me say anything against them, but I'd prefer to migrate every winter to some country that wasn't so aggressively Puritanical—the West Indies, for instance. Many old boys back for the dinner?"

"Lots," answered Peter, "and more coming to-morrow. The Judge and the Magnate get here on the eight o'clock. It's great they're coming."

"Who are they exactly?" asked Athos.

"They're the two boys that gave me the most trouble in my first year here," answered Graham. "Everybody prophesied an evil end for both of them, and everybody was right, as usual. One's a judge of the Circuit Court, and the other owns all the railroads east of the Mississippi."

"Then how do you mean that everybody was right?" asked Porthos, who sometimes rose too late for the fly.

"Because everybody can't possibly be wrong," replied Athos, indulgently.

"Porthos," said Peter, his eyes on the ceiling, "Porthos doesn't express himself at all. He comes by freight—in the caboose."

"Dinner's ready," interrupted Mrs. Graham, who was always a little afraid that school-boy badinage might hurt the feelings of her good friend Porthos. In her girlhood she had known his mother, and had been intimately acquainted with himself when he was an infant; as a consequence she could never realize that he was old enough to take care of himself.

"All the same," said Porthos to Athos as they moved toward the dining-room, "I don't think Mr. Graham prophesied a bad end for either of them."

"Sh!" said Athos, "he'll hear you."

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded Porthos.

"Idiot!" responded Athos.

It was a cheerful meal, served in the happy-go-lucky fashion that made all guests at the Grahams resolve to dismiss their servants and get a Maggie to do the work, if they had to go to Ireland after her. But they never did, because they could never find a Maggie. She was waitress, valet, cook, and spiritual adviser all in one, and this evening when she opened the door to the Judge and the Magnate, she openly praised God for their presence. When Graham reached the door, she had begun to scold them both for walking from the school in a howling blizzard.

"Well, well!" said the Judge as he greeted Graham. "I don't believe you or yours have changed a bit since the Flood, and here's the Magnate bald as a tin lamp, and me with one foot in the grave."

Be it known, the Judge was so great that he had no need to be grammatical.

"It's mighty good to be back," said the Magnate, and they came into the library with Graham between them, all three talking at once.

"It makes me feel twenty years younger to see you two again," said Mrs. Graham. "Now, sit right down and tell me all about everything—both of you—before a lot more old boys come and sidetrack Martin and me."

It was a large order, but they did their best to fill it, and succeeded to such good purpose in fifteen minutes, that the three Musketeers sat silently agape except when they were laughing. The Magnate was a wit and the Judge was a humorist; Graham was a little of both, and Mrs. Graham knew how to keep them all going. As the room filled with graduates, Graham and his wife were swept away in the currents of hospitality, but not before they had jointly extracted promises from the Judge and the Magnate to remain after all the rest had gone. The crowd—recent alumni for the most part—filled the little library, overflowed into the dining-room and parlor,



"He was too good a sport ever to squeal about it."—Page 728.

gave vent to occasional song, and separated into groups where every sentence began with "Remember the time?" The Gramhams had their hands full; the Judge and the Magnate remained in their secluded corner, and it is doubtful if either of them once mentioned the Interstate Commerce Law, though the Magnate might have to appear before the Judge almost any fine day to answer for violation of it. Presently, as middle-aged men will, when opportunity offers, they took to examining the younger generation.

"Don't these boys average ten years younger than we did at their age?" remarked the Judge.

"Do you put sentences like that in your opinions?" retorted the Magnate.

"I hope not. But don't they?"

"They do," said the Magnate, and added, "Do you come back here to see the school or to see Graham?"

"I've thought of that too. I think it's Graham with me—mostly Graham, at any rate."

"Me too," said the Magnate. "I often wonder why he ever stuck to school teaching. It's all wrong, I know, but somehow I can't feel that it's quite the place for a man as brilliant as he is."

"Why is that, I wonder? It's hard to explain why a fine profession is almost universally considered petty—and all wrong, as you say. Do you know, Billy, I've often had an idea that he was never quite satisfied with it?"

The Magnate looked at him with immeasurable scorn.

"And you a judge! Just had a vague idea—is that all? Servant of Mammon that I am, I could tell that by looking at him."

"Looks discontented, do you think?"

"I wonder if you know that as well as I do?" murmured the Magnate. The Judge, over his ears in his favorite pool of character study, did not hear him.

"You've only to look at his jaw to see that," he went on; "that is, if you didn't know it in other ways. No, it's not resig-



"But a failure—you?" he said.—Page 731.

"Far from it. There's something, though—can't you see what I mean? Wait till he smiles."

The Judge waited.

"I said, I had an idea that he wasn't satisfied," he remarked slowly; "that's legal caution, I suppose. There's always been something in his face that baffled me. It's not disappointment, or resignation, or discontent, or any of those things, because there's nothing womanish about Graham, and he's about the best loser I ever knew. He's a fighter."

nation, nor anything weak and acquiescent like that. But he's not in love with his profession."

"Generally," said the Magnate, "a man can control circumstances if he's as strong as Graham is. But sometimes there's a psychological moment to secure control, and if you don't do it then you never can."

"That's it!" exclaimed the Judge. "Graham missed his moment, and he was too good a sport ever to squeal about it to any one. That's why we're reasoning from a surmise instead of from a certainty now."



"These must be from nearly all my former wives."—Page 731.

"But did he, after all? Would he be as big a man anywhere else as he is here? Can a man's own preference always be relied upon to show him his work in the world?"

"Perhaps not. Perhaps not. How many hundreds of boys have graduated from here since our time?"

"A good many."

"And they've all got something of Graham in them—all that are good for anything. He's a big man, Billy, a mighty big man, and the sphere isn't so limited as it looks."

"Do you suppose," said the Magnate slowly, "that he ever thinks of that side of it?"

"Not he! He doesn't know his own size in the first place."

"Yet he's missed his moment, and he's not as happy as he should be. Do you think any one ever tells him things such as we've been saying now?"

The Judge caught the idea. Afterward he claimed that he thought of it first, and that the Magnate only elaborated the

details. Eventually the discussion almost caused a rupture in their friendship. But just now there was no disputation, for the time was short if they were to put the great scheme through before Christmas. It was a scheme more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon; the Judge's name was Duhamel, and he afterward brought forward that fact in support of his claim of discovery, but the Magnate cast aspersions on his logic. The Magnate's name was Jenkins.

The two were the last to leave Graham's house that night for their quarters in one of the school buildings; it was after one in the morning when the door closed behind them. Graham came back to the library when he had seen them off, and found John standing alone by the fireplace.

"The snow is making fast," he said as he sank into his favorite chair, and lit a good-night pipe. "It's nice to see them all again—'some in rags and some in tags, and some in velvet gowns.' More velvet than rags, though, bless 'em!" The pipe was going well, and he regarded his son

keenly through the smoke. "What's on your mind, Johnny?"

"Father," answered the boy, "I've been thinking over our last conversation, and I can't see my way to being dependent on you for a medical education, with the kid com-

that time in a profession that deserved all a man's heart and had only half of mine. I've hated it sometimes, and it's far too good for that. All that time—all these thirty years—the blood has gone back to my heart and made me sick every time I dodged



Maggie . . . retired to the kitchen and smashed crockery —Page 731.

ing on and all. I could make enough money in three years—school-teaching."

Graham's hand had been over his eyes, shading them from the lamp. He dropped it at John's last words, and the boy saw in his father's face something that was almost never visible there—the bitter travail in which his characteristic smile had been born.

"Johnny," said Graham after a moment, "you have no right to deprive your mother and me of anything we have looked forward to so long. If your inclinations——"

"You know my inclinations, sir."

"Better than you do. They were mine once, and I've had thirty years to get perspective on them. I thought, as you do, that I could earn all I needed in three years—and I'm not a doctor yet. I've been all

an ambulance in the street, or saw the outside of a hospital. It would have been much better to borrow the money at ruinous interest, and——" He broke off, and poked the fire savagely. "Don't be a fool, John. If you are, you'll be a failure too, and you may miss meeting the woman God made for you—as I have not."

With a hand that trembled, the boy turned up the lamp till it smoked, and then turned it down again.

"I think I never understood before—at least not quite. I'll let you pay."

"Thanks," said Graham, dryly. He rose and stood with his back to the fire-place, the one weak spot in his armor once more effectually concealed. Upon impulse, John placed both hands on his father's shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"But a failure—you?" he said. "I think you're the most successful man in the world."

One of Graham's usual quizzical retorts was on the tip of his tongue, but he did not let it slip off.

"The leopard's spots, my dear boy," was all he said. "I'm a very fortunate man at any rate."

"Aren't you two boys going to bed?" said Mrs. Graham, entering at that moment.

"I've decided to do what Father wants about studying medicine." John blurted it out.

"I'm so glad." She kissed him, and smiled at her husband.

"Well, let's all go to bed," said Graham, characteristically closing the subject. But he lingered after they had left the library, revolving many memories, and pondering many hopes.

So well and carefully did the Judge and the Magnate conceal their tracks, that until Graham came down to breakfast on Christmas morning he suspected nothing. His end of the table was almost entirely covered with letters; Mrs. Graham, John, and Peter, who were accessories before the fact, were in a state of more or less suppressed enthusiasm, and Maggie, who always invaded the dining-room horse, foot, and artillery when interested in anything that was going on there, was very much in evidence. Graham looked aghast at the letters.

"My sins have found me out," he said. "These must be from nearly all my former wives."

"Look at 'em, Dad," pleaded Peter.

"At the outside—yes. But I shan't open them till I'm a good deal less nervous than I am now. The Red Cross stamps alone would endow the Adirondacks."

He controlled his curiosity till he had finished his breakfast, and Maggie be-

came so impatient that she retired to the kitchen and smashed crockery for five minutes on end.

"The condemned man ate heartily and seemed calm," observed John, as his father opened the first letter.

Graham's face changed as he read, and lost the expression of whimsical dismay that had rested upon it since he entered the room. The deep lines softened; the calm optimism of it became vivified by a very poignant pleasure. It was a shadow of the way he had looked at their wedding, his wife thought, and at a very few other times in their life together. He read letter after letter, oblivious or almost oblivious of the rest of his family. There were letters from men who had been boys thirty years ago, and from boys of last year; letters from boys he dimly remembered, and from some that he had almost completely forgotten; letters from the West, the East, the South, and the North; from Wall Street, and from the prairies. None of them were very long, but every one of them recalled relations and events which he thought had long since faded from the memories of these Christmas correspondents. Some thanked him for some specific thing that he had done for them in the old days; some, and these were the most pleasant of all, thanked him not at all, but only wished him the merriest of Christmases; some jested, and a few were pensive. All the parties signatory had quite evidently written with a keen pleasure in the writing, for the Judge's circular letter had commanded this—"if you can't do it *con amore*, don't do it at all." As Graham finished each letter he passed it to John, and it went the round of the table. In the end, he looked across the centre-piece at his wife, then turned to John with a smile that was as his old smile, yet in some way subtly different.

"Perhaps," he said, "you'd better teach school after all."



Molière

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co. of the painting by Pierre Mignard, in the Musée de Chantilly.

MOLIÈRE AND LOUIS XIV

By Brander Matthews

I



THE "Impromptu de Versailles" was the first play of Molière's written to the King's order; and it was speedily followed by others, commanded by Louis XIV and composed especially for performance at court. It would be idle to assert that these plays, prepared for particular occasions and cramped by the rigorous limitations of the court-ballet, have greatly raised Molière's reputation with posterity. But the cleverness and the ease with which he carried out the King's wishes, did lift him higher in the favor of the monarch, who had taken all power into his own hands.

Perhaps we must consider these lighter trifles, put together hurriedly to meet the caprice of the King, as the price that Molière paid for the privilege of writing his later and ampler plays to please himself, the richer and deeper comedies in which he was able to express himself more abundantly.

Yet there is no reason to think that Molière was working against the grain in trying to gratify the King, or that he did not find amusement himself in the exercise of his inventive ingenuity. Probably the association with the King and with the court was as pleasant to him as it was profitable. Louis XIV was then young; he had only recently come into power; he was ardent in the pursuit of pleasure. He enjoyed every kind of theatrical entertainment, delighting more

particularly in musical spectacle. He was good-looking and graceful; and he liked to figure in the court-ballets, a form of quasi-drama, which had a general likeness to the English masques, both of them being descended from the same Italian original. Popular at court for several reigns, these ballets had been mostly mythological in theme, as unreal as they were elaborate, setting in action Minerva and Venus, the muses and the graces, satyrs and nymphs. The plot itself was almost always forced and fantastic; and the interest of the spectators was centred on the groups of dancers, who came on at intervals to sing and to caper in character.

In the "Fâcheux" Molière had shown how it was possible to get away from the frippery of mythology and to devise a genuine play, which would justify a succession of songs and dances quite as well as the earlier and emptier schemes introducing gods and goddesses. In that comedy-ballet, simple as it was, he had proved that a web of true comedy might be embroidered at will with the interludes of singing and dancing which characterized the ballet. The comedy-ballet, as Molière thus presented it, was less pretentious and less fatiguing than the earlier type with its exaggerated grandiloquence; and it was more amusing because it contained within the spectacle what was after all a real play, however slight this might be and however overlaid this might seem when distended by its extraneous terpsichorean accompaniments.

Stripped of these needless accessories, the "Fâcheux" is but a single act. So is the first comedy-ballet, which Molière devised for Louis XIV himself, the "Mariage Forcé." It is in one act, in prose; but it was first performed in January, 1664, at the Louvre, with a variety of songs and dances, which expanded it to three acts. It was written for the King; it was produced before him; and it was also performed by him—for he himself appeared as a gypsy in one of the interludes. The plot has the needful simplicity; it turns on a single suggestion, presented from a variety of aspects. *Sganarelle*, the same fixed type that Molière had impersonated more than once before, is a man of fifty, and he is thinking of getting married. But he does not know his own mind two minutes together. He consults a friend: he consults two philoso-

phers, one after the other; he even consults a pair of gypsy girls; he has a disquieting interview with his chosen bride, and he overhears a still more disquieting interview between her and one of her admirers. Finally, he resolves to break off the match; and thereupon the chosen bride's father sends him her gentle spoken brother, who insists either on a duel to the death or a marriage on the spot. And *Sganarelle* accepts immediate matrimony in preference to immediate mortality.

This is the story of the play in one act; yet it lends itself to a host of other consultations and of other misadventures of *Sganarelle*, episodes of singing and dancing, which Molière ingeniously scatters through the action, and which he could omit without loss when the play had to stand on its own merits. There is genuine comedy in the perplexities of *Sganarelle*: and there is rich humor in the two philosophers whom he seeks to consult. The pedant with his mouth crammed with scholastic phrases was one of the accepted types of the comedy-of-masks; but in the hands of the Italians it presented only a caricature of external characteristics. Molière had had a solid training in philosophy himself; the vocabulary of the schools was perfectly familiar to him; and here he turned it to humorous uses, caricaturing the essential qualities of the philosophy then going out of fashion. Having utilized what are really three of the fixed types of the comedy-of-masks, Molière employed again its customary and convenient scene, the open square, with the houses of four of the characters all on the stage together—those of the two philosophers, that of the bride, and that of *Sganarelle* himself. As usual, the acting took place in the neutral ground between the houses, very much as it had done in the "École des Femmes."

This summary outline serves to show that the "Mariage Forcé" is not one of Molière's more important plays; but it will serve as a specimen of the comedy-ballet which he was often called upon to improvise at the King's command.

II

"THE best title of Louis XIV to the recollection of posterity is the protection he extended to Molière," so Mr. John [Lord] Morley has declared; "and one reason why

this was so meritorious is that Molière's work had a markedly critical character, in reference both to the devout and to the courtier. But Molière is only critical by accident. There is nothing organically negative about him; and his plays are the pure dramatic presentation of a peculiar civilization." The civilization that Molière portrayed was peculiar partly because of the conditions which had prevailed in France during the infancy and youth of Louis XIV, and partly because of the personal character of the King himself.

Francis I had already established the royal authority, breaking down the influence of the feudal nobles in the provinces, and seeking to centre all power in Paris in the hands of the sovereign. Richelieu took up the work of Francis I and made ready to substitute autocracy for mere monarchy. He overrode violently all laws and all customs which might in any way limit the might of the monarch. So thoroughly did he consolidate the kingly power that it survived the weak rule of Mazarin, marred by the petty bickerings and murderous intrigues of the Fronde. Louis XIV lived through the Fronde; and suffered from it and was humiliated by it. What he was then forced to see intensified his resolve that he himself, when he took the government, should be supreme, with no one to gainsay his royal will. He meant to be the focus of everything; to hold all command in his own control; to let no one shine except by reflected light from the throne; to be the centre of the solar system. It was as though he had taken to heart the saying set him as a copy for his boyish writing-lessons: "Homage is due to kings; and they may do whatever they choose."

The reign of Louis XIV, like the reign of Solomon, began magnificently; and both kings, the Frenchman and the Hebrew, survived to see the failure of their rule, the misery of their people, and the pitiful diminishing of their glory. There were not a few great men in France, while Louis XIV sat on the throne; but the King himself was not one of them. He was not a man of much more than ordinary ability, although he was not without a certain sly cleverness. He had a shrewdness of his own; he had abundant taste; he had the knack of saying the right word at the right time; he was wise enough never to uncover

his immense ignorance, the result of his neglected education. He was as lacking in depth of understanding and in breadth of outlook as he was in solidity of knowledge. His dominant characteristics were pride and selfishness; and they united to give him a monstrous egotism, even surpassing that of Napoleon, without being sustained by the soaring imagination and the superb energy of the Corsican adventurer.

He was supremely proud and also superlatively vain, although in most men who are proud the larger vice inhibits the pettier. He erected statues to himself in his own lifetime; and he did not allow any statues to be erected during his reign to any of his predecessors. He created Versailles, where he was free from all comparison with the past splendor of France, and where he caused to be strewn broadcast throughout the decorations, his own boastful emblem, the sun, and his vainglorious motto, declaring that he had "no equal among many!" At Versailles, which he had created, he saw only his own creatures, the courtiers who hung on his nod and who prostrated themselves at his beck. He was jealous of the ablest of his ministers, Colbert and Louvois, at times treating them harshly, while he was more affable toward their feeble successors who had no will of their own, and whom he preferred because he believed that he had trained them himself. He was ever greedy of flattery, although not so insatiable in his youth as he became in his old age, when the only way to the royal favor was by groveling servility. Yet even when he had just ascended to the throne he was always expecting a compliment, almost demanding fulsome eulogy, and never declining it, however gross or abject it might be. He took himself so seriously that this incense seemed to him only what was due to him. He was so well pleased with it that he seems never to have despised those who proffered it.

His selfishness was appalling. In all France he cared for no one and for nothing but himself and his own pride. In public affairs he held himself above all law, overruling every other authority in the state without scruple or hesitation. In his private life he disdained to be bound by any code of morality or even of decency. In his youth he was an ardent sensualist; and in his old age he naturally became a narrow-

mind bigot. He flaunted his amorous intrigues, sometimes two or three at once, in the face of the Queen, in the eyes of the whole court, and even before the people of France. He punished severely the lady in charge who sought to prevent his having access by night to the apartments of the Queen's maids of honor. He legitimated his bastards, even those he had by Mme. de Montespan, the children of a double adultery, which he thus forced on the gaze of the world. He had no consideration for the fatigue or the health even of those whom he cherished, his intimates, his own family. He had no regret, no kindly feeling, no gentle word for the vanquished or for those who no longer pleased him. His own personal caprice was his sole law.

What his sluggish mind and his arid soul most delighted in was the empty ceremonial of Versailles. He found unfailing pleasure in the pettiness of it all. He enjoyed the routine of royalty; and in the incessant direction of all its details he was as hard-working as he was hard-hearted. He was glad to submit himself to rigorous slavery of the prescribed etiquette and he subjected all the nobility to it, enforcing their attendance upon his person, to the neglect of their estates and the ruin of their fortunes. He did everything in public, the cynosure of an adoring group of courtiers. He got out of bed and washed his hands and put on his shirt while a throng of nobles filled his bedroom. Every day had its regulated duties and every hour had its prescribed occupations. Life at Versailles was monotonous and servile; and the sole relief for the emptiness of this parade was the spectacle of envious rivalry for the favor of the sovereign. The King himself did not care if everybody was uncomfortably lodged in the ill-planned and unhealthy palace; he was himself in reality little better off than they were. The outward show with its gaudiness gratified him daily and hourly, so that he gave no thought to the discomfort, the dirt, and the ever-present possibility of disease. He had no more regard for the convenience or the health of the courtiers whose presence in the palace was due to his direct command, than he had for the well-being of the populace of the kingdom, crushed beneath the taxes constantly increasing to pay for the palace, for the support of the courtiers, for the lavish wastefulness of the royal exist-

ence, and for the indefensible wars to which he was urged by his pitiful avidity for mistaken glory.

In the beginning of his reign he gave France what it most needed, order and stability and unity, that it had never had before. Toward the end he laid waste the Palatinate; he ordered ruthless religious persecutions executed by brutal dragoons; and he revoked the Edict of Nantes, which broke up countless homes, sowed discord in countless families, drove out of the kingdom hundreds of thousands of most useful and orderly citizens; and by so doing he deprived France of a most precious element in its population, an element that might have wisely guided the Revolution which his selfish rule made inevitable. Louis XIV was the perfect embodiment of the King by divine right. In him we see this autocratic principle reduced to the absurd. He acted selfishly always, seeking glory in useless war and in ostentatious living; and he never felt any obligation to consider the cost of this glory, such as it was. He has been acclaimed as a great king; but assuredly it is only as a king that he is great. He was despicable in the meanness of his ambition and he was contemptible in the intensity of his selfishness. Behind all his grandeur his essential pettiness stands forth.

III

IF Louis XIV was the King whose character has been summarily indicated in the previous paragraphs and if Molière was the man whose character is known to all the world, how was it possible that they should ever have worked together, that the playwright should have pleased the sovereign, and that the monarch should have sustained the dramatist? The question must needs be put, and it is not easy to answer.

First of all, must it be noted that Molière saw the King only in the earlier years of his reign before the worst characteristics of the ruler had had time to be declared or even to be developed. When Molière died the King was only thirty-five; and it was after Molière's death that the royal selfishness stiffened into habit. The defects of the King's character and the appalling results of these defects were scarcely visible during Molière's lifetime. Molière shared with his contemporaries an inherited regard and

admiration for the kings of France. He had seen the meanness and the misery of the Fronde; and he was glad to behold the reins of government firmly held by a strong hand. In the beginning of the young king's rule there was peace and prosperity in the land; and the monarch got the credit even if Colbert had done the work. There was a general gladness in the air; and the buoyancy of hope. Molière, like the rest of his countrymen, was captivated by the glamour of Louis XIV's youthful grace.

Then Molière was a burgher of Paris, with no love for the arrogant nobles; and he was gratified to see the King take power from them and keep it for himself. This action of the sovereign, while it might raise him to a still loftier position, tended toward a juster equality among his subjects. Molière was no republican; he was no precursor of the Revolution; he was no advanced thinker; he had no aptitude for political speculation; he accepted the framework of government as he found it, glad that the King gave to the country the internal peace it sorely needed. Molière was no sycophant; he had manly self-respect; but he was his own contemporary, after all; and like his contemporaries in France, he unhesitatingly accepted the inequalities of society as he found them. There is no reason to suppose that he perceived the emptiness of rank and the danger that comes from the existence of privileged classes. He had no respect for place in itself, for the foolish courtier, for the dissolute noble; and he took every occasion to laugh at the one and to hold the other up to scorn, pleased that the King permitted this. For the rest, for the system of caste, for the autocracy of the monarch, he cared little, accepting a state of things which must have seemed to him natural.

Furthermore, Molière had a hereditary appointment in the King's household. Chaucer was a "valet of the King's chamber" to Edward III; and Molière had the humbler post of one of the *valets de chambre tapissiers du roi* to Louis XIV. This appointment gave him a personal relation to the sovereign; it imposed on him the occasional task of making the King's bed; it may even account in some measure for the protection now and again extended to him by the monarch, whose pride led him to look with favor on all those attached to his own

person. For this protection, however, it is easy to find other reasons. The King in his youth was very fond of the theatre; and Molière brought back to Paris a type of broadly humorous play, which the monarch greatly relished. This accounts for the bestowal, first of the Petit-Bourbon, and secondly of the Palais Royal. Later, as Molière grew in stature as a comic dramatist and began to put more of the realities of life into his comedies, the King found himself provided with a new form of pleasure. The records show that Louis XIV, as might have been expected, preferred comedy to tragedy; and in acting comedy Molière's company was far superior to the rival organizations. This, in itself, was a reason why the King should afterward take the company under his own patronage. This would explain the King's suggestion of a new character to be added to the "Fâcheux"; and also his commanding Molière to retort on his enemies with the "Impromptu de Versailles."

Probably Louis XIV, entrenched in his own pride, found pleasure in Molière's exposure of the *précieuse* and of the marquis and of the falsely devout. Probably again, the sovereign was so secure in his supremacy that he felt no fear of any social disintegration, such as would have influenced a usurper like Napoleon, who declared at St. Helena that he would never have permitted the first performance of "Tartuffe." Under Napoleon "Tartuffe" would have been suppressed and its author exiled; and under Louis XIV it was performed and its author rewarded. This much must be set down to the credit of Louis XIV. That the King really saw and felt the purport of that play is very unlikely; and it is still more unlikely that he ever suspected its author to be more than a clever contriver of comic plays. Molière was manly always, and never servile; but when he was in the presence of the King he knew his place and kept it. Not for nothing had he cultivated his insight into human nature; and we may be sure that he had formed a pretty shrewd guess as to the best way to win the regard of the sovereign and to gain the royal support for the bolder comedy he had resolved to write.

The most open road to the young King's good will was to minister to his pleasures; and it was along this road that Molière advanced. He was prompt to obey the

King's wishes and to anticipate the King's desires. However important the work on which he might be engaged, he was always ready to lay it aside to devise the kind of play that the King wanted, comedy-ballet or spectacle, as the case might be. Whatever the inconvenience to himself, the insufficiency of time, the haste with which he had to fulfil his task, he never hesitated and he never complained. Whatever the King had commanded was executed at once by Molière as best he could. Swift obedience was a quality Louis XIV could well appreciate—as he could also the inventive fertility that Molière revealed in the succession of plays written to order. It is no wonder that the King was willing to do what he could for a servant of his pleasures, who met his wishes at once. To say this is not to say Louis XIV overlooked the difference of rank any more than Molière forgot it.

There is a pretty anecdote setting forth the King's discovery that Molière was once breakfastless because his fellow *valets de chambre* refused to eat with an actor and narrating the monarch's magnanimity in thereupon inviting the dramatist to join him in his own royal meal. It is a picturesque legend illustrated in paintings by Ingres and Gérôme. But it is quite impossible to believe without surrendering all we know about the inevitable etiquette and the invincible ceremonial of the court, and without denying the haughty arrogance of the sovereign who was served alone, and who did not allow even the princes of the blood to sit at meat with him. It could not have happened; but if it had happened, the report of an event so monstrous would have reverberated through all the abundant letters and journals of the time. As the case stands, the simple story first emerges a century and a half after Molière's death; and

it appears then in a memoir of slight historic validity, wherein it is credited to the doubtful recollection of an unnamed physician.

There are two other anecdotes, of which one at least is more solidly authenticated, and which reveal more clearly the King's opinion of the dramatist. Grimarest, Molière's second biographer, to whom we are more indebted than many later scholars have been willing to admit, and who displayed a desire to collect all the information accessible—Grimarest, writing in 1705, declared that "within the year the King had occasion to say that there were two men he could never replace, Molière and Lulli." Now Lulli was a wily Florentine, who composed the music for the court-ballets, and who also shone as a buffoon, evoking spontaneous laughter by his antics. Grimarest would not have dared to publish this in the King's lifetime, if he had not believed it to be true. And it sounds highly probable, for it confirms the belief that Louis XIV saw in Molière, not so much the supreme comic dramatist, as the deviser of court-ballets, the adroit minister to royal amusement.

The other anecdote is to be found in the life of Racine, written by his son. The assertion is there made that Louis XIV once asked Boileau who was the rarest of the great writers that had given glory to France during his reign, and that Boileau at once named Molière. To which the King replied, "I should not have thought it," adding with the gracious condescension he seems often to have shown to Boileau—"but you know more about these things than I do." Probably it had never before struck him that Molière was either a great writer or a rare genius, since he had always regarded from a very different point of view the dramatist who was also an actor.





"Grandpaw, why wasn't you to the war?"

THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CONACHER

"GRANDPAW, why wasn't you to the war?"

It was the hundredth time little Myron had asked the question, and having replied a hundred times to the satisfaction of any fair-minded person, Amos Killiwill felt justified in answering it now with a look of reproach. But it was hurled at him as he stood conspicuous in the dusty-brown clothes of peace amid the warlike blue of the Grand Army, and the eyes bent on him from beneath the brims of many slouch hats seemed to demand a reply. He had to tell again the story which he had been hurling from the housetops these thirty years—how he had wanted to go, but his

brother Bert had stolen a march and slipped away in the night, leaving him to care for their old parents; how Bert had been killed at Gettysburg. But these were not fair minds that he addressed, and the more he descanted on Bert's heroic service the broader were the smiles greeting him on every hand. Then the question was put to him by Mrs. Cridle, and it came with a double cut, for her son was only playing the cymbals in the band, yet as she asked it she looked the picture of the Spartan mother, from the exalted height of the top step regarding him contemptuously as he sat among the women and the children watching the parade. He was with the

women and the children when the Rev. Mr. Hike, from an impregnable position on the rostrum, hurled his volley of reproaches at the craven souls who had clung to security and plenty when their brothers were fighting for their country, and it seemed that the rolling periods and disdainful glances of the orator of the day were aimed at him. He fled. Only when in his own home did he feel safe from contemptuous eyes, from curling lips and shrugging shoulders. But even here the music of the band penetrated and set his blood to tingling, and the roar of the post cannon made his heart leap. The spirit of the boy does not die in the man. It needs but martial music and the crash of guns to arouse it. And in Mr. Killiwill's soul the boy was stirred to lusty life. He longed to step with the drum-beat, to have a hand on the cannon's rope, to take a man's part at the camp-fire. But he had stayed at home! He had no place in the village that day—not even for Bert's sake. He would go away and stay away till the storm of war had passed over the valley. He would go to Gettysburg, for there, if anywhere, there where Bert had died, he would be treated with some distinction. And he longed for a little distinction. He had never tasted of it, but it was enough that he had seen his friends feasting on it, as in the pride of their blue and brass they marched and countermarched through the village street.

Distinction came quicker to Mr. Killiwill than he had expected, and in a degree beyond his dreams. Yet he reaped only what he had sowed, for when a man plants a soldier cap upon his head and boards a train for Gettysburg it is to be presumed that he is a veteran returning to the scenes of his prowess. No one would dream of asking him why he had not gone to the war. And this was the very reason why Mr. Killiwill was wearing Bert's old cap, the one precious relic of his brother's soldier life. He had no purpose to sail under false colors. He was going as a Christian dog would go, in a Mussulman's garb, to penetrate the mysteries of Mecca. This innocent disguise would allow him to wander unharried among the monuments; he could stand in peace on the spot where Bert had died and it would be as though Bert's spirit were protecting him from contemptuous inquisition. But though his first

intention was innocent enough, he began to feel a guilty pride when he noticed the side-long glances of respect which were aimed at him. Then the conductor addressed him as "captain," and he accepted the honor as the easiest thing to do, yet unconsciously he sat more erect and looked out more fiercely from beneath the battered visor. That a real veteran, a man in the Grand Army uniform, should halt in the aisle beneath the flickering light of the lamp and stare at him, was not surprising, but it was surprising that the stranger should suddenly grasp a seat for support, and then when strength had returned to his shaking knees should flee to the end of the car. There he made a feint at drinking at the water-cooler, but Mr. Killiwill saw that over the top of the glass he was being furtively watched. He turned to the window as though something in the gathering darkness without held his attention, but all the while he kept the corner of one eye intent on what was happening within. With quick steps that told of a sudden resolution made at immense cost to nerves, the stranger came down the aisle, stopped at his side, and leaning over touched him fearfully on the shoulder.

"Bert!" he exclaimed, recoiling when his finger met solid substance.

Mr. Killiwill started. It was his turn to be frightened, and he shrank into his corner. The unerring first impulse was for honesty, but it was not easy to explain to this gallant veteran why he had not gone to war, and still more difficult why he was masquerading in his brother's soldier cap.

"Bert Killiwill," the veteran said again in thick voice, "I thought you were dead; I could 'most have swore you were, yet who could forget that pecul'ar cast of the eye? When I saw you looking out of the window and at me all at oncet, I said to myself, 'It's him—I'm sure it is him.'"

Hard though Mr. Killiwill pressed against the side of the car, it would not open to let him escape, and the stranger cut off all way of retreat by dropping into the seat beside him and placing a hand on his knee, pinching it hard to make sure that it was flesh and bone.

"Don't you mind Hatcher—Henery Hatcher?" he asked.

"No." Mr. Killiwill's voice trembled as he spoke. "I don't remember anything."

"Where have you been all these years?" demanded Mr. Hatcher, squeezing his knee till he winced. "How did it come you wasn't killed at Gettysburg after all? You don't wonder I took you for a ghost first off, do you? Can't you remember anything? Think a bit—you mind Hatcher—Henery Hatcher, your old tent-mate?"

This bombardment of questions demanded an answer. Mr. Killiwill realized that



"Bert!" he exclaimed, recoiling when his finger met solid substance.—Page 739.

he could extricate himself from his unpleasant position by telling the truth, but the truth entailed a humiliating confession, so he had recourse to cunning. He played for time, fleeing to the refuge of tobacco, that boon companion of procrastination, and while he filled his pipe, and lighted it, and puffed it into soothing life, he settled on a line of action. Mr. Hatcher could not keep him a prisoner forever in the corner of this seat, and if he allowed him to persist for a few hours in his mistake the moment must come when he could quietly abandon

the unsought company. For the present there was a certain delight in sitting this way, smoking, journeying with so pleasant a companion, a man marked above the common herd by his blue and brass.

"I don't mind much about the war, Henery," said Mr. Killiwill softly. "I have heard tell that I was killed, but, of course, that's not so. I do remember that I was hit here." He tapped his forehead. "The next I knew I was home, and there I've been till to-day, when I felt kind of an on-resistable desire to go back to the old battlefield. Now, tell me all about yourself. Mebbe you'll help my memory."

Mr. Hatcher was not to be side-tracked so easily, for the return of Bert Killiwill to life was a remarkable event and not one to be passed over lightly.

"The boys will be surprised," he cried, slapping his companion heartily on the shoulder. "You'll give 'em a shock, sure. They'll all be at the reunion—all that's left of the old regiment. Ballinger, the colonel, and our captain—of course you remember them, Bert?"

"I was hit here," Mr. Killiwill said, tapping his head again. He could not fight back the smile which came to his face as he thought of the boys and the surprise in store for them. To Mr. Hatcher this was only evidence of a disordered condition of mind, such as might be expected in one who had been struck on the head with the butt of a musket in the heat of battle.

"I understand, Bert," he said kindly. "You mustn't bother about things too much, for it might upset you more. Mebbe seeing familiar faces will bring back your memory gradual."

He moved toward the end of the seat, and half turned, so that from the vantage of distance he could fix a more earnest eye on his comrade's face. His brow was furrowed; he seemed to be concentrating all his own mental force on awakening the sluggish consciousness of his old friend.

"Bert, there is something I want to ask you," he said in a deep, measured tone, a voice so ominous that Mr. Killiwill started. "There is one you remember, now isn't there—one?"

"One?" exclaimed Mr. Killiwill, meeting the solemn gaze with frightened eyes.

"One," returned Mr. Hatcher; "one who was very dear to you."



"Think—think—can't you remember the one?"—Page 742.

Mr. Killiwill shrank back into the corner, tapping his forehead again and again. "I was hit here," he said. He was beginning to think that he really was Bert and had suffered a blow from a musket, so sure was Mr. Hatcher of it and so masterful in his treatment of his unfortunate comrade.

"Think of one," commanded the veteran, "of one you'd rather see than anybody else on earth."

He passed his hands before his companion's eyes, but this hypnotic gesture was to Mr. Killiwill a threat of violence and he edged further away.

"What are you talking about?" he said hoarsely, raising his arms to protect himself.

"I am referring to—" Mr. Hatcher stopped. For a moment he studied Mr. Killiwill's face, to find in the anxious, reproachful look there but further evidence of mental weakness. "I won't tell you now, Bert," he went on in a tone of caress.

"Shocks are bad in such cases and we must bring you back easy-like."

His kindly demeanor restored Mr. Killiwill's courage and with a show of some spirit he demanded, "Now, who are you referring to?"

But the veteran shook his head. "Not now," he said. "I'm afraid of upsetting you. It's enough that we have you back—even as you are—and it's mighty glad the boys will be to see you living instead of in a soldier's grave. You are in my charge now, comrade, and to-night we'll be tenting once more on the old camp-ground, which is to say at the boarding-house where my folks are staying."

The mysterious reference to the one whom, above all others, he wished to see had made Mr. Killiwill very uneasy, and he was now fixed in his intention not to leave the train at Gettysburg at all, but to let it carry him on, out of the clutches of this kind-hearted comrade who had taken possession of him. But circumstances con-

spired against him, and when the train was slowing down, the conductor called the last stop, Gettysburg, and Mr. Hatcher confiscated his little hand-bag. There was nothing left for him but to surrender for the time and to trust for the evening to open a way of escape. So he followed his companion with trepidation, for back of all the kindness, the gentle grip on the arm, the soothing modulation of the voice, he was beginning to suspect some deep-laid motive. He could face his own past without fear, for it was as clean as an unused slate, but of Bert's he was not so confident, and it was into Bert's that he was being carried. His fear of that past grew deeper when Mr. Hatcher stopped suddenly beneath a flickering street-lamp and again began those mysterious passes before his eyes, saying in solemn tones as he waved his hands, "Think—think—can't you remember the one?"

"I don't remember anything, Henery. I was hit here," cried Mr. Killiwill frantically.

Fearing to overturn by emotion the already tilting senses of his comrade, Mr. Hatcher desisted and led the way on in silence. But once in the boarding-house the soft smile which had been playing about his lips began to spread; it caught his eyes and they beamed on Mr. Killiwill; it caught his hands and they rubbed themselves together with a soft, unctuous sound; it caught his feet and they did little jig-steps about the narrow hall.

"Henery!" cried the astonished Mr. Killiwill.

"Ssh!" whispered Mr. Hatcher raising a finger in warning. "Now open your mouth and shut your eyes and I'll give you a great, big, big surprise."

With one hand he seized the door-knob and with the other he caught Mr. Killiwill by the shoulder and pushed him violently into the parlor.

In a rocking-chair, beneath a lamp, reading, sat a woman. The commotion made by Mr. Killiwill on his sudden entrance brought her to her feet. The sight of him sent her down into the chair again and she lay back staring at him. Then she began to tremble so violently that all her long curls got a-going and her hands shook as she lifted them to her eyes to adjust her spectacles.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Killiwill with an apologetic cough.

At the sound of his voice she clutched the string of pink corals which hung from her throat and began twisting them as though she would end her life by strangling.

"I hope I didn't startle you, ma'am," said Mr. Killiwill, a little louder.

She rose slowly from her chair. "Bert!" she cried. "My Bert, back from the grave!"

Mr. Killiwill groaned. Only the truth could save him now, and it was on his lips, but when he raised his hands to make his solemn avowal, his brother's old soldier cap rose before his eyes with them, a thing to be explained, and explained, to humiliate him. He clapped it on his head to get it out of his sight, backed toward the door and laid a hand on the knob, only to find that it would not turn. He edged toward the window, hoping to discover there a means of egress, however undignified, but even in this he was checked, this time by a woman's hands.

"You are real," she cried joyfully, as her fingers closed on his arm. "Oh, Bert, don't you remember me—Emily Hatcher—your Emily?"

"No, I don't," snapped Mr. Killiwill, striving to push her away from him gently. "I don't remember anything."

But she would not be denied. With a sob she clasped her hands behind his neck and suddenly became limp, so that Mr. Hatcher, projecting his head into the room at this juncture, thought it wise to leave the happily united pair alone. Though he closed the door softly, the click of the latch did not escape the quick ear of Mr. Killiwill.

"Henery—old comrade," he called pleadingly.

"I thought she'd bring your memory back," cried Mr. Hatcher, as he answered the summons and advanced toward the pair with arms upraised in fraternal benediction. "I thought that when the sight of the one you loved best on earth burst upon your eyes the whole past would open up like. I knowed——"

"Oh, Henry, I am so happy," sighed Miss Hatcher. "To think that he has come back—him I thought dead—after thirty years of waiting."

"See here, Mr. Hatcher," cried Mr.

Killiwill, "there's some mistake. I never saw this lady before. I never——"

"That's all right, Bert," returned Mr. Hatcher, patting him kindly. "Don't get excited. You see, Emily, he was hit on the head with a musket and don't recollect anything, so you must treat him patient

discover that he was sitting beside her on the settee; his arm was actually around her waist and his subtle effort to withdraw it disclosed the fact that his hand was firmly imprisoned in hers. He was angry. Modesty bade him rise and free himself, even with violence were that necessary, but how



Sent her down into the chair again.—Page 742.

and gentle—mention things as will arouse his dearest memories, such as the moonlight evening you two were walking along the mill-dam and he asked you to be his—tell him how true you have been to him—kind of touch him, and meantime I'm off to rouse the boys and get up a reception."

With that he darted out of the room, and the banging of the front door and the rapid footfalls on the pavement promised the quick coming of the comrades. So confused was Mr. Killiwill that he was hardly aware of what was passing, and when at last the quiet of the place and the soothing tones of Miss Hatcher's voice stilled the turmoil of his brain, he was surprised to

could he when she nestled against him so naturally and her very curls seemed to claim his shoulder as their birthright? He glanced down at her stealthily. It was many years since he had looked this way into a woman's face, and the prospect pleased his eyes though it was somewhat autumnal. His anger fled, for after all the present was not unpleasant, and while he sat up very straight, staring at the ceiling and seemed to disclaim any connection with the imprisoned arm, he remained passive.

"It's so good to have you here again," Miss Hatcher said, and he saw that it was only kind to return the pressure of her

hand. "You know I never, never could believe that you were killed. Mr. Pettingbird used to say to me, 'Miss Hatcher, you are wasting away, thinking of him as is gone.' And I used to say to him, 'Mr. Pettingbird, the memory of my soldier boy is dearer to me than all the riches you can lay at my feet.' And that was a good deal, Herbert, for Mr. Pettingbird was the leading druggist in Carlisle. Wouldn't it have been awful if you'd have come back and found me Mrs. Pettingbird?" Miss Hatcher shuddered.

"Pettingbird, old Pettingbird!" cried Mr. Killiwill, as though the leaven of mirth was in the very memory of his discomfited rival. This time the pressure originated in his hand, for he had begun to feel that Miss Hatcher's sufferings and sacrifices had placed his family in her debt, and he alone was left to repay her.

"Mr. Pettingbird had almost won me," Miss Hatcher went on softly, looking away from him. "Then you came home with Henry on furlough and after that all his wealth couldn't tempt me."

"Pettingbird—old Pettingbird!" repeated Mr. Killiwill.

Miss Hatcher looked up sharply. "You remember him and yet you don't remember me," she said in a tone of chiding. "You've changed so little that it seems only yesterday that we parted. Can't you mind one tiny little thing of it all, Bert?"

"A little," replied Mr. Killiwill, for he was not a man to make a woman unhappy by his coldness.

"What?" she asked, seizing his free hand and holding him completely captive.

Mr. Killiwill coughed. "There was the—the—it's gone from my mind. My memory is so jumpy."

"The night we walked by the mill-dam," prompted Miss Hatcher. "You told me——"

She looked up at him. He knew what he must have said under such circumstances, but he could see no reason for repeating what she had known for thirty years, and was silent, his feet seeming to hold all his attention and to require profound study.

"What was it you told me?" she asked softly.

"Well," he replied, "I guess I must have said that I favored you."

"That you loved me," she corrected.

"Yes, mebbe I said that," he returned, pulling at an ear as though it troubled him.

"And do you still wear that lock of my hair?" she said.

"Now that you mention it," he replied with shameless assurance, "I do mind coming across it in one of my pockets and I couldn't think where I got it; so I gave it to Myron."

"Myron? Who's Myron?" inquired Miss Hatcher.

"He's my grand—" Mr. Killiwill caught himself just in time. "My grandnephew—my brother Amos's son's boy," he added quickly. "I can't remember much, but I guess you'll find that on the main points I'm all right."

His incautious reference to his grandson warned Mr. Killiwill that though his present situation was delightful enough it was fraught with danger to him. In this exchange of tender nothings he was frittering away precious moments, for Mr. Hatcher would soon be upon him with a sufficient force of comrades to guard him. If ever, this was his time to escape, for beguiled by his increasingly tender glances, Miss Hatcher had relaxed her vigilance and allowed her hand to lie passively in his. Hardly breathing lest a tremor betray him, he withdrew his arm, as gently as though she were made of spun glass, and once free, rose hurriedly. She tried to follow, but he pushed her back with gentle insistence.

"No, Emily," he said in his softest tone, "you are too tired—too overcome by this happy meeting. Rest here while I run down to the hotel and get supper, for I've had nothing since noon but an apple."

"You might forget me again," she exclaimed, struggling to rise.

Mr. Killiwill avoided the outstretched hands and made a dash for the door, only to run into the arms of Mr. Hatcher and a great company of veterans. With a cheer they swept him back into the room. They all knew him. It mattered little that he did not know them, for they understood, and the mental infirmity he suffered for his country only made him doubly dear to them.

So happy were they over his miraculous escape and his return, and so considerate of his peculiar mental state, that there was little for Mr. Killiwill to do but to receive

their felicitations in embarrassed silence. When he tried to speak their voices drowned his. If he raised a hand in protest, some one seized it and shook it. When he struggled free from the grasp of Comrade Simmons it was only to fall into the arms of Comrade Pitcher. Bewildered by this boisterous reception, he forgot Miss Hatcher's existence, for the press of old soldiers about him had shut her from his view. Her brother brought her back to him, and the wild hope he had cherished that once the first enthusiasm over him had subsided he might find a way of escape, was crushed. Mr. Hatcher, rapping on the table for order, seemed to be beating that hope into fragments, and then to scatter them to the winds as he waved his arms. Mr. Killiwill had come to regard Mr. Hatcher with immeasurable awe. The veteran's every smile seemed to augur evil, and as he was being smiled on now more benignly than ever, icy thrills of fear shot through him.

"Now, boys, I've a happy announcement to make," said Mr. Hatcher when he had stilled the tumult. "Two hearts—" He gave a meaning glance, first at his sister and then at Mr. Killiwill, who was trying to say something but was unable to form the words. "Two hearts which for thirty years have been separated will begin beating as one to-morrow." Mr. Killiwill's hands were stretched toward him in mute appeal, but he did not see them. "We are fortunate to have with us our chaplain, Mr. Young, who will perform the ceremony at ten in the morning, and so you are all invited to be present at a regular military wedding."

Mr. Hatcher gave no names. His glances told the story, and half of the company rushed to congratulate his sister, while the others crowded about Mr. Killiwill. He was making furious gestures of protest, but Mr. Hatcher would not listen to him.

"Don't worry, Bert," he said kindly, "we will have a committee to attend to everything."

"But it's kind of sudden," pleaded Mr. Killiwill.

"Sudden?" cried Mr. Hatcher. "Haven't you two been waiting for thirty years? Sudden? Huh!"

"Well, s'pose we say next day instead of to-morrow," said Mr. Killiwill in a shaking voice.

"Most of the boys will be gone then," snapped Mr. Hatcher. "They mustn't be disappointed, and they've set their hearts on a military wedding."

A score of voices were raised in approval. Seeing that his request for delay had no popular support, Mr. Killiwill had recourse to what flashed to him as the most convincing of arguments. Catching Mr. Hatcher by the sleeve, he whispered in his ear, "But, Henery, I've nothing saved up."

Mr. Hatcher waved this potent argument aside as though it were a child's. "It's like you to think of that, Bert, but you mustn't let it bother you. Emily has lots—three hundred dollars a year, besides a half interest in a Pennsylvania Railroad bond."

Mr. Killiwill's hands fell and he drew a long breath. In a flash the storm-clouds parted and he basked in the brightest of sunshine. Looking at Miss Hatcher now, he wondered how he could ever have been so cold to such a woman. How fortunate that his stupid blundering had not lost her to him forever! It was clear that his trip to Gettysburg had been providential; that no mere chance could have led him here. He had been called, not to enjoy Bert's honors, but to care for and protect this lovely woman who had given her whole life to his brother; who had refused Mr. Pettingbird and riches and had clung to the memory of her soldier. His duty was plain. Did he reveal the truth as to himself, she might in a moment of anger upset this heaven-made plan for her happiness, and while he could not long persist in his equivocal course, it would be wrong to explain too soon the mistake as to his identity.

"Well, if you insist, Henery," he said smiling. "But I thought you had otter to know."

"It's the happiest day of my life," cried Mr. Hatcher, shaking his hand.

"And to-morrow is none too soon," said Mr. Killiwill, beginning to edge his way through the crowd toward Miss Hatcher. "Emily," he called in a voice of possession. He coughed. With a tremendous effort he called again, "Emily, my dear—" He stopped suddenly, seeing a large, bearded man in uniform, a new-comer, standing on the threshold staring at him, open-mouthed and open-eyed.

"Who is that, Henery?" he asked, dig-



"It's him! It's Bert!" Mr. Killiwill found himself in a giant's embrace.—Page 747.

ging his fingers into his hair as though to turn up the buried past. "I've seen him some'eres before. I'm sure I have."

"Why, it's Plummer, William Plummer," cried Mr. Hatcher. "Of course you remember him, Bert. He slept in our tent."

"William Plummer," exclaimed Mr. Killiwill, opening his arms.

"It's him! It's Bert!" Mr. Killiwill found himself in a giant's embrace. "I didn't believe it at first, but *it is* him."

"William—William," Mr. Killiwill murmured, as though overcome with this meeting with his old comrade.

"And they told me you couldn't remember anything," said Mr. Plummer. "But you do remember me—don't you, Bert?"

"Some," was the guarded reply. The path of duty was so clear now. "You know I was hit on the head, and it kind of infected my memory, but it's coming back gradual."

Over his shoulder he smiled at Miss Hatcher, and she answered him by shaking her curls.

"He remembers those as were very dear to him, Mr. Plummer," she said, and then turned away to hide her confusion.

"Of course," said Mr. Plummer, holding his comrade at arm's length and drinking full of the refreshing sight of him. "My, but it's good to see you after all these years."

"And it's nice to see you, William," returned Mr. Killiwill.

"And," said Mr. Plummer, now pitching his voice very low, that its solemn tones might drive every word deep into the clouded memory, "there is one——"

Mr. Killiwill seized Mr. Plummer by the lapel of his coat. "Don't—ssh!" he whispered hoarsely.

"Who is longing to see you, Bert," Mr. Plummer went on, lifting Mr. Killiwill off his feet and holding him at safe distance.

"I must have visited you on furlough," faltered Mr. Killiwill, casting a helpless, frightened look about him.

"Why, he does remember," cried Mr. Plummer in triumph. "Boys, he remembers."

"Don't you think we'd better talk these family matters in private, William?" pleaded Mr. Killiwill.

"Not a bit of it." Mr. Plummer shook him to emphasize his refusal. "No one will rejoice more than our old comrades to

see you two united. It's a real reunion we are going to have. She's in town now, Bert, and she couldn't believe that what we heard was true. 'It can't be true, William,' she says. 'It can't be that after thirty years of waiting my Herbert has come back to me.' But he has. And, Bert, speaking as her brother who knows, I can tell you she's a jewel—a perfect jewel."

"I know—I know," said Mr. Killiwill, struggling vainly to free himself. "But for special reasons I'd rather nothing was said till I'd seen her."

"Seen her?" Mr. Plummer folded his comrade in his arms to keep him from falling. "Why, Bert, she'll be here in five minutes. She only waited to fix up a bit."

"What are you talking about, William?" demanded Mr. Hatcher, taking Mr. Plummer's wrist and uncoiling his arm.

Mr. Plummer beamed on the company. "I'm going to invite you all to a wedding—a regular military wedding, with the chaplain and a band."

"But I'm attending to that," snapped Mr. Hatcher, drawing himself up with dignity, for he was evidently angry at this interference in what he deemed his family affairs.

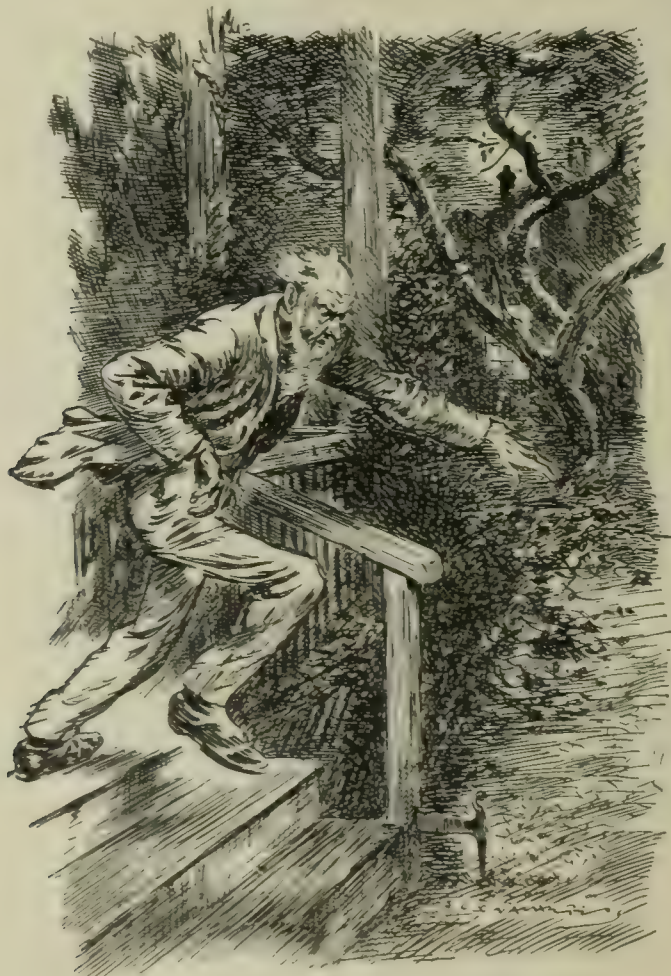
Mr. Plummer dropped Mr. Killiwill and confronted Mr. Hatcher with a frown. "You?" he said, scornfully. "What right have you, Henery Hatcher, to be arranging about my sister's wedding—plans which was settled thirty years ago?"

Mr. Killiwill, free at last from the loving clutch of the giant, looked at Miss Hatcher. Never had she seemed more lovely to him than at that moment as she stood, erect, her arms folded, her head up, gazing contemptuously at William Plummer. It was hard to give her up, to give up the beauty and wealth which but a little while ago had seemed so secure for him, yet the door which admitted Mr. Plummer might at any instant give forth one more terrible than he, and were she twice as beautiful as Miss Hatcher and thrice as rich he dared not brave the storm he saw rising on the faces of those about him. Now its force was divided. Mr. Plummer was declaring that he knew Bert Killiwill too well to believe him so fickle, so untrue to his little Margaret. Mr. Hatcher was shaking his fist in Mr. Plummer's face and denouncing him for plotting to get possession of the finest man

who ever wore the blue and to ruin the life of one of the sweetest women in the world. Miss Hatcher was proving herself a woman of spirit and was loud in her assertion that she had trusted her soldier for thirty years and would not desert him now. She was moving toward him with hands outstretched as she spoke, but he did not wait for her. The door was open. With a bound he reached it. Not even to seize his precious hand-bag did he pause in the hall, but in a moment was out of the house, flying down the dark street on the wings of fear. Close behind him he heard shouts and the clatter of many feet, and looking back he saw the comrades coming—the whole regiment—double-quick, Hatcher and Plummer leading. He knew that they had united to catch their prey, and the thought that they would divide him afterward added to his fright and to his speed. They called to him soothingly—"Comrade, Bert, Killiwill"—but soft voices could not beguile him. His old legs, steeled by terror, stood him in good stead. Soon

lights shone ahead and he heard the clang of an engine's bell. He had thought that he must run the whole way home, and had resigned himself to that herculean exertion, but instinct had brought him back over the way he had come. The lights were moving. It was a train, going—where he neither knew nor cared. Mr. Hatcher's sharp voice rang almost in his ear, angrily now, and it seemed that Plummer's arms must be stretching out toward him. With a tremendous leap he caught at the hand-rail of the last car. It shot away from him. With another blind plunge, he felt his fingers close on it, and he swung himself to the platform. Looking back, he saw Mr. Hatcher and Mr. Plummer, the regiment at their backs, standing under the brilliant lights of the station, shaking their fists at him. He waved his hand to them, for he was safe and laughing, yet so tired that when he had left them far behind the conductor had to lift him to his feet and support him into the car.

"Did you ever happen to know Bert Kil-



In a moment was out of the house.



Standing under the brilliant lights of the station, shaking their fists at him.—Page 748.

liwill?" he asked looking up from his seat into the face of that kind official.

"I think I do recall—" began the conductor politely.

"Well, I'm not him. I'm just his

brother," returned Mr. Killiwill quickly. He gazed out of the window into the night. After a moment he added, with a long-drawn sigh of wonder, "What a boy he must have been!"

AD LICINIUM

By Charles E. Merrill, Jr.

LICINIUS, I have had my day—
 Beyond the reach of hopes or fears
 The stream has carried them away,
 The foolish, unforgotten years,
 The years of roses and of wine
 When youth and Cynara were mine.

The sober Sabine in its cask,
 My orchard-close, my winter fire,
 Yield all the ecstasies I ask
 And all the raptures I require,
 And prove the paradox of time:
 Life's prose is sweeter than its rhyme.

THE PROPOSED DEVELOPMENT OF INLAND WATERWAYS

By Samuel O. Dunn



REMARKABLE agitation has been going on recently for additional development of inland waterways by the Federal Government. A project for the construction of a waterway fourteen feet deep, or more, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, is receiving wide-spread support. This main project is supplemented by numerous minor ones, including the deepening of the Mississippi to St. Paul and of its various tributaries and of other rivers in all parts of the country; the construction of a ship-canal to connect the lower end of Lake Michigan with Lake Erie; the construction of a ship-canal from Lake Erie to the Atlantic Ocean, etc. To finance these great works it is proposed that Congress shall vote a bond issue of \$500,000,000, which amount shall be spent at the rate of \$50,000,000 annually until exhausted. The three principal arguments advanced for this plan are (1) that it would cheapen transportation; (2) that it would regulate railway freight rates; and (3) that it would provide in the best practicable way needed additional facilities of transportation.

These arguments are pressed with great earnestness and confidence by the advocates of development of waterways. It is the purpose of this article to examine them in the light of experience in this country and elsewhere, and particularly with reference to commercial and transportation conditions in the United States. There are various incidental benefits besides those above referred to which it is contended waterway development would confer. It is not considered necessary, however, to notice them here; for if it can be shown that development of waterways is desirable for transportation reasons, no citation of incidental benefits it would confer is necessary to make out a case for it; and if the opposite can be shown, it must follow that the incidental benefits it would confer, such as the reclamation of overflowed land along

our rivers, should be sought by some less expensive means than the digging of fourteen or twenty foot channels.

When it is said that the proposed works would cheapen transportation it is meant that they would provide means by which commodities could be carried at a lower cost than they can now or probably can in future be carried by railway. In support of this contention the freight rates of boats on the ocean and Great Lakes, which are much less than those of the railways of the United States, are frequently cited. But this evidence is not pertinent. The most costly parts of a railway's plant to build and maintain are its roadway and terminals; and the physical limitations they place on the size and capacity of the vehicles that can be used on them cause a large part of the expense of operating railways. Nature provided for ocean and lake boats roadways which have none of the physical limitations of a railway's roadway; and nature and governments provide and maintain the harbors which serve as their terminals. The case of *artificial* waterways, including under this designation both canals and improved rivers, is very different. Expenditures analogous to those for the construction and maintenance of a railway's roadway must be made on them; and the expenses of operation caused by the physical limitations of their channels are comparable to those caused by the limitations of a railway's track. Now, of course, the real question to be considered is not the relative cheapness of transportation by rail and on *natural* waterways, but the relative cheapness of transportation by rail and on *artificial* waterways.

Nor is the question whether transportation on artificial waterways can be made cheaper than on railways *to the shipper* the one properly to be considered, as is very commonly assumed. The true question is whether the *total* cost of transportation can be made less. The rates that shippers pay to the railways cover the total cost of rail

carriage. The rates that shippers pay to boats ordinarily cover only the cost and profit of operating the boats. To arrive at the *total* cost of water transportation, to the charges of the boats must be added what the public expends on the waterways. It might be that the average rate by railway on commodities adapted to water transportation would be five mills per ton per mile, and by boat only four mills, and yet that, because of taxes paid by the public to defray interest and maintenance charges on the waterways amounting to two mills per ton per mile, the *total* cost of transportation by water would be greater than the cost by rail. Transportation would not then have been cheapened by waterway development. It would merely have been cheapened to the shipper. And it could have been cheapened equally to the shipper, with 50 per cent. less expense to the public, if the government, instead of developing waterways, had paid a bounty of one mill per ton-mile on shipments sent by rail equal in amount to those carried by water.

We can arrive at a rational opinion as to whether further development of rivers and canals in the United States would cheapen transportation here only by studying the past experience of this and other countries. Now, while the traffic of the Great Lakes and the railways of the United States has grown rapidly, that of most of the canals and rivers of this country has for some years declined. The commerce on all our inland waterways, except the Great Lakes, in 1889 was 40,600,000 tons; and in 1906, only 31,800,000 tons. The advocates of waterway development reply that the canals and rivers of the United States have not been able to hold their own because they have not been sufficiently developed and because the railways have used unfair methods of competition. They call attention to the fact that while the traffic on our rivers and canals has been declining, the commerce on the rivers and canals of Europe has been growing faster than on the railways of Europe. The principal inland waterways of Europe are those of Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, and France. The traffic carried on the waterways of Great Britain has been declining. But the tonnage carried on the waterways of Belgium increased 115 per cent. between 1888 and 1905, while the tonnage on the

railways increased only 62 per cent. The ton-miles of traffic carried on the waterways of France increased 154 per cent. between 1880 and 1905, while the ton-miles of traffic on its railways increased only 72 per cent. The ton-miles of traffic on the waterways of Germany increased 211 per cent. between 1885 and 1905, while the traffic on German railways increased only 168 per cent. Data such as these, it is argued, show that wherever waterways are properly developed and not subjected to unfair competition they provide service and rates that attract most of the bulky commodities.

But the more carefully rail and water transportation in Europe and in the United States are studied the more we shall be convinced that the experience of Europe affords no evidence, at least, that the total cost of canal or river transportation can be made less than the cost of rail transportation in the United States.

The British Royal Commission on Canals and Waterways issued late in 1909 a comprehensive report of its investigation of the waterways of continental Europe. This, in conjunction with the report on the proposed Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway, issued a short time before by a board of United States army engineers, and other United States Government reports, makes possible a tolerably up-to-date comparison of the more important waterways of Europe, those of France and Germany, with those of the United States.

The waterways of France which are considerably used include about 4,500 miles of rivers and 3,000 miles of canals. The maximum depth which has been obtained on them is 8.5 feet, while most of the traffic is carried on water varying in depth from 1.5 to 5 feet. The largest estimate of the mileage of the waterways of Germany is 8,500 miles; the mileage on which the traffic is considerable is 6,200. The depth of the "free rivers" varies from 3 or 4 feet on those, such as the Oder, Elbe, and Vistula, which have unstable beds, to 5 or 6 feet on those, such as the Rhine and Upper Main, which have stable beds; and on the lower sections of some of the larger rivers the maximum depths are 8 to 10 feet. The depths of the canalized rivers are 2.6 to 7.5 feet; and of the canals, 4 to 10 feet, the latter being very rare, and 4 to 6 feet being most common.

The United States Government had spent, up to 1907, over \$208,000,000 on the improvement of the Mississippi Valley waterway system alone; and the Mississippi River now has in its lower section a minimum depth exceeding that of any river in Europe. During seasons of low water, boats having draughts of 25 to 30 feet can easily be taken from the Gulf of Mexico 270 miles to New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Bayou Sara. Boats of a draught of 9 feet can always be taken from these points 840 miles to Cairo, Ill.; boats of 8 feet, from Cairo to St. Louis, 182 miles; and boats of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, from St. Louis via the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and the Illinois State Canal to Chicago, 365 miles. There is a channel of at least $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet at low water (7 feet during 1907-8) from the mouth of the Illinois River 620 miles up the Mississippi to St. Paul, Minn.; and a channel of at least $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet up the Missouri River to Kansas City, and of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet to Fort Benton, 2,285 miles from St. Louis. At mean stages of water there is a depth in the Ohio of 9 feet from Cairo, Ill., to Pittsburg, 1,000 miles; and the Monongahela, a tributary of the Ohio, has a depth of 5 feet into the Pennsylvania coal fields. The Kanawha, another tributary of the Ohio, has a depth of 6 feet into the West Virginia coal fields. Other streams in the Mississippi River system which have channels as good as those of most of the navigated rivers of Europe include the Alleghany, Little Kanawha, Muskingum, Kentucky, Cumberland, Tennessee, St. Croix, Minnesota, Osage, Gasconade, St. Francis, Yazoo, Arkansas, and Red.

There are 295 navigable streams and 45 canals in this country, having an aggregate mileage of 28,600 miles; and of these, 40 streams, with a length of 2,600 miles, have a depth of 10 feet; and 70, with a length of 3,200 miles, have a depth of 6 to 10 feet. Over 67 per cent. of the *total* water-borne commerce of Germany is carried on the Rhine and Elbe, yet these two rivers together have only 617 miles of channel, with a depth of as much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which is the minimum depth on the present waterway of 1,657 miles from Chicago to New Orleans.

We must look elsewhere than to the comparative conditions of the waterways of Europe and of the United States for an ex-

planation of the fact that while on the one commerce has grown, on the other it has declined. One explanation advanced is that municipalities and private corporations in European countries have provided excellent terminal facilities for boats at cities and large towns, and the concerns running water lines have developed types of tow-boats and barges which can be operated at the minimum cost, while in the United States there has been almost no improvement in river or canal boats or terminal facilities for thirty years. But the failure to provide good facilities in the United States has been the effect, not the cause, of the decline of the water traffic. They would have been provided by private enterprise had there been profits in sight to justify it.

One reason, undoubtedly, why our water-borne traffic has not grown is that our principal waterway system, except the Great Lakes, viz., the Mississippi and its tributaries, is not so situated with reference to the main currents of commerce as to be able to command a large amount of traffic, no matter what rates may be made on it. In order that either a waterway or a railway may get traffic and actually cheapen transportation by carrying it, it is not enough that it should be willing and able to make low rates. It must also run in the same general direction as currents of commerce large enough to afford it a substantial business. The general direction in which commerce moves is determined by the economic law of supply and demand. People ship goods to make a profit; they can only make a profit by shipping them from where they are less valuable to where they are more valuable; and where they shall be less valuable or more valuable is determined, since the coming of the railway, mainly by conditions independent of the way in which waterways run. In this country, owing to historic and economic reasons, manufactured goods are shipped mainly from east to west, and the products of the farm, mine and forest, mainly from west to east. The amount of traffic which moves north and south is relatively small; and there seems no ground for anticipating any substantial change in this respect. As the Mississippi and its tributaries run mainly north and south, it is hard to see where a heavy traffic for them could be obtained even though the boats on them were able to

compete successfully in rates against the north-and-south railways.

The situation of the principal waterways of Europe relatively to the main currents of commerce is more fortunate. The Rhine in Germany, for example, like the Great Lakes in this country, is ideally located relatively to the sources of production and consumption of coal, iron ore, etc., to get a large traffic in them. In Europe, also, commerce grew up before the advent of the railway, and the direction of the currents of traffic has been influenced more by the way the waterways run. Here commerce and the more flexible railway have grown up together, each determining where the other should go in substantial disregard of most of the waterways.

While the fact that the Mississippi Valley waterway system runs transversely to the main currents of commerce tends to show why it has not developed a heavy commerce, it does not explain why its traffic has actually decreased while that on the competing north-and-south railways has grown. Nor does it explain why the traffic on other waterways having more favorable situations, such as the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, has declined. The main reason why the water-borne traffic of the United States has decreased while that of Europe has increased is the wide difference between railway freight rates here and abroad.

The average railway rate per ton per mile in Belgium is over 16 mills; in France, 14 mills; and in Germany, 13 mills. In the United States it is 7.54 mills, or 47 per cent. of what it is in Belgium, 54 per cent. of what it is in France, and 58 per cent. of what it is in Germany. Mere averages which take no account of differences in conditions and methods of transportation may mislead, but, allowing for all such differences, it is quite safe to say that railway freight rates here are very much lower than in Europe, especially for long hauls and for the cheaper and bulkier commodities. In fact, the rates of American railways compare favorably with those of European waterways. On the Rhone, in France, the rates vary from 7.8 mills to 15.6 mills per ton per mile; on the Seine from 26 (twenty-six) to 56 (fifty-six) mills; on the Canals du Centre and du Midi from 6.2 to 7.8 mills; on the canals in the north-east and east of

France from 3.8 to 4.6 mills. The average rate on a wide variety of commodities moving to Paris, where the traffic is very dense, is 5.78 mills. The average rate on all the waterways of France is not less than 6 mills. The average for the waterways of Germany, according to the statistics given by the Royal Commission, is about 5 mills; and the average for the Belgian waterways about 6.5 mills.

Before these rates can fairly be compared with those of railways several facts must be considered. A waterway usually is longer between any two points than a railway. This makes its rates seem lower than they are. If the distance by rail between two points is 100 miles and by water 150 miles, and the rate by both rail and water is \$1 per ton, the average per mile by rail will be 10 mills, and by water only 6.6 mills; but the greater distance which makes the waterway's average rate *per mile* lower will also hinder the waterway from getting traffic. Now, the distances on which these average rates for the waterways of Belgium, Germany, and France are computed are at least one-third greater than the distances by rail. Computed on the distances by rail, the average rate by water in Belgium and France would be about 8 mills and in Germany about 6.5 mills. Furthermore, the average railway rate for an entire country includes the comparatively high rates on many high-grade commodities which seldom can move by water and the rates on many roads running through mountainous territory where operating expenses are greater and rates are apt to be more than on the low-grade railways with which waterways mainly compete. While the average railway rate per ton-mile in the United States is 7.54 mills, the averages are much lower on many American roads having low grades or handling traffic consisting largely or mainly of cheap and bulky commodities. The average rate per ton per mile of the New York Central in 1907 was 6.4 mills; of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 6.3 mills; of the Illinois Central, 5.8 mills; of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, 5.27 mills; of the Big Four, 5 mills; of the Norfolk & Western, 4.95 mills; and of the Chesapeake & Ohio, 4.33 mills.

It would seem from the foregoing that the cost *to the shipper* of water transportation in Belgium, Germany, and France is

certainly on the average no less than on American railways.* The total cost is substantially greater than the cost to the shipper. The expenditures of the French Government for maintenance of canals and improved rivers and for interest on the money laid out in their development amounts to 4 mills per ton per mile for all waterborne traffic. The similar expenditures of Belgium amount to 4.6 mills; and those of Germany to $8\frac{1}{2}$ -tenths of a mill per ton per mile, including the Rhine and Elbe on which the traffic is very large, and, excluding them, to 2 mills per ton per mile. This makes the *total* average cost of water transportation in France, estimated according to waterway mileage, 10 mills per ton per mile; and, estimated according to railway mileage, 12 mills. It makes the *total* average cost of water transportation in Germany, estimated according to waterway mileage, not less than 6 mills; and, estimated according to railway mileage, not less than 7.5 mills. It makes the total cost in Belgium, based on waterway mileage, 11 mills; on railway mileage, 12.6 mills. In Germany it just about equals, and in Belgium and in France it greatly exceeds the average cost of rail transportation in the United States.

It is not possible to estimate what is the average rate on the rivers and canals of the United States. It is worth noting, however, that in 1906 the average amount paid by the shipper on each ton carried on the Mississippi waterway system, regardless of the distance it was carried, was 62 cents, while the interest alone on what the government had spent in improving this waterway system, computed at 4 per cent., was 33 cents per ton.

Transportation service by rail is faster and better than by water. The freight car can move as well into a shipper's warehouse to get goods as on the road's main line, while all goods shipped by water must in some way be hauled to and from the water's side and be transferred to and from the boat. Therefore, to compete successfully with railways, boats must make rates to shippers not only as low as, but lower than,

*The United States National Waterways Commission says in its preliminary report, which was issued after the above was written: "The average European freight rates on railways paralleling water routes are higher than those on lines similarly situated in the United States, and European rates for water-borne carriage, in some instances, even where the traffic is very large, are as high or higher than on railways in the United States where traffic is likewise large."

those of railways. Experience in Europe and the United States shows that they must ordinarily be 20 to 50 per cent. lower. The conclusion is inevitable that if our waterways and their equipment were in the exact condition of those of France and Germany, and made equally low rates, they would fail as utterly in the future to compete successfully with the railways as they have heretofore.

Some of the advocates of further development of waterways apparently see this. They therefore demand that the proposed Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway shall be dug 14 feet deep, or even 20 feet, or more; and they paint alluring pictures of great vessels loading at Chicago and St. Louis, and steaming without transfer of goods through the country to the Gulf, and thence to all the ports of the world. But if the waterway were deepened to only 14 feet hardly any boats could use it which cannot use it now, for over 95 per cent. of the vessels on the Great Lakes draw over 14 feet of water and more than 80 per cent. draw over 19 feet; and, of course, sea-going vessels cannot navigate where lake vessels cannot. Even if the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway were dug 20 feet or even 30 feet deep, it is not probable it would be used by lake or ocean steamships. The average cost of an ocean steamship per ton of capacity is \$71; of a lake steamship, \$41.50; and of a river tow-boat and barges capable of carrying 10,000 tons of freight on an $8\frac{1}{2}$ -foot draught, only \$12.00. Moreover, a lake or ocean vessel is poorly constructed for navigating a canal or a tortuous river with a swift current; its ratio of length to beam is too great and its rudder power insufficient to keep it from frequently running into the banks except when moving very slowly. Col. Thomas W. Symons, of the corps of engineers of the United States Army, in a report in 1897 on the proposed deepening of the Erie Canal, estimated that the cost to the shipper of transporting wheat in a lake freighter of 7,000 tons capacity through a ship-canal would be 38 per cent. greater than with a tow-boat and barges on a barge-canal. This took no account of the fact that the estimated cost to the public of building the ship-canal would be four times as great as that of building the barge-canal. The Mississippi waterway system could be used as well now by boats such as those on the

waterways of Europe as if it were much deeper; and if it were much deeper it could not and would not be used by either lake or ocean vessels.

If the proposed development of waterways would reduce what I have called the "total" cost of transportation, it is quite obvious that it would be practicable for boat owners to make rates which would be high enough to cover a return on the government's expenditures and yet low enough to attract traffic from the railways. If those who advocate further development of waterways believe that the owners of the boats could do this, and are animated solely by public motives, why do they not make it a part of their programme that the government shall levy such tolls on the boats as may be sufficient to compensate it for its expenditures? When the United States Reclamation Service builds an irrigation ditch, it requires those whose lands are watered to pay for the water. Is there any more reason why the government should provide facilities of transportation for boat owners or shippers for nothing than why it should provide irrigation for farmers for nothing? In some cases governments have levied tolls on canals and improved rivers, but in no case since the advent of the railway has it been possible to get in this way enough revenue to pay interest and maintenance charges.

The second argument in favor of waterway development to which I have alluded is that it would regulate freight rates. By this is meant, of course, that it would reduce the rates of competing railways. If I draw the correct inference from the data I have presented, unless lower rates were made on the canals and improved rivers than ever have been made on such waterways, the effect of their development on existing railway rates would be but slight. Assuming, however, that it would enable canal and river boats to make lower rates than ever have been made by them anywhere, what would be the effect on railway rates?

It should first be remarked that advocates of waterway development hold incompatible views as to the effect it is desirable that it should be allowed to have. In a Chicago newspaper, President Taft recently was quoted as saying that waterways should be developed to regulate rail-

way freight rates. In the same column of the same newspaper Representative J. E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, President of the Rivers and Harbors Congress, was quoted as repeating the charge frequently made that the railways of the United States have in the past attracted commerce from the waterways by unfair methods of competition, and as saying that when the waterways are further developed there should be legislation to prevent the roads from so reducing their rates as to monopolize the traffic. Now, if the railways are not allowed in the future, as in the past, to freely reduce their rates to meet water competition, the waterways will not regulate railway rates; and if the railways are allowed to so reduce their rates they will attract traffic from the waterways.

A policy of prohibiting railways from meeting the rates of water-carriers would not be without precedent. The French Government does not let them reduce their rates within 20 per cent. of those of the water lines. The German railways—which are owned by the government—also refrain from meeting the water rates. This is one reason why railway rates in France and Germany are relatively high.

It does not seem probable that such a policy would be adopted in this country. We are more apt to adopt the policy either of letting the railways reduce their rates to points where they meet water competition, without correspondingly reducing them to other points, or of letting them reduce their rates to meet water competition and requiring them, when they do so, to make corresponding reductions to all points. Probably it is the latter policy which Mr. Ransdell meant to advocate.

The former policy would aggravate the very discriminations in railway freight rates to different communities about which there is now so much complaint. For the main cause of these discriminations is that where the railways encounter effective water competition it forces them to make lower rates than they can afford to make elsewhere. With every increase of water competition there would be an increase of discrimination. All the people of the country would be taxed to pay for the development and maintenance of the waterways; but only those adjacent to the waterways would get the benefit of any resulting reductions

in railway rates. The communities not on the waterways would actually be injured. It is the *relation* between rates that mainly counts; and a community may be as much harmed by reductions in the rates of a rival community as by advances in its own.

It may be said that such discriminations in rates could and should be prevented by passing a law requiring railways to make rates as low in proportion where they do not encounter water competition as where they do. But the railways could not afford to reduce all their rates to the level of those that they make to meet water competition any more than the manufacturer or merchant could afford to reduce all his prices to the basis of those he makes to get rid of surplus and otherwise unsalable goods. The effect of such legislation would be to force the roads in many cases to quit making rates to meet water competition. This would not benefit places without water transportation; for the communities having water transportation would still enjoy the lower water rates. It might actually injure communities without water transportation. For the law will not permit the railway to be denied a "fair return." If it quit meeting the water rates it would lose whatever traffic it had got to points having water transportation; and if this reduced its aggregate profits below a "fair return" it legally could make up the deficit by advances in rates to communities without water transportation. These communities would then have paid taxes to secure for rival communities low water rates and for themselves the privilege of paying higher railway rates.

If fairly conclusive evidence could be adduced that development of waterways would lower the total economic cost of transportation it might properly be decided that the benefits it would confer on the whole country would outweigh any disadvantages under which it would put parts of the country. But since the evidence tends to show that it would not reduce the total cost of transportation, it would seem rather inconsistent for the government, after prohibiting discrimination by railways between communities, except under "substantially dissimilar conditions," to take the money of all communities and use it to build waterways which would create the very "dis-

similarity of conditions" which legally authorizes railways to discriminate between communities, and which, as I have pointed out, would give some communities advantages over others, even if the railways were absolutely prohibited from discriminating at all.

The third argument in favor of further development of waterways which I have mentioned is that it would provide in the best way needed additional facilities of transportation. That expansion of such facilities is needed is not questionable. Every fall and winter for some years before the panic of 1907 the country suffered from what were called "shortages of cars," but what were really shortages of railway facilities in general. Owing to subsequent large increases of facilities and improvements in methods of operation the railways last fall and winter handled the heaviest traffic in their history without serious congestion or delays. But commerce again is growing rapidly; and unless means of transportation are increased proportionately periods of "car shortage" will recur.

The object of public policy should be to cause such additional facilities to be provided, whether by the expenditure of public or private capital, as will, at the least cost, move most freely the increased commerce of all parts of the country. I have already sought to show that it is improbable that rivers and canals can be so developed as to make the cost of transportation by water lower than by rail. It is still more improbable that their development would provide as effectually for the free movement of the commerce of all parts of the country as would expansion of the facilities of the railways. It is practicable to develop rivers and canals only in certain sections; and these are not necessarily the parts of the country which most need additional facilities of transportation. As already remarked, the principal river system of this country runs north and south, while the great currents of commerce flow east and west. The most severe congestions of traffic in the winter of 1906-7 were on the railways running from the Pacific coast to the Great Lakes, from the trans-Missouri country and the South-west to Galveston, and from Chicago and St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard. The Mississippi and its tributaries were at that time in as

good condition to carry a large commerce as any waterways in Europe; yet they were not resorted to to relieve the situation. On the other hand, it is perfectly feasible to secure expansion of the facilities of the railways in proportion to the needs of the whole country and of each part. Most of our railways are but the skeletons of what they should be made. Our total railway mileage is over 230,000 miles. Of this, only 20,000 miles is double-tracked. While it costs much less to build the second than to build the first track, the capacity of the road is thereby quadrupled. The Board of Army Engineers estimates that it would cost \$160,000,000 to dig a channel 14 feet deep from Chicago to New Orleans, 1,657 miles. This would build almost 2,000 miles of low-grade, double-track, well-equipped railway; or it would build 3,500 miles of good, low-grade, single-track railway, which could handle as much traffic as an equal mileage of waterways; or it would double-track 5,500 miles of existing single-track railway, thereby increasing the capacity of the American railway system the equivalent of 22,500 single-track miles. The \$500,000,000 which it is proposed to spend on inland waterways during the next ten years would build 5,000 miles of good, low-grade, double-track railway; or it would build 10,000 miles of good, low-grade, single-track railway; or it would double-track almost 20,000 miles of existing single-track railway, which would be equivalent to an increase in single-track capacity of almost 60,000 miles. If the additional railway facilities were provided by private capital we may feel sure they would, in general, be provided where they would be of the most public utility. For private capitalists naturally would invest where the largest profits were to be secured; that would be where there was available the largest traffic; and those places where the largest traffic is available are those where there is the greatest need for additional means of transportation. The public can obtain the needed increase of railway facilities by the simple expedient of adopting a policy of regulation, which, while protecting the rights and interests of the public, will not make investment in railways less attractive than in other businesses.

There are facilities of transportation, the

scientific and systematic improvement of which by the Federal and State Governments would reduce the congestion of traffic on the railways and lower the cost of transportation without involving wasteful duplication. These are the public highways. From about February 1 to October 1 of each year the railways have many thousands of idle cars. Late in September and early in October the traffic sweeps on them in a deluge, and for about four months there is a car shortage instead of a car surplus. These annual alternations of car satiety with car famine are due largely to the condition of the public highways. In the greater part of the United States the snows, and the alternate thaws and freezes, of fall and winter put the highways in such bad shape that it is hard or impossible to pull a heavily loaded wagon on them. In consequence, most farmers rush their crops to market soon after harvest. At the same time the railways have to haul the larger part of the coal traffic, and thus they are swamped. If the highways were put in good condition the farmers could haul their crops to the railway station more at their convenience and the annual congestion of traffic would be alleviated. The country's annual bill for transportation would also be much reduced. Mr. Frank Andrews, expert in transportation of the Department of Agriculture, estimates, after a thorough investigation, that the average cost per 100 pounds of hauling wheat from the farms to the railway stations is 9 cents; of hauling corn, 7 cents; of hauling cotton, 16 cents; and of hauling oats, 7 cents. The average length of the hauls are 5 to 10 miles. The average rail-and-ocean rate on grain from St. Louis via New York to Liverpool is less than 15 cents per 100 pounds. It is evident that there is a great deal better opportunity to reduce the cost of transportation by improving the public highways than by improving either railways or waterways.

It is easily imaginable that, in a country where changes in commercial and industrial conditions occur so rapidly as in this, the time might come within a comparatively few years when additional development of waterways would be justifiable and desirable. But the criterion of whether it is desirable at any particular time should be the extent of the use made of channels pre-

viously provided. The government having provided as good channels as can be found elsewhere, nothing less than such utilization of them as justifies past expenditures can afford rational ground for inferring that their further improvement or the construction of new channels will be justified by resulting public benefits.

GEMMA TO BEATRICE

By Katharine Fullerton

MADONNA BEATRICE, in highest Heaven:—

I have a word—oh, I had many words
To that slim girl in red who struck him blind
Years since, in bitter Florence. Poets, they say,
Are better blind, and sightless eyes can see
God's rangèd worlds, where we see murk and flame.
Yet for no grace she gave him, did he lose
The look of men who look upon the sun,
Or gain the look of ghosts beyond the grave.
Light women are at worst but traffickers,
Exchanging least for most: this saint gave naught,
And snatched a soul—Madonna pilferer!
Not even bride of Christ, this Beatrice,
But wedded to an honest citizen.
I saw no matter there for sacred song,
Or magical complicity of stars.

But I have paced beside him while he spoke
Tongues I knew not, heard "Bice" called at midnight—
While the lamp flickered and I lay alone.
I doubt not God has made this mystery,
This scourge of Beatrice to smite our sins;
I rail no more against the long Possession.
My heart beats quieter against his heart
Each year; my hands have learned to cherish
The yellow sheets that slowly build the Work—
On which I read but one name: *Beatrice*.
I have struck truce at last with Beatrice.

Ah, lady, in the utmost ranks of Heaven
You sit with saints, he says, devising well
Of Love. I say you have not known it: nay,
Gemma, in this, has lore past Beatrice,
Past Dante, who himself has lore past prophets.
Beyond the grave, I render him again
To that pale Presence which beset his days,
Yet left him Gemma's. You who loved him not,

Accept the homage of immortal song,
The tribute of all lovers yet unborn,
Who still will talk of "Dante's Beatrice,"
Linking your name through ages with his name,
Betrothed in Heaven and to Eternity.
Let this content you, you who loved him not—
A girl, a stranger's lips have canonized,
And wonder-struck to find herself a saint.
They who go murmuring your name and his,
Scarce will know what was Gemma, and no words
Will outlast death to tell if I was fair.
Yet would I scorn to be but Beatrice,
I who am Gemma! I who have been bride
And mother, and am now content to go
Through the slow Purgatorial years, until
The centuries shall slay my human heart,
And leave me fit for Heaven, where you sit.
The Work is yours, Madonna; but his head,
Pillowed on my young bosom, taught me first—
Watching above his sleep—a motherhood
Without the bearing-pangs. Then came the child
That said to all the world: "Lo, these are one,
And I am both, indissolubly twain."
I swear no separate sainthood is worth this!
Your Dante, worn with hymning you, sought rest
Within my arms: I kissed the haunted brow
To slumber. If by sleight of soul, or chance
Of constellations, Dante's mind fell prey
To Beatrice, shall Gemma grudge it her?
No stars imposed me on his heart; he chose
Gemma to wife, and Gemma stands defended
Before all men, as you before all angels.
I have shed many tears, Madonna, for your sake:
Now I am wise, and would not change with you,
Who have known love but as the angels know it,
In Heaven, where none gives or takes to wife.
I have loved Dante, whom you did not love;
I wedded Dante, whom you did not wed:
I hold no woman is so blest as I—
No other woman born will have had this.

Gemma and Beatrice must still be twain,
And Beatrice has the better part, I know,
Winning from Florence straight to Paradise,
Unpurged and pure. And yet this poet of ours,
Madonna, though his mind transcends the tomb,
Roams, pitiless and wise, among the dead,
And shapes each petal of the deathless Rose,

(Oh, I have crouched to listen, at the dawn,
 To know what kept him sleepless and aloof!)—
 This poet of yours and mine, I say, Madonna,
 Treads earth with firmest feet; bread nourishes
 The hand that writes, and body's peace has part
 In the soul's rapture. Were it not for Gemma,
 The world, mayhap, had not known Beatrice.
 I am content to perish, knowing this:
 That my poor flesh has served my Dante's soul,
 That hands and feet and heart have ministered.
 —Nay, there was sorcery, lady, in your gift!
 One glance—no word: 'twas God, not you, that wrought it;
 Another could have served for Beatrice.
 —But I have paid in human wise for him:
 The roses of my cheeks have ebb'd into
 The veins of these his children; my seared brow
 Is but the scroll of my perplexity,
 Deep-scrawled; my hands have coarsened and grown hard
 Because his fare was delicate; I have turned
 Bread into manna, water into wine,
 And inch by inch my beauty wrought his strength.
 I have no beauty now—there stands the Work!
 My alchemy, Madonna, is worth yours;
 Three souls, not two, have done our Dante's task.

I give you greeting, lady, in all peace
 And reverence. I ask your pardon now
 For ancient hatred, ere I had grown wise.
 Gemma and Beatrice must still be twain,
 And Dante must seek both. This is the law
 Of every poet's soul. No woman born
 May be the twain: each woman born must choose,
 Or love a lesser man. I would be Gemma,
 Though God should give me choice of Beatrice.
 We shall not meet, be sure, in Paradise.
 When Gemma is come thither, it will be
 To sit far off, the humblest citizen
 Of the celestial city. I shall come late,
 Slow-faring under penitential skies
 'Through a long age, and purged of all that made
 Me Dante's wife, and servant of the Work.
 Scarce Dante will remember on that day
 That Gemma was, or will know Gemma's face.
 I have had earth, Madonna. Heaven is yours.
 I shall not speak through all eternity
 To challenge you. Oh, I am well content!

THE POINT OF VIEW

PRIZING, as I believe most readers do, any form of literary animation, even when arising from bad blood, I always hasten to the scene of verbal conflict in the hope of seeing manly blows exchanged. The art of literary warfare is declining, as compared with the brave days of old. Not that writers hate each other any less. On the contrary there is as much wrath as ever, but its expression is hopelessly inadequate. Writers personally are

The Art of
Disparagement

often at the boiling-point, whose words will not "come to a boil." Take, for example, the great volume of hostile comment caused by those two witty and provocative persons, Bernard Shaw and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. No two writers of our day have invited so many attempts at a sarcastic rejoinder. The literary folk are always nagging at them. Every newspaper has had its fling, and there is one British weekly magazine which makes a point of printing a bitter word about one or the other of them in every issue. From all these whole-hearted endeavors, it seems as if something of interest ought to have come. But so far as I recall there has been nothing at all commensurate with the hostile intentions—not a "Parthian dart," or an "envenomed shaft," or a "flick on the raw," or a "well-directed thrust," or any of the mordancies, causticities, pilloryings, unmaskings, witherings, and excoriations which connoisseurs in literary bitterness delight to describe. It has been a sad display of verbal impotence, humiliating to two warlike nations of Anglo-Saxon blood. Often the rage is barely articulate, expending itself in mere short outcries of "fool," "clown," "driveller," and "mountebank," as if the hater had run short of breath. Somebody will merely utter three times the dreadful term "mud prophets," whatever that may mean. Another will say "self-advertiser" and let it go at that. No gibes or thunderbolts; no fun or fury; nothing that could give pain to the victim or pleasure to the on-looker; just a nose-to-thumb gesture, and all is done. It is hard to see why writers go into battle if this is the best they can do.

And it is the same way with the single combat. Many a literary hand-to-hand encounter have I attended in recent years, only to find it

an affair of pop-guns. "Why do you box my ears in public?" said a well-known writer to his foeman, not so very long ago—rather a lapse from the good old-fashioned "reply to my critics!" "You're a Bayswater prophet," said an angry editor to a playwright. "You're a blazing boy," was the thundering rejoinder. And each withdrew, claiming the victory. But this was an uncommonly savage contest as modern word-fights go. Usually each backs away expressing surprise at the other's lack of gentility. It is the reader's misfortune. He ought always to be the *tertius gaudens* at these affairs. Unless at least one shot proves fatal, there is no excuse for the printing. It is unseemly that literary wrath should bring forth no fruit meet for publication.

Not that I would bring back the days of "The Dunciad" or of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." You cannot ask an angry modern author to plan these long campaigns or to rout the household out at midnight, as Pope did in his transports of inspired malignity. But as a lover of the manly art (for others) I do protest against these poultry-yard fulfilments of gladiatorial undertakings, this cheating of the hope of bloodshed by exhibitions in spilled milk. For a fight is after all a public occasion and should be an occasion of interest. It is a promise of warmth and of heightened color, and we have a right to demand some little excitement as we hurry to the field. The eyes of the cat are greener and her tail is handsomer when she fights. It is not unreasonable to expect as much of authors. Self-love has ever been a rich literary vein. Admirable consequences have flowed from its wounds, and many a good poem has followed a puncture. Great happiness has often been conferred upon the world by the simple process of pricking an author. Moreover, every well-known writer is entitled to at least one dangerous foe, none of your sputterers of "fool," "mountebank," and "mud prophets," but the sort of enemy who will take pains in order to inflict them—whose rule for the arena shall be *Ita feri ut se sentiat mori*, or, if that high standard is unattainable, who will at least so strike that he will entertain the amphitheatre. But nowadays when a critic is angry he merely seems out of sorts—

no literary bowels to his wrath, the wits being lost along with the temper. Hence the absence of an effective opposition party—as bad for books as it is for politics. It does not mean an era of good feeling. It means an era of no feeling at all.

IT may be remarked that the essays on the attractions of old age are usually written by youngish persons who look forward to that presumptively happy period through those least presbyopic lenses of pleasant anticipation—with a real pleasure of hope.

A Consolation
for Age

There is bound to be an empirical quality in their study of the subject; the student has the detached attitude of the essayist whose free-running phrases are never hamstrung by any sharp edge of experience. It is an admirable thesis; some of the wisest and greatest minds in the world have already expressed it; the essayist feels himself, in a measure, on sure ground, and he pricks along very cheerfully, untroubled by any present sensation of the shadows which he is sure must be found cool and agreeable when he shall—later on—perceive himself riding into their outlying mists.

As an English writer has reminded us recently, when we read the "De Senectute" we are not listening to Cato the Elder, at eighty-four, but to Cicero, a considerably younger man, telling us what he thought Cato would have said. The same writer cites Gibbon as really perceiving the matter most clearly when, after acknowledging the peace-bringing philosophies achieved by men later in their lives, he yet wrote: "But I must reluctantly observe that two qualities, the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life."

The browner shade, which marks the falling leaf, must have its inevitable hint of melancholy, of course; and the failure of the chlorophyll doubtless must cause such measure of regret as exists as an integral part of any failure. But if the philosopher have gained any balance of mind at all through his years, he will observe that the greenness which is agreeable to the eye in the leaf, is less desirable in the woody fibre; a sappy sprout cannot hold its own with a seasoned trunk; you can't live by chlorophyll alone, in this world. And out of this strong, seasoned wood he can make himself a club for defence against some attacks of the pride which luxuriates most boastfully in the greenness of the leaf.

And so he can come by at least a single consolation for his age. If he must grow old, at least he need not fear lest he grow young. What nightmare of fate would that be, for a man to know, surely and of a truth, that his strong sense, his experience, his wisdom even, his poise, his gentleness, his tolerance—all his "best of life" (as Rabbi Ben Ezra saw it) must slip from him, with imperceptible slowness, perhaps, so that he should scarcely feel his deprivation till it was complete, yet going on so surely as night follows day, leaving him worth a little less with every elusive year, yet gaining no ounce of influence or men's respect?—for these synovial fluids of men's lives would dry up and leave him helplessly creaking in his stark greenness of spirit. A man may consider, looking backward through his years, that he has not got so much as he had expected—of truth, or love, or the seeds of the fruit of the forbidden tree. But whatever he has got—that's his own, at least. He is not to have it filched from him, pitilessly, sneeringly, by some strange goblin with green blood in its veins. He may feel some shuddering sense that this goblin once lived in his father's house; but at least he left it—lost it—somewhere back there, years ago. And brown as he may be himself, he will never have to see that green thing again.

OF our books, none have a life so much their own as those wherein there still crops out the genius not of an author alone, but of a reader worthy of that author. A keen intelligence has passed that way; in passing, it has conveyed to an inanimate object the stir of its own life. The thought of the writer has been taken a stage farther on in the journey toward truth; else it has been led into one of the untrodden by-paths. Or perhaps the text has been tortured with interlineations by one who proves himself no mean antagonist; the margins have been stabbed, not with imbecile interrogation points, but with ironical rejoinders, with taunts, in the face of which the author is cruelly condemned to silence. Questioned and questioner are alike departed; perhaps they walk arm-in-arm by the Styx bank, amicable in their discussion of the points at issue.

On Marking
in Books

A year ago a great library was dispersed. Hundreds of collectors divided among themselves, according to their preferences and their purses, the books that had been a celebrated

critic's playthings and tools. The books are scattered—the *editiones principes*, the authors' copies, the books that are precious only for their notes in that fine, clear hand, each letter formed with care as if it had its value. Fortunate as are the possessors of these volumes, they must sometimes own to a certain feeling of guilt, as having profited by an ill deed. In the breaking-up of such a library there is the final dissipation of a personality. The books should have been kept together, like Carlyle's, that are preserved at Harvard. Kept together, they would have had a meaning no less precious to the sentimentalist than to the closest student of the man as writer and as thinker; yes, and as reader, too. A book well read and somewhat scarred by the reader's pencil is become a part of him—a member of his spiritual body. Even the *Bosh!* inscribed by Carlyle opposite a statement that he disbelieved or disliked has a transcendental value for us, embodying something of his character. One prizes his expletive above the bit of philosophy or of poetry that it so cruelly—and doubtless so unjustly—qualifies there to the end of time.

Not great men alone have scribbled on the edges of books they loved or quarrelled with. Nor was the practice limited strictly to school-girls' scribbblings in the current novels. Those were days when every man of scholarship or substance took pride in his books; the era of the levelling public library was not yet come. And with the more personal feeling that the reader had in those bygone days (remember, he had fewer books, but he read them through!) that reader was apt to have a genuine tête-à-tête with the writer himself, before the volume was laid down. As for my grandfather, who may not have differed very widely from your own, he took a naïve pleasure in writing over against a bit of characterization in a novel he liked, or in a favorite essay, the initials of his excellent neighbors: it was a discreet "just like M. G.," or, "Cf. Mrs. H. A.," that he traced there. The marginalia, these, of a man who never distinguished himself: and yet they have a certain quaint significance for me, though I have no clue to the identity of the "M. G.'s" and the "Mrs. H. A.'s." What it proves to me is the fact that my good grandfather—prig though he may have been—read with an open eye and an intelligence that never slumbered. It shows, besides, that he went back to his books—that he picked them up the second time, and the third—that he looked

on them as old friends and confidants; as such, not to be lightly jilted in favor of the next "best-seller."

Yet best-sellers there were, and ever have been. In the eighteen-fifties, a certain young man named Mitchell was writing them. His books were read by old and young; they sold like hot cakes, as we say; like bread, as the more sober idiom would have it. Our fathers read those books, if we ourselves did not; sometimes they read them to our mothers. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" is still read to-day; but my copy of it is gray and dog's-eared, like a school-boy's Virgil; the bravery of its gilding is tarnished; yet how crisp were the pages sixty years ago! The "Reveries" came into the world with a pseudonym to cloak their author's modesty: Ik Marvel was the pseudonym, and we buried its wearer, bachelor no longer, though still an amateur, but yesterday. Ik Marvel had survived his literary generation, and even in his hey-day an old-world flavor was tasted in his style; the gentle sentimentalist was one that knew the *Spectator* papers and had smoked his pipe late over Sterne and Goldsmith. It is hard to see how he was the worse off for it—or his readers, either.

I treasure my copy of the "Reveries," though I picked it up for a song at a stall where none but the maimed of the book world find their way. It is a shabby old book, and its two engravings have only stained the pages that they adorn. But, as I turn the pages of "Over a Wood Fire" (the best of the Reveries, as it is the first),—*Smoke, signifying Doubt*, and *Blaze, signifying Cheer*, and *Ashes, signifying Desolation*,—they take on a new meaning for me, and a double interest. The author's sentimentality seems to me less obvious than before; his humor less facile and less reminiscent. It is pleasant to think that I am not the first to get pleasure out of that cigar of his,—*A Cigar three times Lighted*. Tramping through the woods, one comes upon the dead ashes of a camp fire. Does not that make the woods more interesting territory? Here I have a book that some one else has marked as suited his whim of the passing moment—the passing moment of half a century ago! Something of the fellow's temperament I know from the record of it that he made here. And the book—this copy of it—has had its little history, that it tells after its own pretty fashion. I cannot do half so well; and something keeps me from transcribing. I feel guilty enough in trying even to retell it.

Estelle's lover took the "Reveries" with him in all his comings and goings. He, too, was a Bachelor—though that against his will. When he returned from his Wanderjahre (the book went with him), his fondness for the "Reveries," his fondness also for a certain maiden, were only the stronger for his having seen the world and the wonders thereof. Finally he took a step that I commend to you, all lovers that have been rejected once in love, and yet would try again. He gave the book (and a flower pressed in it that he had plucked off Shelley's grave) to the maiden that had said him no (I am falling into the rhetoric of the youth), telling her that the Revery called *Blaze, signifying Cheer*, expressed more feelingly than he could express them (though not more expressively than he could feel) the sentiments he had for her. Once more he played the suppliant. And he begged her—on a fly-leaf—to regard his heart outpourings on the various pages (all very neatly written with the sharpest of hard pencils) as thoughts that he had set down only for himself, as he had then supposed; that belonged to her too, however, since she was their single inspiration. In London, and amid the distractions of tailor shops and haberdasheries; in Paris, where he had attended, for all his passion, at café and at comedy; in Florence, drinking in the beauty of the Pitti—and drinking Lachrima Christi, too—it was she, the little maid of *chez lui*, whose image had flashed and flitted and floated before him. So he sent her his travelling book, his bed book, too; in which was to be found

so much that was hers—and that he hoped might be his, as well. A very pretty way of offering one's self, thought I, as I read the neat handwriting of his heart outpourings. And I think so yet.

Oh, yes, he was a sentimentalist, the author of the "Dream Life" and the "Reveries"; and a sentimentalist was he who wrote the dedication to Estelle; but remember, please, that the world was younger then—younger by half a century. If that seems little to you in the light of our geological knowledge, well, remember, too, that "Werther's Sorrows" were not so dim in the literary background of that day; and young ladies still read Miss Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and even, perhaps, if they were not too nervous, Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho," with its story of the love of Emily St. Aubert and the young Valancour. I don't think the less of the unknown gentleman who signed only his initials, but who gave little glimpses into the heart of a man in love (first love, I think), in his foot-notes to Ik Marvel's "Reveries." I am sorry, though, that the book fell into the dealer's hands—even though it is in my keeping now. Let us hope that the busy bookseller never stopped to read the finely pencilled sentences upon so many pages. I wonder, too—one can't help wondering—whether the suit was smiled on at the last: if it was, why was not this doubly human document treasured by its recipient? Was she ungrateful for the heart that went with it? Was she cruel, as well as fair, Estelle?



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE ART OF THE BOOK-PLATE

THE *ex-libris*, so frequently worthy of consideration as a work of art, especially in its modern manifestations, is based primarily on the individuality of the person for whom it was made. It is the result of a natural impulse to indicate ownership in a book by more than a simple signature, or a type-printed label, by some device that shall be distinctive, that shall give some indication of the owner's character and tastes. In fact, this impulse, and the pleasure in its artistic expression, have led some people to have more than one book-plate. Eger-ton Castle has several; Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg, over twenty.

In these little art products, not only the skill and individual attitude of the artist are expressed; the personality and ideas of the one who orders the plate have had also their influence on the result, and are, in fact, as one book-plate designer has well said, the key-note of the design. That does not alter the fact that ultimately the artist's personality is often the dominating one, and forms the main reason why particular plates are sought.

The factors in the composition of the book-plate are, therefore, the relative mental attitudes of owner and artist, and the sympathy of each for the other's stand-point. It is this combination of elements which makes the charm of the book-plate, which results in a variety of interest that has caused the cult of the book-plate to become wide-spread and has occasioned a voluminous literature.

Associations and periodicals devoted to book-plates exist in various countries, and large col-

lections of plates have been formed, such as the one in the British Museum (seventy thousand or more pieces), or private ones, such as those of Mr. W. Baillie and Mr. Henry Blackwell in this country. An extensive literature deals with the book-plate in general, in particular countries, in the work of individual artists. Book-plates for children (frequent particularly in England and the United States) and for and by women have found their recording historians.

The mass of material has led the systematic classifier to group plates into divisions, such as the Jacobean, the Ribbon and Wreath, the Allegorical, the Pictorial. The last, again, has been subdivided into the book-pile plate, the library interior (which frequently pictures the owner among his books), the portrait, the biographical, the landscape.

In earlier days the book-plate reflected the importance of heraldry in all the pomp of armorial bearings, and was, therefore, an emblem of family dignity rather than an expression of personal tastes. To-day the pictorial plate predominates, directly or symbolically illustrating a particular individuality. That, of course, does not exclude the opportunity for an unobtrusive introduction of heraldic devices. But possibilities for a less hampered effort on the part of the artist are immeasurably increased.

Mottoes, allegorical allu-

sions, the portrait of the owner, pictures of favorite places, the paraphernalia of sports or other hobbies, rows of books labeled with the names of preferred authors, allusions to personal achievement, wit good and poor, the downright pun (a cat and a bull on the plate of Chabœuf), such elements,



By E. D. French.



By J. H. Fincken.



By Sidney L. Smith.



By W. F. Hopson.



By Geo. Wharton Edwards.

with decorative setting, form material for *ex-libris*. There is plenty of opportunity for the display of poor taste. An apparent anxiety to avoid running counter to the Scriptural admonition regarding bushel-covered lights may result in a parade of self-advertisement that weighs down the designer's freedom of expression, as the Old Man of the Sea did Sindbad the Sailor. (Beraldi boldly asserts that "the worth of a bibliophile is in inverse ratio to the dimension of his *ex-libris*."") But if the owner may be too much in evidence, so, too, may the artist. An attempt to make a bookplate a compressed pictorial biography may prove fatuous, but it is equally unfortunate to make it a miniature mural decoration or poster, or to utilize it in the exploitation of super-advanced artistic idiotisms. Not stiffness, not even necessarily absolute seriousness, but a certain dignity is called for here; vagaries are out of order. The final purpose should always be kept in view.

Appropriateness is a prime necessity, appropriateness in conception, design, and execution, the last implying a proper regard for the reproductive medium. The principles of taste which govern our judgment of any prints hold good here as well.

The book-plate may indicate the owner's taste

with no distinct reference to him, as when A. A. Hopkins adopts an illustration from the "*Hypnerotomachia Poliphilii*" (Florence, 1499), or another a figure from Botticelli's "Spring." Or the allusion may be more direct, as in Francis Wilson's plate, which represents a court-jester lost amid old volumes while time goes on unheeded. The towers of Notre Dame looming dark in Victor Hugo's plate, by Bouvenne, are sufficiently clear in meaning, as is a pair of hands on the key-board of a piano in another instance. In Phil May's plate, by W. Nicholson, the London 'Arriet, whose rakish vulgarity May hit off so well, is decoratively utilized. And it is a dry, bibliophilic chuckle which is caused by the exultant *Je l'ai* ("I have it") entwining a volume on the plate which Bracquemond designed for Poulet-Malassis.

Certain devices frequently recur (for instance, in England, a quasi-allegorical female reader, of more or less saccharine quality), as do mottoes such as "*inter folia fructus*." Especially appropriate mottoes are at times encountered, as *Vouloir c'est pouvoir* on Gambetta's plate by Legros. Willibald Pirckheimer's *Sibi et amicis* ("his and his friends"), like the famous *Io Grolierii et amicorum*, marks by contrast the more frequent expressions of the tenor of Prince Pückler Muskau's "*Keine Leih-*



By Jay Chambers.

bibliothek," or a certain Frenchman's advice, "Ite ad vendentes et emite vobis" (go to the dealer and buy it yourself). Such vigorous emphasis of non-lending ownership appears in a more elementary form in doggerel like the familiar "Don't steal this book, my honest friend, or else the gallows may be your end," and even the curse of heaven is called down on the heads of remiss borrowers. The middle course, that of the admonitory lender, is furnished by Garrick: "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plus tôt."

The *ex-libris* remains in its totality a "document," a phase of human activity which not only cannot be overlooked, but which repays study, and is of most varied charm. It appeals through personal, historical, or literary association, it attracts as an instance of art applied, as one of the many forms in which art may be made an integral part of daily life.

Specifically the artist's province, when the basic ideas have been decided on, is the design, the co-ordination of the various elements into an orderly whole. Over-elaboration, here, is as objectionable as a slighting of essential possibilities. One of the problems always is the arrangement of name and motto; a problem similar to that of the ornamental value of lettering on medals, exemplified, say, by the work of Pisanello.

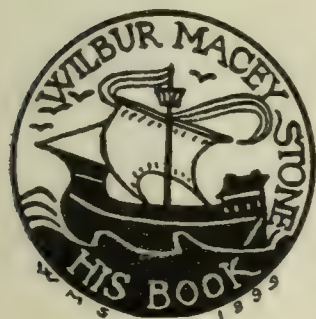
It is over four hundred years since the first known book-plate was made, and the list of artists who have since then designed book-plates either occasionally or habitually is a



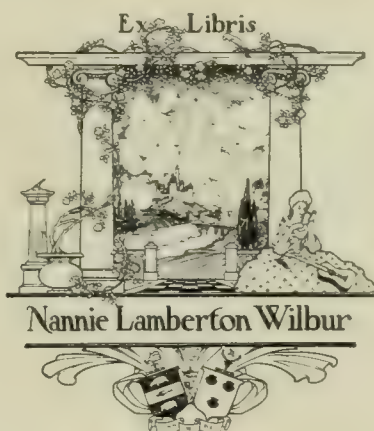
By Louis Rhead.

long one. A great variety in artistic style and mood has been enlisted in this specialty of production. Names taken almost at random from the list illustrate this. Dürer, Amman, Chodowiecki, Thoma, Greiner, Sattler, Orlik in Germany and Austria; Faithorne, Bartolozzi, Strange, Bewick, Sherborn in England; Eisen, Bouvenne, Bracquemond in France. Just a few, but what an array of influences they bring to mind: nationality, schools, personality. What a variety of technical methods, of adaptation of different reproductive processes to individual style.

There are reflected the wit, fancy, and grace of the French, the decorative quality in English work such as Crane's, the contemplativeness and analysis of the German, the versatility and adaptativeness of certain of our own artists. In numerous individual variations are these movements and tendencies of nations and schools and groups expressed. The very names of Boucher, Gravelot, and Moreau *le jeune* conjure up pictures of the elegance and gayety of the eighteenth century in France, as Chéret's evokes the poster and the lithographic art. D. Y. Cameron, Sir Charles Holroyd and Frank Brangwyn repeat the distinction and character of their larger etchings. The "Little Masters," Holbein and Max Klinger give pregnant expression to German ideas and ideals, old and new. Rassenfosse, Rops, Hoytema, Carl Larsson form further rich notes in this concert of racial expression. The medium employed—the formal line-engraving on copper, the free etching, the vigorous wood-



By W. M. Stone.



By Wm. Edgar Fisher

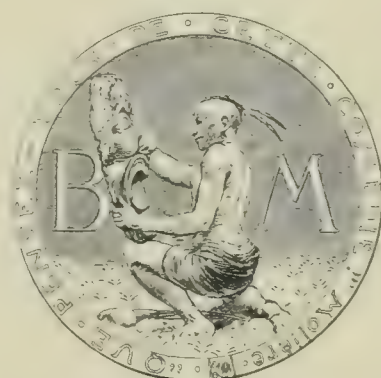


Plate of Prof. Brander Matthews, by Edwin A. Abbey.

cut—has also its distinct and important part in the result. Adjustment of medium to style, giving natural expression to period and nationality, we find in the best art of any kind, and so here also.

In our own country we may trace the development of the book-plate from the heraldic magnificence and stately formality of the line-engraving period to the free expression of thought, or of passing mood or whim which is transmitted by the immediateness of the photo-mechanical processes. One turns from the earliest work by Hurd, Paul Revere, Bowen, Doolittle, Dawkins (from which Washington's plate stands out mainly through associated veneration), to that of E. D. French, who in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries perpetuated the best traditions of line-engraving on copper with signal success. He employed formalized foliage, as did Beham and other German masters, with ever-varying effect, with a dignified beauty of decorative line and a calm nobility of expression which give him a place apart. J. Winfred Spenceley, who did not long outlive Mr. French, also engraved on copper, with more variety in design. A happy combination of adaptativeness and individuality, of dignity and a certain free, etcher-like swing in his landscapes, marks his work. A similar note of variety is felt also in the line-engravings of Sidney L. Smith, W. F. Hopson (who sometimes adds aquatint to the pure line), J. H. Fincken, Frederick Spenceley, and A. N. Macdonald, the last-named evidently inspired by the example of French.

The combination of graver and copper-plate imposes its limits and its distinction on the

work of the men just named, which, while differing in style and in degree of freedom, bears in every case a certain stamp of reserve. For the artists who draw for the process plate no such limits are set; the very facility of reproduction invites free expression and tempts those who have a tendency to go beyond proper

artistic bounds. It is decidedly to the credit of these younger designers of book-plates that the whole of their work, subjected to so many influences, and with so many opportunities for going astray, is so satisfactory. L. S. Ipsen, W. M. Stone, Jay Chambers, Mrs. A. R. Wheelan and various other California artists (with their organ in the "Book-Plate Booklet" of Berkeley, Cal.), Wm. Edgar Fisher, A. A. Lewis (who engraves his designs of an archaic flavor on wood) are among those who devote themselves habitually to this specialty. E. A. Abbey, Geo. Wharton Edwards, Elihu Vedder, E. H. Garrett, Louis Rhead, E. L. Warner have occasionally turned to it.

But while a number of able artists have devoted all or most of their energies to this form of art, fascinating to many, it is with a shade of regret that one notes the very few cases in which an American painter has turned aside from his canvas to design an occasional plate. We are still too much dominated by the

idea that art, "high art," is painting or sculpture, and that most other forms can be left to artist-artizans or treated as a bit of by-play. The realization must come that art, after all, should be the general application of principles of beauty in our daily life, and that this application is not unworthy of the best talent.

FRANK WEITENKAMPE.



By Shelden Cheney.



By Walter M. Aikman.

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